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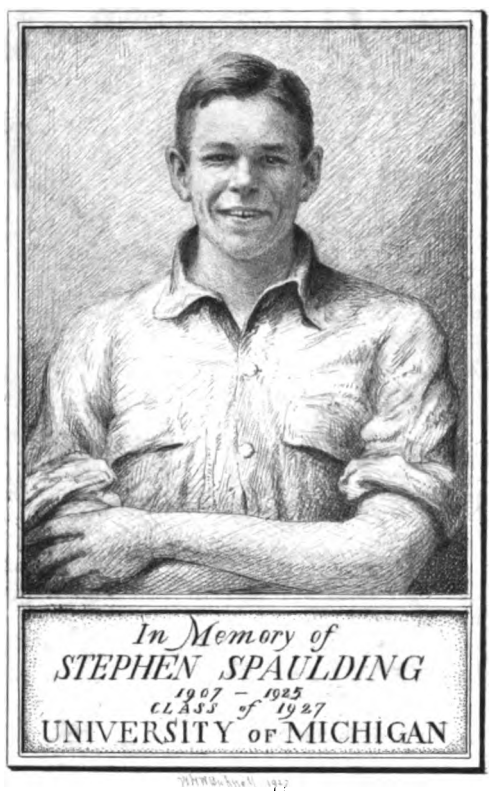

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

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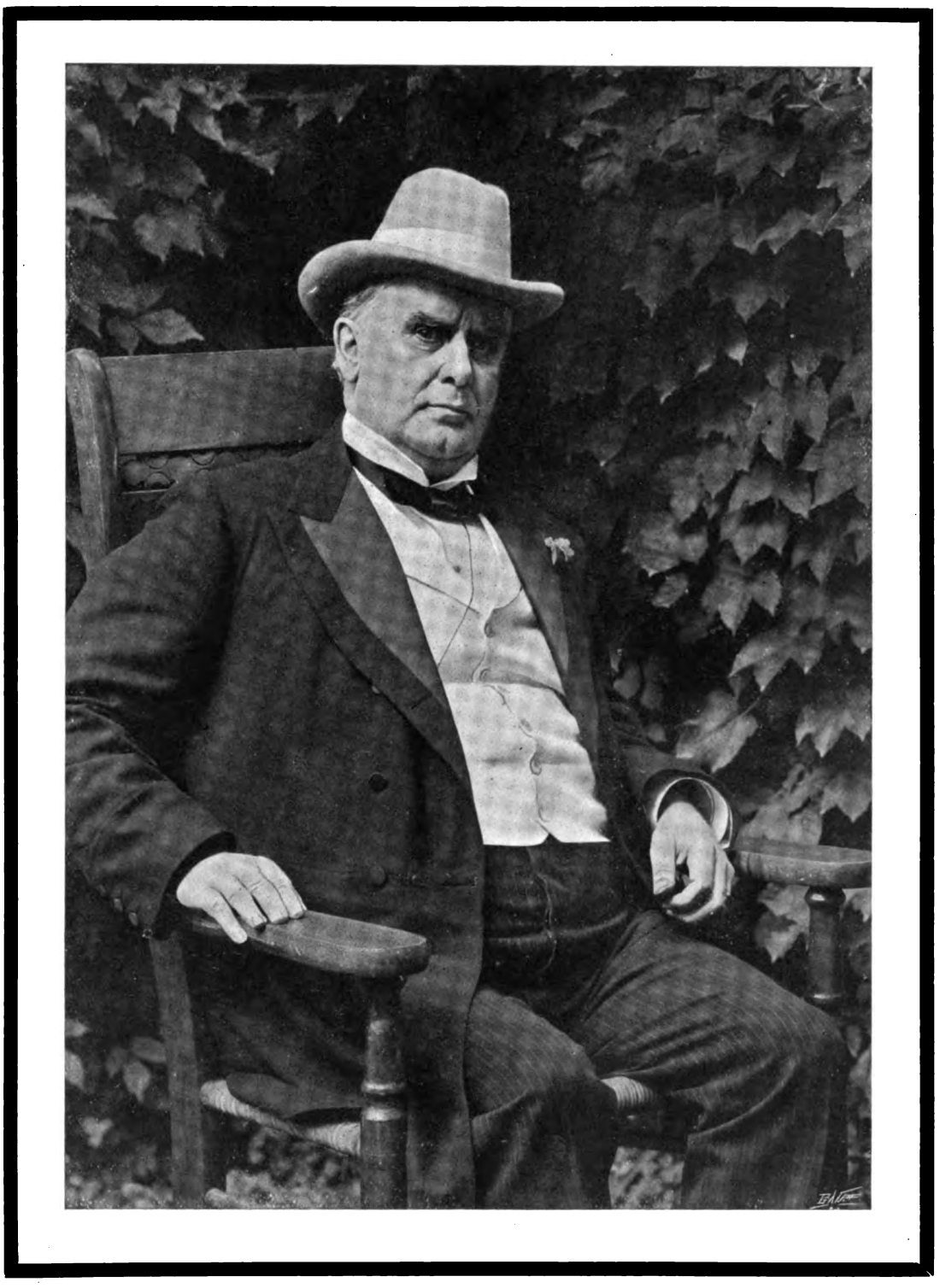

A STATESMAN AND A SOLDIER.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

William McKinley came of a fighting stock, his great-grandfather having fought in the War of American Independence, while a remoter ancestor was "James McKinlay the Trooper" (the "a" became "e" in the family migration to Ireland), head of the Scottish clan of McKinlays. The late President himself, as a mere boy, enlisted in the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry at the commencement of the Civil War. In 1861 he was given a commission, and subsequently served on the staff of Generals Hayes, Crook, and Hancock. In 1865 he was given a brevet majority by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle. His military experience stood him in good stead during the war with Spain, in which he took a very keen personal interest, showing notable impartiality by selecting as generals the best soldiers, irrespective of the sides on which they had fought in the Civil War. Much of America's military success was due to his sound judgment and soldierly instinct.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Jack's Grub.

ALTHOUGH Jack ashore often complains in a humorous fashion of the hardships of life at sea, he is in a general way pretty well satisfied. Still there have been certain real hardships in his lot, and one of these concerned the very important matter of his food on board ship. Now there is nothing that so much affects our comfort and well-being in everyday life as our meals. If a man eats wholesome food in sufficient quantities at suitable hours, there is no reason why he should ever be ill; there is little chance that he will worry over trifles, or even disturb himself greatly about things which are larger than trifles; there is every hope that he will be a sound-bodied, sound-minded creature, glad to do as good a day's work as he can, and getting as much enjoyment out of life as any reasonable person can expect. If you could trace bodily and mental ailments back to their true causes, you would find them, in nine cases out of ten, the result of improper stoking of the human engine, with the consequent derangement of machinery and functions. There are a certain number of people afflicted with the complaint that was described by one of Mr. Raven-Hill's sailor-men in *Punch*. "I eats well," he said, "and I sleeps well, but whenever I sees a job of work I'm all of a tremble." But you might find a remedy connected with food for this complaint, too, if you knocked off some of the supplies which were "eaten well," and made them dependent upon jobs of work being punctually accomplished. The majority of mankind, if they "got their meals reg'lar," and never overate themselves, would make their way through the world as comfortably and surely as a steam-engine makes its way along a railway line when its fire is properly supplied with fuel.

In this respect Jack had a distinct grievance. To begin with, the only meal-times which were officially recognised in the Navy were three—breakfast on turning out, about 5 a.m., dinner at noon, and tea at 4.15 p.m. When sympathetic landsmen (and more especially landswomen) heard this time-table, they used to make great moan over poor Jack's hard lot. Nothing at all to eat between four o'clock in the afternoon and the next morning seemed to them to approach painfully near starvation. In point of fact, of course, the Bluejacket did not go without food for close upon twelve hours. As the old lady said when she declined to believe the preacher who asserted that the ungodly would suffer the pain of burning for ever and ever, "there ain't no constitution as would stand it." What happened in actual practice was that an informal and unofficial supper was interpolated at half-past seven. This consisted of anything that had been saved from tea and anything else that could be obtained from the canteen. Also there was an extra meal put in at eight o'clock in the morning; so that really the sailor had five meals, in spite of the fact that the King's Regulations only took note of three. One of the most useful and sensible reforms suggested in their recent report by the Committee on Naval Victualling was that all five should be officially recognised.

This report of the Navy Rations Committee should be read in the light of the interesting series of articles which we are now publishing on "Victualling the Navy." The series shows how the question of supplies is dealt with, and how the various matters enquired into by the committee affect the life of the seaman. The difficulty of providing for his needs is very much complicated by the system under which his rations are issued. He can, if he likes, live entirely upon what the nation supplies to him, or he can, on the other hand, live in part off his own providing. Supposing he accepts the official rations, he gets food to the value of about 8½d. Should he prefer to do his own marketing, either singly or in messes, he receives instead of the rations the sum of 8d. A hundred years ago the nation made a much greater profit out of Jack when he took his 8d. (known technically as "savings") in lieu of the food offered him, because then the cost of this food came to as much as 11½d. The general drop in the price of the necessaries of life has brought it down now to 8½d., and, should prices continue to fall, the nation will actually lose on the transaction. When this loss happens, we may be pretty sure that the system will be revised. At present, however, the Admiralty decline even to consider its abolition.

The consequence is that no one can calculate exactly how much food will be consumed out of official stores. The men may want their rations—if they are in any place where the canteen can offer little in the way of alternative provisions, they certainly will; or they may take "savings" and find themselves. It is necessary to provide enough stores to supply rations all round, but it is not often that all the stores are consumed until they have ceased to be even in the technical sense of the word, even in the sense in which the poulterer applies it to eggs, "fresh." Ship's biscuit especially has a way of lasting for an interminable time, and still being considered eatable. It is not uncommon for biscuits issued to-day to bear the date of ten or twenty years ago, and sometimes further back than that. As a result of this long keeping Jack often throws away what is issued to him from ship's stores. Such throwing away is clearly not to be attributed to undue fastidiousness. Even the committee admit, in their guarded committee-like phraseology, that frequently the provisions are "older, when issued, than is desirable." Now, when a number of official persons allow food to be "older than is desirable," you may take it that the ordinary persons would call it exceedingly stale. The remedy is to fix an age-limit for Navy stores, and to put out of store all provisions which do not come within the limit. This, the committee think, would "place the matter on a satisfactory basis."

Jack is also to have, as a result of the examination into his dietary, more varied rations and a few more of those articles of food which, though they were once luxuries, are now generally considered to be necessaries of life. Evidently this change was as much required as the others. The demand for it, though not loudly made, was steady and sincere. It is true that the dissatisfaction with the state of things existing had not reached the point of gathering head and leading to concerted action. But there was a great deal of dissatisfaction, and those who know the Bluejacket intimately were well aware of it. It is a cause for congratulation that the Admiralty did not disregard Jack's grumbles. If the committee's recommendations are carried out—and the country will, we are convinced, not allow the Treasury to stand in the way—the seaman's conditions of service will be very appreciably improved.

GREAT BRITAIN has had negro soldiers in her Army for more than a century. The West India Regiment was formed in 1795 by the amalgamation of two older corps, the Carolina Black Corps (subsequently Malcolm's Black Rangers) and the St. Vincent Black Rangers, which became respectively the 1st and 2nd Battalions. While the rank and file are negroes, the officers are Englishmen. One battalion of the regiment is always stationed in the West Indies, and another is mostly quartered on the West Coast of Africa. The 3rd Battalion, which was raised in 1897, has lately been guarding Boer prisoners at St. Helena. It is numerically one of the strongest regiments in the Service, having nearly 3,000 rank and file. The uniform worn by the men consists of a picturesque Zouave costume with a white turban, but officers wear the usual uniform of officers of Line infantry regiments, with distinctive badges.

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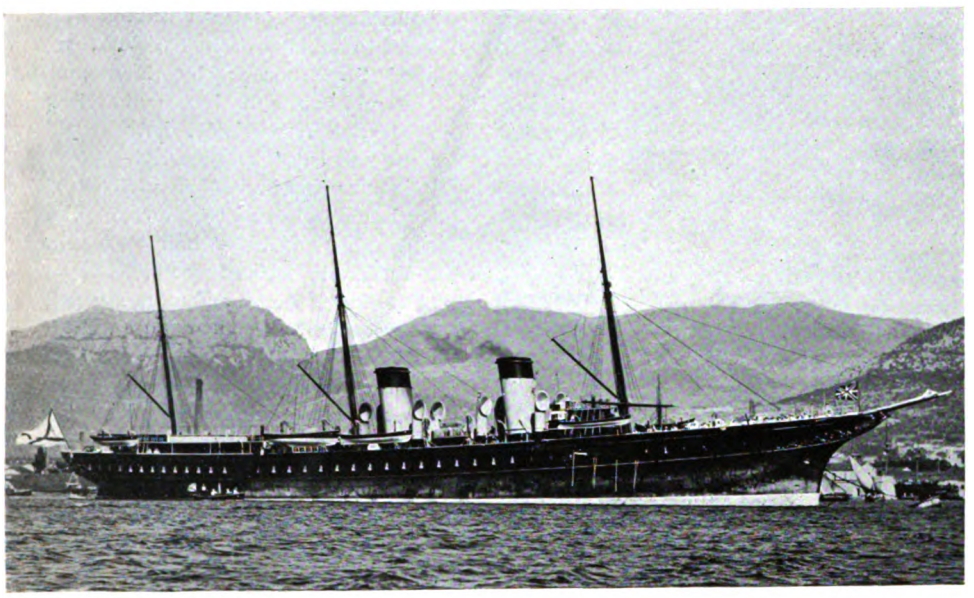
THE FIRST CITIZEN OF FRANCE.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

The Meeting at Dunkirk.

H.I.M. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S FLOATING HOME.

His Imperial Majesty's yacht "Standart."

Photos. Copyright. *Bar.*

THE "CONTRE TORPILLEUR" CASSINI.

On which the Emperor and President met.

Photo. Copyright. *Bougault.*

ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP.

Preparing to Fire a Salute.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FRENCH WAR-SHIPS PROCEEDING TO DUNKIRK.

To welcome the Imperial guest.

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A NAVAL DOUBLE WEDDING.

A SERVICE wedding is not only interesting to Service men, but also to the general reader, and it is with pleasure that we record a "double celebration" which took place recently. This very interesting event happened at the pretty little Hampshire village of Hamble, near Netley, when two sisters, the Misses Rachel and Judith Fullerton were led to the altar of the Parish Church of St. Andrews by Lieutenant Gerald Lane and Lieutenant Sydney Meyrick respectively, both of the "Excellent." Those most interested in our "first line of defence" will be pleased to learn that the ladies are daughters of Rear-Admiral Sir John Fullerton, formerly commander of the Royal Yacht, and more recently Groom-in-Waiting to His Majesty the King. The ceremony was a complete success in spite of adverse weather conditions; and the large number of presents received, including some from Royalty, were much admired.

A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL BRIDESMAIDS.

The Misses Daisy Fullerton, Lane, Florence Meyrick, Constance Meyrick, Rose Grant, Maude Phelps, Mannsell, Wheatly, and Davenport.

Photos. Copyright.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

Lieut. Gerald Lane, R.N., and Mrs. Gerald Lane, nee Miss Rachel Fullerton.

Russell.

FOR WEAL OR WOE.

Lieut. Sydney Meyrick, R.N., and Mrs. Sydney Meyrick, nee Miss Judith Fullerton.

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HELP FOR THE WOUNDED IN BYGONE TIMES.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

ONE had hoped that the last had been heard of Mr. Brodrick's unhappy proposal to hand over to the Admiralty the duty of garrisoning out-of-the-way and exceptionally dull "Naval bases" which the Army does not want. It had been disposed of long before, and ought never to have been disturbed in its repose by the Secretary of State for War. But there is a profound truth in one of the humorous explosions of Carlyle. He said that there was advantage in the old method of settling differences with a long sword. When the brains were out the man would die. Where a settlement has to be reached by argument, it is impossible to persuade people that they are logically dead. So they keep on coming up again and again, and have to be killed once more. The *Times* of the 9th contains a case in point. Mr. Brodrick having, as we fondly hoped, been fairly shut down under the lid, the cover suddenly flies off, and up jumps General Wimburn Laurie, M.P., with another plea for the ancient absurdity. General Laurie states his hope that "Mr. Brodrick holds firmly to the opinion he expressed." It is quite possible that he does, for there is a truth in the old adage that a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still. If he is, then it is to be piously hoped that the Admiralty will be every whit as obstinate.

* * * *

General Laurie gives six Naval reasons for not taking over the obligation to garrison the Naval bases, and then sets to work to abolish them. As a rule, when men state their opponent's arguments before answering them, the thing is done for their own convenience. They take good care that "the Whig dogs shall not have the best of it," as Dr. Johnson did when he was reporting debates in Parliament. But General Laurie is fair enough. The reasons he puts in the mouth of the Navy are such as it has itself advanced, and his answers are open to no particular objection, except that they do not in the least touch the root of the matter. It is more profitable to put this part of the letter aside, and to go to General Laurie's own pleas for the innovation he recommends. He says that "under the proposed plan our stores would be simplified, and for either purpose a larger supply would be available." Why? Allow that we do maintain two arsenals side by side, as Sir John Colomb puts it, "one containing supplies for the Navy, and the other of armaments and stores for the troops that guard the supplies for the Navy." But would they increase by being put together? There would be just the same amount if they were in the same building under a single authority. More could not be available for either service unless the garrison were sacrificed to the squadron, or the squadron to the garrison.

* * * *

General Laurie, however, treats this as a detail of no great weight, which, indeed, it is. He goes on to what he justly says is a point of far more importance. Here the correct course is to quote his own words, so that there may be no chance of misrepresentation. "It is," he says, "certain that on the outbreak of war every trained man in the home ports would be required to man the ships to be commissioned, so that none could be spared for reinforcements for foreign stations, and merchant sailors, even if obtainable, would be of little use to strengthen the crews, and the admiral would then appreciate the value of a strong force of trained seamen gunners to be drawn upon for embarkation on any emergency, and as much of the defence of these stations will be by torpedoes and submarine mines—a class of work Marines are specially suited to undertake—this would tend to make them even more useful when embarked for service."

* * * *

Men and angels are really needed to explain this. Who is "the admiral"? Is he the officer commanding on a foreign station when war begins? Presumably not, since he will have the full complement of his ships already. Besides, reinforcement of a foreign Naval station means the addition of fresh vessels. Now, unless we are going to maintain a little first-class steam reserve at every foreign Naval base—a proposal not yet made, and requiring very careful consideration before it is adopted—the additional ships must come from home. The admiral then means the officer who is fitting out a squadron to go foreign. But is he to rely on filling up his complement by drawing on the garrisons when he does reach his station, at the risk of meeting a fully-manned enemy on the way? General Laurie must surely remember what happened to the "Java" when she left England with a bad crew, which is pretty much the same thing as an insufficient one, and had the ill-luck to fall in with the U.S. frigate "Constitution" on her way. He cannot want to subject the British Navy to the risk of meeting this misfortune as an inevitable thing. We have no patent to escape disaster when we neglect the measures which secure victory. It was our good fortune that in the eighteenth century our enemies at sea were commonly very ill-equipped and ill-prepared, but even then enough happened to show that we are just as liable to be beaten as other people when we are ill-manned and ill-appointed and our opponents are efficient. It would be utterly contrary to sense to scatter the men we need for our ships when war comes on us all over the surface of the globe. They must be at home and under the hand of the Admiralty. It may well be that we want more Marines, but we want them as a reserve for the Fleet, and they must be kept where they can be drawn upon at once.

* * * *

The General's next sentence is even more astounding than this. It runs thus: "When drawn upon for embarkation they" [*i.e.*, the Marine garrison of the Naval base, for General Laurie does not propose to employ Bluejackets for the work] "could at once be replaced by the local forces, who would most readily respond on an emergency." But if General Laurie had wanted to destroy every shred of pretext for employing the Marines to garrison the Naval bases, he could not have selected a better weapon than this. What is a garrison needed for? Surely to defend a place when it is attacked. When there is a local force perfectly capable of discharging the duty, which on General Laurie's hypothesis is the case, it is pure waste of men and money to send a garrison which is to be called away for other duties when the danger of a siege becomes serious. The arrangement would be a triumph of the topsy-turvy. It would be going over the same ground again to show the reasons for believing that these men would be absurdly ill-placed to act as a reserve for the crews of the Fleet. But if they are not to do the real work of a garrison, and if they would not be more available for service in the ships, what would be the advantage of keeping them at a Naval base at a great cost?

* * * *

What General Laurie says about the use of local forces on an emergency would be a strong reason for not having any garrison at all, be it sailor or soldier, or soldier and sailor both. I, however, for my part, cannot help fearing that he is more than a little optimistic. These garrisons are not only needed to secure the place against attack from the sea; they are, at least in many cases, required to hold the country. Now we may make up our minds that this duty would become more peremptorily necessary than ever when we

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were embarked on a great Naval war. To talk of withdrawing the garrison at such a crisis would be little better than folly. It would be the surest way to encourage a rising, which our main enemy on the sea would forward by every means in his power. If there is a local force and no danger from the land, no garrison is needed. Neither is one required if there is a local force capable of dealing with the danger from the land. It can equally beat off raids from the sea. But where there is no local force, and there is danger from the land, then you must have a garrison, and you dare not weaken it to make up the crews of your ships. This business of calling on your garrison a double debt to pay has, of course, been tried, by the French on the coast of Coromandel in the old wars, by D'Aché in the Seven Years' War, and by Suffren in the American War. The consequences are written all over the records. The French military forces on shore were weakened as against the Company's army, and their ships were ill-manned to fight our squadrons. They submitted to this from necessity. The French Company soon became bankrupt and outnumbered. Its Government at home was no less bankrupt, and required all the soldiers it could scrape together for its wars in Germany and Flanders, which were very costly. Hence the Fleet lived from hand to mouth, and was compelled to lay the head of the sow to the tail of the grice, as Dugald Dalgetty would have put it. But why should we voluntarily incur a disadvantage imposed on them by the fact that the calls on their resources were greater than they could fairly meet?

WHERE MEN ARE TAUGHT TO SHOOT.

HARD WORKERS AT SHOEBURYNESS.

Warrant officers and others of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 31 Companies Eastern Division, R.G.A.

Photos. Copyright. *G. Thomas.*

RANK AND FILE OF THE SHOEBURYNESS GARRISON.

In the centre are Sergt.-Maj. W. H. Neville and Company Sergt.-Maj. Myhill.

Okehampton is the home of tactical experiments and of drill. Shoeburyness is the abode of teaching and of trial. When a new gun is created, it is promptly sent to Shoeburyness in order that its merits may be tested, and the result is that everyone at Shoeburyness possesses practically, by the mere fact of his existence there, a certificate of professional merit of a high order. To put the matter into few words, Shoeburyness is the home of gunnery, and our pictures show some of the workers off duty. The alert appearance which comes naturally to them sufficiently indicates the character of their ordinary work.

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IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN G. MARSHALL.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

To the Glory of God
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
CHARLES BALDWYN CHILDE, OF RISLEY,
LATE CAPTAIN ROYAL HORSE GUARDS
WHO WAS KILLED
WHILE LEADING THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE
IN THE ATTACK ON SUGAR LOAF HILL,
(NOW CALLED CHILDE'S HILL)
IN THE BOER WAR IN S.AFRICA, JANUARY 20TH 1900,
AGED 36 YEARS.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY SOME OF THE MANY
FRIENDS WHO ARE LEFT TO MOURN HIS LOSS.
"AT THE WALL."

IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN C. B. CHILDE.

THE shocking and dastardly criminal outrage which plunged the United States into sorrow and dismay, and in which they have the sympathy of the whole world, is new evidence that the instinct of crime conceived in the diseased brains of the foul enemies of society, banded together in savage and murderous fellowship, has its home in both hemispheres and in all countries. The free institutions of America are no protection for the head of the State against the bullet of the Anarchist. Twenty years have elapsed since President Garfield was shot by the miscreant Guiteau, thirty-seven years since Abraham Lincoln fell a victim. They were no more safe from the assassin's hand than were the autocratic Abdul Aziz and the Czars Paul and Alexander; and the fate of King Humbert was that of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, against whom no word was ever uttered, while even our own King, as Prince of Wales, did not escape attack. All England sympathises deeply with the United States at the occurrence of this appalling outrage, for Englishmen conceived early a high appeciation of the personal worth and statesmanlike character of President McKinley. In the murderous attack upon the heads of States organised society is itself attacked, and measures must be taken for protection. What they shall be should now be determined, but they should certainly take the form of severe repressive measures against Anarchist organisations, and the application of the utmost rigours of the law against the miscreants who perpetrate and abet such foul deeds, the punishment following swiftly upon the crime.

NOW that the visit of the Czar to France is an accomplished fact, we may congratulate our neighbours on the occurrence. There is no wish in this country to see France isolated, and if the statesmen of the Republic and of the Russian Empire are actuated by honourable motives, the alliance may well be one making for the peace of the world. The specific peace proposals of the Czar which led to the abortive conference at the Hague startled France, and were at first construed in some circles as an abandonment of the alliance formed shortly before. The Czar had been received on French soil with an enthusiasm which Tolstoi regarded as an epidemic of insanity, and while Russian generals were idolised French financiers furnished the loans which the Russians so eagerly desired. But the activity of Russia in the Orient, apparently careless of the interests of France, coupled with the events of the Hague, seemed to imply that the Republic was forgotten. It soon appeared, however, that the interests of the two countries in China were almost identical, and while Russia exerted her influence from Manchuria, the ambitions of France found their outlet through Indo-China. There were thus no causes leading to cleavage, and the alliance was set on a firmer basis than before. The cordial relations of France and Russia have, in fact, remained undisturbed, and the Czar's visit to France is merely a further public confirmation of them. We hesitate to believe that any purpose of aggression is concealed behind these enthusiastic expressions of international regard.

LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY JENNER SCOBELL, who made the brilliant capture of Lotter's commando, capturing that unpleasant brigand chief and all his men, is an officer who had seen no war service before the Boer Campaign began. He entered the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) in 1879, and became a lieutenant in the next year, and a captain in 1886, afterwards acting as adjutant of the Wiltshire Yeomanry. He gained his majority in 1896, and went out with his regiment to South Africa, where it has done much excellent service. Colonel Scobell has had many disappointments in hunting down the remnants of the Boer forces, and everyone hastened to compliment him upon his brilliant success. He was in command of the 9th Lancers and Cape Mounted Rifles at the time, to the number of less than 300. For the first time in the history of the war an entire Boer commando, with its offensive and irreconcilable leader, was wiped out, this being the result of dogged perseverance in a long night march and of brilliant tactical skill on the part of the gallant officer, who hemmed in the whole party and allowed not a man to escape. According to the limited conditions of guerilla warfare, "it was a glorious victory." Our heartiest congratulations to Colonel Scobell and his gallant comrades.

THE War Office report on the Imperial Yeomanry is a fine tribute to the good services of that excellent force, in the establishment of which Viscount Valentia, Lord Chesham, and Lord Lonsdale were so energetic, and in whose operations, scattered through the sphere of operations, so many gallant officers and men have worked so energetically. The old Yeomanry were the essential nucleus of the force, and although the regular Yeoman formed only about one-fifth of the total strength of the Imperial Yeomanry, it is to the force of the shires that our attention is directed. Whether the Yeomanry

A SOUTH AFRICAN BLOCKHOUSE.

Nothing has been more successful in the method of gradually bringing South Africa within British control—and thus civilising it—than the systematic erection of blockhouses to protect the railway lines. Our picture shows one of these blockhouses standing out alone on the veldt to protect a bridge whose maintenance is of importance.

ANOTHER TYPE OF DEFENSIVE WORK.

Blockhouses of this kind command the surrounding country. The one we depict is built of granite, and is obviously constructed to withstand anything but a long-continued attack. Its object is to guard a bridge over a river, and the success with which such work is done is proved by the inability of the Boers for some time back to effect any serious damage.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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of the future be designated cavalry or mounted infantry is not a matter of moment. The important point is that they must be equipped with a rifle of the best and lightest description, possessing the longest range, and if the title of Imperial Yeomanry be retained the force will always be associated with the good and gallant service rendered in South Africa. There would then be no reason why the Yeomanry should be merely a force organised in the United Kingdom. It might well have corps in the colonies. More liberal treatment must be given to the force to strengthen the recruiting centres, as also to increase their number. Let it never be forgotten that at the very time when many regarded the Yeomanry as a decaying force, doomed sooner or later to disappear, it proved its value by giving birth to the Imperial Yeomanry. It would be a shame if that service were forgotten and a valuable nucleus for the organisation of foreign services corps were neglected.

HOW shall we commemorate our dead hero? It is a question which, alas! has caused heart searchings in many a bereaved family. One form, and a very ancient one, dear to Englishmen is the stained glass window, which by allegory or symbolism, perpetuates the dead soldier and his deeds, and fittingly decorates the house of God. We have illustrated several such memorials. Sometimes it is even possible to introduce a portrait of the dead soldier, which, indeed, was done recently in the case of the late Captain George Marshall, killed at Kumassi. A memorial window to this officer was placed by Messrs. Percy Bacon and Brothers of Newman Street, who are in the front rank of artists in glass, in Hartford Church, Cheshire. These gentlemen are three brothers who have given up their lives to the ancient art, and whose success has been equal to their merits. They commenced work some fifteen years since, and their last great success was a series of seven memorial windows to Lord and Lady Armstrong. It is a new experience in art to inspect the work they are carrying on, and we are informed that any of our readers interested in memorial glass will be welcomed at the studio, where they will be shown the windows at present in course of execution, which are for Prittlewell, Rainham, Christ Church, Clapton, St. Augustine, Highbury, St. Mary, Crumpsall, St. Wenn, Cornwall, and many other churches. A truly English art is finely exemplified in these works.

Photo. Copyright. *waine.*

THE SOLDIER'S GUERDON DISTRIBUTED AT CHESTER.

About midday on Sunday, August 25, Major-General Swaine, Commanding the North-Western District, distributed South African War medals to about a hundred non-commissioned officers and men of the Service Company of Cheshire Volunteers, who returned home early last May. The reason Sunday was chosen was that all the men are in civilian employment, and in many ways the day was appropriate.

OUR picture on the top of the previous page shows the tablet of white Carrara marble, with a background of red marble, which has been erected at his country seat in Shropshire to the memory of Captain Charles Baldwin Childe. But who that went in for sport in any form did not know Childe? He was a splendid steeplechase rider, for one thing, and popular with everyone, and he laid down his life on Sugar Loaf Hill—now called Childe's Hill—while leading the South African Light Horse against a rebellious foe. Messrs. Gaffin and Co., of 63, Regent Street, erected the tablet.

THE cynical observer of events and tendencies has found ample food for amused reflection in the anxiety that many individuals and many corporate bodies have shown to profit by the war. Just as the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria brought into the field all sorts of religious and charitable institutions in want of money, or hoping to build Jubilee wings or to raise special Jubilee Funds, so has the war suggested to a number of people that it may be used as a lever to procure them something they can get in no other way. We are afraid that we must place under this heading the members of the Anglican Church in South Africa, who proposed some little time ago that a cathedral should be built in Cape Town as a memorial to the British soldiers who have been killed by the Boers. This suggestion has naturally met with little favour from those who are not members of the Anglican community, and, indeed, if wisdom is shown, it will at once be dropped. A memorial erected by people of all kinds of religious views to men of various persuasions must necessarily be of a non-sectarian character. Let the Church in South Africa build a cathedral by all means; but let it collect the necessary funds itself, and not attempt to get them by giving a denominational turn to a movement which should be National and Imperial in the widest sense. There is, indeed, ample opportunity for raising many special memorials.

From a Photo. *By a Military Officer.*

A NEW MACHINE FOR FIGHTING PURPOSES.

Has the traction-engine come to stay as an engine of warfare? Our picture makes this almost certain, for it shows two of these engines under the slope of Lion Mountain. The range-finders and signallers are in front, and it will be observed that each engine is drawing a gun, and that the whole column is proceeding in a regular order of march.

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ON GARRISON DUTY 'IN THE RED SEA.

ADEN, ARABIA

(BOMBAY COMMAND).

Europeans, exclusive of garrison, 400. Political Resident and Commanding Troops, Brigadier-General H. E. Penton. Distance from Suez 1,400 miles, from Bombay 1,600 miles. Transit from England, 11 days. Mails: Weekly home, viâ Brindisi, and weekly to India. Telegrams 3s. 9d. a word, viâ Eastern Telegraph Company.

ON near approach, the general aspect of Aden—one of the more important of coaling stations on the British highway to the East—is very forbidding. The first object that catches the visitor's eye is the peak of Jabal Shum-Shum, 1,760-ft. above sea-level, soon after which the whole promontory of Aden, with its spiral and ashy-looking rocks, rising in curious and fantastic shapes, one above the other, is visible on the horizon. Approaching nearer, the original gloomy impression of the place gains in force. On the frowning heights no appearance of vegetation can be seen, unless, indeed, a solitary tree of stunted growth peers forward from some rocky fissure, kites stand perched upon the desolate rocks, and voracious sharks dart along the surface of the water in search of prey. Verily, a fitter region for the residence of Cain, who is said to have ended his days there, could hardly have been selected. On landing on this volcanic peninsula, however, the visitor will be agreeably surprised to find that it furnishes an exception to the oft-quoted aphorism, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." The rocky hills are not so devoid of vegetation as at a little distance they appear to be, for after a fall of rain patches of verdure appear in places; neither are kites the sole representatives of bird-life frequenting these inhospitable-looking rocks. Hawks, fly-catchers, and wagtails are permanent residents, while jays, doves, quails, golden orioles, and sparrows are regular visitors. Sharks are not the only denizens of the deep, for the sea contains surmi, mullet, and sardine—all excellent for the table—while the abundance of oysters, lobsters, and crabs affords welcome additions to the somewhat restricted fare of the settlement.

INHABITANTS OF ADEN.

A scene in the Camel Market.

Aden can boast the distinction of being the first acquired possession in the reign of Queen Victoria, but the history of the place before the time of the British annexation is of such a complicated and turbulent character, that nothing in the way of details can be attempted in this paper. Suffice to say, therefore, that it is first mentioned in history as the seat of a Christian embassy from Constantine, in 342 A.D. At this time the town is said to have possessed unrivalled celebrity for its impenetrable fortifications, its flourishing commerce, and the glorious haven it afforded to vessels from all quarters of the globe. Remains of its public monuments testify to its bygone splendour and importance. A British force under Colonel Murray, *en route* to Egypt, landed at Aden for a few

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A VILLAGE ON THE RED SEA COAST.

A panorama view of the coaling station of Aden

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weeks in 1799, and was the first that set foot on the shores of Arabia; and a year later the authorities first seriously turned their thoughts to the annexation of the peninsula. During the administration of the Duke of Wellington in India, when the French determined to cripple the British power in that country by sending an expedition to Egypt, he conceived the bold project of attacking the French in the rear by the march of an Indian army to Egypt, to co-operate with an army from home. However, the Duke's scheme was never put into practice, and the idea of annexing Aden was not revived until the birth of our steam Navy, when the place became of obvious importance as a strategical harbour and coal depôt. The causes which eventually led to its capture are as follows. In consequence of an outrage committed on the passengers of a British ship, wrecked near Aden, an expedition was despatched against the place in January, 1838, by the Government of Bombay, when it was further arranged that the peninsula should be ceded to the British. The Sultan, however, played us false over these negotiations; so that in January, 1839, a force consisting of two of her late Majesty's steam cruisers, 300 Europeans, and 400 native troops captured the place after a bombardment. The British loss was 15 killed, while the Arabian defenders had 150 killed and wounded. Several attempts at recapture were made by its former owners during the following twenty years, and the Turks also gave us trouble; but, finally, our claim to the place, by right of conquest, was left undisputed. The condition of Aden on its occupation by us was described as being one of "most exigent poverty and neglect"; but under British rule it has emerged from the deplorable condition into which it had fallen. As might be expected, the great epoch in the modern history of Aden was the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, which revolutionised the trade route to the East. The favourable situation of the peninsula, nearly midway between Suez and India, and the excellence of its harbour, determined its selection as a coaling station of the first rank. From that date the great development of India and the Australasian colonies, and the ever-increasing activity of European Powers in surrounding countries, have yearly added to the sea traffic, so that at the present day Aden forms not only the headquarters of the Arabian trade with Africa, but an entrepôt for European and Asiatic commerce. Aden itself is non-productive, and the trade is a purely transhipment one, except that from the interior of Arabia, which is conducted wholly by means of camels.

The settlement includes Little Aden, a peninsula very similar to Aden itself, and the settlement and town of Shaikh Othmán, together with several villages, on the mainland. It also includes the island of Perim at the entrance, and forming the real strategical key to the Red Sea. The whole is subject to the Bombay Government, and is administered by a political resident (Brigadier-General H. E. Penton), who is also commander of the troops. The latter consist of three companies of Royal Garrison Artillery, one British line battalion, one regiment of Bombay Infantry, one company of Bombay sappers and miners, a native levy known as the Aden Troop, and details. Perim is garrisoned by detachments from the Bombay Infantry Regiment. The area of Aden is seventy-five square miles, but the inhabited and fortified part is limited to the eastern peninsula, or Aden proper—a high rocky promontory, situated about two miles from the mainland, with which it is connected by a narrow, low, flat, sandy isthmus. This promontory, which forms a kind of Gibraltar, is very strongly fortified, being armed to the teeth with the latest pattern of quick-firing long-range ordnance.

The entrance to the magnificent harbour, to which Aden owes all its ancient splendour and present importance as a military station, is three and a-half miles wide, while the harbour itself—divided into two portions, an inner and an outer harbour—is eight miles long by four miles broad. There are several small islands in the inner harbour used for quarantine purposes. Both harbours are now being dredged, and otherwise improved. Allusion has already been made to the existence of the remains of ancient public monuments. These are the famous and mysterious tanks to be seen in the native city, and which are popularly supposed to have been erected by the Turks soon after their occupation of Aden in 1538; but the careful researches of antiquarians have resulted in tracing them back to a much earlier date, without ascertaining, however, any definite date for their construction. The tanks are fifty in number and of various dimensions, their form being semi-elliptical, some of them 68-ft. in length and 20-ft. in depth. It has been computed that if entirely cleaned out they would have an aggregate capacity of nearly 30,000,000 imperial gallons. Originally they were all lined with jaspar or marble, and covered with handsome domes; yet however great their splendour then, there are but few traces of it remaining now. A broad aqueduct formerly conducted the rain water to these tanks from reservoirs in the mountain above. Rain only falls at Aden once in several years, but when it does rain the fury and volume of the downpour are indescribable. The existence of the reservoirs had been quite forgotten until in 1854 Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Lambert Playfair, K.C.M.G., discovered them, and took steps to have them cleaned out and generally repaired. In 1856 the restoration of these magnificent public works, both reservoirs and tanks, was commenced; and since then about thirteen of the latter, capable of holding 7,718,630 gallons of water, have been put into good order. However, the multiplication in recent years of Government and private condensers has greatly diminished the importance of the tanks as a source of water supply for the settlement. Trees have been planted in their vicinity, and gardens laid out.

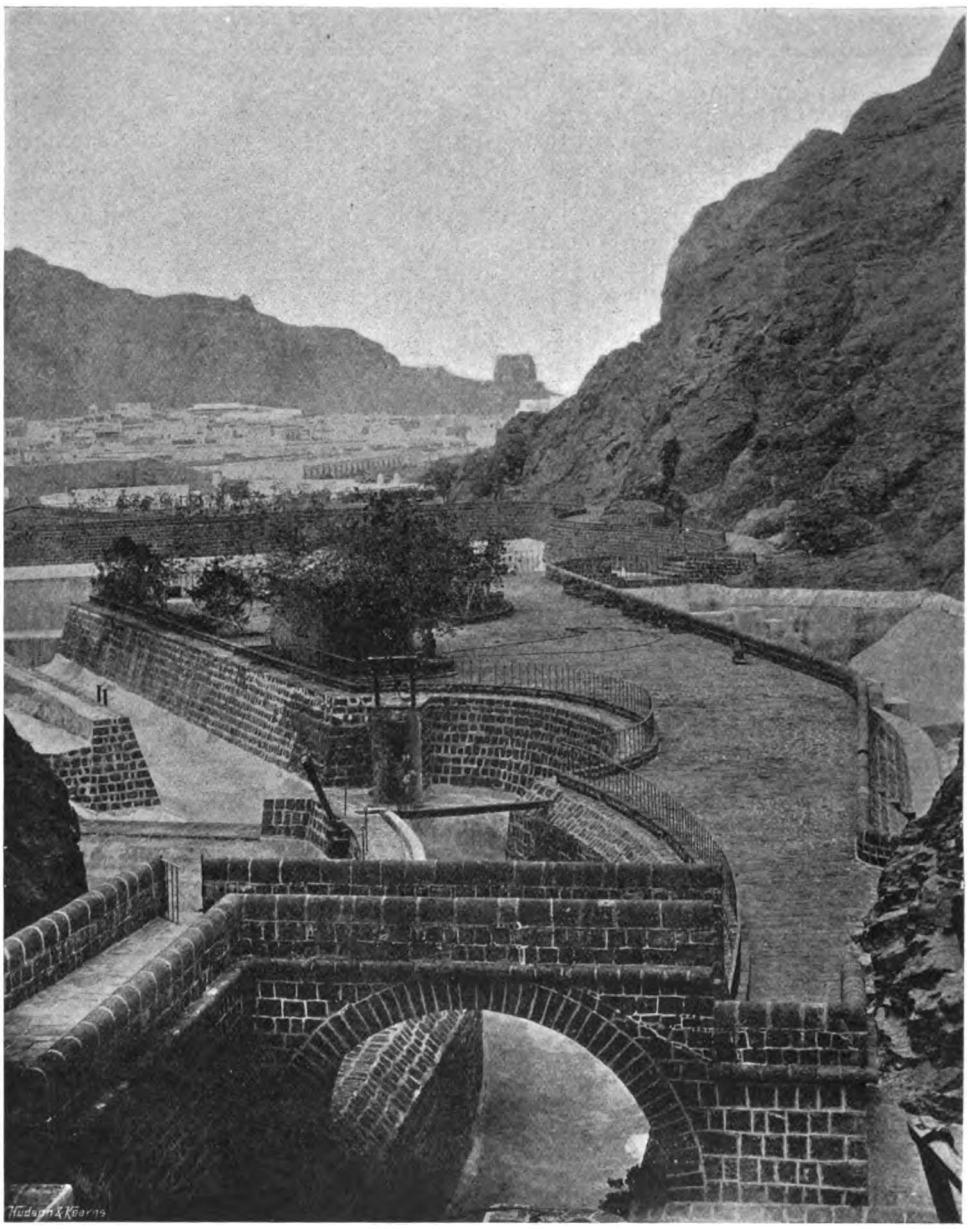

Photo. Copyright. *Hands.*

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

A pretty view from the tanks.

Notwithstanding the tropical climate of Aden—the average temperature is 87-deg. Fahrenheit in the shade—the European population, which, of course, is almost entirely military, contrives to convert its temporary exile in the peninsula into quite a gay affair. There are grounds for cricket, polo, golf, and tennis, and a little race-course which is the scene of spirited gymkhana meetings. The gunners have a bijou theatre, and there is an excellent club to which ladies are admitted. Facilities for fishing and boat-sailing abound. Lastly, Aden forms a capital headquarters for the sportsman who intends visiting the Lahej and Somali country.

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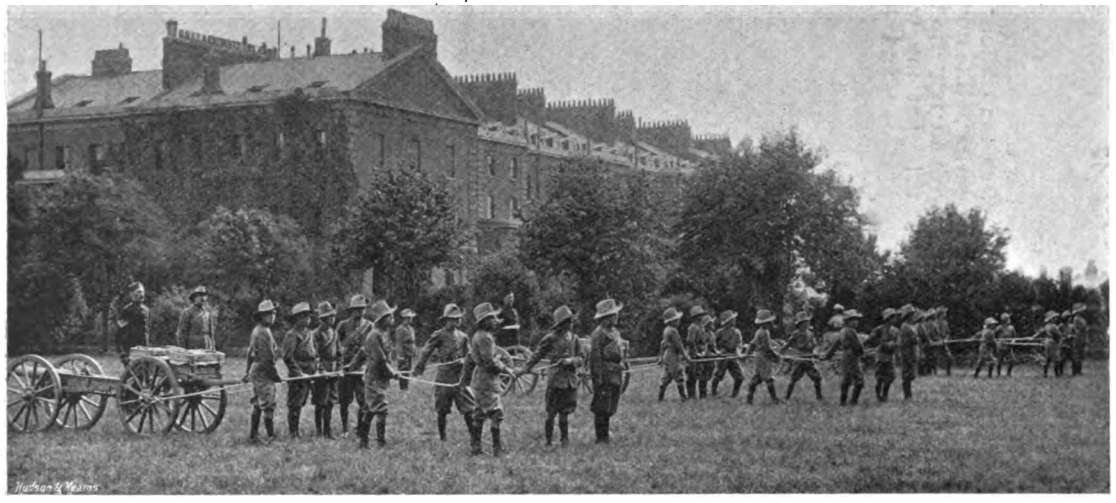
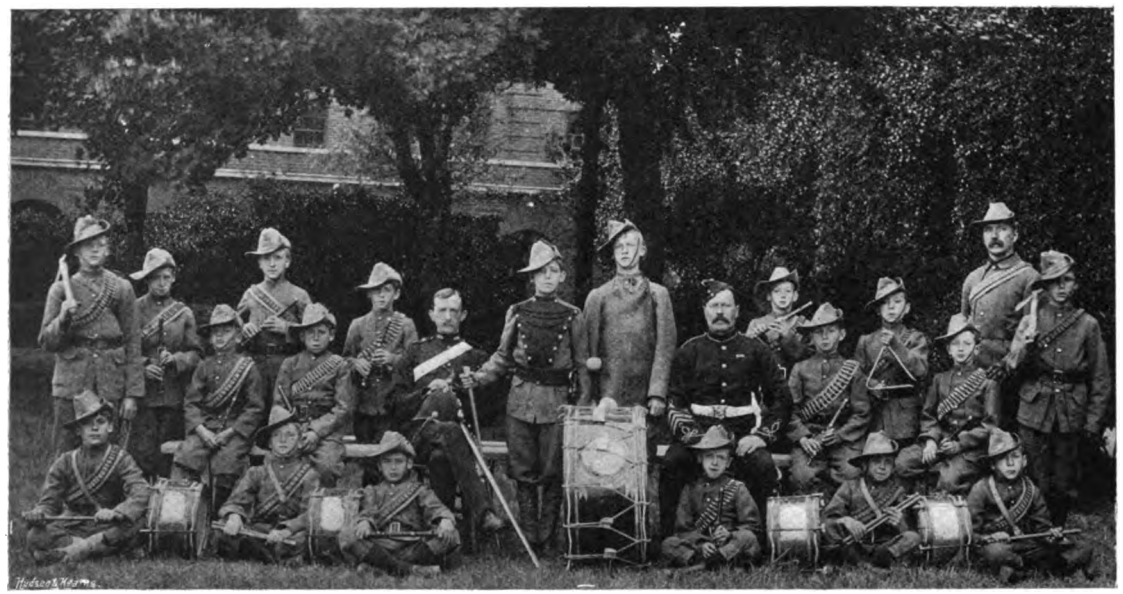
CADETS OF THE ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY.



PREPARE TO ADVANCE.

"ACTION"—WITH OBSOLETE GUNS.



THE FIFES AND DRUMS OF THE CORPS.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

It is not widely known that a cadet corps has been formed at Eastney, Portsmouth, the headquarters and depôt of the Royal Marine Artillery, consisting entirely of the sons of Royal Marine Artillerymen, past and present. The idea which led to the formation of the corps, and the spirit wi h which the organisation was carried out, are most commendable. The Admiralty has provided a battery of 7-pounder guns; and the corps was recently inspected at Eastney Barracks by Lord Selborne and his colleagues of the Board. It was upon this occasion that our pictures were taken, and they show very clearly the method of training to which the cadets are subjected, and suggest the height of excellence to which, as might be expected, they have attained

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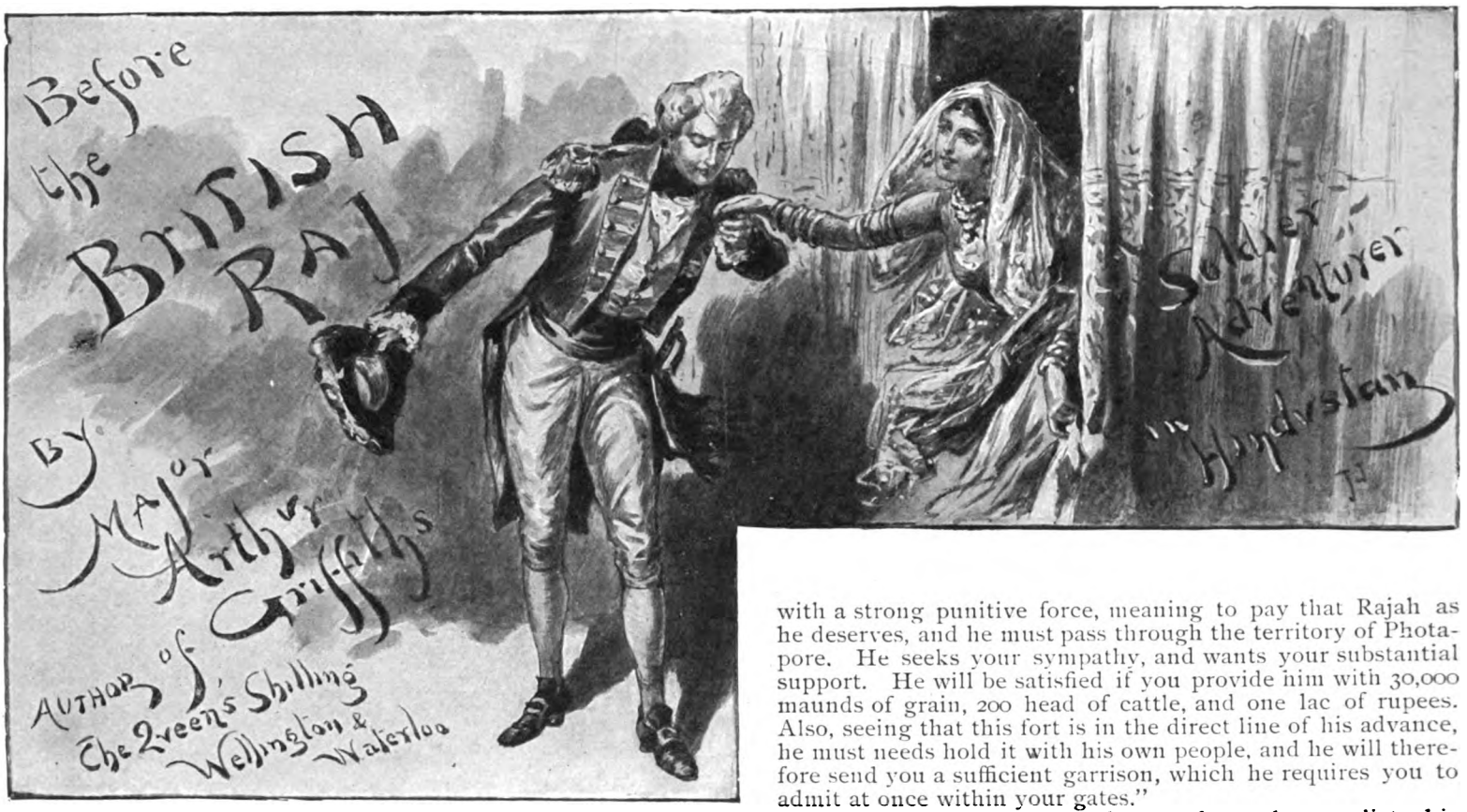

CHAPTER X.

JOWRUJ JUNG.

SERIOUS news had come to Photapore. There was trouble in Northern Hindustan. The "scourge" was let loose. George Thomas, the bellicose Irishman who ruled in Harriàna, which he had made an independent state, was out upon the war path. It was rumoured that he aimed at the invasion of the Sutlej States, no less, and proposed to bring Lahore with the whole area of the Five Rivers, the far-famed Punjab, into subjection. But, before he took up the great enterprise, he must needs replenish his exchequer, and he was bent now upon levying contributions, seizing forts with their treasures, holding conquered towns to ransom, and sweeping up all the valuable property on which he could lay his hands.

He was more a freebooter than a soldier, although he had at times won great successes in the field; a frank, good-looking, devil-may-care Irishman, a devoted admirer of the fair sex, with an impressionate heart which he was ready to fling at any woman's feet, a *roué*, and a self-indulgent, dissipated man, who wasted his substance in riotous living, and when he ran short of funds, fared forth like a robber chieftain to gather up more wherever he came across it. He was ever greedy for gold, and, it must be confessed, not only to minister to his debauches, but to push on the ambitious dreams that constantly seethed in his excitable brain.

Colonel Latouche had heard the whole story of "Jowruj Jung" (George the Conqueror), which was the native soubriquet of the redoubtable Thomas, cabin boy and sailor man, who had fought his way up country and taken to soldiering under various rajahs, enduring many changes of fortune, till at last he carved out a kingdom for himself, from which he drew revenues, wherein he struck coinage, and exercised sovereign rights. Had he been content with less he might have enjoyed more. But to be thriftless and prodigal was in his blood; he emptied his coffers as soon as he had filled them; so he was driven on continually by a consuming hunger, and the desire to give effect to the boldest and often the most unscrupulous schemes.

One day a messenger appeared before Latouche as he sat in open durbar, and addressed him in fluent English, an unmistakable fellow-countryman, in spite of his native armour and sun-browned skin.

"I come from General Thomas of Harriàna—I am his vakeel and plenipotentiary—to make known his wishes and demands. I presume that I am speaking to Latoos Sahib, the commandant of this fort of Photapore?"

"I am Colonel Latouche, in Scindia's service, sometime a captain in the 39th Dragoons. Who are you who dare bear such a message to me, here, on my own ground?"

"My name is Hearsay—Captain James Hearsay, late of the Bombay Fusiliers, now on the staff of General Thomas, and it is in his name I speak. Pray understand that, and blame him, not me, if what I have to say proves distasteful."

"Say it then."

"General Thomas is now on the march towards Buttiala with a strong punitive force, meaning to pay that Rajah as he deserves, and he must pass through the territory of Photapore. He seeks your sympathy, and wants your substantial support. He will be satisfied if you provide him with 30,000 maunds of grain, 200 head of cattle, and one lac of rupees. Also, seeing that this fort is in the direct line of his advance, he must needs hold it with his own people, and he will therefore send you a sufficient garrison, which he requires you to admit at once within your gates."

"And if I altogether refuse, and utterly repudiate his pretensions—as I do, most unhesitatingly—what then?" hotly replied Latouche.

"Why, then the General will compel obedience to his commands. He will take Photapore by force of arms, and will punish it and you—I regret to have to say it—by putting every living soul within the walls to the sword."

"Let him come and try! I defy him! He may do his worst. They call us soldiers of fortune, Captain Hearsay—you and I and Jowruj Jung—but it is an ill fortune that sets us at one another's throats. I do not envy you yours. I could wish you a better occupation than to bring me unjust and unwarrantable demands, backed by threats that are a shame and a disgrace to those who use them."

"Is that your last word?" asked Hearsay, reddening under this rebuke.

"Not quite," cried another voice—the Begum's—from behind. Zalu had been seated within the screen, which was arranged close to the musnud, so that when she chose she might hear what passed at the durbar. She now came forward in all her proud beauty, and, with an imperious wave of her hand, cried again, "Not quite! Let my word be added, that of the Rani, the sovereign lady and legal owner of Photapore. Forgive me, Sikander, if I lay stress on this at such a supreme moment, but you hold Photapore for me and through me, and I would have General Thomas know from me that he shall never have one pice from us, one scrap, one stone of Photapore so long as we have strength to lift a finger or raise a protest against his cowardly oppression. Go, tell him this; you have now our last word."

"I deeply regret your decision, and still implore you to think better of it," said Captain Hearsay, in evident distress. "You will soon have to answer for it to the General himself, and he has a heavy hand. After all, what is it? His terms are light. Your resources are, as I have heard, considerable. Meet his wishes. You will secure a good friend. Refuse, and——"

"The alternative is rapine, bloodshed, and murder. Well, we accept it; we will resist to the last extremity," said Latouche, taking his wife's hand as she echoed his defiance and cried "Yes, to the very death."

After this, it was essential to look well to the defences, to see to the mounting of the guns, the filling up of the magazines, the bolts and bars of the gates. Scouting parties were sent out to explore the country and gain early news of the enemy's approach. On the second day they came into touch with Thomas's light horsemen at the head of his advance, and fell back before them. The main body could not be far to the rear, and Latouche prepared to ride out at the head of a picked squadron to reconnoitre.

"I go with you," said the Begum, promptly. "When there is danger I will share it. You need not fear for me."

It had been Zalu's fondest wish to be as an English wife to Latouche, and she had long since taken up many English fashions, such as the riding habit and the side saddle, and, being a fine horsewoman, she could accompany him everywhere. Now she was at his side when they passed out of the rearward postern, the same as that through which the fortress

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had been surprised, and took their way along the valley of the Khalsa, feeling their way towards the open country and the road from Delhi.

Ere long they came upon the unmistakable signs of troops upon the march; they saw clouds of dust rising high and moving towards them; they heard the mixed murmur of many sounds—the neighing of horses, the clash of barbaric music, the shouts of a multitude. Soon the broad-fronted columns came in sight, winding across the open plains towards the devoted fortress. Latouche dismounted and climbed a small hill to examine the force more minutely through his glass. There must have been at least 10,000 Mahratta irregular cavalry, 4,000 well-drilled infantry, and a small train of guns, six-pounders and twelve-pounders. Here was surely enough to batter down and eat up Photapore. But Latouche, while he looked and counted the host that had come against them, still kept a stout heart. The battle was not always to the strong.

"Quick! quick! khodawand. See yonder, we shall be cut off; we must remount and be gone." It was his wife's voice, and she was pointing to a strong body of cavalry moving rapidly towards the Khalsa Valley in their rear.

"We must ride for it, darling. They outnumber our rissala by five to one, but we have the heels of them, I hope—sit down and gallop."

They turned, and as they rode another body of horse came over the hills on their right flank; yet a third on their left, while a still larger mass showed threateningly behind, coming up at full speed. It seemed a well-concerted plan to hem them in.

Latouche took in the situation at a glance, and made up his mind with great coolness and decision.

"We must break through at the weakest place. That lot on the left is the smallest force," he told Zalu, as they hurried along. "I shall send the two guns ahead; they shall come into action at short range, then clear our front, and I will lead the charge by successive half troops, with you, my own Zalu, in the heart and centre of the squadron."

"STALWART OLD SURFURAZ WITH WARM WELCOME."

"Where you go, I go, Sikander," was the Begum's only comment, and although Latouche argued strenuously he could not alter her resolve.

There were two figures at the head of the small compact column that struck in with such determined gallantry and crashed irresistibly through and through the enemy's ranks—a splendid soldier, making tremendous play with his sabre, and an unarmed female, who rode a little behind but never swerved or faltered as they divided the press. It was a grand example nobly followed. The Mahrattas were shattered by the first impact, and fled broken from the field. But few of Latouche's saddles were emptied, he himself was unhurt, and his beloved Zalu had passed scathless through the fight.

They re-entered by the drawbridge and main gate. Their peril had been observed from the walls, and stalwart old Surfuraz Khan came forward with warm welcome mixed with respectful reproaches.

"Nay! it was necessary," answered Latouche. "I had to learn what I now know. There is greater peril ahead."

It was not clear till the following morning whether or not Thomas would try an immediate attack or sit down before the place. But even his fiery and impatient nature was cowed by the natural strength of Photapore, and it was seen that he had commenced to build breaching batteries, and was establishing his guns at commanding points to break down the formidable defences before he ventured to send on his men.

A week of toilsome preparation passed, and the supreme moment was close at hand. Spies came in with sure news that the bombardment would begin next day, and would be followed by a general assault.

"He shall not have it all as he pleases," said Latouche, at a council of war, made up of the Begum, Surfuraz Khan, and himself, when he unfolded his plan of a great sortie intended to ruin the batteries, dismount and spike the guns, and carry havoc into the enemy's lines.

That night three columns left Photapore unobserved, and crept cautiously along the valley to places appointed below each breaching battery. At a given signal, a rocket sent up by Zalu from the walls, a simultaneous attack was delivered at three points, with crowning success. The watch was badly kept. All found in the trenches were sabred and stabbed where they lay. Reinforcements arrived, tardily, and were beaten back; then George Thomas arrived in person to lead them on, but they could not check the work of destruction.

It was victory, greater far than could have been anticipated, for when Latouche's people withdrew to the fort, they carried with them many prisoners, and chief among them was Jowruj Jung.

The General was brought into the private apartments and treated with consideration, more, no doubt, than he deserved. He looked crestfallen and shamefaced, for his was a humiliating position after so much high-handed bluster. Still he held himself erect, his gigantic figure overtopping all, broadly built, but moving his great limbs with ease and grace, his head habitually thrown back imperiously, with a lofty air of command. Rough of speech, his manner was yet exceedingly courtly, and he bowed almost to the ground when presented to the Begum, whom he addressed with many formal compliments in excellent Persian. Although illiterate, possessing the scantiest English education, he had become a good Oriental scholar.

It was plain that the Begum's beauty had made havoc with the too susceptible Irishman, and he said heartily, in his own tongue, with a strong brogue:

"Bedad, I don't mind being beaten if it gives me the luck of seeing the likes of you. Naboclish! You've picked

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up a great prize entirely, Latouche, and if ye hadn't been first the Princess might have been mine. I'd have made her Queen of all Hindustan."

"Remember I speak English," said Zalu. "Do not be over bold."

"And what are you going to do wid me?" went on the defeated General, growing suddenly serious. I'll pay any ransom in reason if you'll let me go."

"I think we shall hold you, general, for a time. Meanwhile, you shall send orders to your forces to raise the siege and withdraw from Photapore. After that, release will depend upon the ransom. We must have ——?" He looked at Zalu.

"Five lacs of rupees."

"I have not the half in my treasury; but I'll sign you bonds for the amount and an engagement never to molest you again. Faith, I've burnt my fingers enough already. What's more, I'll do you a good turn. I'd like to put you on your guard against Perron."

"I can hear nothing against Perron," began Latouche, stiffly. "He is my superior officer, I hold my sword, my rank, my command from him."

"And he'll sell you some fine day, for he's the dirtiest spalpeen among all the frog-eating Moossoos that want to ride roughshod over Hindustan. Mark my words, honey, the day is not far distant when Perron will turn on you. He will dispossess you, take all you've got if he can, your fortress, your beautiful Begum here, your fortune, all, to bestow them on one of his French lot. He'll flay the very skin off your back. I warn you."

"You don't seem to have a high opinion of him, general?" said Latouche, wishing to hear more.

"I hate him, as I do all Frenchmen, but him worst of all," said the General, lapsing again into Hindustani and speaking with the grave emphasis that a subject of such deep moment demanded. "I know him for a self-seeking scoundrel, a double-faced, one-handed coward and cur. It grieves me to think you belong to him; you, an Englishman, a gentleman born and bred; a soldier of distinction and approved skill who might go far, much farther than I have done, for you are my superior, and have proved it this night."

There was wine on the table, but Thomas had at first refused to drink. Now, however, excited by this talk, he emptied cup after cup, and soon grew flushed with excess.

"Ah! Latoos," he cried, "you should join me. You and I together—with your brains and my energy we would carry all before us, carve out a great kingdom, win great names, and go down to posterity as the foremost Englishmen of the time. I have my ideas, my plans well thought and considered, and I need only stout hearts at my back and a fair field before me to astonish the whole world. Join with me, I say, and we will win all Northern India for the British Crown. A new Raj shall rise supreme in the land. It shall be all British. All this——"

He rose to his feet and staggered to where a map of India hung, imperfect in many particulars but embracing the whole Peninsula, and, spreading out his arms, he cried with drunken exaltation:

"All this, Latoos, shall be coloured red! Red! And you and I will paint it. Hurroo! Hurroo!"

He danced wildly round the room, with hands raised as though he were twirling the national shillelagh, then he snatched up another goblet and drank with great enthusiasm to the health of George III., and thenceforth could speak no intelligible word. They carried him off insensible and put him to bed.

Yet next day he showed no signs of his overnight debauch, and merely said, apologetically, when he met Latouche:

"I was a little overtaken last night. I believe I talked myself drunk. But when the wine is in the reason's *not* out, with me, and I'm willing to repeat what I said."

"But I am not willing to listen to you. Whether or not Perron is disposed to act unfairly, I care not. I beg you will let the subject drop."

That was impossible with the impulsive old soldier, and again and again, so long as his captivity lasted, Thomas enlarged upon his famous plans, vehemently eager to enlist Latouche.

He always got the same answer—"No!" It was still the same, "No!" when they parted finally at the gates of the fortress and the escort stood waiting to conduct the released prisoner to the frontiers of Photapore.

"You won't? Then I'm done with you," and Jowrug Jung broke out into furious reviling. He quite forgot his manners, the kindly forbearance with which he had been treated, and yielded to a wild fit of ill-temper. He swore loudly, as he spurred his horse into a mad gallop, that he wished he had never wasted a second upon such a wrong-headed, mealy-mouthed, obstinate jackass and fool.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"GUSTAV."—The paragraph that has gone the rounds of the London papers, stating that there is an officer of Napoleon's Old Guard still living in Warsaw, and that he is 107 years of age, is all nonsense. The man's name is given as Markiewiz, and he was stated to be the senior recipient of the Legion of Honour. The paragraph further stated that Markiewiz was in receipt of no pension from the French Government, because he was entered in the books of the War Office as dead. The paragraph interested me, so I caused enquiries to be made, and I find that the report gained currency from a paragraph published in the *Warsaw Courier*. There is an old man named Markiewiz living in Warsaw, aged 82, who is in very poor circumstances, and who has tried to improve his condition by pretending to be the Markiewiz of the Old Guard. As a matter of fact, this officer died in 1830, and his namesake has been trying to trade on the name. The French Consul-General at Warsaw says of the story, "C'est une blague."

* * * *

"COMMANDER, R.N." (Retired List).—According to the last return of pensions granted under the Civil List, there are only five persons still being paid out of that fund on account of Naval services. They are as follows: Miss Psyche R. E. Hoste, daughter of the late Admiral Sir William Hoste, in consideration of the Naval services of her father, £50 (1856); Mrs. F. Louisa Knowles (now Cawse), in consideration of the heroic conduct of her late husband, Captain Knowles, on the occasion of the loss of the "Northfleet," £50 (1873); Mrs. Mary Neeld, in consideration of the death of her husband, Major Neeld, R.M., from the effects of a wound received while on duty at Charlestown, £100 (1887); and Miss Evelyn Lucy Hewett (now Brougham), and Miss Jane Hewett (now Laing), in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, Sir W. N. W. Hewett, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., £75 each. The charge on the Civil List on account of Naval pensioners is therefore only £350.

* * * *

"SOMERSET."—The number of soldiers who served under Lord Roberts in the Afghan War of 1879-80 and also in South Africa cannot be very large. The record of Sergeant H. G. Lowick, of the Somerset Imperial Yeomanry, is therefore remarkable. In 1879 he went through the Afghan Campaign as trumpeter to Lord Roberts, and wears medals for that war, for the march to Candahar, and for distinguished service. Now, twenty years later, he has earned another medal, serving in the Devon, Dorset, and Somerset Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry. He has been mentioned in despatches, after taking part in several engagements. While returning to Pretoria, after the battle of Diamond Hill, his horse fell, and Lowick had his ankle smashed and received internal injuries, which necessitated his being invalided home. While at Pretoria he was sent for by Lord Roberts, who had heard that he was his trumpeter in 1879. It was a characteristic act of the Commander-in-Chief, and Lowick must have been highly gratified.

"A FAILURE."—The recruiting for the South African Constabulary has not been stopped in this country. Eighty candidates are recruited monthly for this corps. The pay is 5s. a day, with free rations, quarters, clothes, and passage to South Africa. Candidates must be unmarried, and between 22 and 35 years of age. The standard height is from 5-ft. 4-in. to 6-ft. 2-in., weight, without clothes, 9-st. to 13-st. 7-lb., and chest measurement (not inflated), 34-in. Candidates are inspected and medically examined in London, and no expenses are allowed for the journey thither. A would-be recruit must have two good testimonials. For further particulars you should apply in your own handwriting to the recruiting officer of the South African Constabulary, King's Court, Broadway, Westminster.

* * * *

"INTERNATIONAL LAW."—The additional rules as to the obligations of neutral Powers promulgated by the Treaty of Washington (1871), and admitted by England after a formal protest, were as follows in relation to the duties of each individual Power concerned: "(1) To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war as above, such vessel having been adapted in whole or in part within such jurisdiction to warlike use; (2) Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of Naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men; and, (3) To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties." However reasonable and just these rules are as applied to future cases, it was obviously unjust to spring them on England with reference to the Alabama claims, the question as to which had arisen long prior to their adoption, and there was the further objection that the phrase "due diligence" was vague and elastic. However, they were, as has been said, accepted after protest, as an evidence of the desire of England to strengthen her friendly relations with the United States.

* * * *

"SCOTTY."—When the Rifle Brigade was raised as the Rifle Corps, in 1800, it was armed with the Baker rifle, which was superseded in 1838 by the Brunswick rifle. Fifteen years later the Minié rifle was issued to the regiment. This was, in its turn, replaced by the Enfield during the Russian War. In 1867 the regiment received Snider-Enfields, the first breech-loaders it had ever used. The Snider-Enfields were used until 1874, when the Rifle Brigade was served with the Martini-Henry. It was not until 1899, and then only after much discussion and criticism, that the Lee-Metford magazine rifle was issued to the Rifle Brigade, though the Mauser rifle was issued to German troops three years previously. THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

By Lal Baloo.

A SHORT-LEAVE TRIP IN THE SEWALIKS, WITH GUN, ROD, AND RIFLE.

IT is the month of March. The drill season is almost over in the plains, the freshness of the winter is a thing of the past. The sun god has lost his benevolent expression, and is warning us poor mortals that ere long we must hide our faces from the fierceness of his noonday gaze. We have "soldiered" till, as Mr. Atkins would put it, we have lost our bally keenness, and we feel that a holiday and a change would be more than welcome. In my bathroom I

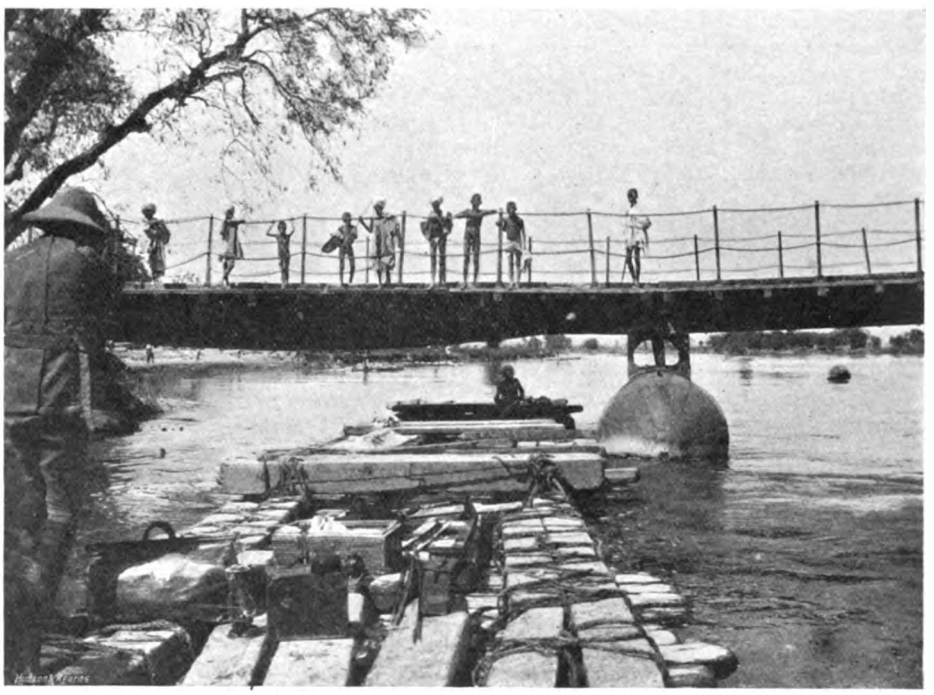
A SURNAI.

Pounta Pool in the background, the home of big mahseer.

am confronted by a narrow wooden box, some 7-ft. in length, which at once suggests a glorious relief to the present monotony of life. What is it that is contained in that ugly box, my description of which, I now see, sadly resembles a coffin? Nothing less than some magnificent creations of Mr. Enright, the great Castlecounell rod-maker. Visions of lovely rivers and cool surroundings, forests, wild beasts, and lordly mahseer are presented to the imagination. Leave for ten days is applied for, and in less than no time, three of my brother officers and myself are in the train for Saharanpur, *en route* for the junction of the Jumna and Giri Rivers, in the forest of the Sewaliks, at the foot of the glorious Himalayas. A drive of some thirty or forty miles in one of the most uncomfortable kinds of native conveyances, and we arrive at our destination. Fishing is the first consideration with my brother officers, but just now is a secondary one with me, as I am anxious to obtain a good cheetal head to add to my collection; but that story belongs to another chapter, this being a fishing one pure and simple. No keener fisherman exists in the world than myself, and if my skill was proportionate the fish would seek another element; but there are fish at home in plenty, and the salmon compares favourably to my mind with the lordly mahseer, though I have heard this disputed even by salmon fishermen, whereas the chances of using one's rifle in dear old Britain are few and far between. The mahseer is a species of carp, but nothing more unlike the fat lazy carp that we are made acquainted with in our fish ponds at home, basking in the sun amongst the water-lilies, can well be imagined.

The mahseer is all fire and dash, a good deal of which is no doubt to be attributed to the invigorating waters of his home. The rapids and pools of the Jumna, where that glorious river takes its leave of the mountains, resemble those of a Scotch salmon river on a greatly enlarged scale. There are many ways of capturing the mahseer—fly, spoon, and spinning natural bait being used. The best, I consider, to be the chilwa (a small fish that is easily procured), used with a crocodile spinner. A 17-ft. Enright rod and Mallock casting reel, with 200-yds. of line, and you are fairly equipped. A gaff is useless, as the scales of the mahseer render him armour clad, and a gaff will not penetrate. A very large landing-net would be useful, but your native attendant will rarely, if ever, make a mistake in landing your fish, his method being to put his hands under the tired fish and lift him out like a baby. The first rush of a large mahseer in heavy water is perhaps finer than the rush of a salmon; the water is heavier, and so is often the fish. It is no uncommon occurrence for a fish to take you under water, run out over 100-yds. of line with a dash, and break you. The disappointed excitement, however, of reeling up, picturing to yourself at the time the unseen fish as something between a porpoise and a whale, is a sensation worth experiencing—and you may catch a 50-pounder. The Pounta Pool contains many such; they were, however, not taking when we were there. One of our party caught a 30-pounder in the Giri about two miles from its confluence with the Jumna, and two or three 20-pounders were captured.

There is nothing more enjoyable in the way of sport than a trip of this kind. The change from dusty cantonments to a lovely river with some of the most beautiful scenery in the world would appeal to anyone. Imagine low ranges of hills covered with magnificent forest, flowers in profusion, gorgeous butterflies, the great river, its waters clear as crystal, with foaming rapids, deep pools, and the background glorified by the mountains, the Himalayas piled up range after range, till the picture is completed by the eternal purity of the snow-line meeting the deep blue of the cloudless sky. You have this glorious picture ever before your eyes, and, in addition, your sporting instincts are gratified by the knowledge that the river is teeming with fish, and the forest with game of all kinds. Your mode of river progression, too, is for the greater part delightful; to go up stream you must perforce walk, but to go down stream there is a conveyance called a surnai. It consists of a native charpoy, or bedstead, fixed firmly on two inflated air-tight skins, which can be carried on a man's shoulders, whilst a second native carries two other similarly inflated skins. Seated on the charpoy, you embark on the river, and the



NEAR THE END OF THE TRIP.

Our raft in the Jelouris.

two surnai wallahs, at either end of the charpoy, lying on the spare inflated skins, paddle you along with their feet. On this frail raft you can negotiate some formidable rapids in safety, being steered with great dexterity by the surnai wallahs, and it is a wonderfully dry craft in addition. The illustration shows the surnai being launched in the Pounta Pool

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already referred to; the small white rod on the left of the picture with a white stone at foot, is a native set line. When the fish takes the bait (a small fish), he pulls the rod out of the ground and frees a coil of line, the end of which is fixed on the bank.

Rafts of timber are continually floating down the river from the hills. When it is desired to shift camp, a raft is hailed, the camp and baggage placed on it, some seats provided for the sahibs, and a most enjoyable river voyage is experienced. In this fashion we made our way down the great river in stages, to where it meets the railway, passing through lovely scenery, and shooting some wonderful rapids. I append an illustration of one of these rafts, which may be of interest.

Can one imagine a more delightful daily programme than the following: Picture to yourself the camp in an open space by the banks of the great river with its lovely scenery, which I have tried, I fear ineffectually, to describe. Then chota hazri with eggs in the dark, about 5.30 a.m. Start out with your shikari for a stalk. You will find cheetal, sambur, perhaps gooral (the Himalayan chamois), and barking deer; there is also the off-chance of meeting His Highness the tiger. About 8.30 the larger game will have done feeding, and you exchange your rifle for shot-gun, and kill a few partridges, hares, pea-fowl, and jungle-fowl on your way back to camp. Having arrived in camp, you have your tub and a proper breakfast, and then start out again, this time in quest of the mahseer; and then in the evening, if you are not tired out, the fishing-rod is replaced by the rifle, and a short walk through the forest, where the game is again on the feed, is often rewarded by a shot. Then a comfortable dinner, followed by a smoke, and so to bed, feeling pleasantly tired. Ten days of this sort of life makes up for a great deal of discomfort at other times. In my next article I will describe how during this trip I managed to acquire a fair cheetal head; I will also narrate how dreadfully I blundered, and so lost a really good chance at a fine tiger.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 10, 24, *and September* 7.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

I DO not think that any of the novelists of the day have depicted a lady face to face with "Stripes." It is a situation which lends itself to a good deal of that sentiment without which the novelist might strive in vain for readers. The charging tiger, stopped in the nick of time from getting home, and slain in the most impossible of all ways, I commend to the attention of my cousins the scribes of the romance, for if they do not make haste and use it, the slaying of tigers by fair ladies will be too common in real life, even for scenes of the improbable possible. Several ladies have scored off "Stripes," but they have generally been steadily situated high up above a kill, and have taken pot shots at an unsuspecting hungry beast. Not so Miss Pole, who, from the back of an elephant, the most unsteady point of vantage that is known to man, had three shots on three consecutive days, and had three dead tigers to tell the story. The lady is a niece of General Sir George Luck, whose friendship with the native princes induced them to place their preserves and their elephants at the disposal of the lady. The rifle used was the ·303, and one shot for each beast, in spite of the galloping of the target and the swaying of the elephant, did the whole business.

* * * *

That there is any reason why ladies should not shoot as well as men in these modern times I do not believe. Years ago shooting used to be very much a question of physical strength—as, for instance, when Captain Horatio Ross and Colonel Anson had their walking and shooting match. Ross described the finish, when he was one or two birds behind, and received a message from Colonel Anson to say that the latter could go no further, and this was accompanied by an offer to draw. The time left for getting the two birds to win the match was short; birds were on the feed and wild, and Ross consented. When it was over he offered to walk any man present to London from Norfolk—an offer that was compounded by a race of several miles to an inn. Ross won handsomely, and I do not think he was ever again challenged to a partridge-shooting match; even in an age of betting his walking frightened away competitors. Now the most birds are killed by those who walk the shortest distances; even deer-stalking is by no means the test of endurance it used to be. In the sixties, a tallow chandler who had been stalking told me, with pride, that he had reduced his weight 2-st. after deer; what a loss to his business, to be sure! But now there are several ladies who go stalking regularly, and it is said that Lady Tweedmouth has had "first blood" in the forests this year. Mrs. Hugo Martin has been shooting grouse with her husband in Sutherlandshire, and if she can keep up with him she is a wonderful walker; but then I remember him as he was twenty years ago, and perhaps that period has had an effect on his walking, as it most certainly has on mine.

* * * *

I am always infinitely sorry when we have a wet August; I know nothing less satisfactory than, after slaving all the year, and spending all the available capital on some nice grouse-shooting, to have all spoiled by the weather. Of course, it is possible to shoot in wet weather, just as it is possible to fish when the rivers are dead low; and, of course, I know that if I were not so very much too English I should be able to enjoy a wet day without killing something. But in the Highlands weather is everything. At best the shooting lodges have been built for people to live out of—except at night. I remember one shooting lodge, not a hundred miles from Inverness, which had a weather-glass, one that persistently foretold rain all the time it was raining hard; and the grouse on the hills, buried in mist, were all the time getting wilder and more impossible every day. There was no billiard-room, and nothing to play with in the house except the weather-glass, which was consulted at all angles and in all positions, until, in the end, it was propped up to "set fair" by mechanical means, and then the weather changed at once. I never knew a weather-glass so true before; and it needs some such compulsion now in Scotland to make a holiday enjoyable. The point of my story is that we were all business men, and presumably sane, when we behaved like this; and it only shows what a state of mental listlessness and physical restlessness a fortnight of wet weather means in a Scotch shooting lodge. This season there has been some fine weather between the showers.

* * * *

I cannot work myself up to enthusiasm over the fact that on a Scotch moor of 3,000 acres Mr. J. W. H. Grant and party killed 420 brace of grouse on August 20 for ten guns. I suppose that this was the first day upon the moors; and as in Morayshire the birds will lie fairly well to dogs, I cannot help thinking that a great deal of enjoyment is lost by working for one great day only. Besides, although a bag of 420 brace of grouse is a good day anywhere, it is not fifty brace per gun, and when this one day on 3,000 acres, for ten guns, comes to be compared with the best that has ever been done on a small moor, it is a long, long way behind. For instance, the moor of Blubberhouses is but 2,000 acres, and it was here that Lord Walsingham killed his 1,058 grouse in the day to *one* gun. However, the Carron bag in Strathspey serves to show how very much behind Yorkshire the best of moors in Scotland really are for grouse-producing capacity. Or perhaps it would be better to say how very much less long-headed Scotsmen get out of their moors than the Yorkshiremen do out of theirs.

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Mr. Henry Holland has lately placed a high tower at his shooting school at Kensal Rise. He has for some years had low towers from which he sends clay birds over the shooters, two or more at a time, about the height that partridges usually fly at; but there is a very great advantage in a high tower. First of all, it gives those who practise under it an idea of height, so that when it comes to shooting game birds, which used to appear out of shot by reason of their height, they are known to be well within the compass of a fair gun, provided it is held far enough in front. The fastest clay birds thrown off a 90-ft. tower seem to be going uncommonly slow; and yet, of course, they are not. This appearance of slowness is common to them and to very high pheasants, and it is this that induces shooters to aim so little in front that their shot arrive after the clays have passed; and only the tail feathers of a Reeve's pheasant might remain in the place where the shot are; perhaps not even those, for a Reeve's pheasant is faster flying than the common bird, and although he leaves some of his tail further behind, it does not follow that this fact induces shooters to aim more in front of him; quite the contrary. In fact, the bigger the bird the more gunners err in shooting behind. Even an aim at a swan's head, stretched out a yard or more in front of his body, does not always serve to make the shot hit the latter.

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"THE DEVIL'S OWN."

A WELL-MOUNTED AND POPULAR METROPOLITAN CORPS.

The Mounted Infantry Company of the Inns of Court Volunteers.

Photos. Copyright. *A. McKenzie.*

SOME OF THE OFFICERS OF THE INNS OF COURT.

From left to right the names read: Capt. Hugh Pollock. Capt. R. F. Norton. Capt. B. A. T. Kerr Pearse (Adjutant). Second Lieut. Hon. A. H. Webster. Lieut. C. N. Wood. Capt. F. H. L. Errington. Lieut. J. A. Hay. Second Lieut. R. F. Bayford. Capt. A. H. Dennis. Second Lieut. W. G. Hayter. Maj. H. S. Sankey. Col. S. H. S. Lothouse. Second Lieut. W. W. Renshaw. Surg.-Lieut. A. M. Ware. Lieut.-Col. A. Glen. Lieut. W. S. Eastwood.

The Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, more familiarly known as "The Devil's Own," is composed of lawyers, and is one of the most efficient Volunteer forces in London, well known wherever Metropolitan Volunteers assemble for work. Not the least of the duties which the corps has taken upon itself to fulfil, and which it fulfils efficiently, is the maintenance of a strong company of mounted infantry. A number of men went to the front, and the smartness of the whole force is a credit to the legal profession.

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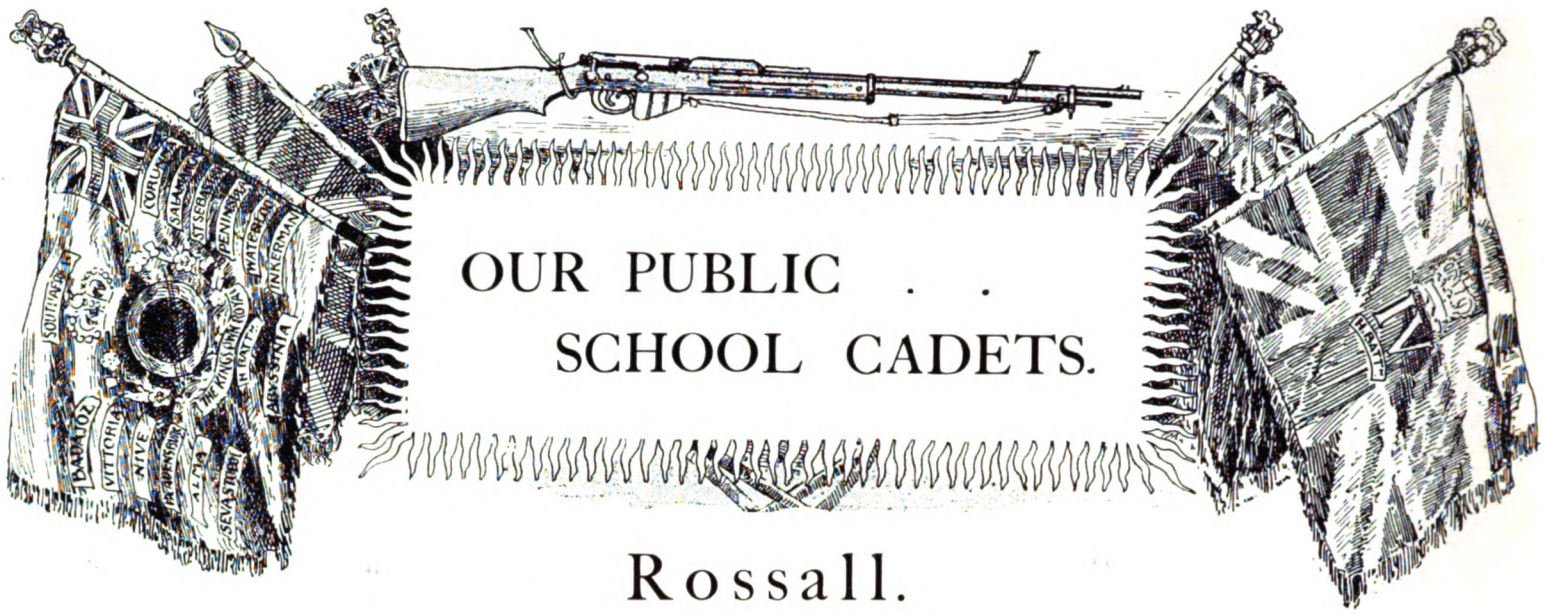

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Rossall.

By CALLUM BEG.

ROSSALL claims the honour of having formed the first enrolled Public School Corps, that is to say, a corps drawing a capitation grant for its efficient members, and otherwise resembling an adult corps. The corps was raised as early as February, 1860, and was entitled the 65th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. Previous to this, just after the vacation, a school meeting had been held, at which it had been resolved to make an effort to obtain from the authorities leave to enrol a rifle corps as part of the Ulverston Battalion under the command of the present Duke of Devonshire. Little difficulty was placed in the way by the War Office, but it was stipulated that no grant should be drawn for an efficient under sixteen years of age.

The School Council and head-master had decided the commissioned ranks should be filled only by masters, and, accordingly, when, at the beginning of February, 1860, the corps saw the light of day, Mr. Croad was appointed captain, and Messrs. Gill and Forshall lieutenant and ensign respectively. The uniform chosen was grey with scarlet facings; but in 1862 the grey gave way to the more imposing scarlet. A band, too, was formed, and this soon reached a high pitch of excellence. In its early days, however, the band was regarded as a subject for good-natured ridicule by the Rev. E. Sleap, the Rossall poet, who put the following words into the mouth of the commanding officer:

"When I think of my own native land,
And dream that the French might come here,
I'd place all my hopes on the band,
If the foe has a musical ear."

Whether or not the Rossall band would have had a deterrent effect on the French cannot well be decided, for our neighbours over the Channel did not do us the honour of attacking our shores.

Yet on one occasion the corps prepared for a possible fray, if not to repel an invasion. It was during the Fenian rising in the Emerald Isle that a vessel was seen suspiciously cruising off the Lancashire shore. It was thought, perhaps, that its cargo consisted of arms for an illegal purpose, and as large seizures had been made in Ireland, the officer commanding the Rossall School deemed it expedient to take precautions. After consultation with the head-master, who showed himself in favour of preventive measures, the boys were, by their commanding officer, ordered to take their rifles from the armoury to their dormitory, situated in close proximity to the shore. History does not relate that on this occasion Greek met Greek; but the preventive measures thus so promptly taken speak of the patriotism of the corps even in the days of its infancy.

In 1863 the Rossall Volunteers joined the 5th Administrative Battalion of the Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, and two companies of cadets were raised. The same year the corps attended reviews both at Blackburn and Lytham. For several years there were no other enrolled school corps in the kingdom, and it was, writes one of the original members, "debarred from participation in the shield competition at Wimbledon, the terms of Lord Ashburton's bequest being that the contest should be among unenrolled corps only. After a time, in consequence, as was understood, of a serious decline in numbers and spirit in some of these corps, a change was made removing the above-named restriction, with the effect of general and immediate enrolment, and of renewed vigour in the various school corps."

In the early days the members practically taught themselves the elements of drill and military training, but keenness compensated for lack of knowledge, and all members soon mastered the intricacies of the drill-book.

We have said that the uniform was at first grey, but it was not very popular, perhaps owing to the riddle then current, "What is the difference between the Rossall corps and the Fenians?" The answer to this question was, "The former are *gents in serge*, and the latter are *insurgents*."

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Lieut. H. V. Read. *Lieut. W. B. Jacob.*
Lieut. L. R. Furneaux. *Capt. R. E. Pain.* *Lieut. H. Avis.*

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THE ROSSALL NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lance-Sergt. R. T. Parker, Corpl. R. Drew, Corpl. A. H. Holden, Corpl. E. Gordon, Corpl. E. B. Walker, Lance-Sergt. T. R. Hodgson, Corpl. R. G. Batley, Lance-Sergt. B. F. Storr, Corpl. C. T. Sale, and Sergt.-Instructor W. Burton.
Second row: Sergt. J. N. Taylor, Sergt. A. G. Stone, Sergt. A. Hall, Sergt.-Maj. F. Booth, Sergt. R. S. Barrett, Sergt. G. H. Mortimer, and Lance-Sergt. H. Watkinson.
Front row: Corpl. W. H. Baxter, Sergt. R. O. Spencer, Corpl. E. E. Grover, Sergt. A. W. Brydon, Lance-Sergt. A. C. Leach, and Corpl. W. T. Law.

In 1867 the Rossall boys attended a review by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge at Liverpool, and in the same year competed for the first time at Wimbledon for the Ashburton Shield. Several times the school has secured a high place in this competition, namely, in 1882 and 1893, in each of which years it was fourth on the list, in 1896, when it was second,

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE CADETS' BAND.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Bugler Robertson, Bugler Slingsby, Band-Sergt. A. Hall, Sergt.-Instructor W. Burton, Sergt. G. H. Mortimer, Bugler Higginson, Lance-Sergt. B. F. Storr, Bugler Law, and Second Corporal B. Barton.
Second row: Drummer Lumb, Drummer Charlton, Corpl. Baxter, Drummer Gartside, Sergt. R. O. Spencer, Corpl. W. T. Law, and Drummer Bushell.
Front row: Corpl. C. Charnley, Drummer Harwood, Second Corporal C. A. Montgomery, and Bugler Skelsey.

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and in 1899, when it won the competition. In 1899, too, the school carried off the Spencer Cup. In 1876 the name of the corps was altered to H Company 10th Lancaster Rifle Volunteers, and in 1883 it became H Company 1st V.B. Royal Lancaster Regiment. In 1890 the company was transferred to Morecambe.

When in 1897 the late Queen held a review of the Public Schools Corps at Windsor, a contingent from Rossall was present. Leaving Rossall at 4 a.m., the boys reached Windsor the same day, took part in the review, and immediately after its conclusion started again for home, reaching Rossall the following morning. All this, including a march of four miles from the station, was completed in good spirits and without any members showing signs of fatigue. Referring to this review a former member of the Rossall Corps wrote, "I was kindly favoured the other day by Sir A. Bigge, the Queen's Private Secretary and a former member of the Rossall corps in my time, with tickets for the enclosure at the Schools Review at Windsor. I was very glad to find the Rossall Company figuring as No. 2 in the first battalion, and I need scarcely say that during the march past I watched the company occupying that position with lively interest. The firm step and good dressing kept by this company were so excellent as it passed before me near the saluting point, that, oblivious of Royalty within earshot, I could not refrain from ejaculating loudly, 'Bravo, Rossall!'"

In 1890 the rifle corps was replaced by a cadet corps attached to the 1st Lancashire Royal Engineers (Volunteers).

There is a rifle range near the school, the butt of which is near the shore, and although this position is usually a comparatively safe one, in so far as accidents are not likely to happen to wayfarers, it is not without its disadvantages, as is proved by the fact that in 1896 a high tide completely swept away the butt. No pains are spared to ensure that each member passes through the annual course of musketry, and most of the rank and file fire both the recruits' and annual course. To encourage marksmanship, various challenge cups and trophies are annually offered for competition among individual and house squads. The latter are each in charge of the senior non-commissioned officer of the house.

Once a week, if the weather is favourable, parades in uniform are held, which last from an hour to an hour and a-half. In addition, each house squad is drilled by its senior non-commissioned officer twice a week in squad drill, manual and firing exercise, and skirmishing. The weekly parades in uniform are confined to company or battalion drill. For the first twenty minutes the corps is divided into four half-companies, each of which is drilled separately. During the remainder of the parade the two companies are drilled as a battalion by the commanding officer. Recruit drills are held daily for the greater part of each term, and physical drill with arms is also daily practised. In summer instruction is given in trenching, trestle bridging, and the formation of barrel-pier bridges. Attendance, however, at these parades is voluntary. Field days and night operations are arranged from time to time, but can seldom be joined in by other corps.

At the end of the summer term the house squads compete for the following challenge cups: (1) Proficiency in manual and firing exercises; (2) Squad drill; and (3) Skirmishing. Each squad for these competitions must contain two-thirds of the members of the corps in the house, and must be under the command of its own non-commissioned officer.

For some years Rossall School, although eleven hours' journey is involved, has sent a detachment to the Public Schools Provisional Brigade Camp, Aldershot, and the numbers sent have been always at least equal to a third of the strength of the corps. The Rossall corps possesses a signalling detachment, and is inspected yearly by the Commanding Royal Engineer, North-Western District. Since 1890 the numbers of the rank and file have varied from 65 to 197. The boys now muster 186 Volunteers out of 340 scholars.

The present uniform is scarlet with dark blue facings; but the "jumper" takes the place of the tunic, and for camp this year special uniform was issued made from the new regulation serge.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry*

A MUSTER OF THE CADETS.

The Rossall Company on parade.

With reference to the claim on the part of Rossall to have raised the first enrolled corps of Public School boys, it may not be out of place to quote the following extract from a letter of "An Old Public School Cadet" that appeared in the Press on the occasion of the late Queen's review of the Public Schools Corps: "Eton," he says, "claims to be the first of the Public Schools to have been affected by the Volunteer movement of 1859, and though in January, 1860, proposals were made for the establishment of a cadet corps, and before Easter a considerable number of boys were enrolled as members, there can be no doubt that to Rossall really belongs the honour of enrolling the first school corps—an act accomplished on February 1, 1860, under the title of the 65th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. The designation of this corps has been changed several times since then."

It remains only to be said that to the courtesy of Captain R. E. Pain, the present commanding officer, we owe most of the information contained in this article.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, Haileybury on July 20, Cheltenham on August 3, Stonyhurst on August 17, and Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September 7.*]

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THE CIRCUIT OF EMPIRE CONTINUED.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Copyright. *Emett.*

A ROYAL DISTRIBUTION, MARITZBURG.

His Royal Highness decora'ing a trooper with the V.C.; Lord Kitchener in attendance.

Photo. Copyright. *Boon.*

THROUGH A TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

The Royal carriage dragged by Bluejackets through Simonstown.

Photo. Copyright. *Stranack.*

IN WEST STREET, DURBAN.

Their Royal Highnesses on their way to the Albert Park.

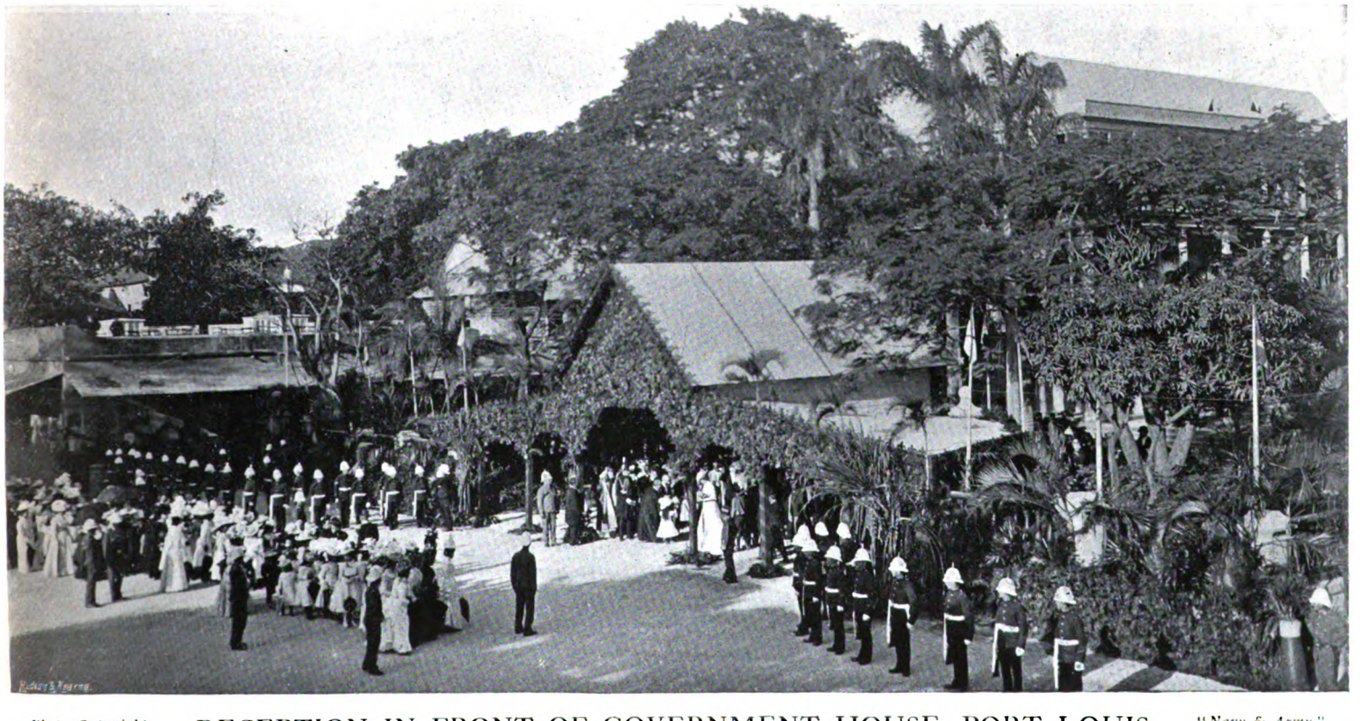

Photo. Copyright. RECEPTION IN FRONT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORT LOUIS. *"Navy & Army."*

The reception of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, in Mauritius and South Africa, was no less fervent and demonstrative than that which awaited them at the Antipodes. Our pictures give a bright idea of the welcome at Port Louis, where a bouquet was presented by Mdlle. Huguin; at Simonstown, where sailors drew the sailor Prince's carriage through the streets; and at Durban, where six magnificent iron-greys, splendidly caparisoned, were provided for the Royal barouche. A fourth picture shows the distribution of Victoria Crosses at Maritzburg.

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VICTUALLING THE NAVY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

The Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOSPORT YARD.
The Portsmouth victualling establishment.
From a photo. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

TO most Englishmen the name of the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard at Gosport is familiar as a household word. They know that at the Royal pier there, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was accustomed to embark and disembark on her journeys between Osborne and Windsor or Balmoral, and the place will ever be associated with that last journeying, in which, amid the wailing of her people, her body was brought thither in its melancholy progress to the grave. A special pier, railway platform, and waiting rooms had long existed for the accommodation of the Royal family.

But though the Gosport Victualling Yard is thus widely known to the British people, there are comparatively few who are aware of the vastness and importance of its work in the provisioning of the Fleet. It is not so large an establishment as the Royal Victoria Yard at Deptford, and the manufactures are not so extensive there, but the operations are, nevertheless, upon a colossal scale, and the Gosport Yard is, indeed, one of the most important Naval establishments in the land. When we leave Deptford, the parent of all other Naval victualling yards, to visit what were formerly known, in the days of the single greatness of Deptford, as "out-ports," we are brought face to face with the important subject of the distribution of victualling stores. When the Victualling Board was established about the end of the seventeenth century, almost all the provisions for the Fleet were deposited at Tower Hill (which had preceded Deptford as a victualling centre), and men-of-war, being then often fitted out in the Thames, were easily supplied by means of lighters in the river, and were afterwards furnished with victualling stores at the ports they touched at by contractors or through the agency of their own pursers. The victualling establishments at the out-ports were then upon a limited scale, the management of each being in the hands of an "agent-victualler," who a little later was assisted by a storekeeper and a "clerk of the check." Instructions for the guidance of these officers were issued by the Victualling Commissioners in 1715, and continued in force, without modification, for nearly a hundred years. The out-ports in the time of the great war were Portsmouth (now represented by Gosport), Plymouth, Chatham, and Dover.

The system was not one that conduced either to efficiency or to honesty. It was, in fact, characterised by useless labour, confusion, perplexity, and want of order, due to a multiplicity of useless business, to a plurality of accountants rendering accounts of the same matters, and, indeed, to a generally inchoate method of conducting operations. When we learn that from 1790-1809 the storekeeper's accounts at the Portsmouth victualling establishment were not passed at all, is it to be wondered at that disorder ensued, and that

Photo. Copyright. *Russell*

IMPORTANT BUILDINGS AT THE YARD.

The Offices of the Victualling Store Department.

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fictitious entries betokened a leakage of public funds? These conditions are cited by way of contrast to the strikingly efficient system which has since been created upon the ruins of the old—a system of which the conspicuous merits have been illustrated on several notable occasions at the Royal Clarence Yard.

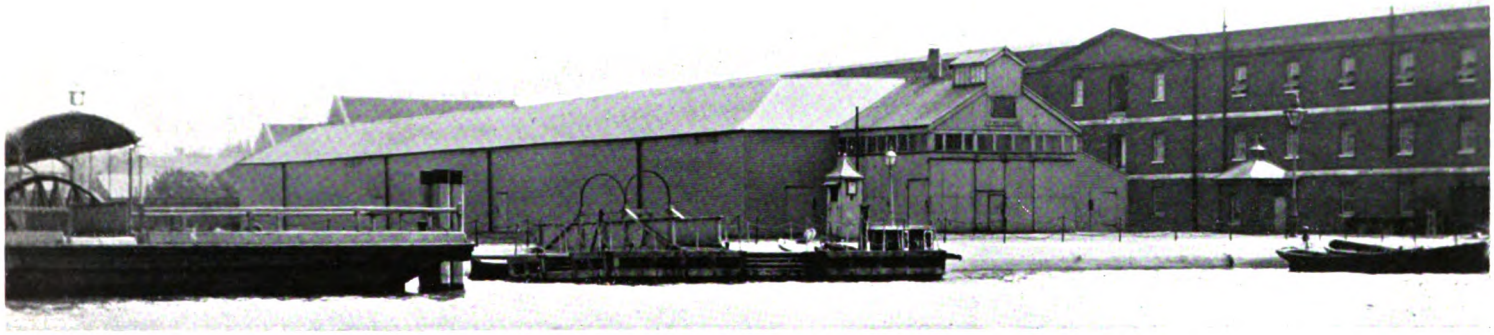
In course of time, the outports, besides being merely depôts for provisions sent round from the Thames, became the seats of manufactories established at them for baking biscuit, brewing beer, and making casks. This was but a natural expansion and decentralisation of the business, which was in many ways very advantageous, and now, while chocolate, mustard (originally selected as an anti-scorbutic), and biscuit are made at Deptford, the biscuit alone is produced at Gosport and Plymouth. The expansion of business at all the victualling yards has been prodigious, and has grown *pari passu* with the enormous additions made to the Fleet. Thus the victualling and clothing vote, which in 1892-93 was £1,215,700, has increased in 1901-1902 to £1,892,300, an addition which affects all the yards, but more especially those at home.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

AT WORK IN THE COOPERAGE.

Making casks for the salt pork.

Before proceeding to relate the history and achievements of the Royal Clarence Yard, it will be appropriate to say something concerning the distribution and maintenance of victualling stores in the various establishments. It was laid down by the Admiralty some years ago that at Deptford a reserve stock of four months' average issues should be kept up, and a six months' average at Gosport and Plymouth, while the supplies at foreign yards were to be upon a much greater scale. These reserves were for peace requirements, the idea being that, if anything took place, we should be able to fill up every ship and every victualling depôt, and that before the stores were exhausted there would be time to replenish them. This would depend, of course, as Lord Charles Beresford once said, upon whether the particular replenishing victualling stores required were able to "get there." A dozen years ago no arrangements existed on paper between the heads of departments as to the victualling of foreign stations in the event of war, but there is understood to have been a general bracing up since that time, though all the details are confidential. The requirements of foreign stations are made up by store-ships or freight-vessels, and a few years ago the "Buffalo" used to convey such victualling stores as passed through Deptford for the other ports, to Gosport, Plymouth, and Haulbowline. She was sold on grounds of economy, and the transit is now by rail or by merchant vessels.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LANDING-STAGE AT GOSPORT.

Often used in her late Majesty's journeys.

From a photo. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

PRIME BEEF FOR OUR SEAMEN AFLOAT

Carefully selected by the officials ashore.

We may now turn to the particular history of the Royal Clarence Yard at Gosport, which is upon the site of the old Naval brewery that supplied the staple beverage to the seamen during the Great War, from the middle of the eighteenth century onward, the victualling proper being then conducted from an establishment on the Portsmouth side of the harbour. Prior to 1744 the King's Mill, a small establishment, was on the road leading to Portsea, near the bastion and gateway, but a much larger factory succeeded,

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and in 1776 a new slaughter-house was erected in St. Mary Street, and the famous old salt beef, or junk, and salt pork were prepared near by. It was the duty of the master butcher to take account of the meat and to see that the "randers" and "messers" duly cut it up into 8-lb. mess-pieces, which were rubbed with white salt and a portion of saltpetre, and then stowed in bins, with salt between each layer, for six days, the brine being thrown over it at least twice a day, after which it was packed in barrels with bay salt in the proportion of two pounds to every piece of meat. The brine to fill up the casks was to be so strong that it would dissolve no more salt. It is to be feared that some of the prescriptions were at times more honoured in the breach than the observance, but this salt beef and pork was the stuff that gave the fighting stomach to our old seamen. With it was consumed the Navy biscuit, often mouldy and weevily in those days, much of which was manufactured in the bakehouse in King Street, Portsmouth, where, says Dr. Henry Slight, the historian of the town, were six ovens, "each of which, if necessary, could produce twenty-four suits per diem, each suit consisting of one hundred pounds." This is still the weight of a "suit" of baked biscuit. He adds that the King visited the bakehouse in 1774, and being presented with a biscuit according to custom, ate it as he walked through the streets with his attendants, and "from Royal example it became the fashion to walk the streets eating biscuits."

It was decided in 1827 or earlier to transfer the Portsmouth victualling establishments to Weevil, on the Gosport side of the harbour. The buildings at Portsmouth had become dilapidated and would have required to be reconstructed, and by the concentration of the victualling yard in one place, a saving of establishment to the amount of £4,031 per annum was reported to have been made, as well as a yearly saving of upwards of £1,000 for the ordinary repairs of the Portsmouth premises. It presently appeared, however, that there had been a serious under estimate in the amount of money said to be required to bring the works to a close. In the votes of 1831 a sum of £20,000 was allotted, but it was estimated that £11,000 in addition would be expended, and over £30,000 if certain necessary works for the security of the wharf and the removal of mud banks were carried out.

Since that time the Royal Clarence Yard has been considerably enlarged in producing and storing capacity, and nothing now seems wanting for its efficiency. The bakery is a splendid establishment, fitted with the most approved machinery, and capable of producing about 11,000-lb. of biscuit daily, while the output, as at Deptford, could be doubled in case of emergency. The Gosport biscuit has become famous, and there is, or was a few years ago, at the Admiralty a specimen baked there in 1852, in perfectly eatable condition. The Russian War threw a great strain on the establishment, which it bore without any breakdown. It has provisioned the ships for two Egyptian expeditions, and the biscuit added to its renown, for in the transport enquiry following one of them, the Navy biscuit was declared to be very much superior to anything that could be bought. The Cape and Ashanti Campaigns and the present war have imposed heavy work upon the establishment, but there has been complete efficiency, and no weakness has been disclosed. Splendid work was done at Gosport after the Siege of Paris. The city was on the verge of a frightful famine, which would have imposed untold horror upon the afflicted place, but the British Government stepped in, and private and official support was given from many sources to a general movement of succour. A fleet of freight-ships ran from Gosport to Havre, and the Royal Clarence Yard had the satisfaction, by its supplies of flour and biscuit, of averting a disaster.

Salt beef for the Navy comes from America, preserved meat largely from Australia (whence supplies are sent direct to the China Station), and there is a ransacking of many countries in the search for what is best in these and other provisions. Fresh meat, however, is supplied whenever possible, and there is always a large demand on the good beef of Gosport, which is British bred and fed, especially when the Channel Squadron is in harbour. A sum of something like £2,000 a week, taken on an average, may be computed as paid to contractors, and the most scrupulous care is taken that the animals shall be of the best quality and healthy. The abattoir at the yard is one of the best in the country, and the cattle lairs are large and airy. Here the animals, after arrival, remain for forty-eight hours at least under careful observation, so that no doubt shall remain as to the quality of the meat. From eighty to one hundred cattle are slaughtered every week for the seamen of the Fleet, besides sheep for the Marine division and Haslar Hospital.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

A SCENE IN THE ABATTOIR.

The seaman's meat ration in the raw state.

Another department of Naval supply which has been well cared for is that of fresh water. There are at Gosport two artesian wells, each nearly 350-ft. deep, yielding a plenteous supply, which is conveyed through 6-in. hose-pipes into tank vessels for transit to the ships. The outflow is ample at all ordinary times, but when great fleets assemble at Spithead, as on the occasions of reviews, the water problem is apt to become a little troublesome. However, Gosport has never failed to furnish the requirements of the Fleet in this or other respects. Indeed, the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard is an establishment which has well proved its value and efficiency, and its resources have grown with the expansion of the Fleet, which it supplies at the greatest Naval port in the world.

A cooperage has always existed at the Portsmouth establishment, and in the old days, when meat was salted and packed there, the demand for casks was probably greater than it is now. To cope with the vast stores at Deptford about 30,000 are required yearly, but Gosport has not so large an output. Yet the cooperage is an essential branch of the establishment, like the lighters and vessels of various kinds attached to the service of the yard, which are laden with all classes of victualling stores necessary for the mighty Fleet which is the Empire's guard.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 243.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

THE "CABINET" OF THE "IMPLACABLE."

The latest addition to our Mediterranean Squadron has for its captain one of the most popular and capable officers in the Navy, Prince Louis of Battenberg. In executive positions afloat and administrative duties ashore, Prince Louis has gained a most intimate knowledge of the Service, and there is not an officer or man in it who does not recognise a friend in that gallant and genial officer. He has excellent coadjutors in Commander Mark Kerr, who, like himself, wears the Egyptian Medal, 1882, and Lieutenant M. W. Consett, the navigating officer of the ship, both of whom are in our group.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Mouse-traps in . . . . War-time.

IT is not surprising that many things which soldiers are taught to require in peace-time should be very soon discarded when they are on active service. A long peace gives faddists their opportunity They theorise in their arm chairs and at their official desks as to the articles with which fighting men ought to be equipped, little thinking how useless and murdersome most of these articles will become in the field. The consequence of unchecked theorising was that the private soldier not very long ago bid fair to carry an equipment something like that of the White Knight in "Through the Looking Glass." You recollect this delightful fantasy of Lewis Carroll's imagination:

"He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders upside down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"'I see you're admiring my little box,' the knight said, in a friendly tone. 'It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside down so that the rain can't get in.'

"'But the things can get out,' Alice gently remarked. 'Do you know the lid's open?'

"'I didn't know it,' the knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. 'Then all the things must have fallen out, and the box is no use without them.' He unfastened it, as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree.

"'Can you guess why I did that?' he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"'In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey.'

"'But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle,' said Alice.

"'Yes, it's a very good bee-hive,' the knight said, in a discontented tone, 'one of the best kind, but not a single bee has come near it yet; and the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out, or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which.'

"'I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for,' said Alice. 'It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back.'

"'Not very likely, perhaps,' said the knight, 'but if they do come I don't choose to have them running all about. You see,' he went on after a pause, 'it's as well to be provided for *everything*. That's the reason the horse has all these anklets round his feet.'

"'But what are they for?' Alice asked, in a tone of great curiosity.

"'To guard against the bites of sharks,' the knight replied; 'it's an invention of my own.'"

This brilliant chaff might really be a parody of the equipment of soldiers in peace-time all over the world. In some respects it applies with remarkable aptitude to recent experience in South Africa. The ordinary type of ammunition pouch, for example, resembled closely the White Knight's famous little deal box. It was admirably adapted for letting things out. In fact, it came open so regularly that, early in the war, the Boers, whenever they were short of ammunition, had only to follow in the track of a British column to pick up as many cartridges as they wanted. The consequence was that the men threw away their pouches at the earliest opportunity (or perhaps they hung them up on trees for bees to nest in) and provided themselves with Boer bandoliers. So it was with many other articles of the Slade-Wallace equipment; they were found to be quite unsuitable for use or wear in the field. The American soldiers in Cuba had exactly the same experience. In fact, they threw away nearly everything in their kit except their tooth-brushes, which they wore in their hat-bands.

The articles which would really have been useful in South Africa, such as spades and wire-nippers, the private soldier was not provided with However, the company which supplies the Slade-Wallace equipment has set to work to revise its pattern, and a new kind of kit has been on view recently at the Royal United Service Institution. This does away altogether with the heavy leather valise, and supplies in its place a light waterproof canvas bag. Everyone who has tramped it about the country on a walking tour knows how irksome is the old form of knapsack carried on the shoulders, and how much more sensible the loose bag which is worn at the side slung under the left arm. The new soldier's kit-bag can either be hooped up on the shoulders or carried at the side—on the opposite side, of course, from the haversack, the white linen bag in which Tommy carries his rations. There are no tiresome buckles on the straps, which are fitted instead with hooks. The cartridge cases are of a good size and really keep the cartridges in. The new equipment is 1½-lb. lighter than the old; in fact, it seems to be an improvement in every way.

The same company have on sale a new kind of entrenching tool—a small spade that does not look as if it could stand much heavy work. It would surely be better for full-size spades to be provided, not necessarily to be carried by the men all the time, but to be stacked in light carts, except in cases in which all transport had to be abandoned. Spades come next to rifles among the absolute necessities of the private soldier in warfare, and no one who has broken up hard ground with a spade would admit that you can get anything like full value for your labour out of a small size.

The question of officers' equipment seems to have settled itself. Swords, we are told, are still in great demand, but this is only for parade purposes. In the field it has been found essential that officers should reveal themselves to the enemy by no distinguishing marks at all. Even with cavalry the sword seems likely to drop out of use on active service. The lance is a weapon at once more alarming and actually more effective. With lance, carbine, and revolver the horse soldier is very suitably armed. A sword would really be of little use in addition to these. Much else of the cavalry equipment will have to go. We cannot expect to get good work out of horses if their riders ride at 16-st. or 17-st. It is putting a certain amount of strain upon a horse even at a review. When you want him to gallop long distances in pursuit of a fleet enemy, or to undergo forced marches for several days together, you must make your cavalryman ride as light as he possibly can.

YOU must excuse the delay in answering your question. A great deal of research was necessary before any mention of Captain Keates could be found. At length, through the kindly help of the Assistant-Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, the following reference to Captain Keates has been discovered. It is from "Findlay's South Pacific Ocean Directory," 5th Edition, 1884, p. 325: "Captain E. Keates, of the 'Louise,' of Bristol, on his passage from Melbourne to St. John, New Brunswick, on September 3, 1859, passed two icebergs; and on the 4th discovered a round island, about 80-ft. high, of a *dark colour*, with a large iceberg aground on the N.W. side of it. 'From the appearance it was thought that the ice had driven on or foul of it, as the prevailing winds were from the N.W. The S.W. end of the ice was low, the N.E. very high, and lying broadside to the wind. I mention these circumstances more particularly, as I saw several icebergs, and every one of them with the low part to the wind's eye, and the high end to leeward, which, I think, will confirm the opinion that the above-named must be land.' Captain Keates' good observations place it to the eastward of Captain Dougherty's approximate position, and in lat. 59-deg. 21-min S., long. 119-deg. 7-min. W."

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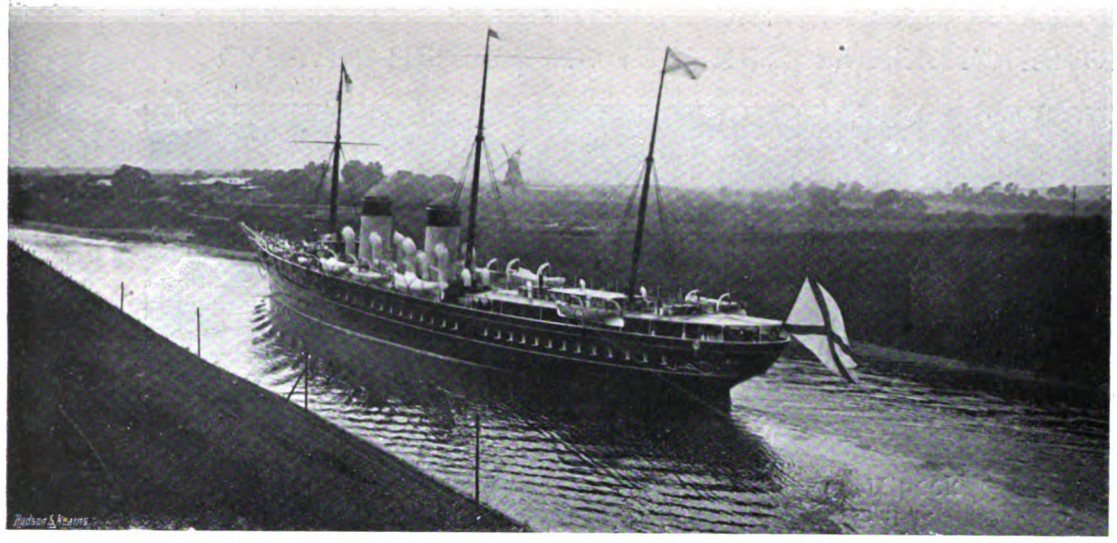
THE CZAR IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.



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GOOD-BYE TO GERMANY.

The 'Standart," with the Czar and Czarina on board passing through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal.

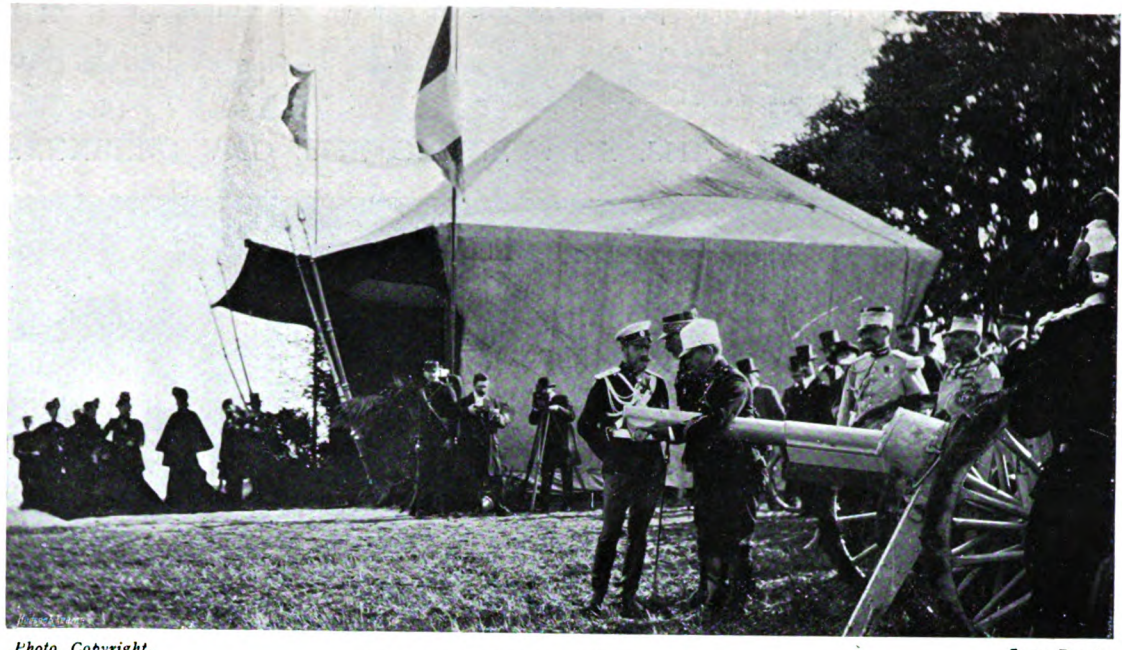

Photo. Copyright. *Leon Rouet.*

THE CZAR IN FRANCE.

The Czar on the Review ground at Betheny inspecting French artillery, attended by General Andre, the Minister of War.

Photos Copyright.

INTERIOR OF THE FORT DE FRESNOIS.

The Czar on horseback preparing to leave for the Review ground. The Empress stands beside her carriage, from which she witnessed the Review.

Leon Bou.t.

THE CZAR AND HIS STAFF.

As the Review ground was reached, the Czaritza's carriage and that of President Loubet drove down the front of the lines of troops, the Czar and General Andre following on horseback.

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THE FIRST OFFICERS OF A NEW SHIP.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

CAPTAIN HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "IMPLACABLE."

Gunner Kowe. Boatswain W. H. Kilb. Gunner Dyson. Gunner Jennings. Asst.-Engineer G. W. S. Aldwell.
Lieut. F. A. W. Buller. Lieut. F. G. Lane-Poole, R.M.A. Lieut. H. R. Rhodes, R.N.R. Lieut. H. C. Atkinson, R.M.L.I. Asst.-Engineer H. A. Brown. Asst.-Paymaster F. W. Walshe.
Surgeon J. H. Pead. Lieut. H. E. D. Jelf. Lieut. J. D. Allen. First Lieut. M. W. Consett. Lieut. C. O. Johnson Sub.-Lieut. F. G. G. Chilton. Asst.-Engineer W. R. Crawford. Asst.-Engineer G. R. Martin.
Capt. W. B. Harkness, R.M.A. Staff-Paymaster F. W. Mortimore. Lieut. A. G. Hotham. Com. Mark E. F. Kerr Capt. Prince Louis of Battenberg. Fleet-Engineer W. F. Pamphlett. Engineer E. R. Kestell. Lieut. Hon. E. S. H. Boyle.
Asst.-Clerk. C. F. Pinsent. Asst.-Clerk F. D. Marks Mid. F. L. Gilliat. Mid. M. E. S. Boisster. Mid. R. H. L. Bevan. Mid. H. H. G. D. Stoker Mid. C. V. Robinson.

Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg is well known as an able and popular officer. He is a scientist, and is also thoroughly practical, and when he commanded the "Majestic" he was somewhat famous for the care he took of the interests of the lower deck. He and his shipmates, officers and men, are starting on a three years' commission. It will be on a pleasant station, where efficiency is the standing rule, and smartness is the aim of all. We may feel cert in also that in all circumstances the "Implacable" will emphatically be what in Naval parlance is known as a comfortable ship.

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CARLOS I., KING OF PORTUGAL.
Thirty-eight years of age to-day, September 28.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by

David Hannay.

QUEEN MARIE AMELIE OF PORTUGAL.
Thirty-six years of age to-day, September 24.

SIR R. GIFFEN'S address to the British Association contained a good deal which is of interest when looked at from the Naval and Military point of view. His subject was a large, and unless carefully arranged a rather vague one. The increase of population in the different nations of the world, the absence of increase in others, and the growth of imports of food and raw material in the case of some of them, give an opening for the quotation of heaps of statistics which seem to say a great deal. But then it is by no means so certain what they all really mean. To me, at least, it seems very unsafe to assert that France is becoming a second-rate power merely because her population is stationary or is increasing very slowly. France will never become a second-rate power except by loss of brains, strength of will, and of the capacity to act with spirit and consistency. But if she suffers from degeneration in this fashion greater numbers will not save her from decadence. Indeed, a country with a slowly-growing population has an advantage in the fact that a larger proportion of its inhabitants consists of grown men. Where there is rapid increase there is, and must be, a high percentage of children.

* * * *

France can always increase her population by naturalising the million and a-half or two million of foreigners who come to seek work. They belong to kindred peoples—Belgians, Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, and Germans, and would easily coalesce with the French. To some extent they do already, intermarriages being by no means uncommon. But this question of population and of the advantage of numbers requires to be handled with great discretion. Other things being equal, it is of course an advantage to be more numerous than a rival or opponent. The other things, however, seldom are equal. Position, for example, has a great deal to do with the relative powers of nations. In the eighteenth century the population of Great Britain was far less than that of France, but as we were on an island, we could not be invaded, and that put us on an equality. Besides, there were other considerations. France was not content with her splendid territory, which was larger, not only than it is now, but than it was when Napoleon's Empire fell. Therefore she was for ever plunging into costly military adventures in Germany and Italy, so that she fought us with part only of her strength. If she had been satisfied with her position on the continent, as she well might have been, and had turned to the sea, as she might have done, the history of the struggle for ships, colonies, and commerce would not have been what it was. But, of course, the proposition that numbers necessarily mean strength cannot be maintained seriously, except by the wildest of statisticians. Position, liability to attack, political unity, administrative capacity, have all to be taken into account, and then there are the individual capacities of men and families, which have an enormous influence. What statistician could have had anything to say in 1700 worth listening to, about Prussia's chance of dominating Northern Germany? Statistics would have told him nothing about the extraordinary ruling capacity of the House of Hohenzollern.

* * * *

Sir Robert Giffen's figures of the imports of food into some continental countries have surprised some readers. They certainly ought not to have startled anybody who had read his papers with reasonable care, since the agricultural interest in Germany has been complaining for years past that it is ruined by foreign competition, and has been calling for protection. The question, however, is what effect this dependence on foreign food is likely to have on the policy of nations and their power in war. Sir R. Giffen speaks of the influence it has in turning their attention to the need of a fleet. We have only to look at what is being done in that way by Germany and Russia to see that he is right. Some of the calculations he makes seem, however, very dubious. Thus, for instance, he calculates that in the case of a war between Germany on the one side and France and Russia on the other, the allies would not only blockade the German ports, but prevent food coming in through neutral countries, Holland, for example. Put that way, the case looks convincing enough. The kingdom of the Netherlands is small, and might be bullied. But about Austria? She would have a strong motive to profit by the interruption of Germany's oversea trade, and has plenty of means of doing so. Supposing that in the case imagined she did what was manifestly her interest, France and Russia would find that they had a choice between two courses. They might either say nothing and allow food to reach Germany through Austria, or threaten the latter with war, at the eminent hazard of altering the balance of power, to their own disadvantage most materially. *Mutatis mutandis*, this is the dilemma which must always arise, and has repeatedly arisen. In the beginning of the Great Revolutionary struggle we endeavoured to establish the rule that corn was contraband of war. We withdrew the pretension under pressure from the United States. Can any sane man believe that the Union, now that it is enormously powerful, would tolerate what it would not endure in its feeble infancy?

* * * *

Few things are more comic than the way in which people go on talking about what belligerents will do, without spending a thought on what neutrals will put up with. Let us, however, take our own position in the case imagined by Sir R. Giffen. Let us suppose that France and Russia are at war with Germany, and having the best of it on sea wished to stop the importation of food-stuffs from America in British vessels. Let it be granted that they followed our example of 1792, and declared them contraband of war. Our consent would have to be obtained, and it would most assuredly be withheld, for, though we once tried to treat food-stuffs as having this character when this course seemed to our advantage, we would not be so weak as to follow it to our own hurt. "Alla van leyes do quieren Reges" (The laws mean what the King pleases) says the Spanish proverb. That is right which is to a strong nation's advantage, and what is to its disadvantage is wrong. But since food-stuffs would not be contraband of war, the allies would have no means of preventing us from sending them in our ships into German ports, except by establishing an effective blockade outside every one of them. We would send a man-of-war to see that the blockade was effective. It is unnecessary to note what the Naval power of the allies would amount to when scattered in small detachments all along the German Coast. If it was concentrated at vital points numbers of the ports would be left open, and our merchant ships would go in. Of course the allies could pick a quarrel with us on the ground that our neutrality was too benevolent to Germany. But the first effect of this measure would be that their blockade would be stopped instanter.

* * * *

One of the most curious results of this dependence of nations on foreign food is the influence it will have when one which imports is at war with another which exports. Let us take the improbable, but possible case of a war between ourselves and the United States. Of course it would be our game to stop all American trade, but if we could not do that without also stopping our own bacon, beef, corn, and cheese, what then? We would be in the position of an army which drew an important part of its supplies from the town it was engaged in besieging. It could not shut the place up, except at the cost of depriving itself of what it needed. Therefore it would keep up intercourse and pay for all it required with the money asked by the seller. The persistence of trade between countries engaged in prolonged hostilities is a curious side of the history of war. Sir W. Monson describes how our traders went into Spanish ports under the Scotch flag in the Elizabethan Wars, and as for the Dutch, they never even pretended to stop their trade. Dutchmen and Spaniards, who cut one another's throats like fury on the dykes, traded cheerfully at Puerto de Santa Maria. In the American War

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of 1778-83 we had to allow trade to go on between the rebels and the West Indies. The planters could not feed their slaves without American bacon and Indian corn, and the loss of the slaves would have entailed the ruin of the sugar islands and the loss of our most important branch of trade.

* * * *

During our long wars with France something of the same sort happened. No Englishman who wanted brandy, claret, or champagne, no Englishwoman who desired a Lyons silk dress, French laces, or Paris fashions, was ever prevented from getting them by the existence of a state of hostilities. It is notorious that in spite of the Berlin decrees of Napoleon our trade filtered into France, and that it not seldom found its way under the protection of permits granted by the Emperor. The fact is that when of two countries at war one wants what the other only can sell, commerce will survive the rupture of peaceful relations. If it cannot come quietly through neutral ports, it will come by smuggling or with the connivance of the Governments. In fact, if the trade in food could be stopped, a very unpleasant state of affairs would arise if we fell out with the United States. They would only have to prohibit the export of foodstuffs in order to put us in a very awkward position. They would not because they would thereby deprive themselves of a large part of the resources they required to meet the expense of the war. What would happen would be, that we would pay the Americans for food and so aid them in fighting us, while they would provide the food we required in order to be able to go on fighting.

DAVID HANNAY.

A BUSY SCENE IN A NEW SHIP.

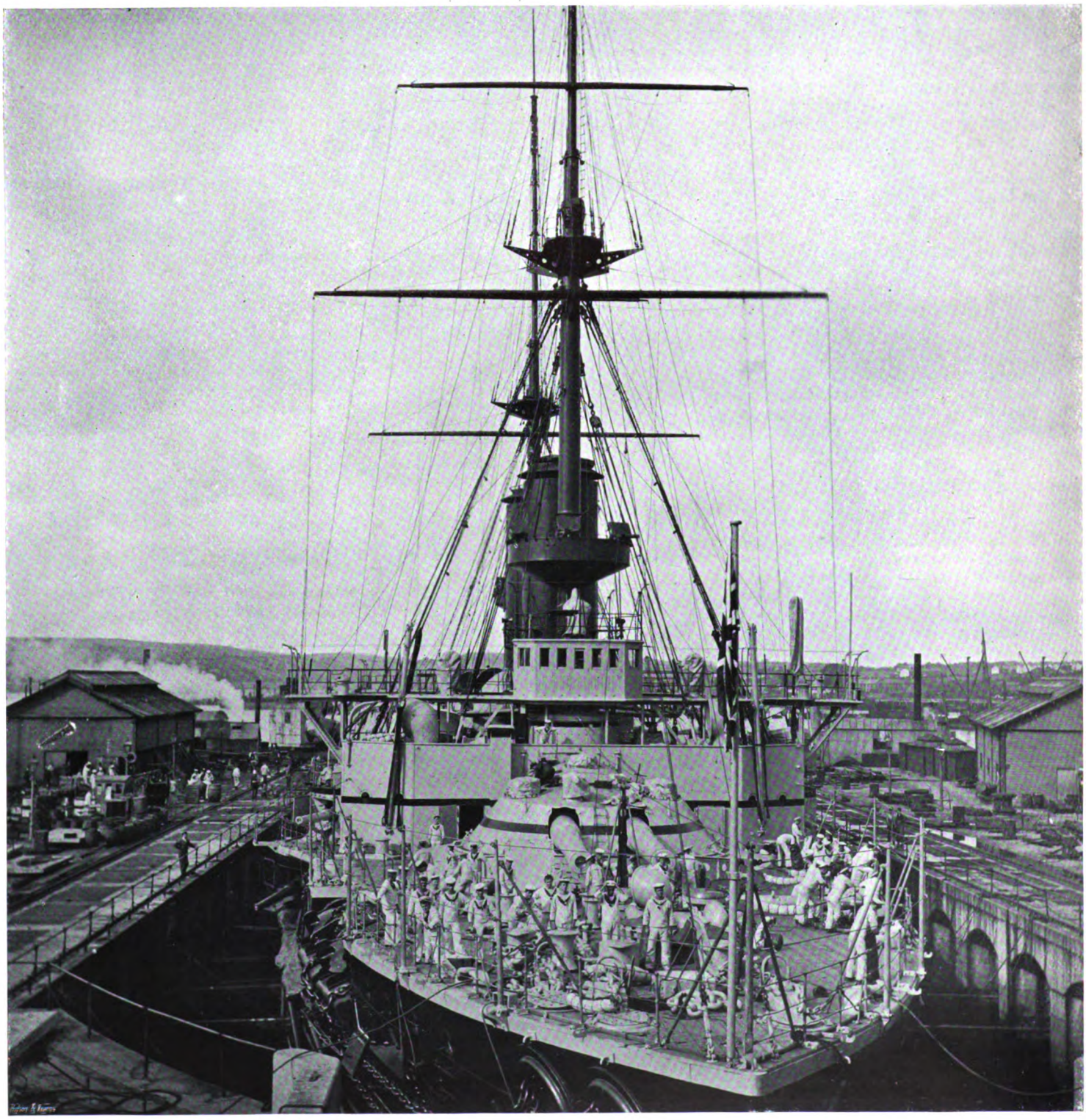

Photo. Copyright. *R. Abrahams.*

THE "IMPLACABLE" IN DOCK BEFORE LEAVING PORTSMOUTH.

The "Implacable," which has just been commissioned for service on the Mediterranean station, where she is to take the place of the "Empress of India," is the first of a new class of battle-ships which practically includes six vessels. She is an exceedingly powerful ship, of 15,000 tons displacement, and is well armoured, though even in this respect she yields to some of her later sisters. She has four 12-in. wire guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and a number of smaller weapons. In every way, indeed, she is a credit to the British Navy, and a ship which any officer might well be proud to command.

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A MEMORABLE DAY IN PIETERMARITZBURG.

Photo. Copyright. *W. B. Sherwood.*

This extremely interesting picture of a singularly interesting group was taken on a day which will long live in the memory of Natalians. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived at Durban on August 13, proceeded to Pietermaritzburg on the 14th, and left the colony on the next day. At Pietermaritzburg, where the Town Hall was opened, and the tablet to the heroes of Natal who have fallen in the war was unveiled, the utmost enthusiasm greeted the Royal party. The Duke wore his uniform as colonel-in-chief of the Royal Fusiliers, as will be seen in our picture. In addition to the Royal personages, the group includes the latest portraits of Lord Kitchener, Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, and of Admiral Moore, commander-in-chief on the Cape station, as also of the Naval and Military staffs, and of several prominent officials in Natal.

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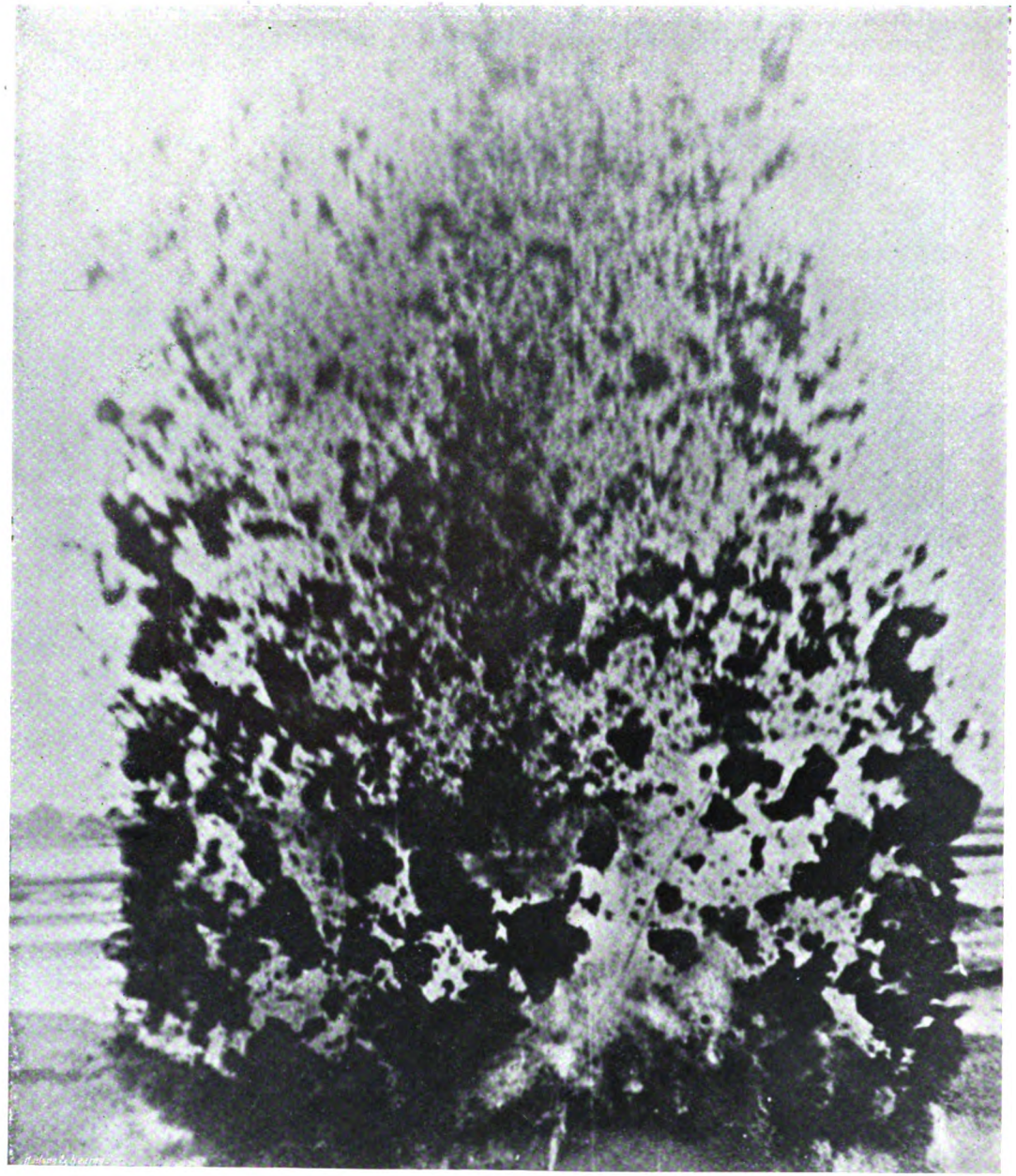

Photos. Copyright. *West*

BREAKING UP GROUND FOR TRENCHES AT WHALE ISLAND.

The process of blasting rock has long been known, but these pictures are presentments of an interesting and remarkably practical process of modern warfare. Sir Henry Lawrence's dying advice, "Entrench, entrench," has even more weight to-day than it had fifty-five years ago, but deep trenching on rocky or difficult ground is a laborious and tedious process. Here we see the result of an attempt to expedite the work by carefully-devised explosions, a system which is perhaps capable of important development. In one picture we have the explosion at its commencement, in the other the *débris* falling to the ground.

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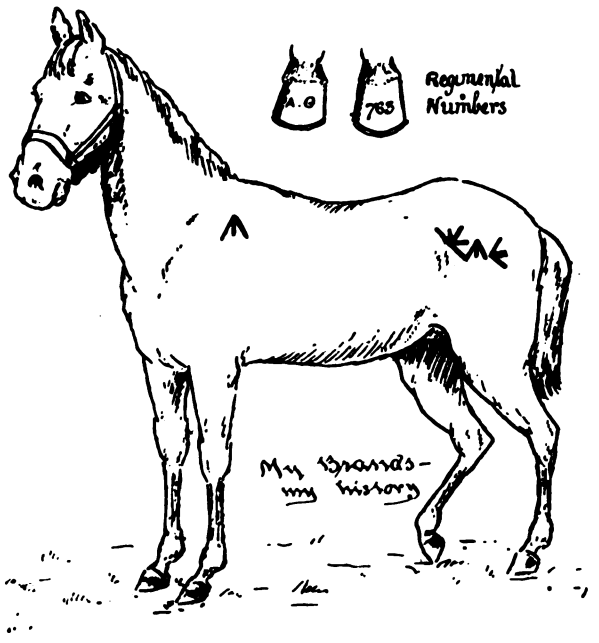
Remount Depots.

Work in South Africa.



Mounted Troops.

Horses and their Brands.

THE number of horses and mules absorbed in the campaign between Briton and Boer in South Africa has been amazing. When the soldiers' poet penned the words "Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay," most people thought he had grossly exaggerated the demands of the situation. Yet, as the campaign developed, it quickly became evident that the small number of mounted men being sent was totally inadequate for the work to be done, and the idea of settling the question with infantry was abandoned in favour of mounted troops. The War Office then authorised the formation of seven fully-equipped remount depôts, and these, leaving Aldershot in March, 1900, took over the remount work which had been tentatively begun by the Army Service Corps in the several centres in Cape Colony and Natal on the main lines of railway.

The magnitude of their work has been commensurate with the scope of the campaign; and though some vague idea may have been formed of the latter from newspapers and journals, so little has been said on the subject of remount depôt work that a short article on the subject will be interesting to a patriotic people.

Each of the seven remount depôts formed at Aldershot in February, 1900, consisted of the officer commanding, 4 officers, 31 non-commissioned officers, and 250 troopers. This staff was increased by the employment of civilians as clerks, conductors, etc., while for the 250 troopers about twice their number of natives were substituted, as the demand at the front was just then so great. The employment of civilians was at once necessary to control the natives and assist in a hundred ways with their local knowledge, and to avoid the confusion which would naturally arise from the employment of such a polyglot staff, the bulk of which could not speak one word of English.

By the kind permission of Major C. de C. Etheridge, the officer commanding No. 4 remount depôt, Queenstown, Cape Colony, we are able to give a picture of the staff of the depôt under his command. The prevailing seriousness on their faces may in a measure be accounted for by hourly contact with some 500 "boys" (natives) whose intelligence is usually little above that of the animal.

It has not been all honey to be connected with "remounts" in South Africa, and some idea may be gathered of the strain upon officers and men when one recalls the fact that of all the officers commanding who left Aldershot in March the officer commanding in the centre of the illustration is the only one remaining, the others, from various causes, having been replaced.

In spite of the big contracts for horses from Canada, Australia, North and South America, New Zealand, Chili, etc., they could not be brought to South Africa nearly fast enough to supply the urgent and ever-increasing demands at the front. It therefore fell to the remount depôts to arrange for the purchase of South African horses on a very large scale, and so thoroughly have the staff done their work, that it is now a difficult matter to purchase really fit remounts in large numbers in any part of South Africa.

The country has practically been denuded of horses. All that now remain are those which in towns are absolutely necessary for business enterprise and on the farms for the maintenance of farm industry. In Cape Colony, on the eastern section alone, the remount staff have bought some 20,000 horses, at an expenditure of about half a million sterling.

The South African horse may cost a little more than some, at least, of those imported. But hard experience has shown that at any cost he is the best for work in that country. Frequently not more than 13-1 or 13-2 hands, he has far more endurance than a 15-hand imported horse, and on forced marches these little, unpretentious ponies will come up smiling when the imported horses are dead beat. The experienced trooper no longer despises what at first he thought a "rag," while the sure-footed Basuto pony is the joy of the rider and the envy of his *confrères*.

What in remount phraseology is termed "transfers" is in itself a very big concern. The probable time of the arrival of an animal ship at any particular port is made known to all the remount depôts in South Africa by "Circular Memo." from Colonel W. H. Birkbeck, the Assistant-Inspector of Remounts, Johannesburg, who is the able and popular chief of remount work in the country. Arrangements are invariably completed in advance for the immediate transfer of the animals to the remount depôts or to the front, and cattle-trucks may be seen wending their way coastwards for days before the ship has actually arrived. The officials at the ports have done their best to facilitate the work of the military authorities, so that the off-loading of 1,200 horses or mules has been reduced to a very simple affair, quickly carried out.

Supposing the animals arrive without suspicious symptoms of glanders or other virulent disease, they are usually given a few days' respite to get their land legs, and then forwarded in trainloads of about 200 to the nearest remount depôt. If, as

THE IMPORTED ANIMAL.

The horse that wears out.

THE BASUTO PONY.

The horse that wears well.

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BRANDING HORSES.

A good impression of the broad arrow.

sometimes happens, there are pressing demands for the animals at the front, they are merely fed and watered *en route*, and pushed right on to their destination. So it frequently happens that animals which have for weeks been dreaming to the lapping of the waves are in a few hours very much awake to the stirring incidents of active service. Whenever possible, however, animals are transferred from the port to the remount depôts, where they run on the veldt, get good feeding and treatment, and are drafted to the front as required. No animal ever leaves a depôt for the front till he has been carefully examined by the veterinary officer and an executive officer, who must both agree that he is "fit." So stringent are the precautions against infection that every cattle-truck is limewashed throughout before use, while the floor is thickly covered with ashes, to serve the double purpose of giving the animals a sure footing and for cleanliness.

The arrival of an infected ship at the port is the signal for keen activity on the part of the veterinary staff on that section. To start with, animals showing plain symptoms of glanders or other such infectious disease are shot at once, and the others not only go through individual and searching examination, but are tested with mallein before being allowed to leave the port. As all suspected animals are segregated, it often leads to confusion and congestion at the port, and other animal ships which were to have off-loaded there have to go forward or backward, as the case may be, and off-load elsewhere. On the arrival at a remount depôt of a trainload of such animals from the coast, they are at once detrained, individually re-examined, and kept quite apart from all other animals till it is perfectly certain they are free from infection.

The mere statement that the eastern line alone has dealt with about 50,000 transferred animals, conveys but a slight idea of the work involved. Though it seldom happens, there may be a lull at the front, in which case the animals accumulate at the depôts up to 4,000 or 5,000, according to the capacity of the depôt. The feeding and watering of such numbers of animals is in itself a big undertaking; but add to that the work of shoeing, rebranding, and constant selection for purposes of classification, and you will begin to realise the work of a remount depôt.

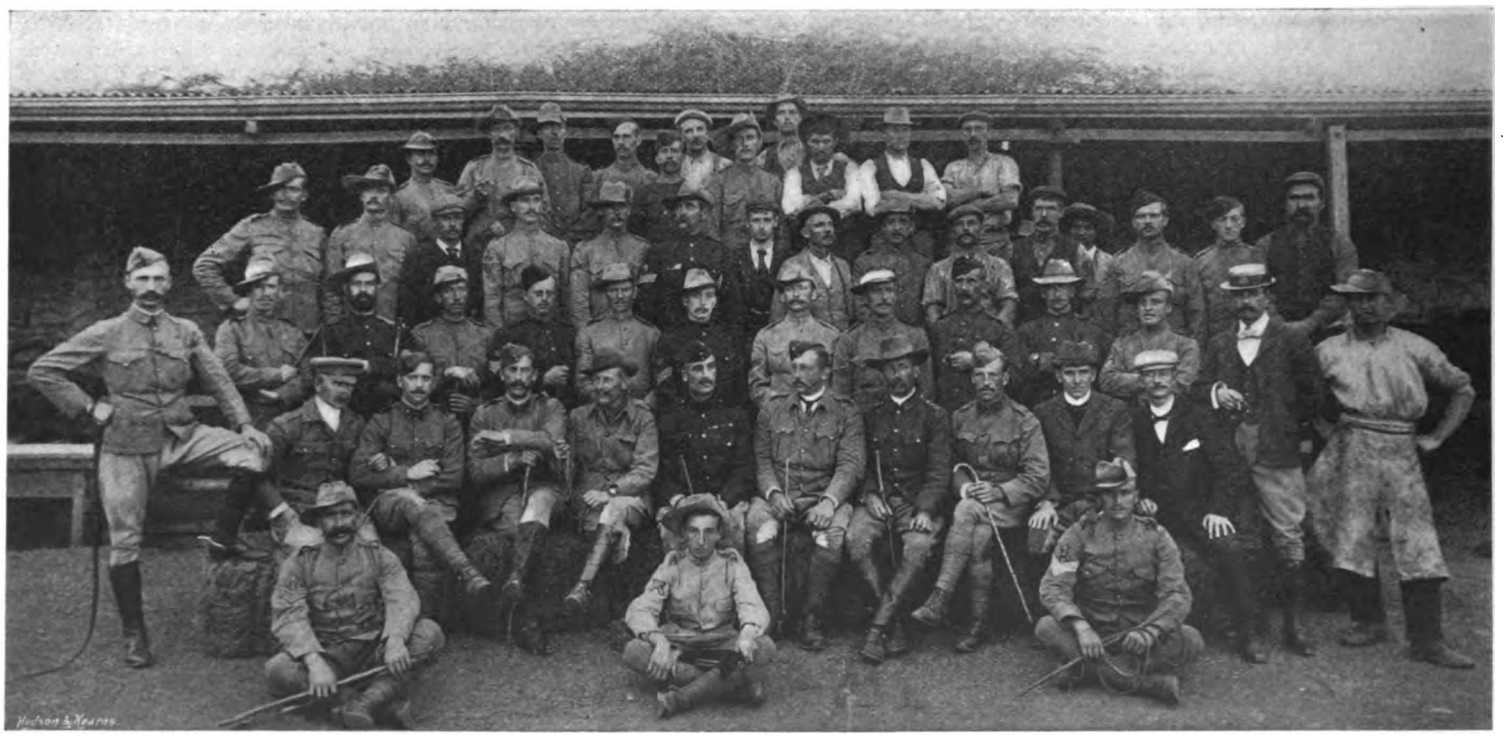
The broad arrow on the near flank of an animal—see him where you may—denotes that he is the property of the Imperial Government. The broad arrow reversed on top of the original brand shows that he has been "cast" or disqualified for military service and sold by public auction. A horizontal broad arrow, on the near quarter, pointing to the head of the animal, shows that he has been captured from the enemy. It will at once be seen that the history of an animal can often be read by his brands, and they are sometimes very curious and weird. My drawing is an example. What do all those hieroglyphics say?

The horse is a North American, which came to this very depôt nine months ago, for the arrow on the near shoulder says so. It also shows that he has been captured by the enemy (who use no brands), and recaptured by us. The sign on the hind quarter shows that the animal when recaptured was "cast" and sold. He was then fed up by the purchaser and resold to Government, being branded again on the near quarter and sent to the front. The arrow pointing to the fore shows that he was again taken by the enemy, and yet again has fallen into our hands. The combinations are very varied, but every mark on the animal tells its own tale, and often shows through what vicissitudes the poor beast has passed.

G. CONSTABLE.

A TICKLISH CUSTOMER.

Not long landed.



THE STAFF OF THE REMOUNT DEPOT, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.

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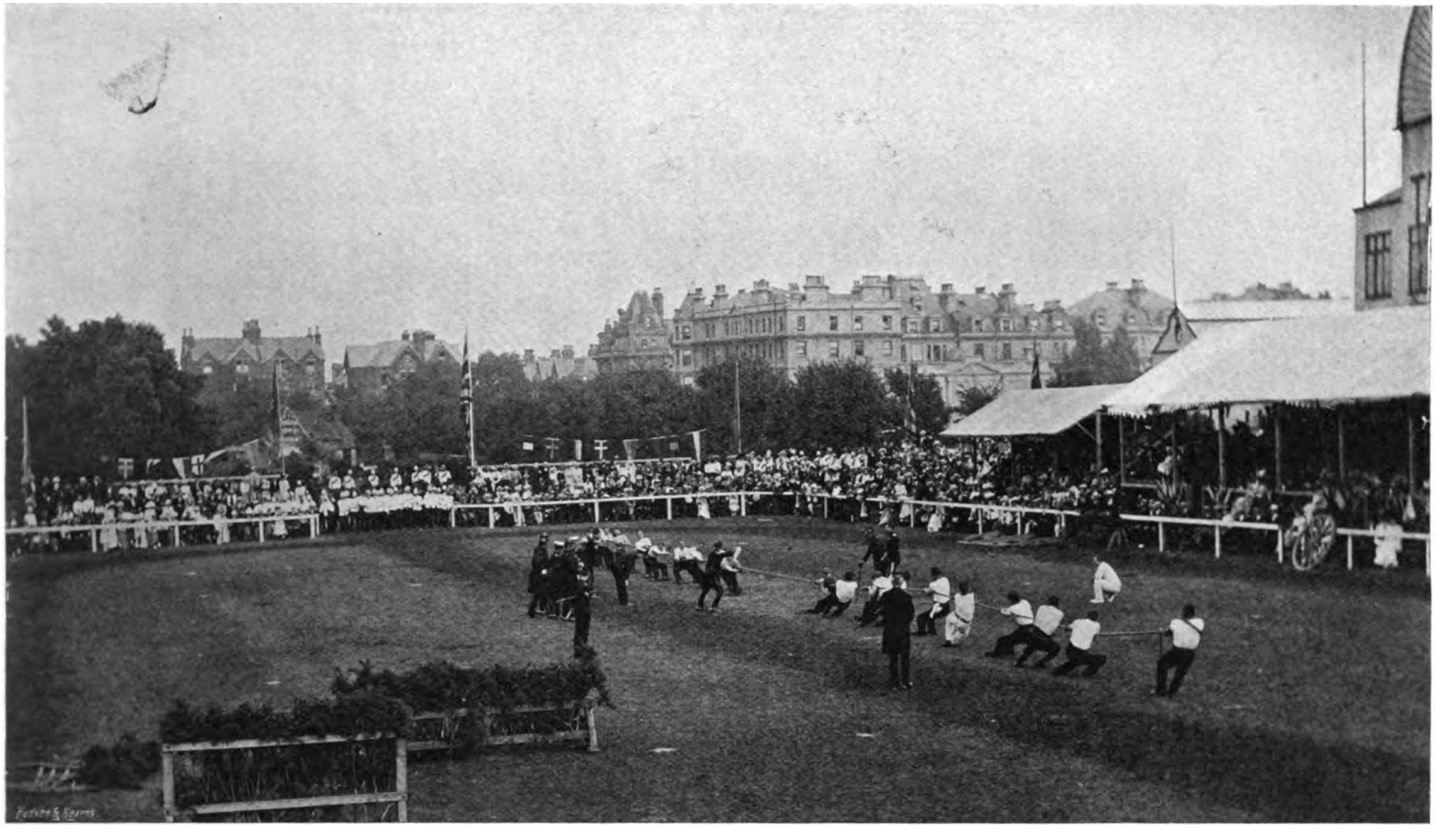
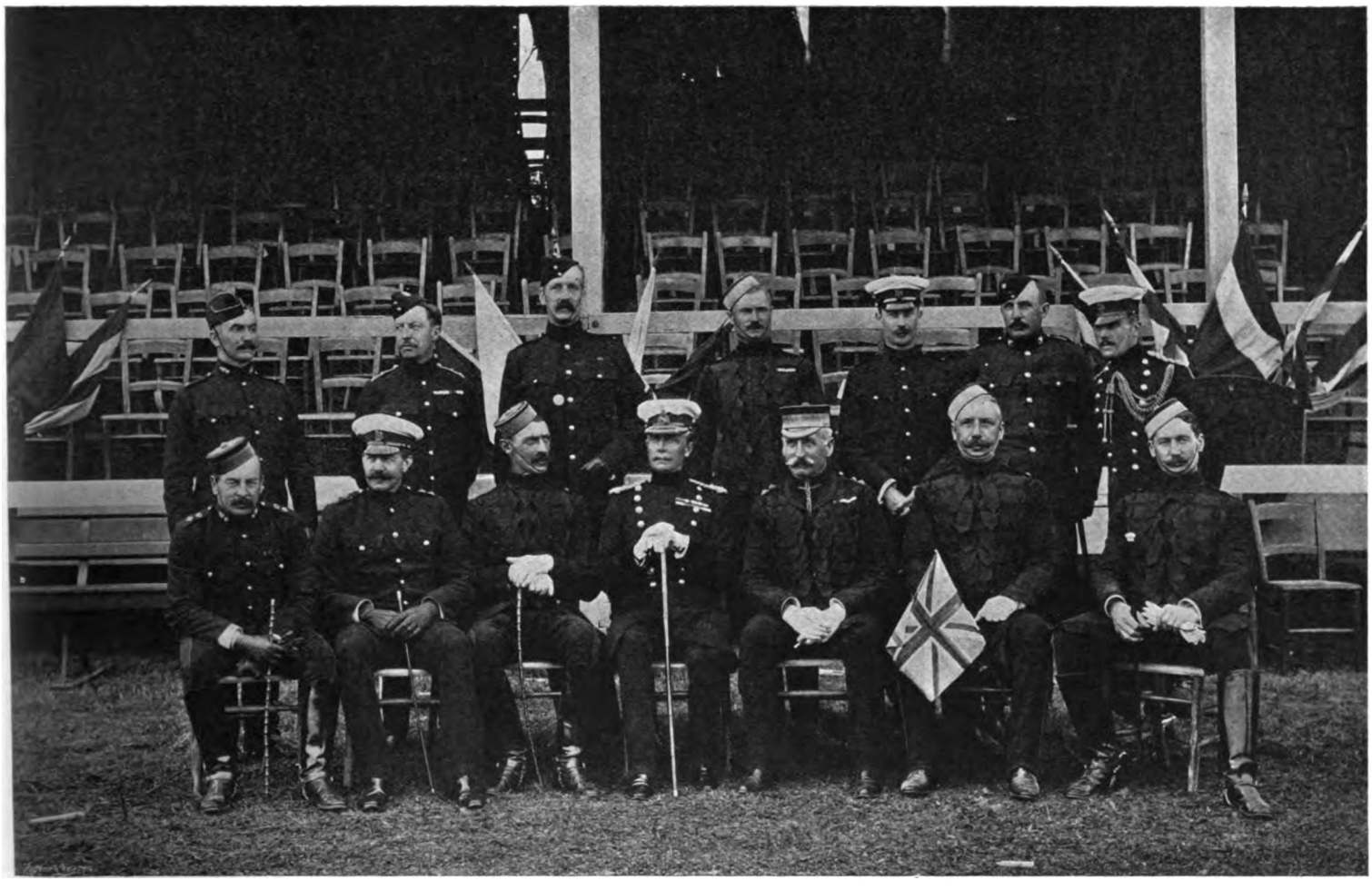
THE FOLKESTONE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

A NOTABLE MILITARY EVENT.



PULLING FOR A VALUABLE PRIZE.

A Tug-of-war for a twenty-guinea challenge cup.



Photos. Copyright. *Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.*

THE COMMITTEE AND JUDGES OF THE FOLKESTONE MILITARY TOURNAMENT, 1901.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lieut. Connell, Royal Field Artillery; Col. O'Dell, C.M.G., Army Service Corps; Maj. Wilkinson, 4th Royal Fusiliers; Lieut. Crowley, 1st Royal Dragoons; Lieut. Newton, Superintendant Gymnasium, South Eastern District; Maj. Chown, Royal Marine Light Infantry; Lieut Tringham, A.D.C., 21st Lancers. Front row: Col. Tylden, Royal Field Artillery; Capt. Daith, Garrison Adjutant, Dover; Maj. Hon. H. W. Mansfield, 1st Royal Dragoons; Maj.-Gen. Hallam Parr, Commanding South Eastern District; Col. Smith-Rewse, Commanding Royal Engineers; Lieut. H. R. J. Willis, 7th Dragoon Guards; Maj. Mathews, Cavalry Depot, Canterbury.

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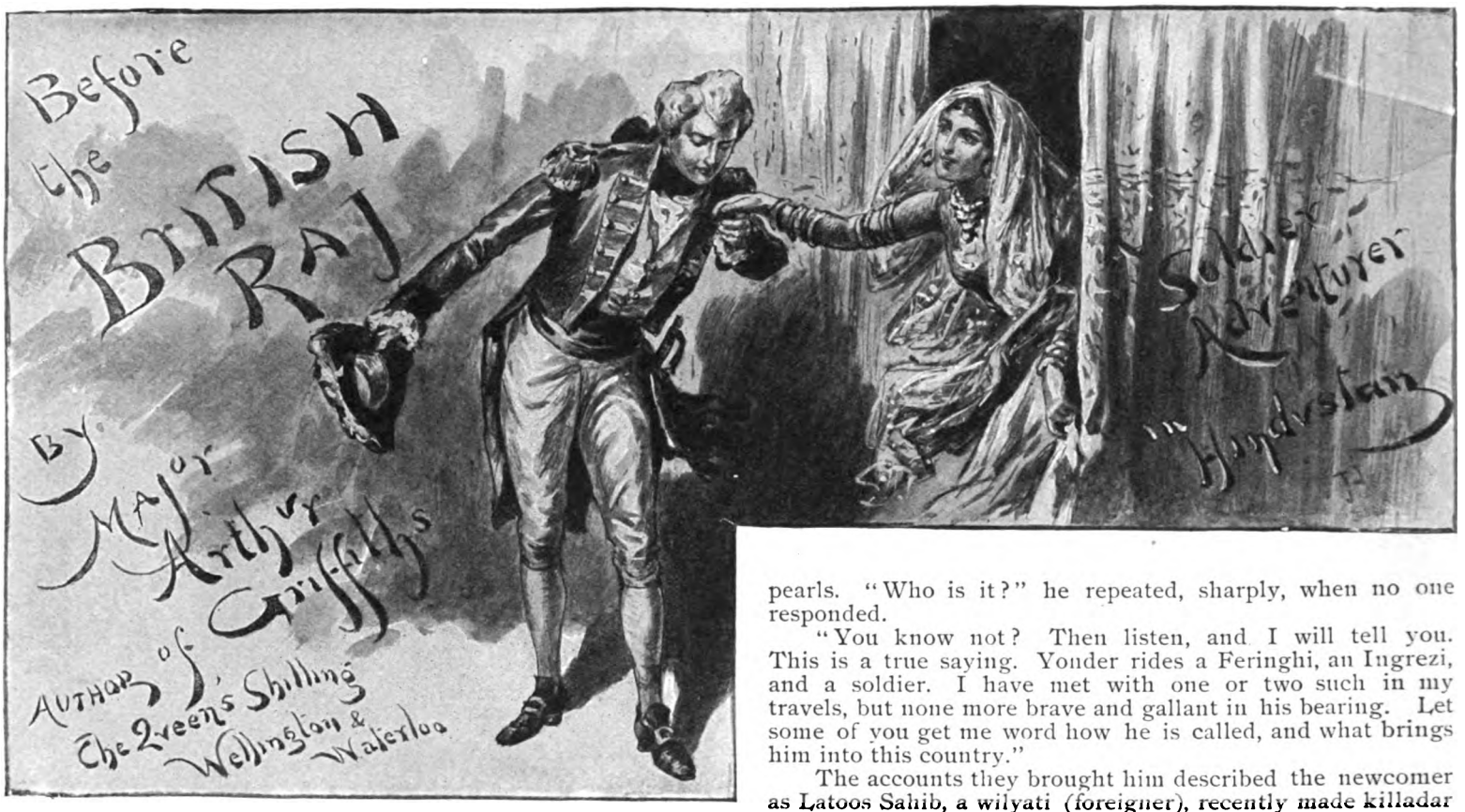

CHAPTER XI.

The Byragee Ram Das.

HE was reputed a very holy man, and he dwelt in a deserted tomb. A maimed and withered fragment of humanity, holding himself with difficulty on crutches, one leg bent and twisted and useless, one hand gone, his head, covered with grizzled hair and a ragged sandy beard, thrust forward with an unnatural fixity, the result clearly of injury or ill-usage. They called him Ram Das Ghosain.

All day long he sat at the door of his tomb in his rags and his tangled hair, his wooden bowl before him, mumbling prayers and petitions for alms in a low whining voice, and generally motionless. Now and again, when persons of importance passed, or he was neglected by the uncharitable, he crawled nimbly to the front, and shouted "*Dohai!* For pity's sake, hear!" with a shrieking entreaty that was full of indignant reproach.

The poor folk were good to him; the ryots of the village Bheendah, hard by, brought him food, dal bhat, coarse messes of rice and split peas, such as they eat themselves, and dropped cowries into his bowl. They felt it a compliment that he had chosen Bheendah as his location, the halo of his holiness reflecting a certain lustre on their village. He had brought them good fortune, they were constantly saying. Since he had come to the tomb to live among them there had been regular seasons, the rains came and went, and the harvests were abundant; he had kept away the tigers, had given health to the sick by touching them with his crutch. Some who pretended to know him more intimately declared that he was in league with djins, good and bad; that he could make incantations, cast nativities, predict what was to come. Many went at sundown to sit at his feet, humble votaries seeking comfort in his pious teaching which, however, was more of a picturesquely descriptive than religious kind.

His talk, when he unloosed his tongue, was of the past, of the strange and varied adventures he had seen, of the far-distant countries through which he had roamed, of the curious people he had met, and who had evilly maltreated him.

He had wandered seemingly through the whole length and breadth of Hindustan. From the sea to the hills and beyond, across the mountains of the Hindu Khoosh into Badakshan, then through Central Asia, through Bokhara and Khiva, back by Baluchistan and Afghanistan into Cashmere. By and by he descended into the plains again, wandering on and on with the perpetual restlessness of his class and calling, till somehow, and for no obvious reason, he had anchored himself at Bheendah, and made himself a home in the empty, half-ruinous shrine above the tomb of the local saint, Jat Admi.

"*Waw kaun hai?* (Whom have we here?)" he cried suddenly, one evening, as he sat surrounded by his disciples, to whom he had been expatiating upon the wonders of Sarandeep, the city beyond the black water, where the houses were built of gold bricks, and the roofs encrusted with pearls. "Who is it?" he repeated, sharply, when no one responded.

"You know not? Then listen, and I will tell you. This is a true saying. Yonder rides a Feringhi, an Ingrezi, and a soldier. I have met with one or two such in my travels, but none more brave and gallant in his bearing. Let some of you get me word how he is called, and what brings him into this country."

The accounts they brought him described the newcomer as Latoos Sahib, a *wilyati* (foreigner), recently made killadar of Photapore, an Englishman in Scindia's service, and high in favour with Perron. A just man and a good. His government was even-handed, giving peace and plenty to the district on the remote outskirts of which lay Bheendah.

A year or more passed, and still the Fakir Ram Das sojourned in the tomb of Jat Admi; only now and again the wandering spirit seized him, and taking his bowl and staff he journeyed afar, to Delhi even, and Koil, Alighar, Agra and beyond.

It was after one of these long absences, when he was once more at the door of the tomb, that they came and told him Latoos Sahib was near at hand pursuing shikar, and that his tents might be seen in the neighbouring hills. Bheendah lay just at their base.

"I must see him and speak with him," said Ram Das; but his disciples warned him that it would be no easy matter. There were many soldiers and guards about, and no fakir, however holy, would be permitted to enter his camp.

"They cannot keep me out. I will get through—creep through. It is for his good—he will hold me blameless."

So he made his way to the Sirkar's encampment, and lay that night within a stone's throw, just out of reach of the sentinels. When dawn broke, he evaded their watchfulness, so as to reach the great man's tent unobserved.

Nor did anyone notice him while with feverish haste he made the circuit of the tent, which was pitched on a smooth patch of greensward, and drew a line round it with a great lump of red chalk. He did this twice, so that the mark showed up distinct and plain to all who should look at it when they woke or came that way.

The fakir waited meanwhile, crouching low among the long grass, like a tiger waiting for its spring. His opportunity came at length as daylight advanced, and Latouche, refreshed with a sound night's rest, threw open the tent flaps, and, still in his sleeping pyjamas, prepared to step out and enjoy the brisk morning air.

At this moment Ram Das raised himself, and shouted in stentorian tones several times the single word:

"*Dhirna!*"

The call disturbed the whole camp. Its meaning was universally understood. A great concourse of guards, servants, shikaris flocked to the spot, astonished at the sight of the fakir, but in nowise interfering with him. They saw the red chalk mark, and respected the cry with which the prescription of immemorial usage covered and protected him, as with a shield.

"*Dhirna*, fellow? What mean you?" asked Latouche, with a good-humoured laugh. "I owe you nothing. Begone! to make your claim elsewhere on him who is your debtor."

Unabashed and persistent, the fakir continued his cry, and Latouche saw on the faces of his own people that they expected him to give his creditor the satisfaction to which he was entitled by the great unwritten but ever-binding law.

"Let him approach and state his case," he said, yielding with easy grace. "I will hear him, here at the door of my tent. Bring me my chota haziri; I will drink my tea while I listen."

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Again the fakir protested.

"I shall not eat or drink till I am satisfied. Neither can my lord. It is the rule," he said, firmly; and all around endorsed his words with a murmur of approval.

The practice of enforcing a demand or claim by means of the dhirna is of great antiquity in India. If a creditor can come upon his debtor and draw a circle round him, the latter must not pass beyond it until he has paid what he owes or given security for payment. A king once riding through the streets was caught in this way, and he stopped his horse till moneys were brought from his treasury to give him quittance. The man who sits the dhirna goes to the house or tent of his debtor, and refuses to leave till he has received satisfaction. The person under the restraint cannot leave the place where he is found nor communicate with others, nor may he touch food if the claimant forbids. In that case, however, the sitter must also abstain from food.

Latouche was well aware of these conditions, and thought it most befitting his dignity to give way.

"Come then, and make all haste, thou pestilent petitioner. I want my breakfast. I deny your claim beforehand, but I give ear, as I would to the humblest beggar in the State."

"This matter must be discussed in strictest privacy between your Highness and his slave," whispered the fakir, as he hopped over the red circle. "I will admit and crave your indulgence for my presumption. My cry for dhirna," he whispered low, after looking cautiously around, "was but a pretence. I have no direct claim upon my lord, no more than he chooses to acknowledge in gratitude for that which I will now impart."

"Well, well, I promise you to be liberal, but only according to your merits."

"Listen!" Now the fakir leant over on his crutches till his lips all but touched Latouche's ear.

"Kornel," he said, in good broad Scotch. "I can mak yer fortune, and save yer fortune."

"Who the devil are you?" shouted Latouche in utter astonishment. The fakir's speech had bewrayed him. English was undoubtedly his mother tongue. This ragged, shattered mendicant who went by the assumed name of Ram Das Ghosain must have come at some time or other from the north of the Tweed. "What do you call yourself?"

"I was once called Angus Macpherson, kornel. Aiblins, the sound of it is unco' strange, and if any one gave it me unawares I misdoubt my answering to it."

"What, in Heaven's name, has transformed a Scotchman into a byragee, and such a distorted half-starved specimen of one?" You must have greatly suffered, Macpherson. You will let me help you, I hope. What can I do for you? Sit down, and tell me your story."

Latouche spoke with such genuine sympathy and good feeling that the poor creature was greatly touched, and answered in a husky tone:

"Thank ye kindly, kornel. I'm not much used to chairs. I'd rather squat here on my hunkers as the natives do. I've followed their fashions so long that I've forgotten ceevilised ways. Forbye I've supped a wheen of sorrow, as ye may judge by what ye see."

He helped up his truncated arm, then pointed to his head and his shrivelled, twisted leg.

"That hand was chopped off by the ferashes (executioners) in the durbar of Zamam Shah, for a crime I never committed. My back was bent, my head set crooked, and this limb withered in the cage Nanuk Singh of Loodiana built for me when he judged me to be a British spy, the everlasting leear."

"And now, whence come you?"

"A month back I was in the camp of Koil, where I heard strange things of Perron, but my abiding place is not half a coss distant. Whiles I pitched my tent in the tomb of Jat Admi, by Bheendah, and the villagers, holding me in esteem as a saintly pairson, keep soul and body together by their leeberality."

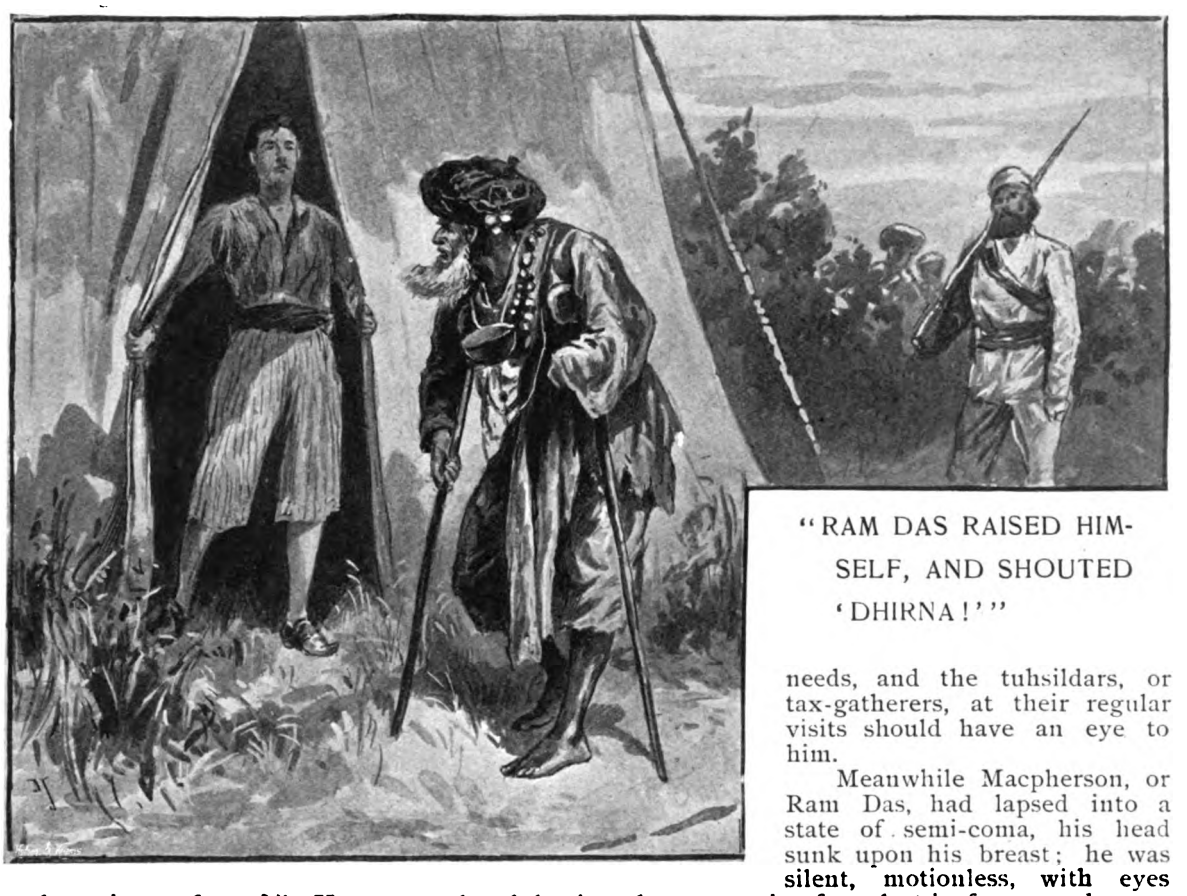
"Well, well! You need not depend upon them and their chance offerings hereafter," said Latouche, heartily. "I will carry you back with me to Photapore, Macpherson, and make you comfortable for the rest of your life."

"Do ye mean that, kornel?" and the man's dull eyes glistened with a brief evanescent fire.

"Indeed I do. It shall never be said that I left a Scotch cousin—for we Latouches have some Scotch blood in us, and I daresay some kinship with the Macphersons—to live from hand to mouth as a Hindoo beggar. Pass on the wooden bowl to another; we'll find you some Christian clothes, and you shall have a tatt to ride into the fortress with the rest of us, and my wife and I will look after you."

"I cudna do it, kornel." He spoke sadly. Ambition was dead in him. He had no desires left, no wish for change. "It's not to be. I've turned fakir, and a fakir I must remain till the end comes; I care not how soon, whenever I have discharged my great trust. My place is at yon tomb, and I must watch it and what lies concealed in it until it comes into the richt hands, and then I'll give myself up at my appointed time, and they'll bury me at the side of Jat Admi, and the place will be twice holy for the fame of Ram Das Ghosain."

Seeing the man so fixed in this idea, Latouche forebore to press him further, but inwardly decided that something should be done for him without his knowledge The patel, or head man, of Bheendah should be instructed to see to his needs, and the tuhsildars, or tax-gatherers, at their regular visits should have an eye to him.



"RAM DAS RAISED HIMSELF, AND SHOUTED 'DHIRNA!'"

Meanwhile Macpherson, or Ram Das, had lapsed into a state of semi-coma, his head sunk upon his breast; he was silent, motionless, with eyes glazed, having the wrapt air of one lost in far-away dreams, and Latouche began to grow impatient. The byragee had gained access to him by subterfuge. There was no demand of dhirna; the man pretended he sought no satisfaction, but wished to confer a favour. Let him do his business, and be off. The morning was growing on; there was work to be done.

"Now friend," he said in English, but finding there was no response he went on rather sharply in Hindustani, as the language most familiar to the visitor. "You have leave to depart, Ram Das, unless you have more to say. You can return this evening, when you please, and stay if you choose; that only rests with you. *Rakhsat!* You must go now."

The byragee lifted his eyes, vacant, expressionless eyes, with the roving, far-away look of insanity, and, disdaining to reply directly by word or motion, began a sort of chant, in a slow, monotonous key, rising soon into impassioned tones, and speaking Hindustani.

"I have seen it, the Garden of Eden. It lies there, by Bheendah, guarded still by flaming swords, fixed in the serpent's fiery eyes which blaze across the black waters, and repel all who would approach. But the shade of that perfect saint Jat Admi led me with helpful hands and guided me safely through the outer gates into the very heart of Paradise.

"He took me down by a steep path sweet with flowers, rich with luscious fruits, brilliant with lamps of precious stones, shining ruby red or emerald green, yellow topaz,

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purple sapphire, and so to the inner shrine, a snowy and white ivory palace, taller and more beautiful than the Taj; and in the centre thereof sat enthroned on high a female, in robes, red, blue, and white, richly embroidered with jewels, and tissue of silver and gold. An awful and majestic figure, holding in one hand a sceptre with three sharp points, in the other, a great shield emblazoned with the same colours, red, white, and blue."

"He means Britannia, of course. Poor devil, he must be mad—mad as a hatter," said Latouche to himself, as the voice flowed on with solemn majestic cadence.

"And as I bowed before the great presence, she, the mighty queen, waved her sceptre thrice—east, south, and west, saying, 'Here is my empire, and that of my children, who with unceasing effort have won it, and built it up on enduring lines for ever and ever. Go thou, Angus Macpherson, otherwise Ram Das Ghosain, search for him who can help this thing forward, a man as brave as Roostum, wise as Lockman, strong and skilful in war as Sikander, whose name he bears. Bring him here to my feet, and I will endow him with vast wealth and power. He shall be an instrument of the wide success awaiting me. Go forth now, gird up your loins, take your staff, and pause not, nor stay in one place till thou hast found him. Then raise up your voice and warn him to see to his going. He has a bitter foe down yonder at Koil, his foe, and that of all his race. Perron, the Frenchman, is bent upon his ruin. He seeks to drive the English from India, and him, Latoos, he means to kill. It is true word.'

"And lo, I am here, khodawand, and thou, there! Oh, Sikander Latoos, take this warning to heart! But come now with me, that my mission may be fulfilled. I have spoken!" and he relapsed into silence and immobility.

Latouche, despite himself, yielded for one moment to the potent influence of this strange rhapsody, but his common-sense returned as the old man slowly regained consciousness and rose to go. There was little trace left of his recent exaltation, he was once more the faded, broken creature who, half an hour before, had raised the whining cry of "*Dhirna.*"

Not even a brisk gallop, a bath, and a hearty breakfast could remove the impression left on him by the Scotch fakir with his worn and wasted figure, his wild talk, florid imagery, and astonishing forecasts. All that day in his durbar, for he was holding court and giving audiences as he travelled, he thought of Ram Das Macpherson. The impression was still so strong upon him in the evening when his work was done that he took his ride in the direction of Bheendah, and sought out the old man.

The byragee was not at the door of the shrine, but within, lying upon a mat stretched upon the clay-compacted floor of a tidily-kept chamber. A great change had come over him since the morning. No doubt the exertion of reaching Latouche's camp and returning had been too much for his feeble powers, and he seemed quite broken down. But a short spasm came over him as he recognised his visitor.

"Come awa'! Come awa'! I've been wearying for a sicht o' ye. Gie me ye'er hand, and I'll lead ye to the Gairden of Eden." He seized his crutches, and half rose from the ground, only to fall back collapsed and helpless. "Gang in! gang in yersel' thro' yon hole, follow the passage till ye come to the mouth of the pit, and luik doon."

Thus directed, Latouche, at the fakir's repeated entreaties, humoured him by entering the long, dark, narrow passage which opened from a corner of the chamber, and won his way to where he found a trap-door. This he lifted, and peered cautiously down into a black, unfathomable abyss. Then, having his tinder-box at hand, he struck a light and held it over the depths.

No Garden of Eden, no superb figure with shield and spear, only a confused mass of debris—broken chests and rotting timbers, and coarse sacks that had burst and scattered their contents around. As the match flickered its light was reflected upon the dully-bright surface of metal in countless circular pieces. Coins, unmistakeably, silver and gold.

It was treasure, vast treasure! Concealed when or how or by whom Latouche could have no idea. But it was the fakir's discovery, and the fakir had the first claim to it. Old Ram Das Macpherson might live in splendour for the rest of his days, and Latouche would help him to it honestly.

But Ram Das was not in a position to profit by the great fortune that had come so tardily. When Latouche rejoined him his eyes were glazed, and death was close at hand.

"Yers, kornel, all yers," he whispered, pointing one skinny hand towards the interior of the tomb. And so he passed away.

Latouche carried home the whole strange story to his wife, the Begum, but they wisely resolved to let the treasure be. Only Ram Das was buried within the chamber where he died, and the place was sealed up with strong bricks and mortar, so that none might desecrate it.

The treasure was thus made safe for ever and a day, to be removed or not, just as Latouche might choose.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

GEORGE WRIGHT.—There have been three corps in the British Army ranking as the 107th Foot. The first of these was the 107th (Queen's Own Royal British Volunteers) Regiment of Foot raised in 1760, one of the many regiments which sprang up towards the end of the Seven Years' War, and acted as recruiting battalions for old regiments on active service. It was disbanded at the Peace of 1763. The next was the 107th raised in 1794, which after a brief existence was drafted to the 53rd and other regiments in 1795-96. The third was the late 107th (Bengal Infantry), the present 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment. This corps was formed in India, 1854, as the Honourable East India Company's 3rd Bengal European Light Infantry. The uniform was scarlet, with white facings. The regiment was employed, chiefly by detachments, in various parts of Bengal during the Mutiny. In 1861 it was reorganised and brought into the British Line under the title 107th (Bengal Infantry) Regiment.

* * * *

"NOMAN."—The Portsmouth Harbour forts are often spoken of as "Palmerston's Folly," and their construction was begun in 1859, at the time of the war scare which brought into being the present Volunteer Movement. But the idea of placing forts in the sea there was really an older one, and originated in 1847, when the Duke of Wellington's famous letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the state of our coast defences in view of a possible war with France caused so widespread a sensation. Then the matter dropped for five years, until the second great scare in 1852, when Napoleon III. became Emperor. Then Spithead was carefully surveyed, and it was decided to build pile batteries on the Spit and Noman. But again the matter dropped, and was not taken up until after the Russian War and Indian Mutiny, when the third French war scare induced Lord Palmerston to take up the 1852 scheme with modifications and extensions.

* * * *

"FIAT JUSTITIA."—You have touched upon one of the curious anomalies in the system of distributing honours to regiments. The Rifle Brigade does not possess the largest number of honours, though it is claimed for it that it has seen more fighting than any other regiment in the British Army. The three then existing battalions of the Rifle Brigade (formerly the 95th Rifles) were engaged in the Pyrenees in 1813 and 1814, in which campaign they lost three officers and sixty-six men killed, and thirteen officers and 263 men wounded. In 1848 when the late Queen distributed the medal, 690 men of the regiment received that for the "Pyrenees." In spite of this the Rifle Brigade has not been permitted to bear the honour on its appointments. Perhaps the injustice may yet be repaired, for the Welsh Regiment in 1891 was authorised to bear "St. Vincent" as an honour, and that battle was fought on St. Valentine's Day, 1797.

"DEVONIAN."—The title of the Yeomanry Cavalry was altered to that of the "Imperial Yeomanry" in May this year. The then existing brigade organisation was abolished, and the force was organised in regiments of four squadrons, with a regimental section and a machine-gun section. It was also ordered that if a regiment, after a reasonable period has elapsed from its formation or increase of establishment, falls for two consecutive years below 420 efficient enrolled members, or a squadron below 100, or should either fail to reach these numbers, it shall be liable to be disbanded. The Fifeshire Volunteer Light Horse and the Forfarshire Volunteer Light Horse have been recently converted into a regiment of Imperial Yeomanry, under the designation "The Fifeshire and Forfarshire Imperial Yeomanry." These two regiments were the only two regiments of Volunteer Light Horse. Another new regiment of Imperial Yeomanry is being raised in Norfolk, and is to be called "The Norfolk (King's Own) Imperial Yeomanry."

* * * *

"NELSON'S SIGNAL."—A correspondent asks me what authority there is for the arrangement of signal flags composing Nelson's signal at Trafalgar as displayed in the "Victory," at the mast-heads, yards, and all over the ship at once, for the past two or three years every 21st of October. Was not the signal rather made only at the mizen, the flags of each word going up in separate hoists, one after another? A snuff-box was shown at the great Naval Exhibition of 1891, purporting to have been made out of "the mizen truck of the 'Victory' through which the signal halyards were rove by which Nelson's signal was hoisted." The pedigree of the box, which stated that it was made for Captain Hardy, and was given by him to Captain Ben Hallowell, of the "Tigre," does not harmonise with the Portsmouth theory that all the flags were hoisted all over the ship at once. Can any reader throw light on this? My correspondent also asks if any one knows when the "Victory" was first decorated with laurel on Trafalgar Day, and who started the practice?

* * * *

J. WARREN-SMITH.—During the first quarter of the past century commanding officers had almost unlimited power in all matters relating to dress and equipment, and bandsmen were often clothed in very eccentric fashion. The favourite custom was to dress the band with the colour of its regiment's facings. In 1830 a Regulation was issued for bands to be clothed in white coats with the regimental facings. In the case of regiments whose facings were white the band was ordered red facings. Still there was much room left for eccentricity in the way of braiding, etc., and it was not until the time of the Russian War that bandsmen were shorn of their gay trappings and an effort at uniformity was made. A plain white tunic with facings and wings of the regimental colour were ordered. The present red jackets did not come in until 1872.

THE EDITOR.

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A WEST AUSTRALIAN SHARK, 12-ft. 6-in. IN LENGTH.

SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By COMMANDER R. F. STATHAM, R.N.

Seining Parties.

TO those of our readers who have not served afloat, the title of this article will be more or less of a mystery. What is a "seining" party, and what is the meaning of the verb "to seine"? Well, there is a corresponding substantive to which the verb owes its existence, and a "seine"—pronounced and occasionally spelt "sean"—is neither more nor less than a very large fishing net, intended for enclosing and drawing on shore a great number of fish at a time. It must not be confounded with the "trawl," which is towed along the ground at some distance from the land. The seine is intended solely for inshore work, and is handled entirely from the beach, with the aid of one or more boats. It is largely used at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and some idea of the magnitude of the operation may be gained from the fact that the seines there in use measure from 950-ft. to 1,200-ft. in length, with a depth of from six to eight fathoms.

Nearly every man-of-war is supplied with a seine, but they do not reach the dimensions of the Cornish ones, being usually 360-ft. in length, and only two or three fathoms in depth, and consequently best adapted for fishing where there is an easy slope, so that the lower side may rest on the bottom. A "purse," or pocket, is formed in the centre, by means of which the fish are concentrated and held secure as the net is drawn in.

Now, as may well be imagined, a seining expedition, in fine warm weather, on a pleasant sandy beach, has considerable attractions, and when it is once started the idea is pretty certain to prosper. Probably a young lieutenant may be the originator of the scheme, over the evening pipe; he has had some experience of the joys of seining, and it struck him when he was on shore in the afternoon that a certain beach would be a "ripping" place for it. He sends for the boatswain and interrogates him: "Seine, sir? Yes, sir, it's all right, as far as I know; never been used the whole commission." Lieutenant immediately resolves that it shall not rot for want of use if he can help it, and promptly seeks the commander, with the result that on the following afternoon the huge length of net is dragged up from the bowels of the vessel, and undergoes a perfunctory overhaul before being stowed away in the largest boat available.

A seining expedition is not half the fun unless it is carried out at night; and so it is not until after the men's supper, and evening inspection, that there is any definite move. Then, of course, every midshipman in the ship assails the commander: "Please, sir, may I go seining?" One after another, in breathless excitement, they come. "Who's looking out for your watch?" is sometimes a staggering question; for a light-hearted youth is apt to jump at the conclusion that when such an unusual and altogether desirable entertainment is afoot, watches may "go hang." However, the commander, having once been a midshipman himself, does not make too many difficulties; and in due course, about sunset, the sailing launch—we want no "puffing Billies" on these occasions—with the seine coiled neatly away, a ten-oared cutter, and perhaps a little dinghy, start away, the party numbering some fifty all told, clad in the lightest and airiest of costumes, the officers mostly in old flannels, and the men in flannel vests and well-worn working duck trousers. Their shipmates, pipe in mouth, crowd the bulwarks, wishing them good sport, which will naturally involve a good feed of fresh fish all round.

A very happy gang is this seining party, as the boats are rowed in a leisurely fashion across the bay, in the warm tropical twilight. The surroundings are eminently conducive to good-fellowship; discipline unbends, and conversation becomes general. The midshipman of the second cutter engages in sanguine conjectural anticipations with his coxswain as to the probable "catch," while the latter feels encouraged to tell a yarn or two about some former experiences—"fisherman's tales," are they? but never mind; if he did not land a 16-ft. shark with a seine, doubtless somebody else did! And now the shore is near; the boats glide gently through the tiny breakers, and bring up on the sandy bottom with a decided cessation of motion which causes everyone to lean forward involuntarily, while one or two oars tossed up carelessly fall forward and raise some "language" in the bows. Everybody jumps out just how or where he feels inclined, for they have all come out to get wet, and do not mind much whether they are wading or swimming.

There is, of course, some art in selecting the best place to run the seine; jagged rocks or large stones are obviously undesirable, and a very steep beach would probably be fatal to success.

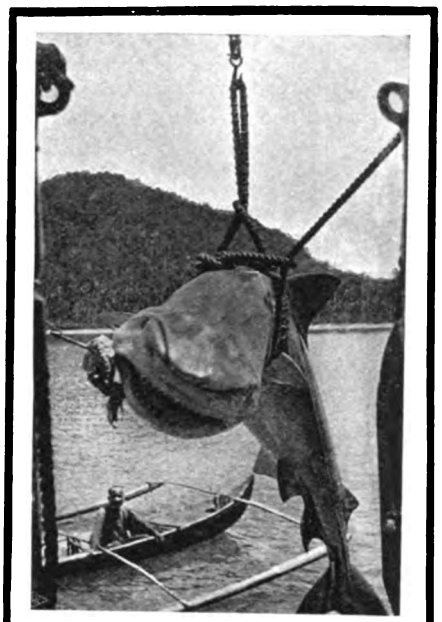
From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

A SEINING PARTY IN CHINA WATERS.

Seamen scrambling to catch fish.

The seine has a rope running along either side, with cork floats attached to one and little leaden weights to the other; the obvious effect being that, when it is thrown overboard—provided it is kept clear—one edge will sink as far as the buoyancy of the cork floats will permit, while the latter will float on the surface. Here, then, is a sort of net wall under the surface, inside which as many little fishes as feel so disposed are quite welcome to congregate.

"Shooting the seine" is not efficiently performed, however, without some care and skill; for if it be not paid out clear, that is, free of twists and entanglements, the chances of catching any fish are enormously discounted. The launch, starting from the beach, pulls straight out a little distance, one long rope, attached to the end of the seine, being left in the hands of those on the beach; a line of cork floats marks the position of the net, and after a little while the course of the boat is altered, and she is steered parallel to the beach



A SHARK CAUGHT OFF SUMATRA.

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until there is not more than enough net left to reach the shore again; then the last few layers are thrown out, and the other long rope is passed on shore. Here, then, is our enclosing wall, only waiting to be dragged in, with as many fish as happen to be cruising about within it. How many are there? Impossible to make even a guess; for on the same piece of beach you may on one occasion draw almost blank, and on another you may have an experience similar to that of St. Peter and his companions on one memorable occasion; though theirs were not seines, mark you—they were probably "drift nets."

However, we shall soon see, and meanwhile some of the party have lit a good flaring fire on the beach, which, as is well known, attracts some kinds of fish. Now, all hands man the ropes, and walk the net steadily in towards the beach, converging so as to meet about opposite the centre. Slowly the line of little black dots, dimly seen on the surface, closes in; the excitement grows intense as it nears the shore, and a little phosphorescent flash here and there shows that the agitation is shared by some involuntary tenants.

When the two ends are clear of the water, the lower edge is seized and dragged round, making the circle narrower every moment; and then, if it be a good catch, there are very obvious indications as the centre of the net comes into a foot or so of water. Splashing, glittering, rushing to and fro, or struggling with their gills caught in the meshes—a great number are usually taken in this fashion—in they come, amidst an exulting chorus from their captors; big and little, flat fish and long fish, all shapes and sizes.

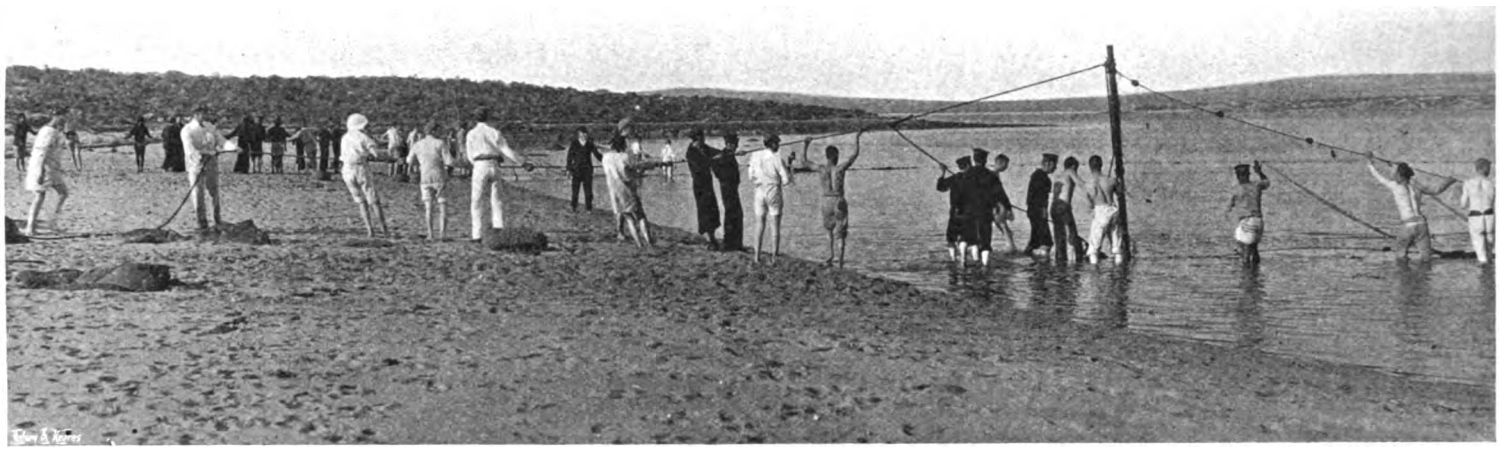
All very nice. But it occasionally happens that the fish have a little joke, for a time at least, at the expense of the fishermen, who cannot, of course, stipulate precisely as to what sort or size of fish shall be enclosed.

The net is nearly in, when there is a most tremendous commotion among the catch. A big tail is seen thrashing and plunging, sending the spray high in air. The net jerks and strains in an alarming fashion as the men continue dragging at it; and then they realise that Master Jack Shark is among the captives, having, after his fashion, taken but little heed as to what is going on, until he finds that he touches the bottom. Then he thinks it well to let people know he is there, and in a few minutes often does enough damage to the net to let out not a few of his smaller brethren before they are high and dry. This involuntary philanthropy does not, however, avail as a rule for his own escape; it needs a very big hole to let out a shark, and the meshes are endless and the twine very tough. So, with a steady strain he is rolled over with countless small fry, struggling to the last. And it takes a considerable time to get him clear after he is despatched, while the boatswain looks on with mixed feelings, wondering what kind of a rag of a seine he is going to take on board again.

Two of our illustrations show specimens of sharks captured in this manner, and very ugly customers they look; while it is on record, as related in a former number of this paper, that a seining party in British Columbia once found a still more formidable captive, in the shape of a devil-fish, or monster ray, 15 ft. across. But they managed to land him.

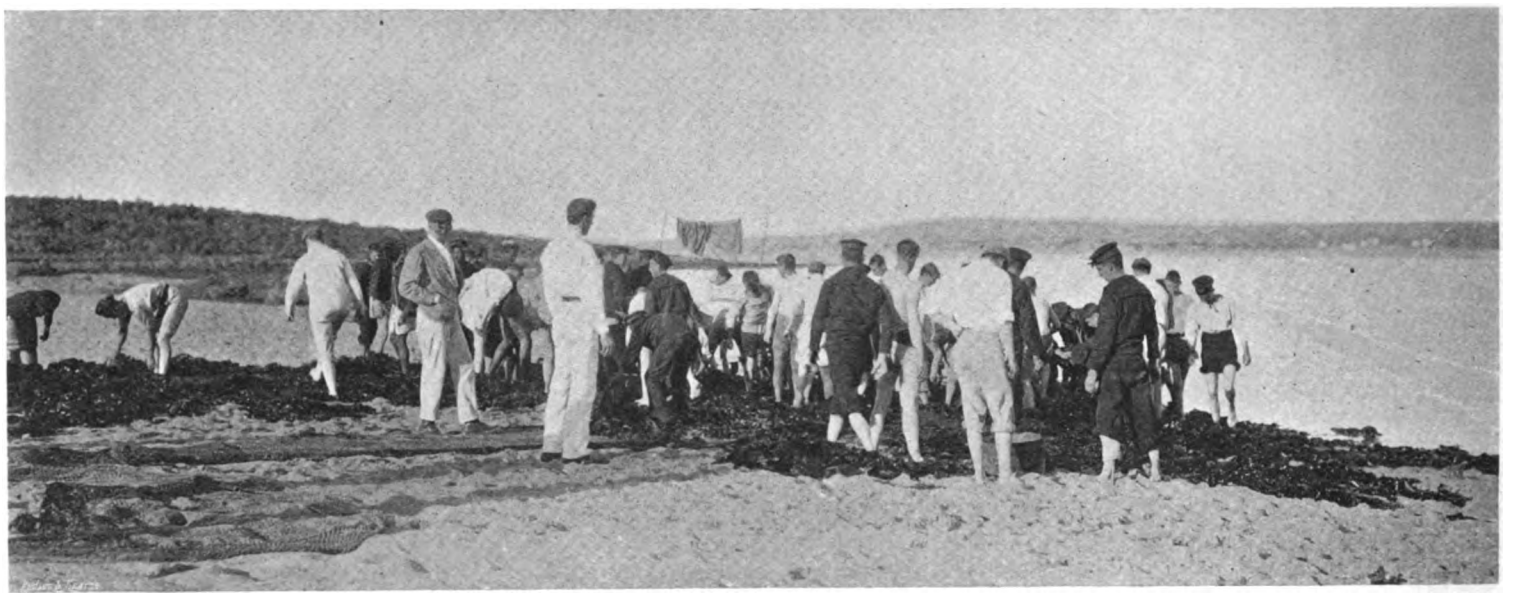
Some seining parties manage to clean and cook some of the fish, and sit down then and there to an impromptu meal; but this is a luxurious sort of exception to the rule.

The catch is piled in the launch—and a nice sort of scaly mess she is in afterwards—Jack Shark is made fast astern, the seine is coiled—not as neatly as before—in the stern sheets, and the boats are pulled back again, with a great deal of lively chatter, a chorus or two ringing across the calm water for miles around. And the whole party arrives on board, damp and happy, in the small hours of the morning.



SEINING IN SALDANHA BAY, CAPE COLONY.

Hauling the seine. A pause.



From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

EXAMINING THE HAUL.

Mostly weed this time

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JU JAH.
Belonging to the 2nd Battalion of the Princess of Wales's Own.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

THE death of President McKinley by the hand of the assassin brought the profound sympathy of the whole world to the United States in their affliction, and cast the English-speaking races into unspeakable gloom. There was nothing in the personality of the late President to offend any man. His high character and long services to his country were such as to command respect, affection, and high esteem, but the savage deed of the cowardly wretch who struck him by foul stratagem in a time of national gladness laid him low. What wonder that exasperation and bitterness should have mingled with the cup of sorrow in this catastrophe? There must be an end of all tolerance for such pestilential growths upon Society as this assassin. The nations must unite together to root them up, for they have put themselves outside the pale of mercy. *Hostes humani generis*, they are above all creatures to be abhorred. In the sad time of the late President's obsequies we could but unite with that universal voice of sympathy which went out from all classes in this country to the United States, from the King to the humblest of his subjects. It was the end of a great man, who died in the full exercise of his important office, and possessing the unbounded confidence of a people.

MR. ROOSEVELT has succeeded to a heavy charge in difficult circumstances, and has all our good wishes. He has garnered an intimate knowledge of the relations of the United States with this country, and has written ably on that subject, and he proved himself to be a man of courage and resolution in the war with Spain. As a statesman he is less known to us, but as Governor of New York and Vice-President he has had experience, and we have confidence that he will direct the policy of his country discreetly and well. President Roosevelt has profound faith in the merits of the Monroe Doctrine and the Isthmian Canal, and he proposes to loose the trammals of trade. He is a man of proved capacity, and succeeds to office better equipped for his duties than either President Johnson or President Arthur when they followed the murdered Lincoln and Garfield. The death by the assassin's hand of three Presidents within thirty years is a sad commentary on the blessings of free constitutions. No country in Europe has suffered half so heavily. The United States, like the peasant in the fable, have nourished the venomous snake in their bosom. Let them cast it out and stamp on it, joining their efforts with those of all other nations to crush the colossal evils which Socialism and Anarchy have engendered.

BOB.
The champion performing dog of the Army.

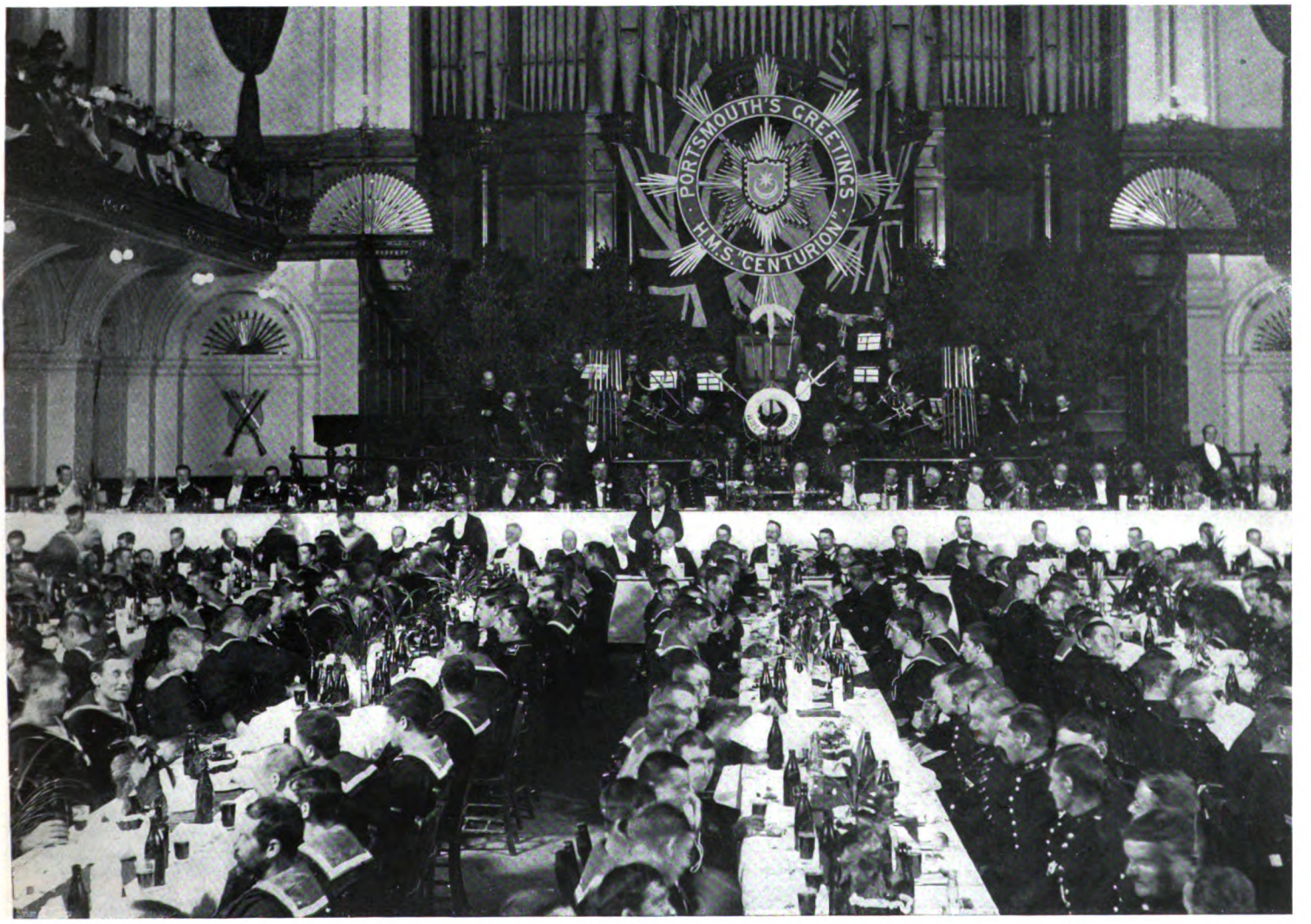

Photo. Copyright. *Mortimer.*

AT THE "CENTURION" BANQUET, PORTSMOUTH.

The banquet given at the Town Hall, Portsmouth, to the company of the "Centurion" on the return of that ship from China was in every way a great success. Our picture shows Admiral Sir E. Seymour, G.C.B., late Commander-in-Chief in China, in the centre. On his immediate right are the Mayor of Portsmouth, Lord Selborne, Captain Jellicoe, and Admiral Pelham Aldrich, while on his left is General Stewart, and next to him Mr. R. Lucas, M.P.

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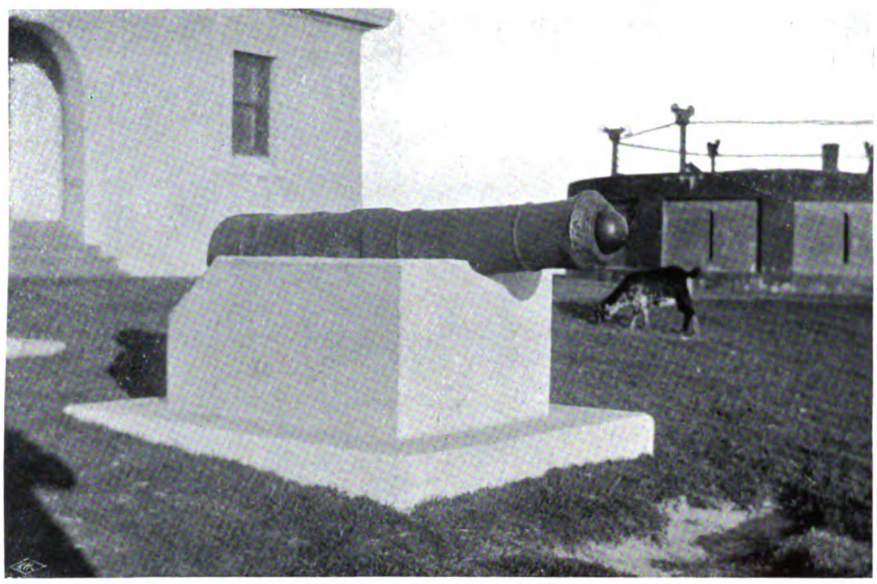

A RELIC OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN AUSTRALIA.

The old gun represented in our picture is an iron 9-pounder which was landed from the "Sirius," the first man-of-war to enter Port Jackson in the early days of New South Wales. It was intended for signalling purposes, and now rests on a block of stone in front of the Macquarie Lighthouse, on the southern headland of Sydney Harbour. The "Sirius" was wrecked on Norfolk Island, in March, 1790.

ALTHOUGH the situation in the Cape Colony is not all that could be desired, there is now good reason to believe that we are within measurable distance of the actual end of the war. It has existed for months back only as an example of the guerilla operations which are so characteristic of the final acts of conquest. Since Colonel Scobell captured the commando of Lotter, other serious blows have been struck at the scattered forces of the foe. When the true history of the war is written, we shall learn how Aldershot tactics have given place to other tactics adapted to the circumstances of South Africa, and we shall see how vast has been the change effected in giving such mobility to our troops that they have been able to cut off and surround the swiftly-moving Boer. Lord Macaulay said of a certain distinguished ecclesiastic in Queen Mary's time that wherever there was a safe course he was safe. The same may be said of the Boer, and, happily, Colonel Scobell, Lord Methuen, and Colonel Crabbe are able so to arrange that a safe course is not always open to him. Lord Methuen inflicted a serious blow upon Delarey in an engagement lasting two days, and Colonel Crabbe acted with such success that Vandermerwe, the famous partisan leader, was killed and Duplessis captured, while the force was cut up, thus greatly weakening the hand of Scheepers, who, though he had been very prominent in the field, appears to be only a young man of twenty-three.

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OUR best congratulations to their Majesties of Portugal on the auspicious occasion of their double birthday. King Carlos and Queen Marie Amélie are well known in the Channel Squadron for their kindly and gracious courtesy on many occasions when the ships have visited the Tagus and other ports of the kingdom. His Most Faithful Majesty was born on September 28, 1863, and two years later, on the same day of the month, Her Majesty saw the light at Twickenham. She was the eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, who lived many years at York House, still standing on the east side of Twickenham Church, and deriving its name from James II., Duke of York, and there our own Queen Anne was born. The Queen of Portugal thus looks with kindly eyes to the land of her birth, while King Carlos is a maternal cousin of King Edward's. His grandmother, Queen Maria II. da Gloria, united the House of Braganza with that of the Teutonic Sovereigns by marrying Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, nephew of the Duchess of Kent, and cousin german of Queen Victoria. Under King Carlos's rule his country has made considerable progress, though it has gone through a period of considerable difficulty, and there is an encouraging outlook. When the fleet was lately at Lagos the King used many kindly expressions towards this country, which we all heartily reciprocate.

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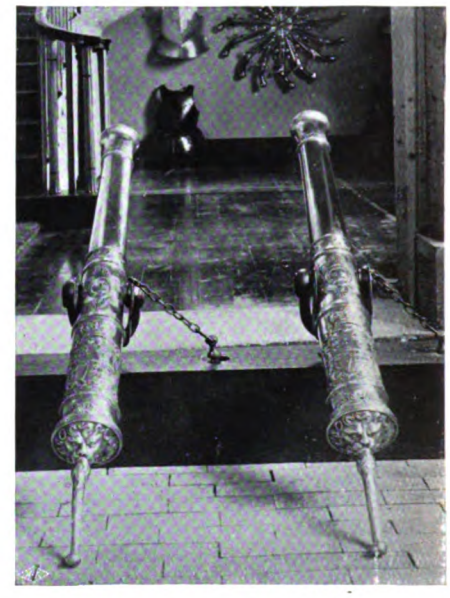
ONE of our illustrations is of an object which should be dear to all Australians, and of which the picture will be welcome to all Englishmen. It carries back the mind to the early days of the Colony, when Governor Phillip, the gallant Naval officer who laid the foundation of Australian success, was fighting with the difficulties that beset its birth. The old 9-pounder has found a resting-place on the headland, at the entrance to the finest harbour in the world, and bears on its breech a copper plate with an inscription that suggests a world of history: "This gun, which formed a portion of the armament of H.M.S. Sirius, the first man-of-war that entered Port Jackson, was landed here shortly after the foundation of the colony, for signalling arrivals, etc." We can imagine how eagerly those arrivals were awaited. Captain Phillip had followed Cook, and cast anchor in Botany Bay on January 20, 1788; but the locality was soon abandoned for the splendid cove of Sydney, and it was a great day when the "Sirius" brought the first colonists and the first governor to the first English settlement. But terrible trials awaited the new comers. The crops failed, and the supply ships did not arrive, and famine was feared, but Phillip overcame all difficulties, and laid the foundations of greatness. All honour to his memory. The "Sirius" was lightened by taking out guns and ammunition, and sent to the Cape of Good Hope for provisions. It is not difficult to realise how anxiously the colonists awaited the note of the old gun which was to announce her return. It is an early link in the relations of the Royal Navy with the Great Commonwealth.



ANTIQUE BRASS GUNS FOR THE NEW ROYAL YACHT.

It is always interesting to meet with relics of the past, and these old cannon carry their age in their appearance. They were formerly on board the Royal yacht of George III., but one thinks they must have been old even in those days. They are now to be transferred to the new "Victoria and Albert."

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE ROYAL YACHT OF SIAM.

The King of Siam is very fond of his yacht, and very proud of her. The name of the vessel is the "Maha Chakri," and it will be observed that she presents the appearance of an attempt to combine a yacht and a cruiser. She is commanded by a Frenchman, Commodore Armand du Plessis de Richelieu.

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MANY are the dogs of soldiers, and we illustrate two excellent representatives of the canine force. Bob, trained by Bandsman W. G. Banks, 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers, after winning a bronze medal at the Calpe Hunt Horse and Dog Show, Gibraltar, in March, 1897, as well as other prizes, went to India, where he has added to his popularity and reputation. Ju Jah, the property of Sergeant J. J. Sheppard, of the 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, is a trusty friend to his master and his master's friends. He is a dog of "parts," who can discourse to his canine companions of things passing strange, for his early months were passed in Burma, where he was born, and he has travelled to the Chinese frontier and the Himalayas, and has seen a good deal of Peshawur and the society of the hills and plains, besides having fought many a hard battle. "Qui me amat amat et canem meum," says the soldier with St. Bernard, and the soldier's dog is a canine gentleman who commands respect and does not foregather with curs.

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THE SUSSEX MANŒUVRES.

THE Army in general, and the units of it engaged in particular, must be congratulated on the success of the recent tactical exercises in the neighbourhood of Arundel, to which these three interesting pictures refer. It is a very important bit of country, this tract between Chichester and Steyning, from the standpoint of a threatened, though problematical, attack by a foreign invader. In many respects, too, the ground lends itself fairly well to tactical operations on a considerable scale.

The Manœuvres were under the direction of Major-General Hallam Parr, who is now acting in command of the South-Eastern District. An excellent and accomplished soldier, General Hallam Parr has not only had that varied practical experience which is absolutely essential to the director of any sort of tactical exercises, but is also an adept in the art of conveying instruction by his remarks at the subsequent "palavers." It is an interesting additional fact that General Sir Evelyn Wood was present throughout the operations. Another distinguished spectator was the Duke of Norfolk, who rode with the Staff, and whose recent experiences in South Africa made him no mean critic of the work done.

The General Idea of the operations was that a Blue invader, who had landed at Newhaven, had a line of communications to guard between that base and London, on which he was marching. The proceedings commenced with the detachment of a flanking party to guard the left of the Blue line of communications against a Red force moving from Portsmouth to cut the invaders off from their sea communications.

The troops engaged were the 3rd Provisional Regiment of Dragoons, the Depôt Squadron from Canterbury, the 128th, 129th, and 130th Batteries Royal Field Artillery, a company of Mounted Infantry, the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, the 1st and 10th Provisional Battalions, and the Sussex Volunteer Engineers.

The operations throughout were of a genuinely instructive character, some particularly good scouting work being done, while the Artillery were carefully handled and concealed wherever possible.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

The 130th Field Battery in Sussex.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

AN INFANTRY ATTACK.

The advance on Amberley. Awaiting the signal.

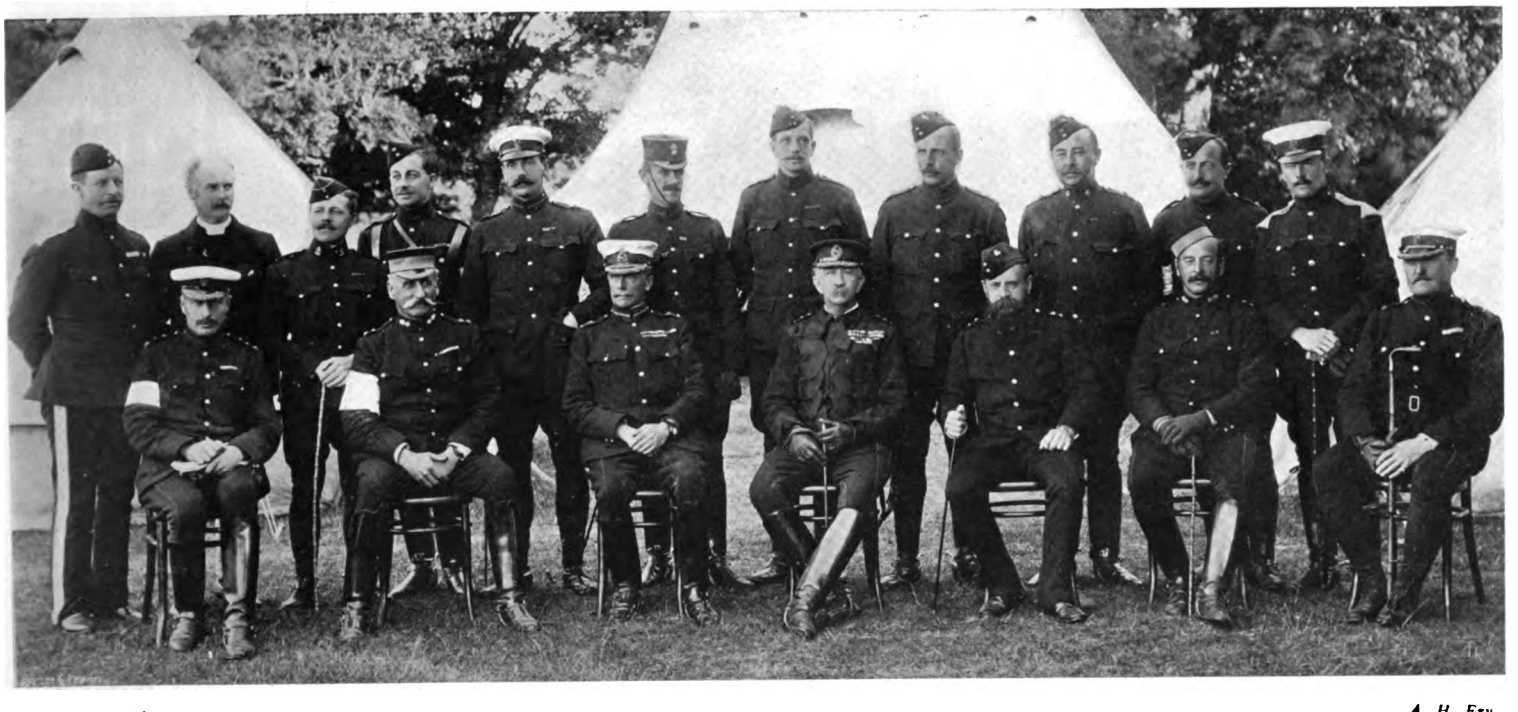

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE DIRECTORS OF THE MANŒUVRES, STAFF, AND VISITORS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lieut.-Col. T. J. O'Dell, C.M.G., Army Service Corps; Rev. A. A. L. Gedge, C.F.; Maj. F. J. Greig, R.A.M.C., S.M.O.; Capt. C. M. A. Wood, A.D.C., Northumberland Fusiliers; Capt. F. W. W. Towsey, Brigade Major; Lieut. F. J. Walwyn, D.S.O., A.D.C., Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Capt. T. F. M. Wisden, Royal Sussex Regiment (Umpire); Capt. Jellicorse, Royal Sussex Regiment (Umpire); Maj. C. K. A. Leslie, 3rd Royal Sussex Regiment (Umpire); Maj. A. T. F. Simpson, 1st V.B. Royal West Kent Regiment (Umpire); and Second Lieut. L. W. H. Tringham, A.D.C., 21st Lancers. Front row: Col. W. A. Collings, A.A.G., C.S.O., South Eastern District; Lieut.-Col. G. B. W. Smith-Keewse, C.R.E.; Maj.-Gen. H. H. Hallam Parr, C.B., Commanding South Eastern District; Sir E. Wood, V.C., G.C.B., Adjt.-Gen. G.C.M.G.; Lieut. Col. Duke of Norfolk, K.G. (Umpire); Lieut.-Col. W. Tylden, Royal Field Artillery; Maj. S. H. Crauford, D.A.A.G., South Eastern District.

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THE HOME OF TORPEDO TRAINING AND RESEARCH.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell*

THE OFFICERS OF THE "VERNON."

From left to right the names read—Back row: Lieut. Hardy, Engineer Jeffery, Lieut. Napier, Lieut. Lambe, Surgeon Campbell, Lieut. Elder, Lieut. Fargus, Lieut. Withers, Lieut. Ballantyne, Lieut. Willis, and Surgeon Keith. Middle row: Staff-Surgeon Sugrue, Lieut. Hall, Commander Wentworth, Fleet-Paymaster Sloan, Capt. Robinson, Capt. Madden, Chaplain Hughes, Lieut. Sclater, Lieut. Bonham, Lieut. Newton, and Lieut. Arnold-Forster. Front row: Lieut. Candy, Lieut. Woodward, Lieut. Peel, Assist.-Paymaster Millet, Lieut. Stevenson, Lieut. Pound, Lieut. Evans, and Lieut. Ormsby.

The "Vernon" at Portsmouth is the headquarters of torpedo training in the British Navy. It is the torpedo-school at the greatest of our Naval ports, and the place in which many advances have been made in all that concerns the torpedo. It was here that the submerged tube was evolved, and it is here that innumerable young officers go through their course of instruction in torpedo warfare. It is the abode of study and of experiment. There is a certain eagerness about the staff of the "Vernon"; they are always craving for "some new thing to know," and wireless telegraphy is in their care. The latest task committed to them has been the circumvention of submersible boats, and they are reported to be quite capable of dealing with these vessels by a method of their own.

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THE WRECK OF THE "COBRA."

THE "COBRA," LIEUTENANT A. W. B. SMITH IN COMMAND.

The torpedo-boat destroyer "Cobra" struck on the outer Dowsing Bank while on her passage from Newcastle to Portsmouth on September 18, and became a total wreck. Altogether sixty-seven men were drowned and twelve were saved. The "Cobra" was the second of the two turbine boats built for the Navy, the first of which, the "Viper," was wrecked a few weeks ago. Our photograph of Lieutenant Smith is by Amey, and that of the "Cobra" by Messrs. Symonds, photographers, Portsmouth.

THE KING ALFRED COMMEMORATION.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

THE STATUE AS UNVEILED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

The colossal statue of King Alfred, which has been erected in the Broadway of Winchester, was unveiled a week ago by the Earl of Rosebery. The unveiling was attended by representatives of the Naval and Military forces, and by representatives of the principal civic, ecclesiastical, academic, literary, scientific, and philanthropic institutions. Lord Rosebery said that King Alfred, who died a thousand years ago in Winchester, represented the highest type of kingship and of Englishmen.

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Photo. Copyright. *Crockett*

THE SOURCE OF SUPPLIES AT THE WESTERN PORT.

And the Admiral's yacht at her moorings.

VICTUALLING THE NAVY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

The Royal William Yard, Plymouth.

THE Naval Victualling Yard at Stonehouse, Plymouth, does not rival in extent the great manufacturing, storing, and distributing establishment at Deptford, and is not perhaps so well known to the public as the Gosport Yard. But it is a vital link in the Naval chain, and in time of war the resources of the western port would be of the utmost consequence to the Fleet, and there would certainly be no failure in the supply. It cannot be questioned that the splendid geographical situation of Plymouth and Devonport, and the large enclosed water spaces at the head of Plymouth Sound, with the abundant facilities which exist at the port for building, fitting, and victualling ships would lift the place in war time to a position of the very first importance. Behind it lies one of the richest districts in England, and it is in direct railway communication with the great arteries of inland commerce, while before it is the mouth of the English Channel, and the way by which nearly all ships in time of hostilities must come and go. It is not therefore surprising that Plymouth Sound, as a Naval base, should hold a very large place in our history, and when we contrast the present victualling organisation of the port with that which formerly existed, we realise truly how enormous has been the progress made. When the ships of Howard were fitting at Plymouth to encounter the Spanish Armada, there existed, in our present sense, no organisation whatever. Victualling yards and stores were still in their infancy, and could rarely be equal to any great emergency. Indeed, when Howard learned that the Spaniards were off the Lizard, notwithstanding the urgent efforts that had been made, Marmaduke Darell, the capable man in whose hands the victualling at Plymouth rested, was compelled to scour the country and to buy up whatever he could, more like a mess steward with a basket than the agent-victualler of a fleet. Mr. John Holland, who discoursed upon the Navy more than 250 years ago, said it was an old and great dispute whether victualling the Navy should be done by contractors or by the State "upon account." The latter system continued until the Restoration, after which Denis Gauden was the contractor, and a Victualling Commission was not issued until 1683. Upon whatever principle victualling was conducted, some sort of system, of course always existed and found many illustrations at Plymouth, though the arrangements were made more or less as the need arose. In the great war with France, positive marvels were accomplished in fitting and victualling ships at the port, and the victualling authorities were accustomed to send victuallers round to Torbay or to other places where ships might be lying when they bore up for shelter during the great blockades.

THE MAIN GATE OF THE YARD.

With the statue of the Sailor King.

From a Photo. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

The Royal William Victualling Yard, which takes its name from the Sailor King in whose reign it was established in its present form and on its present site, was commenced in 1826, on what was known as Cremill Point, by the Commissioners of the Victualling Office. The creation of the establishment was a very great work, involving the recovery of about six acres of land from the sea, and the removal of some 300,000 tons of rock, the principal engineer being Sir John Rennie, who planned the Plymouth Breakwater, and the contractor Mr. Hugh McIntosh. The outlay was much larger than had been anticipated, the original estimate being altogether inadequate.

On September 14, 1831,

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therefore, the Admiralty asked the Victualling Commissioners how much money had been expended on Cremill Point, and what further sum would be required, and the Commissioners examined Sir John Rennie, and were of opinion that the total sum would largely exceed the estimate of that eminent engineer. A sum of £55,000 for the work was in the estimates of the year, with a notification that a like sum would be required for the next year. As a matter of fact, the engineering and architectural work at the Victualling Yard, and the supply of machinery, were not completed until something like two millions of money had been spent. In the session of 1831-32 a select committee was, indeed, appointed to enquire into the circumstances relating to the formation of the victualling establishment, and the proceedings of the Admiralty and Victualling Boards thereon, and those who are interested in the origin of the works and stores at Stonehouse and the difficulties that were encountered will find its report very interesting. As I remarked in the article upon Gosport Yard, a considerable underestimate occurred at the same time in the case of that establishment also.

The situation of the Royal William Yard is peculiarly advantageous. It lies at the south-west point of Stonehouse, on a peninsula, with a large water frontage and basin facing Stonehouse Pool, and the approach to Devonport Dockyard and the Hamoaze. Thus there are the greatest facilities for the receiving and issue of stores, and the constant requisitions that are made cause the Victualling Yard to be a constant scene of ordered activity. The manufacturing branch is largely concerned with the making of biscuit, for chocolate, mustard, and pepper are all produced, except where supplies are obtained by contract, at Deptford. The store-houses are, however, of great extent, and are large and lofty, the authorities having foreseen the important part which Devonport Dockyard and the resources of Plymouth must play in any future war. A statue of William IV., the Sailor King, who had such a keen interest in the welfare of the Navy, appropriately crowns the main gate of the establishment. The most important pile of buildings in the yard is known as Melville Square, being a large series of store-rooms for all ships' necessaries. These buildings face the basin, which is used for the embarkation of stores, and have a frontage of about

MELVILLE SQUARE.

The largest range of store-houses.

225-ft., with a handsome clock tower in the middle, and a depth of about 235-ft. Here, then, is an immense area for the storage of victualling and clothing supplies for the Navy, and of the hundred and one objects which the Victualling Department furnishes to His Majesty's ships of war. There are other large store-houses also, and vast supplies of the ordinary victualling stores required afloat, the pickled beef and pork, the chocolate, flour, and biscuit, the rum and tobacco, the mess-traps and the clothing materials for the men, are always ready for issue.

The bakery is an establishment capable of producing biscuit for a great fleet. There is always a reserve of force in these establishments, and the ordinary reserve stocks are maintained by a small number of "bakes" in the year. The system that exists is very similar to that at Deptford and Gosport, the grain and flour being subjected to very little handling. There are thirty-four pairs of mill-stones, which will grind over a thousand bushels of corn in ten hours, and the mixing, kneading, rolling, and cutting of the materials, and the baking of the biscuit, are conducted with great rapidity and with the final accomplishment of skill. As a matter of fact, the ovens are capable of coverting something like ninety sacks of flour into biscuits daily, and if they were constantly in use would supply not one fleet only, but several. It is the custom to bake half yearly for the keeping up of the required stock, but on special occasions extra demands are made, and the ovens are called into requisition for the occasion.

The rum and salt meat stores are upon a large scale, and huge quantities of these supplies are maintained as a reserve for home or foreign service. The abattoir is an important establishment, and here unfailing vigilance is exercised in order that no doubt shall rest upon the quality of the meat or the manner in which it has been prepared. The whole place, indeed, is kept with scrupulous cleanliness, and might well be a pattern for civilian establishments of the kind. As many as eighty head of cattle can be dealt with daily, but this is about the average of fresh meat for a week, with seventy or eighty sheep. The cooperage at the Royal William Yard is important, and the increase of the business arising from the additions made to the personnel of the Fleet has made necessary the erection of a larger works near the

THE RESIDENCE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

The centre of authority and control.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE GREAT BISCUIT BAKERY.

Where about three tons can be produced daily.

THE GENEROUS STORAGE OF RUM.

That ancient beverage of the British seaman.

PICKLED BEEF STORED IN CASKS.

An excellent but not very popular ration.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

entrance to the yard. Some three acres on the western side of the establishment were transferred ten years ago to the Naval Ordnance Department, which now possesses large machinery shops there, fitted with the latest appliances, and supplied with most powerful cranes, while a large store is kept of all kinds of gunnery appliances and requirements, and the armoury is filled with rifles, pistols, and cutlasses. It is estimated that the ordnance stores in these buildings average about 14,000 tons. There is a large reservoir, and the great sea wall is an important work.

It is not necessary to describe the Royal William Victualling Yard any further. In surveying the three great English victualling establishments, I have endeavoured to give an idea of the manner in which victualling and the associated stores are acquired or produced, and how they are stored and distributed. It has been suggested that, though the establishments are upon a vast scale, their resources are but partially employed, and that there is a wide margin to provide for the emergencies of war. This is a branch of Naval preparation which has advanced by leaps and bounds. The contrast which its efficiency presents to the state of things which existed even half a century ago is most gratifying. Now provisions are issued to the Fleet which have not grown tough or rancid with age, even if they have at times been kept in store somewhat too long, and the recommendations of Admiral Rice's Committee will effect further improvements in that direction. It is said to have been the practice, in the time of the Russian War, to keep salt-beef and pork in store under the name of "warranty" for some seven years before they were issued. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the recorded complaint that when the meat was served out the teeth and digestion of an alligator were almost required for its consumption, while the pork was so rancid and nauseous that it was often too repugnant for any stomach. It is, indeed, recorded that sometimes the Bluejackets would welcome the capture of an occasional shark, as affording a temporary relief from the salt-meat rations of the time. We may picture the gallant and much-enduring seamen who took part in the operations of 1854 in the Sea of Azof, in that terrible winter with the thermometer 20-deg. below Zero, keeping watch through the night at their double-shotted guns, and when the pork was too rancid to be consumed, reduced to the assuaging of the pangs of hunger by the expedient of puddings ingeniously made out of weevilly biscuits, with a portion of rum, or sometimes an accompaniment of hot pea-soup.

The Victualling Committee in its recommendations has wisely depended more upon practical knowledge than upon expert testimony as to the nutritive values of particular foods. Indeed, if the qualities of dietary bear their fruit in the physical qualities of individuals, there could surely be nothing more excellent than the hard fare of the old seamen, who won for us our great battles and on countless occasions showed a courage, resource, and endurance which are yet the admiration of the world.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 244.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5th 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

THE NEW FLAG OFFICER FOR CHINA.

Rear-Admiral Harry T. Grenfell, who has just been appointed to succeed Sir James Bruce as second in command in China, is an excellent man for that important post. His geniality and force of character are well known. As captain of the "Benbow" he plunged overboard to save a boy in danger of drowning. He is an accomplished master of the foils and skilled in the use of the gloves. In the Cretan troubles he showed such capacity and firmness in dealing with Turks and Greeks that he received the sobriquet of the "King of Candia." He has served in many parts of the world, and his strong qualities should be very useful in China.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

The American Invasion.

IN the *New York Journal* the other day that amusing caricaturist, Mr. Opper, showed what a good many Americans think this effete old country, Great Britain, is coming to. He drew John Bull sitting at a table loaded with American beef, American sugar, bread from American flour, and American mineral water. The table itself and the chair on which he sat were "made in America," so was the clock upon the mantelpiece, and the coal-bucket contained American coal. Out of the window you could see the Covent Garden Opera House, the Shaftesbury, Duke of York's, Daly's, and Apollo Theatres, all "run by Americans," and on the walls were pictures by those eminent painters Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey, each of American birth. On the floor lay a London daily paper with "Cartoons copied from the *N.Y. Journal*"—a palpable hit that! No wonder John Bull, as he sat at table, cried in despair: "Confound the luck! Heverything in the 'ole Empire is Yankee."

Mr. Opper headed his cartoon "An American Idea," and his intention was evidently to poke fun at his credulous countrymen. But there are a good many people—not only in America, but in England—who really do think that in a little while everything in the whole Empire will be Yankee. The only thing is that not very long ago these same people were telling each other that everything in the whole of the United States would soon be British. Anyone who can carry his recollection back some ten or twelve years will recall the outcry that was raised in America about the buying up of land in New York and other cities by British speculators. There was really no more reason for an outcry on the part of the Americans than there is for us to disturb ourselves now. What has happened lately to make us talk wildly about an American invasion? We have adopted a number of American inventions; we have sold a number of ships to American shipping rings; we have copied American methods for our tube and overhead railways; we have welcomed American athletes and have been delighted to pit our prowess against them in rowing and running and other sports. Is there anything else of recent occurrence that has brought us into specially closer contact and competition with our cousins from across the Pond? No! nothing that has not been common knowledge and common talk for years and years. And, even if there were, why should we complain? A worthy citizen of London a little while ago, exasperated by the nerveless methods of British industrial and business leaders, declared that he hoped the day would soon come when everything in this country would be run by sharp-eyed energetic Yankees. The Twopenny Tube should teach our railway managers many a lesson. The readiness of American manufacturers to take advantage of new inventions and their encouragement of inventors ought to show our sleepy manufacturers which is the true line of advance towards prosperity in the altered conditions of the times. Some American firms—and some German firms, too—keep a staff of clever people, full of "notions," to invent methods of improving machinery and saving labour. We can learn something from the thorough manner in which American oarsmen and runners train, though we need not go quite so far as they do in the direction of making sport more of a business than a recreation.

"Ah, yes," you say, "that is all very well, but what about the transfer of British ships to the United States flag?" Well, is this an event to be deplored without consolation? Did you read a letter in the *Times* the other day from a shrewd man of business, who pointed out that all the vessels sold were of a considerable age, and that they were actually bought at prices higher than they were intrinsically worth? Supposing that the American speculator should in this instance have just a little overreached himself, on which side would the laugh be then? Our shipowners would in that case have new ships and their American competitors old ones. It would be a new and up-to-date version of New Lamps for Old.

If only we are sensible, and profit by the hints that we can all get from American competition, nothing but good will come out of this much-discussed American invasion. There is no doubt that a long period of prosperity and commercial supremacy has made us lazy and unenterprising. We have had our fat years, and now there are leaner years coming. It needs no Pharaoh to dream this, nor any Joseph to interpret the dream. The signs are on every hand. The writing is clear upon the wall, and needs no translation. The days in which England's commerce came first, and that of the other nations of the world nowhere, have gone and will never return. Those days belong to the past, when the British Empire rested calmly upon its laurels and feared no disturbances from the "lesser breeds without the law," as in our arrogance we were sometimes tempted to call the balance of the human race. American competition presses our commerce hard on almost every hand; and with Germany determined upon building up a Greater Germany in all quarters of the world, and energetically preparing a navy to protect the builders, it looks as if empire will have to be fought for, not enjoyed without trouble in the lofty security of undisputed possession.

What we have got to do then is to pull ourselves together and to face the struggle with a determination on our part to come out victorious, if hard work and careful plans can give us victory. We are in for a period of change and revision. All our institutions, all our national habits and ways of business, all our public men will be tried in the balance, and if they are found wanting and not cast overboard then we shall be in a bad way. It may be that the war in South Africa, and the miserably half-hearted manner in which the Government of Lord Salisbury has waged it, have stung us into a sudden realisation of the fact that in nearly every way we have dropped behind the times. Or it may be, on the other hand, that the awakening would come in any case, war or no war. This matters little, the important point is that we are awakening from our lethargy, and beginning to see what the needs of the age require us to do. The reign of tradition and habit, and of the assumed superiority of certain classes and certain individuals is coming to an end in this country as it has come to an end in France; as it came to an end two centuries ago for those Britons who left their own country to found the American colonies; as it is slowly but surely coming to an end even in Germany. We shall have every cause to be thankful for the American invasion if it helps us to understand the task that lies before us and the right way of taking it profitably in hand.

THERE are several French marshals' batons at the Invalides in Paris, and it is thought one or two in England, spoils of the Peninsular and other wars. They are simply cylinders of smooth deal thirty centimètres in length and from four to five in diameter, covered with blue or violet-coloured velvet, and decorated variously as follows: For marshals of the old monarchy previous to the Revolution, blue with gold fleur-de-lys; for Napoleonic marshals of both the first and the third Empires, violet with gold eagles; for marshals under the restored monarchy between 1815 and 1848, blue velvet with gold stars. Each baton bore a gold ornament at the upper end engraved with the words, "Terror Belli, Decus Pacis." A marshal's service equipment under the old French Army regulations comprised the baton, a sword, and a brace of pistols.

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MAJ.-GEN. BADEN-POWELL AT CHARTERHOUSE.

ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

INSPECTING THE GUARD.

Last week Gen. Baden-Powell laid the foundation-stone of new cloisters at Charterhouse School, and took an opportunity of complimenting the fine cadet corps of the school. From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

THE FUNERAL OF A "COBRA" VICTIM.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

A BURIAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. F. Cole, Boatswain, an officer of the navigating party of the "Cobra," was buried at Kingston Cemetery, Portsmouth, where crowds of sympathisers lined the streets and followed the coffin to the cemetery.

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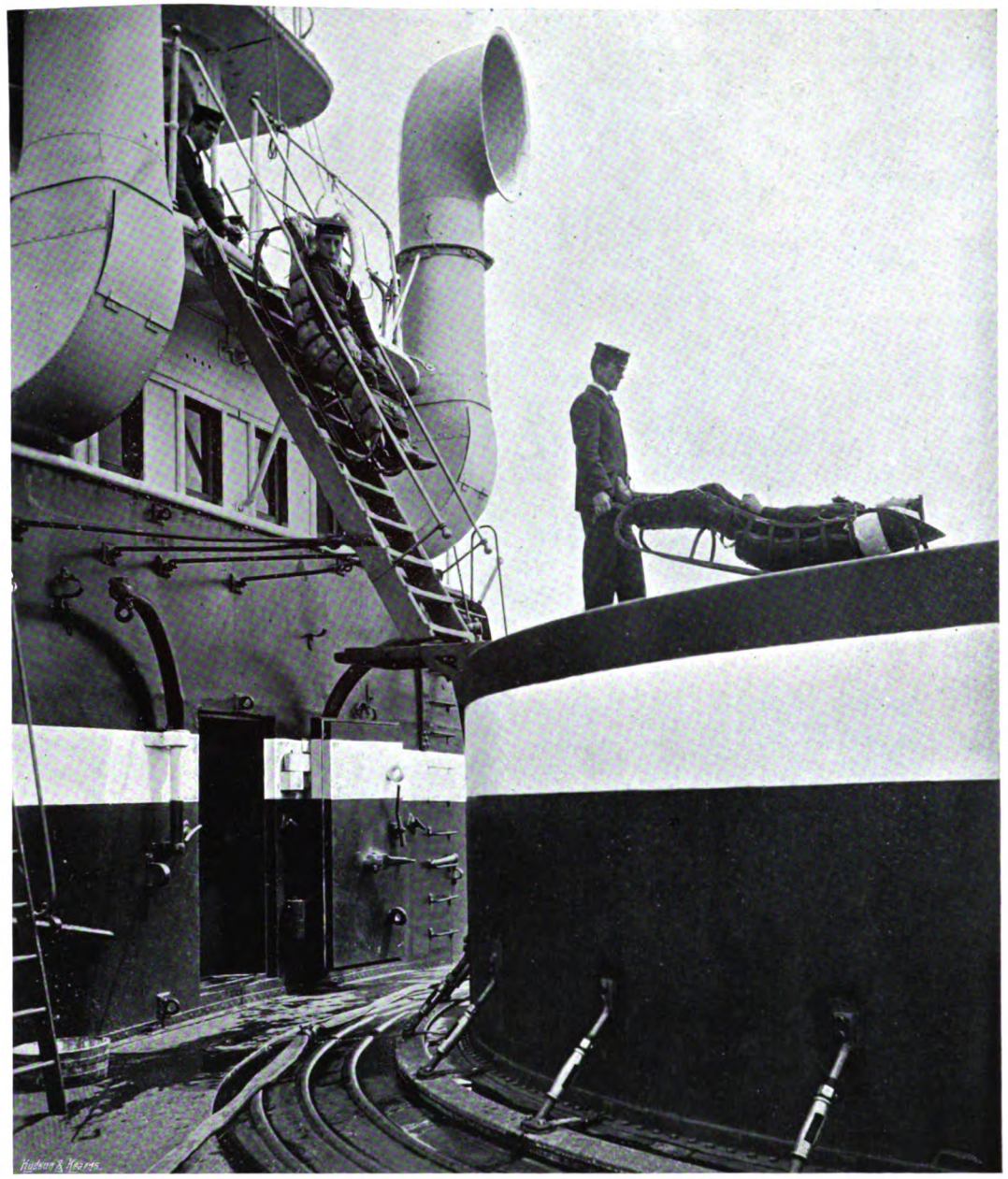
THE WOUNDED IN NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

Photos. Copyright.

LOWERING A WOUNDED MAN FROM THE FIGHTING TOP.



Russell.

TRANSPORTING WOUNDED ACROSS THE BARBETTE.

The question of dealing with the wounded during an action at sea is a very difficult one. There is nothing that throws any light on it, for both the Yalu and Santiago, the only two fights in which modern ships have taken part, afforded us no guidance. Fleet-Surgeon G. Kirker has pointed out how obsolete are old arrangements, and has devised a useful ambulance sleigh, as he calls it, in which the wounded can be conveyed by slinging, by wheeling, or by lowering down a ladder in easy fashion. If it be possible to treat the wounded at all during an action, this contrivance should be a great assistance, and in any case it will be of value in conveying them to sheltered positions.

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A DUTCH CADET.
Riding Order.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

A DUTCH CADET.
Marching Order.

THE *Times*, I see, has been rather struck with admiration over General Funston's capture of Aguinaldo. The courage, resource, and so forth displayed call forth its praise, and certainly they were considerable—if the whole comedy was not arranged secretly with the Filipino leader. As the Americans have made him pretty comfortable since they got him, and as he manifestly showed a confidence almost too childlike and bland in the whole transaction, one cannot help entertaining a suspicion that this was the case. Supposing, however, that it was not, then the American captors showed pluck and ingenuity, while if it was there was still an appreciable risk. But then do nerve and cleverness suffice to make every kind of enterprise honourable? There are persons who end on the patent drop at Newgate who can show plenty of both. Of course you may say that the end justifies the means, a belief which the Jesuits have been accused of holding. It is certainly one which will carry a man or people a good long way if he or they carry it out heartily. Our American cousins have never been very particular in dealing with coloured people. The murder of Osceola, the Seminole chief, in Florida, is a case in point. In a small, rather shamefaced, not to say sneaking way, it was very much like Cæsar Borgia's murder of the captains of the Romagna. These things have been done in war. The *Times* remarks, with apparent regret, that if such things were done by our officers in South Africa there would be a howl. I imagine that the amount of howl such an incident at the seat of war would cause would depend largely on which side it was that made the score. If Louis Botha had taken the opportunity of his interview with Lord Kitchener to kidnap or pistol the Commander-in-Chief, the howl would be going on now.

* * * *

The great rule about these things is that you should never do them except when you are sure the other side cannot pay you back. Cæsar Borgia took care to bag all the captains of the Romagna at once. If they had been wily enough to meet him in detachments, he would not have dared to violate the safe conduct he gave them. But they came to dinner in a body. When Cæsar's father, Rodrigo Borgia, heard that they were coming, he said, "Oh! the fools," for he knew his resolute and crafty son better than they did. Lying, as some cynical person observed, would be an excellent practice if it were not necessary to tell a thousand lies to back up the first, and if it were not so difficult to make a thousand lies hang together. So it is with all these clevernesses. They commit you to so much, and it is so difficult to foresee the consequences. This, *mutatis mutandis*, is the objection both to the employment of these Funston manœuvres and to all measures of rigour. The other side retaliates. A great deal of trouble would be spared to the thoughtful people who write letters to the papers about train wrecking, if they would remember that in war it is always "*do ut des*." We can carry surrendered Boers or "hand uppers" on the trains if we like, and if we frighten the wreckers well and good. If, however, they persist, and, when they find after derailing a train that some of their countrymen have been injured, they shoot their prisoners—then neither so well nor so good. We shall have to see which side gets tired first. On the whole I, at any rate, think that if we are going to take the measures recommended by some thoroughgoing critics among ourselves our soldiers will be well advised to give up surrendering.

* * * *

A correspondent of the *Times* and Lord Brassey in a letter on Naval strength have returned to the unending question of the prevalence of foreign seamen in the British merchant service. The correspondent, who signs "Consul," quotes the case of a Liverpool ship with a crew of twenty-seven hands. Ten were from England and Wales and the rest from pretty nearly everywhere. But one would like to have further details. The ship was apparently a sailing clipper, not a steamer, and may have been lying at 'Frisco waiting for a cargo for months. Everybody who knows how our merchant ships rub along, is aware that when this is the case the crew generally run or get paid off. Then another has to be collected for the home voyage, and the captain must take what he can get. It would be by no means difficult to meet cases in which the proportion of British-born seamen was even smaller. But what does this prove? Nothing is more deceptive than to take a single ship and quote her as an example of the general condition of the crews in the merchant service at large. We have to look at the whole. When we do, it appears that the proportion of foreigners is not much, if at all, above what was allowed by the navigation laws—that is to say, a fourth. The fact is that we have always employed foreigners, and more especially in war time. In the East India Company's ships there were always great numbers of Lascars, and the crews engaged in the up country trade were wholly Lascars or Seedy Boys. Lord Brassey fears that the merchant service will cease to be a resource for the Navy. If so, it will be because the prime seamen, that is, the men who could rig, are no longer what they were in the days of the sailing fleet, the indispensable skilled artificers. I have often insisted on it before, but will again say, at the risk of what Falstaff called "damnable iteration," that there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Navy of Drake, or Shovell, or Hawke, or Nelson, ever was mainly manned from the merchant ships. They contributed a proportion of prime seamen who had served their apprenticeship in the long sea voyages and were highly-trained men. But the bulk of the crews always came from other sources, and were not bred to the sea.

* * * *

Admiral Eardley-Wilmot has argued in favour of giving the sea-front defences of Naval bases to the Navy. His contention is not a new one. It is, indeed, only the old plea, that sailors will be better able to detect the real character of an approaching ship than landsmen. With all due deference, I think this is not sufficient justification for making a change which would tie the Navy still tighter to the shore. Even supposing that the case were as Admiral Eardley-Wilmot puts it, it would be quite enough to have half-a-dozen Naval men at the port to keep watch and advise the soldier officer. But is this the whole case? Will he be more possible in modern than in ancient times to dispense with the private signal, and gauge by observation alone? It will never be possible to be quite sure that a vessel is not disguised; and then ships of ours may be taken, and used against us. That has happened before, and it is mere windy bluster to assert that it may not take place again. The rational thing to suppose is that a code of private signals will be framed, by which British ships can know one another when they meet in the dark, or by which they can make their nationality known when they are approaching a port at night. But no seaman is needed to understand a signal if a captain chooses to rush into a port of war in the small hours without making the signal, or if he disregards one made from the forts, there would seem to be a clear case for a court-martial, supposing that he is not blown out of the water by his own countrymen.

* * * *

It is safe to assert that no Navy ever had paid to it such a funny compliment as M. Loubet bestowed on the French squadron which met the Czar at Dunkirk. The President wrote in his polite letter of applause as if he were utterly taken aback at discovering that ships did not turn bottom upwards in every cupful of wind, and as if the heroism of the crews filled him with unspeakable amazement when he saw them actually go about their business in bad weather. His unlucky phrasing has excited some ridicule in Paris, where the more censorious papers have said that M. Loubet was amazed to learn that the French Navy is good for anything, and some have added that a squadron which is helpless in

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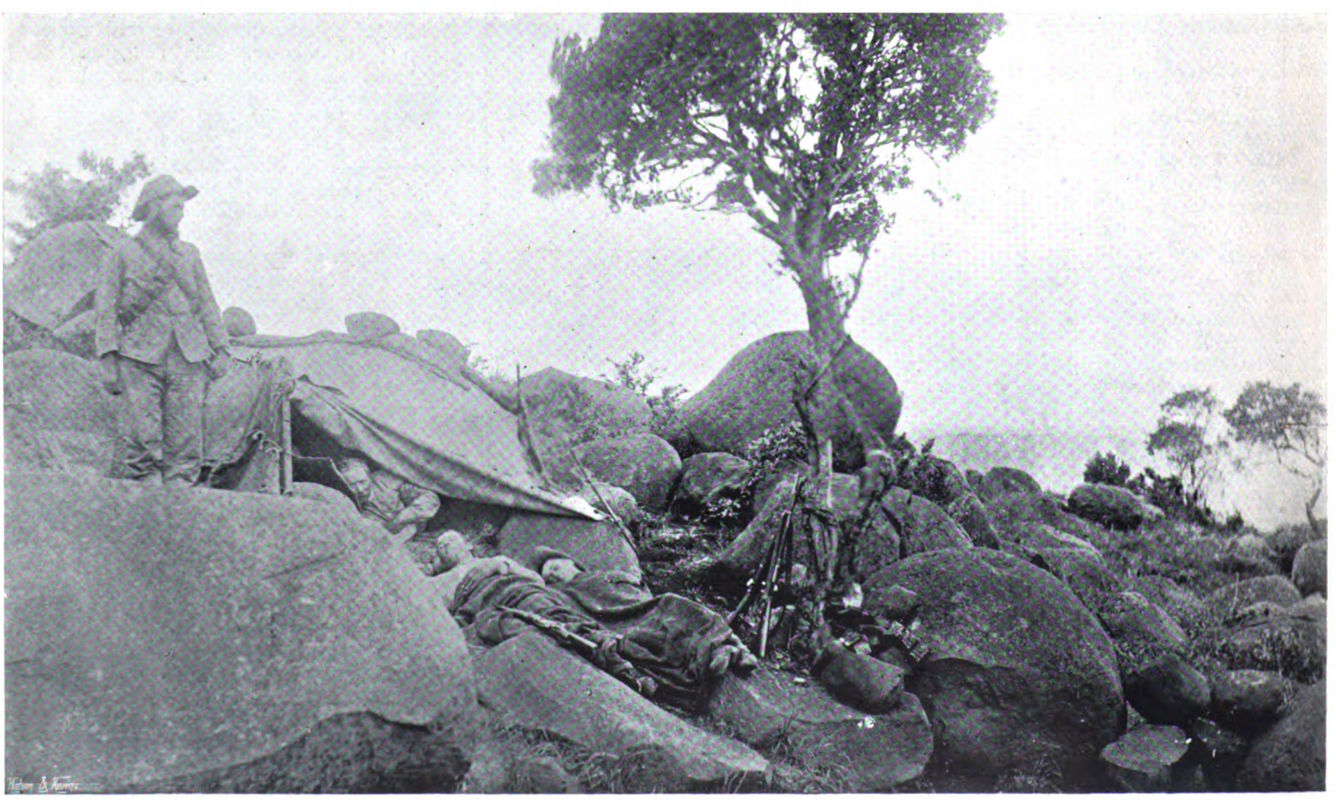
half a gale of wind would be like a navigable balloon which cannot save itself from being blown about by every breeze. It is all very well for these gentlemen to jeer, but M. Loubet felt as ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have done, and had the honesty to speak as he felt. When an Englishman begins to learn how little Frenchmen know about sea affairs, and what extraordinary ideas they form to themselves of the nature of a sailor's business, and of its perils, he is apt to be amused. Nothing was more natural than that the President should think that something wonderful had taken place. A French writer, and a very shrewd one in most matters, once described a passage down the Seine, and became quite lyrical about the heroic sentiments inspired in everybody, and the manly carriage assumed by the skipper, when they first began to smell the salt air of the sea. Now the boat might as well have been on the canal of Languedoc for all the sea navigation she had to do. To us these heroics look ridiculous, but to the French, though a few of them are among the best seamen in the world, the sea is something so mysterious and unintelligible, romantic and awe inspiring, that they cannot help exaggeration whenever they talk about it.

WITH THE BOER COMMANDOES STILL IN THE FIELD.

COMMANDANT MULLER'S TRAIN-WRECKERS.

Muller, in conjunction with Jack Hindon, the renegade Englishman, has been responsible for most of the recent more desperate of the Boer enterprises. The men shown are expert train-wreckers, and they captured Beatson's Australians last month. It will be seen that they are mostly very young men who carry out these desperate enterprises.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AFTER TWENTY MILES TO HOLD A NEK.

Muller's scouts having a siesta. It will be noted that the Boers mount their sentries very carefully, and that the sleeping burghers are not far removed from their arms.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE return of their Majesties from their sojourn on the Continent was the occasion of many evidences of lively satisfaction on the part of their loyal subjects. In his relations with foreign rulers and diplomatists the King has evinced in no common degree the qualities of tact and discrimination which are truly his own, and the ready sympathy which he displayed, in most natural simplicity, with the American people and with Mrs. McKinley in the calamity of the assassination of the late President, have largely contributed to feelings of international amity. In Germany he was able to greet his Imperial nephew, and at the Court of aged King Christian, where thirty-eight years ago he won the hand of the "Sea-King's daughter," our well-loved Queen, he has strengthened the ties of old kinship, and has met in cordial relationship the Czar and Czaritza, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and King George of Greece, while he has held out the hand of friendship to King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. The visit to Balmoral is a sign that the traditions of Queen Victoria's reign are to be preserved, and brings profound satisfaction to Scotland. In Canada, as throughout the long journey, the Duke of Cornwall, with equal geniality, tact, and dignity, is showing himself the worthy son of his father, and the Duchess is winning golden opinions, and within less than a month the Royal pair will reach our shores again. Nothing, indeed, is wanting to the affectionate and loyal regard of English people, in the largest sense of the word, to the Royal house, whose members are thus happy and fortunate in the fulfilment of their exalted duties.

WHAT is to be the upshot of the Franco-Turkish quarrel? Demonstrations of strength or acts of force? The rumour that the Sultan was granting to Germans the very concessions he had refused to Frenchmen caused extreme bitterness among our neighbours, who have long been witnessing with suspicion the Kaiser's flattery of the Sultan. But the Ottoman ruler has afforded an opportunity which many Frenchmen urge the Government to utilise. Why reject the goods the gods provide? Let us, they say, inspire ourselves by what England has done. Why not seize the Island of Rhodes, and gain the very station we need in the Levant? Why not lay hands on Sheikh Said at the point of the Arabian peninsula, or the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and strangle the outlet of the Red Sea? It would be a sin to let the opportunity slip! It may not soon recur! But there is a doubt, outside France, whether it has occurred even now.

THE birth of a second son to Abbas Hilmi, the ruler of Egypt, and the important progress now being made in his country, draw attention to the amiable personality of the Khedive. Madame Juliette Adam has recently published a portrait of him, in which she describes his domestic life as charming and admirable. He interprets the Koran in the highest sense of its precepts, and having loved a beautiful Circassian slave, who was neither princess nor of illustrious birth, he made her his consort on the throne, and she possesses his whole and single devotion. In Europe it is usually supposed that an Oriental potentate must have a harem, and Abbas Hilmi is no exception to the rule, but the Khedivial harem is merely a department of the household in which the ladies who form the court of the princesses receive a high and liberal education and training. Thus, says Madame Adam, the Khedive, in a land of polygamy, gives a great example to his people. Mahomet said that no man could have a plurality of wives without sin, unless he rendered absolutely even-handed justice of relationship to each, and the modern Egyptians, believing this to be impossible, tend more and more to become monogamists.

AMONG the questions which have to be settled between Great Britain and the United States, that of the Isthmian Canal may be the greatest, but the movement for an abrogation of the Bagot-Rush Convention makes a good second. That convention, adopted in 1817, regulates the Naval force to be maintained by each nation on the American Lakes, which must not exceed four vessels of 100 tons, each with a single 18-pounder gun, one being on Lake Ontario, two on the Upper Lakes, and one on Lake Champlain. These vessels were to be "maintained," "built," and "armed" on the Lakes, and the argument is that, inasmuch as the Convention knew nothing of a time when larger vessels than were then constructed should pass between the ocean and the head waters of Michigan and Superior, the observance of its stipulations is an absurdity. As a matter of fact, in the days of the "Canadian Patriots," we had a somewhat larger force patrolling the Lakes, and the Americans followed the example in the Civil War, and they do now persistently violate the letter of the agreement while pretending to comply with its spirit. The abrogation of the Convention would enable us to send any force we liked to the Lakes, but prominent American statesmen argue, nevertheless, that it imposes serious disadvantages on the country, and are agitating for a new agreement altogether.

THE recruiting of the splendid forces of the South African Colonies has been a magnificent piece of work in the war, and Major Charles A. C. Tremeer is an officer who has taken a chief part in it. He went to South Africa in 1875, and served some years in the Cape Mounted Rifles, taking part in the native rebellions, the Gaika and Gaeleka Wars.

MAJOR C. A. C. TREMEER.
Chief Recruiting Officer, Cape Colony.

MAJOR THE NAWAB AFSUK DOWLA BAHADUR.
Commanding the Nizam's Regular Forces.

LIEUT. C. H. TEMPLE.
"Our Special Correspondent" in South Africa.

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and in 1880-81 in Tembuland. In October, 1880, he was second in command of the Umtata Relief Column, and was appointed staff-officer at Umtata. Afterwards, he commanded the King Williams Town Artillery until 1887, and retired with the rank of major on leaving the Cape Colony for the Transvaal. There he took a prominent part, and was one of the Reform Committee. During the present campaign he has assisted in the recruiting for the Irregular Forces in Cape Town, and has served as Commandant of Rosebank Recruiting Depôt and Training Camp. In June, 1900, he went North, and acted as field staff-officer for Colonial Forces until November, and when further recruiting for the Irregular Forces was considered necessary, he was sent down to take control as staff-officer for recruiting. He has thus had a most important duty in a work of the utmost consequence, and it is interesting to know that from November, 1900, to April 15, 1901, 15,000 men were recruited, equipped, and sent to the front.

MAJOR THE NAWAB AFSUR DOWLA BAHADUR, C.I.E., a gallant Indian officer, whose portrait we give, is commander of His Highness the Nizam's Regular Forces. He accompanied the China Expedition with the 4th Brigade, and on his arrival at Hong Hong, was appointed to the personal staff of Major-General Sir Alfred Gaselee. He was present with the General in the Paotingfu Expedition, and after being six months in China, returned to India in January with the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior and the Maharaja of Bikanir. This excellent officer joined the Nizam's staff in 1881, and was appointed A.D.C. to His Highness. He was given the command of the Golkonda Lancers and the Nizam's Household Guards in 1883, and four years later received the command of the Nizam's Regular Troops, which also include the Imperial Service Troops and the Golkonda Brigade, consisting of two field batteries, five cavalry regiments, and six infantry regiments. The Nawab served in the Afghan War of 1881 with his old regiment, the 3rd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent, as well as in the Black Mountain Expedition in 1885. He is a fine soldier, a great organiser, and a strict disciplinarian, as well as an excellent polo player and tent-pegger, a generous and hospitable friend, and a rare sportsman.

THE reaction which is now affecting German trade is seriously occupying the attention of the Court. In the industrial centres of the Rhine and Westphalia there is a decline greater than has been known for many years, and the manufacturers clamour for a removal of the duties and tariffs which, they say, stifle foreign trade at its outlet. The agrarian interests, however, which are themselves menaced, violently oppose any measure which may threaten to affect them. This is a voice which the Government cannot afford to neglect, for the great territorial magnates who stand so high in the counsels of the State are concerned deeply in the welfare of the land. Hence we may see the reason for the vigorous efforts being made to secure new markets for commerce, particularly in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. No effort is being spared to stimulate foreign trade, and it must be said that considerable success is attained. Thus on the Zambesi, there is a remarkable expansion of German shipping, the German East Africa Company's steamers having made fifty-nine visits to Chinde in 1900, while at the same time there was a slight diminution of British shipping. There is evidently great activity in that quarter, and Englishmen cannot afford to fall behind. We are accustomed to look upon Africa as largely our own, but our continental rivals are in great force there, and their commercial activity has given them a footing in our own colonies.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

ARRIVED ON A FOREIGN STATION.

When a ship reaches port on some far distant station, two things absorb attention. The one is the reception of the mail, the other is the despatch of letters. "Home" is always present in the sailor's heart, and nothing is more dear to him than the opportunity which he sometimes finds of writing in comparative privacy to his mother or his sweetheart.

DURING the Siege of Ladysmith, Mr. J. Wallace Bradley, of Durban, took a remarkable series of photographs of scenes in the beleaguered town. In interest and character they were exceedingly good, and we had pleasure in referring to them when they were published. Not long since a very handsomely-bound copy, with the Royal Arms and the monogram "E.R." tooled on the side, with the words "Ladysmith, 1899 and 1900," was presented by Mr. Bradley to the King, who graciously accepted it. It makes an admirable memorial of the siege to place in the Royal Library. Now that the course of operations has brought back Natal to the public mind, many memories are aroused of the early days of the War, when we scanned the paper fearfully in the morning to learn that Ladysmith was safe. How much depended upon the courage with which it was held! Many a good Englishman and stout colonial soldier fell in those dark days when we looked long and anxiously for the relief. The scenes witnessed in that beleaguered place have a profound interest for Englishmen, and King Edward, before he came to the throne, had an anxious eye for the fate of the town. Happily, there is no fear that troublous days like those of "black December" can recur.

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A BATTLE-SHIP OF A FORMER TIME.

THE "Invincible," whose graceful outlines are so well represented in our picture, dates back to the days when we had not yet learned to use steel either for ship construction or for armour. She is built of iron, and was constructed on the Clyde, being completed in 1870. She is of 6,000 tons displacement, a size which seems insignificant when compared with the 15,000 tons of such monsters as the "Formidable," which was commissioned for the first time a few days ago. Still, she has done good work, and at the bombardment of Alexandria on July 11, 1882, she flew the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who was created Lord Alcester for his services on that occasion. In these days her value has departed.

THE "Invincible," then commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir R. H.) More-Molyneux, led the attack on the forts from inside the reef, her upper works being a good deal knocked about, though her casualties amounted only to one midshipman wounded. The present "Invincible" is the fifth of her name since 1694. A French 74-gun ship of that name, commanded by Captain Grou de St. Georges, was captured in the action between Anson and De La Jonquière off Cape Finisterre on May 3, 1747, and, like all the men-of-war captured on that day, was taken into the British Navy. The name, indeed, is one that is continually repeating itself in our Naval annals, and, as we have seen, the present bearer of it is worthy of the reputation of her predecessors.

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

THE "THIRD-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP" "INVINCIBLE."

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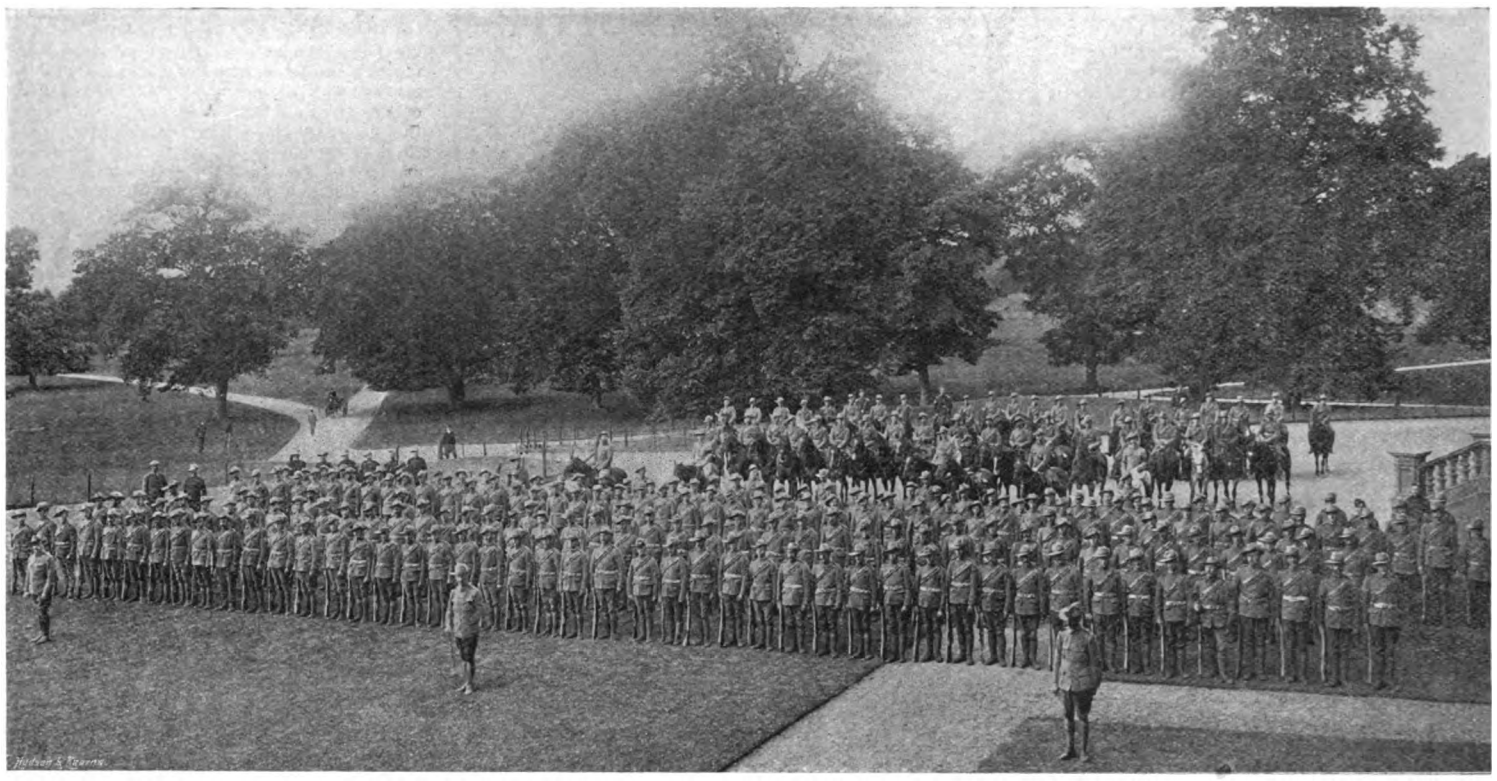
LOVAT'S SCOUTS.



AN ADMIRABLE INTELLIGENCE AND FIGHTING CORPS.

The Inverness contingent of Lovat's Scouts on Parade.

Photos. Copyright. *MacMahon.*

OFFICERS, INVERNESS CONTINGENT, LOVAT'S SCOUTS.

Lieut. C. W. Chalmers. *Capt. the Hon. E. O. Murray.* *Capt. the Hon. Forbes Sempill. (Master of Sempill.)* *Capt. D. E. Macintosh.* *Second Lieut. C. Burn Murdoch.*

Capt. W. P. Haig. *Capt. Hardy.* *Maj. Lord Lovat.* *Second Lieut. the Hon. Alastair Fraser.* *Second Lieut. Lamb.*

One of the happiest ideas in connection with the war has been the formation of special corps of men whose business as gillies and trackers of game makes them trained experts in all that pertains to the art of scouting. The earliest organisation of this sort was due to the initiative of Lord Lovat, whose scouts have done most excellent work in connection with the service of security in the field. Our pictures show that in physique and bearing, not less than by reason of special experience, this fine body of men is one which the British Army may well be proud to have had temporarily incorporated in it. One batch of Lord Lovat's Scouts has returned, and the one we depict has gone out to replace it.

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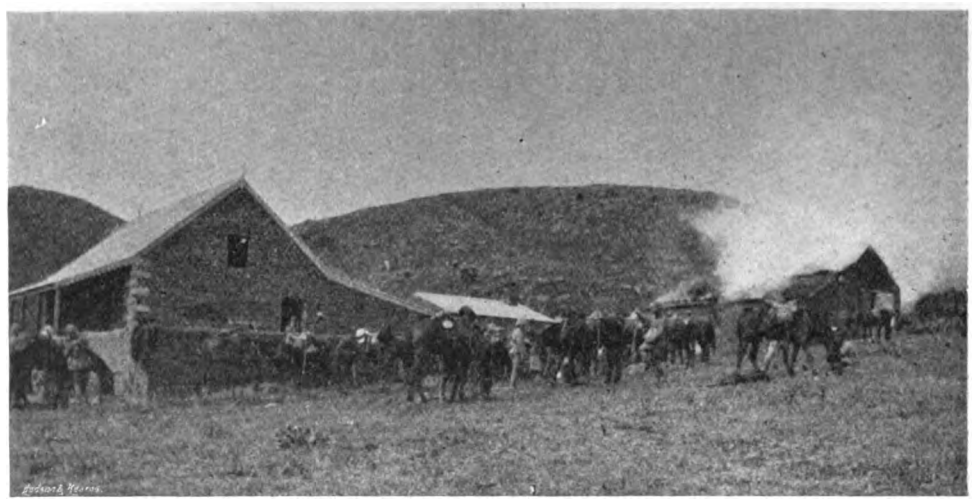
INEVITABLE REPRISALS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

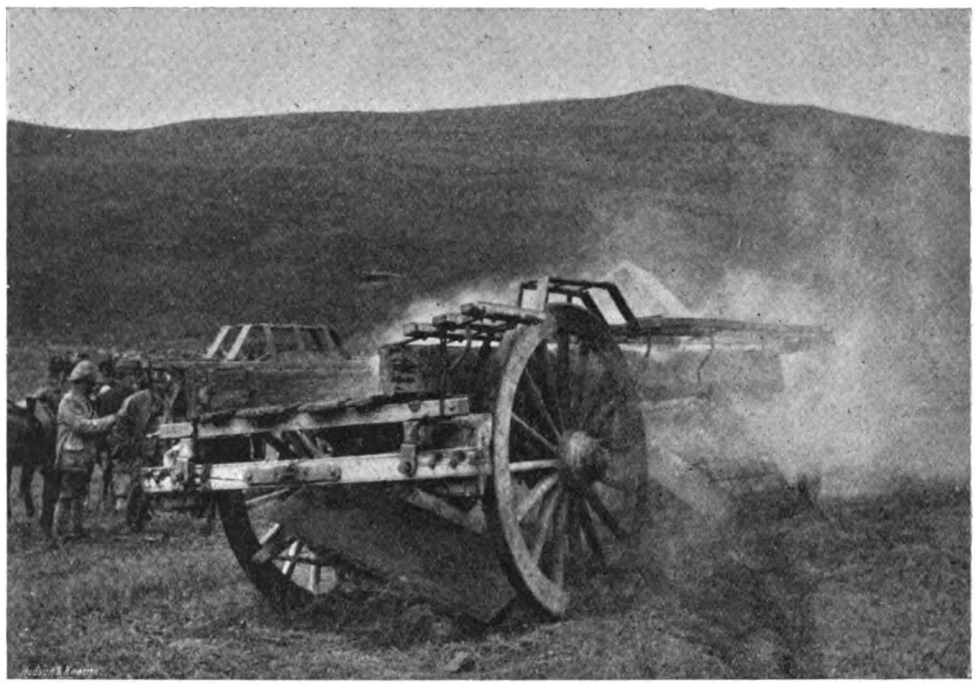


A BONFIRE OF FORAGE.

Burning hay found on a surrendered Boer's farm.

A DOMICILIARY VISIT.

Firing the outhouse of a Boer who has been shooting natives.



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A USELESS HAUL.

A captured waggon for which no oxen are available is burnt.

"*Navy & Army.*"

WORTH CARRYING AWAY.

Confiscated wool which afterwards fetched £120 for Government.

The underhand methods of the Boers have necessitated various stern reprisals, all more or less distasteful to the British soldier, but few more so than the burning of farms of which the owners are known to have treacherously harboured or assisted the enemy. A correspondent sends us the pictorial record of a day's doings in this unpleasant direction. In the first instance the owner of the farm had surrendered, so no steps were taken beyond burning forage which might have been put to hostile use. In the other case the farmer had not only been shooting natives, but was actually at the time of the burning away on commando. Probably when he returns it will be a case, judging by the fourth picture, of "Much cry, little wool!"

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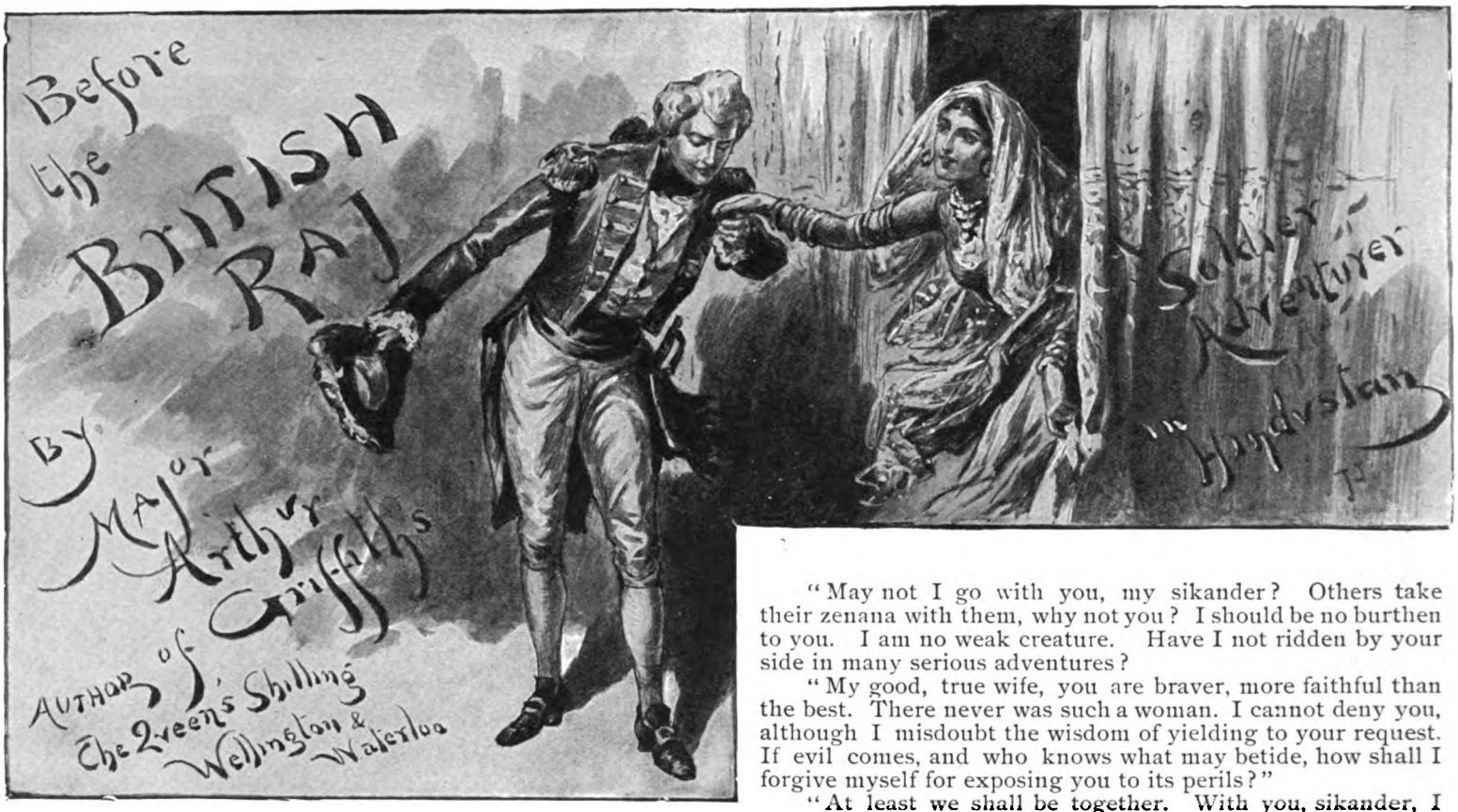

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE CAMP OF KOIL.

NOT long after the episode at the tomb of Jat Admi, and following close on the warnings conveyed to Latouche by both the Fakir Ram Das and General George Thomas, a special messenger arrived at the fortress of Photapore with despatches for its commandant. Among them was a letter in French, from His Excellency Perron Sahib, the general-in-chief, addressed to "Colonel Latouche, in the service of Dowlut Rao Scindia, Killadar and Governor," couched in the following terms:

"My faithful and much-esteemed Friend,—I greet you with all good wishes for your health and welfare, trusting all is well with you and your house. On receipt of this, my order, prepare to leave Photapore with all convenient haste, and come hither to Koil, where I would confer with you on most urgent matters. Leave Surfuraz Khan (to whom commend me heartily, for well I know his worth) in charge of the fortress, desiring him to look well to its safety till you return. For you shall go back there so soon as I have done with you. I know how deeply your roots have struck in the place, and that it holds your greatest treasure. It is, moreover, to my great advantage that you should constantly remain where you have already won so much renown. But for the moment I need you here by my side. Few there be whom I trust more thoroughly, and now, when great events are likely to occur, and I have many secret foes, I desire to have thy counsel and help. Come, then, at once to Koil. Travel light and quickly; bring with you no more than a personal escort, a handful of sowars for protection against roving bands. *Sans adieu!* I count upon seeing you so soon that I will not bid you more formal farewell."

The letter was more than friendly; it was generous, and seemed to breathe confidence and appreciation in every line. Latouche was not a man of suspicious nature. On the contrary, he was so frank and loyal that he could not readily believe that there was guile in others.

So Latouche prepared to obey the summons without loss of time. But when he entered the anderoon to inform his wife, she was by no means satisfied that he should go. Never since the first had she liked or trusted General Perron. To her his letter rang false. She seemed to see artifice, specious pretence, in its honeyed phrases. With great strength of character, she had also, in a marked degree, the acute instinctive perception of her sex. She was, moreover, an Oriental, and always looked for double dealing in public affairs.

"What if there be some trick in this, my best beloved?—some trap, some pitfall? Suppose that the General wishes you away from Photapore, so that he may seize it in your absence with all it contains, myself perhaps included?"

"You do him injustice, surely. The fortress is still held in his interests. He does not need to seize it. Besides, he leaves the place in the hands of our staunch friend, the khan. No, darling, no! your fears are surely groundless, and it would be unworthy of me to doubt his Excellency."

"May not I go with you, my sikander? Others take their zenana with them, why not you? I should be no burthen to you. I am no weak creature. Have I not ridden by your side in many serious adventures?

"My good, true wife, you are braver, more faithful than the best. There never was such a woman. I cannot deny you, although I misdoubt the wisdom of yielding to your request. If evil comes, and who knows what may betide, how shall I forgive myself for exposing you to its perils?"

"At least we shall be together. With you, sikander, I can meet the worst with a light heart. It is the separation and the dread unknown that would kill me."

No time was lost in preparations for the journey. Now that the Begum was to accompany him, Latouche departed from the General's instructions, and took with him a considerable force, far more than the mere personal escort. When he passed through the great gates of Photapore it was at the head of a strong rissala, four squadrons of horsemen, five hundred sabres, all of them picked warriors, long devoted to his service.

The Begum Zalu rode with him, on a beautiful grey Arab of the noblest lineage, of undying courage and endurance, and loving as a lap dog. Such a horse would make nothing of the distance to be covered, ordinarily a three day's march, which Latouche expanded to four, so as to spare his wife undue fatigue.

Towards sundown on the fourth day he was abreast of Alighar, not a few miles from Koil, the great entrenched camp in which Perron made his headquarters. He might have ridden in that evening, but he halted at a village outside. He wished to let Zalu rest, and recover from the effects of the journey, which, however, she had borne wonderfully well. At the same time his men and horses would have time to furbish up their arms and put on their best appearance at their entry next day.

As Latouche lounged lazily under the shadow of a great over-arching peepul tree, his wife by his side, while the servants prepared dinner, he noticed a cloud of dust moving northward, the direction from which he had come. Such an indication could not be mistaken by a practised soldier. It meant troops moving, many men, horses, and wheeled carriages, all the paraphernalia of a small army on the line of march. Nothing strange, of course, in the near neighbourhood of a great force and the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Yet curiosity and something more, perhaps, impelled Latouche to despatch an intelligent officer to gather up any information as to the purpose and character of this movement.

The answer brought was strange and startling. The column was made up of a brigade of infantry with cavalry and guns, and the whole was under the command of one, Colonel Gautier, the newly-appointed Commandant and Governor of Photapore.

"What can it mean, Zalu?" asked Latouche, with a not unnatural sense of foreboding.

"Mischief, surely. Perron is playing you false. It is as I predicted. His intentions are evil. He seeks to dispossess you of your fortress, and, fearing opposition, first lured you away from Photapore."

"He designs perhaps to give me another and a larger command in the field?" argued Latouche, still loth to think evil.

"Then why did he not tell you so when he called you hither? Why pretend that Surfuraz Khan should remain as your deputy when he has already chosen this Gautier to supersede him and you?"

"We do not know that, darling. There may have arisen

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some new reason, suddenly, unexpectedly arisen, for strengthening Photapore, and, knowing I had left it, the General despatched another officer to replace me."

"Who is this Gautier? Know you aught of him?" asked the Begum, scornfully. "He cannot be your equal."

"It's a new name. At least I have heard of no Colonel Gautier. Some one wrote me that a low fellow of that name, who had been a cook or confectioner in Calcutta, had come to Perron seeking service, but I cannot believe it is he who has been chosen to succeed me."

"And will you permit this, sikander? Will you yield Photapore—my Photapore—to such ignoble hands? Never, surely, or I do not know you for the same man that won the fortress, and my love."

"Indeed, no. I will fight for it as I will for you, my own, to the very last gasp. But I must ascertain what has happened. I will present myself before the General, and force him to tell me in open durbar."

Latouche disdained to enter Koil secretly, or in the humble guise of a suppliant. Soon after daylight, he rode in at the head of his whole rissala, a splendid body of horsemen, which formed up in column of squadrons on the open square, before the great and palatial building which served as General Perron's residence and hall of public reception. In the centre of the rissala was a veiled female figure, mounted, the Begum Zalu, for whose especial guard a stalwart trooper was posted on either side.

It was still quite early when his Excellency the General-in-Chief entered the durbar from his private apartments, and took his seat upon the gilded chair which served as musnud, or throne, raised three steps above the level of the ground. Here the humbly-born Frenchman, who had once been a pedlar and a working artisan, a private soldier and a sailor before the mast, held high court, surrounded by all the attributes and insignia of royalty. An attendant held over his chair a yellow silk umbrella, another waved a fan of peacock feathers before his face; his chief officers, in uniforms or robes of state, were gathered around him; below his throne, close at hand, were the vakheels, or writers of new letters, listening attentively for the precious words that might drop from the Maharajah's lips, which would be at once committed to paper, and transmitted by hurkaru post to the utmost limits of his authority.

The scene was brilliant in the extreme, gorgeous in colour, bright with gems and the glint of steel, for armour was still worn by many, and all sported the most magnificent weapons.

In strong contrast with the Oriental magnificence that dazzled every eye was the studied plainness of the principal figure. Perron was obviously imitating Bonaparte, the fame of whose exploits and startling rise had reached him, filling him with admiration and envy. Perron's dress was modelled on that of the young First Consul, the present dictator of France, and consisted of a dark green coat, cut away at the waist to show the buff waistcoat, buff nankeen breeches, and high boots with mahogany-coloured tops. He wore no jewels or decorations, only a single star, five pointed, a ruby set in brilliants.

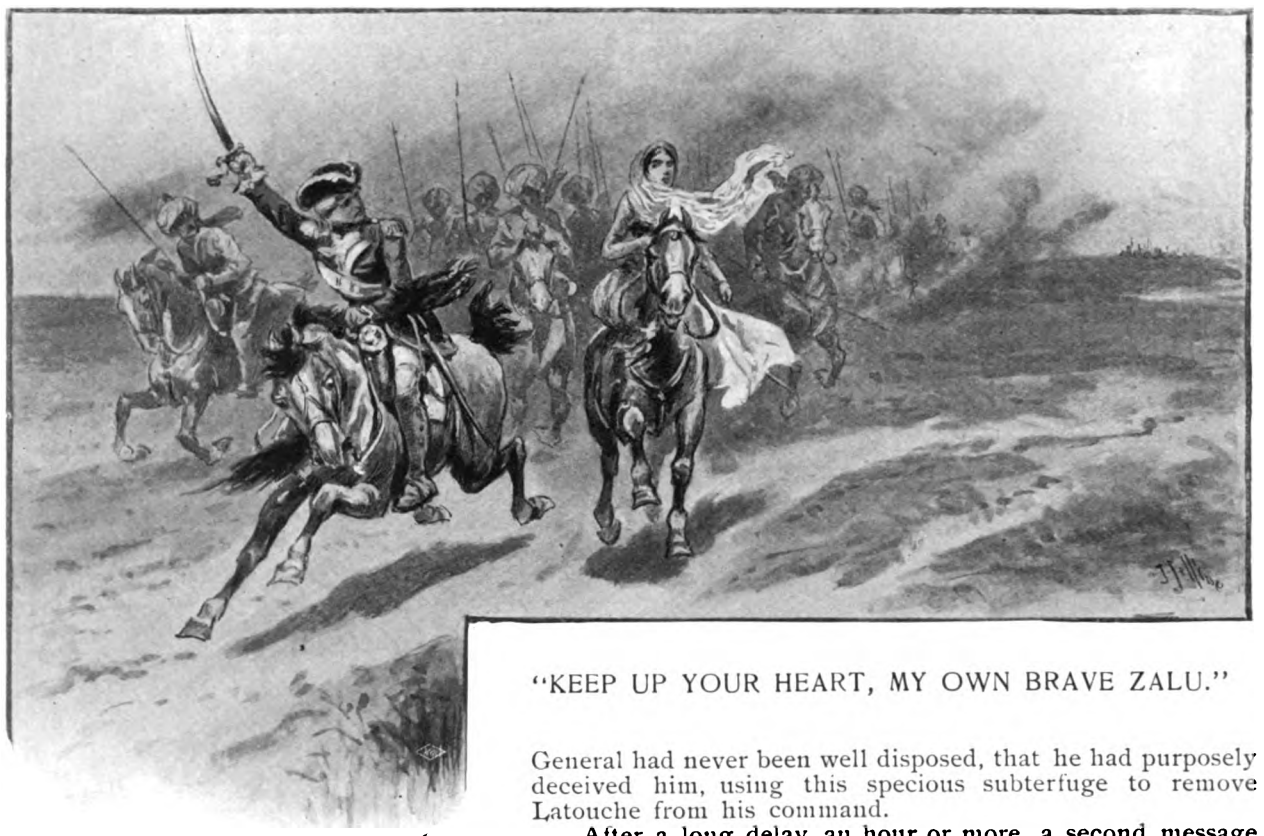
Perron, squat, thickset, swarthy, with a strongly-lined face, was in high good humour, for after passing through an anxious time, when his fortunes seemed to hang in the balance, he was at last in the ascendant, and all looked bright and promising. He had now raised himself to a dizzy height, but his achievements did not yet satisfy his ambition. Here, from his strongly entrenched camp of Koil, he dominated the whole of Northern Hindustan beyond the confines of British power. He more or less controlled the country from Bundelcund to Patiala and the walls of Lahore, but he yearned to be absolutely supreme, to rule with despotic sway, owning no master, save that distant France and her First Consul. He had already made overtures to Bonaparte, proposing to create a new French dominion in the East, provided he was recognised as French Vice-Regent, but owing no more than nominal allegiance to his far-off suzerain. For this he had been scheming, heart and soul, with all the untiring energy and cunning of his unscrupulous self-seeking character, and the reward was, he thought, near at hand.

This was no longer the plain, unpretending soldier who had won respect for his bravery and directness of purpose. Recent success had turned his head. He had become puffed up with the sense of his grandeur and vast power. He was vain-glorious, theatrical, self-sufficient, all of which was reflected in the state he maintained, in his tone and bearing, in his treatment of his subordinates, but lately his friends and his comrades, now in his opinion dwarfed to littleness beside him.

When they came and told him that Colonel Latouche had arrived from Photapore, and was waiting for an audience, he answered shortly:

"Let him wait!"

And the message, as was to be expected, greatly nettled Latouche when it reached him. He augured badly from this cold reception. It was not in keeping with the cordial terms of the letter summoning him to Koil, and plainly showed that Perron's temper had changed towards him, possibly that the



"KEEP UP YOUR HEART, MY OWN BRAVE ZALU."

General had never been well disposed, that he had purposely deceived him, using this specious subterfuge to remove Latouche from his command.

After a long delay, an hour or more, a second message reached Latouche. He was ordered to withdraw his cavalry to a distance from the palace. It was not seemly for so strong a force to be in the near neighbourhood.

"Why does not his Excellency receive me?" asked Latouche, ignoring the peremptory message. "Why am I compelled to wait here cooling my heels in the antechamber? His Highness specially desired my attendance—can he really know that I am here? Be so good as to take in my name a second time."

There was still some delay, but Latouche would not be put off longer. Dismounting from his horse he gave it to an orderly, and bade him hold it close by the palace gates, while he also ordered the rissala to draw near and be in readiness to act as their leader might direct.

Then he drew aside the curtain, and disdaining the introduction of usher or chamberlain, he advanced boldly to within a foot or two of the musnud, where he halted and formally saluted.

"What does this insolence mean? Who are you who dares to enter my presence unannounced? Your face is familiar, but your conduct is strange!" cried Perron, angrily.

"Your Excellency sent for me, post haste. I am here in obedience to your commands. Do you not wish to see me after all?"

"I will speak to you when it suits me—in my own good time, not now. Am I not master here in my own durbar? Withdraw, I say! Withdraw instantly!" Perron flung his hands towards the doorway, with an angry gesture that would have abashed a man less resolute than Latouche.

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"You must hear me first, maharaj. I earnestly crave your attention on a personal matter."

"I tell you that I will not listen to you now. *Rakhsat!* you have my leave to depart. Take it, or I will have you beaten on the mouth with a shoe and thrust out," Perron cried furiously.

"I seek explanation to which I am entitled. No threats will silence me, and if violence is attempted I shall resist with all my force."

An audible murmur of approval went up from many in the crowd. Latouche's friends were numerous, and they one and all were on his side, resenting such peremptory treatment.

Perron looked round a little nervously, for he was not on the best of terms with his English officers, among whom much discontent was rife, on account of the favour shown to the newly-arrived Frenchman. But he persisted in his refusal to explain.

"You shall listen, nevertheless, and you, gentlemen," said Latouche, lifting his voice and addressing the crowd. "His Excellency owes me an explanation. I have come hither at his express wish to render him such help as is within my power. I find I am not wanted, and in my absence a new governor has been appointed to Photapore. Will not my face be blackened before you all unless I seek redress?"

"Yes, yes!" "That is so!" "Speak on, Latouche." "It may be our turn next to be superseded by some beggarly Frenchmen!" cried three or four of his hearers.

"Silence!" roared Perron, springing to his feet. "Is this my durbar, or a concourse of badzakhts of low caste, scullions, sons of defiled mothers? Silence! Who is there among you who presumes to canvass my actions or question my authority? I will crush this mutinous spirit; I will break every one of you, dismiss you, drive you out, and replace you, traitors all, as I have done this arch traitor, Latouche, who has secretly favoured my worst foes, and whom I tell here and now to his face I brought purposely from Photapore, to disgrace him in the face of you all.

"Arrest him! Seize him! Bind him and lead him forth," he cried to his guards. "I will make such an example of this base, dishonest hireling, untrue to his salt, as will be sounded through Hindustan. Secure him, I say."

But Latouche had not waited to hear more than the first threatening words. He saw his danger, and, springing to one side, drew his sabre, and made such play with edge and point that no one dared to approach him. A movement, too, in his favour was begun among the discontented English officers, who hustled and impeded the guards, half-hearted at best in their efforts to lay hands on Latouche, who, in the fast growing confusion, quickly forced his way through. Gaining the doorway, he ran out, sprang on his horse, and with a loud shout commanded his rissala to follow him at a gallop down the street. They streamed along behind him, such a compact, resolute body, the Begum still in their midst and encouraging them with her shrill voice, that no one attempted to stay them as they rode.

The gates were reached, the drawbridge of the main ditch crossed before it could be raised, the open country gained without interference. Latouche with his party had a clear start of many minutes, enough to cover at this break-neck pace at least a couple of miles.

"Keep up your heart, my own brave Zalu," he cried to his wife as they rode, "we shall easily distance them, never fear."

And in truth, although they were followed with all possible speed, it was by no more than a handful, for there was no great force of cavalry ready booted and saddled within the camp. The horsemen launched in pursuit were the escort and patrols, not a hundred all told, and they halted irresolute when they saw Latouche detach two of his squadrons to deal with them. Leading them himself, he charged down upon them with such fiery vigour that the enemy broke their ranks and turned to seek safety in flight.

After this larger bodies came on, but gained nothing, and they must have presently desisted, for within a couple of hours not an enemy was in sight.

What next? The question was of the deepest importance. Latouche discussed it with Zalu as they rode, without drawing rein, pointing towards Photapore. But should they return there, now? Was it wise or safe? Perron would be implacable. He was surely too strong to be set altogether at defiance. They might hold out against him for a time, but hardly for ever. If he brought all his strength to bear, as was certainly to be feared, he must beat down all opposition in the end. Photapore would share the fate of Hansi, many lives would be lost, their own lives, at least their liberty, would be imperilled.

Discretion in such a crisis was the wiser part. It was sad to surrender the fort, to leave their faithful ryots to the tender mercies of Perron and his people; but Latouche felt that they would be in still worse case if he fought and was beaten. So it was settled that for the present they would withdraw into British territory until happier times came, or they could face Perron afresh and on more equal terms. The direction of their flight was changed to the eastward, and the party made for the Ganges, which flowed at no more than five-and-twenty miles distance.

They crossed in boats at the ferry of Furruckabad, and continuing their journey by the left bank, reached Cawnpore by easy stages in less than a week. It was not without a thrill of satisfaction that Latouche found himself with his beloved wife under the shelter of the British flag.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"PRESS-GANG."—The first instance on record of a British fleet being manned, on the outbreak of hostilities, without recourse to impressment, was in 1855, on the declaration of war with Russia. The system of impressment was carried out under press warrants issued by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under the authority of an Order in Council, which was renewed annually. A question as to the legality of the measure was raised in 1676, when it was decided by the Law Officers of the Crown that the King had an indefeasible right to the services of his subjects when the State required them, and that the power of impressing seamen was inherent in the Crown, seeing that without it the trade and safety of the nation could not be secured. Impressment for the Navy is still legal, although it has never been found necessary to resort to it since the date named, but certain persons, *e.g.*, seamen of the Mercantile Marine, are exempt. For other exemptions see 13 George II., cap. 17.

* * * *

"FLINT-LOCK."—The flint-lock was not, by many years, the earliest means of exploding charges in firearms. The exact date of the introduction of projectiles fired from tubes cannot be stated, but as early as 1375 we find "gonnes" mentioned as weapons of offence. The first implement of which we have any precise knowledge, though it is almost certain there were earlier ones, is the hand-gun, which consisted of a tube made of brass or iron with a touchhole on the top and mounted on a straight stock. This weapon was used alike by cavalry and infantry. The former, in order to discharge it, placed the butt against the breast and rested the barrel on a fork secured to the saddle; the infantry soldier held the stock firmly under his arm. The next step was the introduction of the wheel-lock, the charge being exploded by a wheel which, when released by the trigger, spun round and struck sparks from a piece of sulphuret of iron, and thus ignited the powder. This cumbrous, expensive, and inexact weapon was displaced in the middle of the seventeenth century by the flint-lock, which held its own until 1807, when a Scotch clergyman named Forsyth hit upon the method of priming with fulminating powder, an invention which, however, did not come into actual use until some thirty years had elapsed. A few years later Mr. Forsyth's priming pan was converted into the cap and nipple, which in its turn has yielded to the breech-loader of various designs. The process of rifling, although known in the sixteenth century, does not appear to have come into use for military purposes until the middle of the seventeenth century.

"CUSTOS."—In former times all power to trade emanated from the King, and charters were granted to certain ports to carry on import or export trade, and either a *custos* was appointed by the King to collect the customs, or the work was entrusted to the staple port itself. It was in these circumstances that the extraordinary acts of rebellion, lasting thirty-five weeks, took place in the reign of Edward II. It was evident that the Crown was not getting its proper share of the trade, and Edward II. therefore resumed his rights and appointed a *custos*. The citizens immediately laid siege to the *custos* in his castle and imprisoned his officers. With true antiquarian zeal, says Mr. Hall, in his account of "The Customs Revenue of England," they hunted up a writ from the Crown authorising them to erect an outer wall for the defence of the castle. This they now acted on, in order to beleaguer the castle, while all other writs from the Crown they treated as waste parchment. The King's justices were sent to the common gaol by the citizens, acting under their mayor, and it was not until the Earl of Gloucester, at the head of 30,000 men, proceeded to seize their property and to outlaw them that they recanted from their impudent refusal to surrender. They despatched six delegates to Westminster to come to terms with the Crown, and the dispute was settled in favour of the Crown by a jury empannelled in Gloucestershire, and the citizens were pardoned and fined.

* * * *

JAMES MOUNTFORD.—There is a special interest in the report that Prince Arthur of Connaught is to join the 7th Hussars, for his father served in that regiment from 1874 to 1876, and earned a splendid reputation as brigade-major at Aldershot. In 1876 the Duke of Connaught rejoined the Rifle Brigade—in which he had previously served for five or six years—as commanding officer of his old battalion. The 7th Hussars was originally (1690-96) Colonel Robert Cunningham's regiment of Dragoons. In 1715 it was known as the Princess of Wales's Own Royal Dragoons, and became in 1729 the Queen's Own Dragoons; in 1752 it was the 7th Queen's Own Dragoons, and in 1783 the 7th Queen's Own Light Dragoons, and it was made a Hussar regiment in 1805, with its present title, 7th Queen's Own. It was nicknamed the "Old Saucy Seventh" in the Peninsula, and also the "Lilywhite Seventh," from its light blue uniform and white facings. It was also called "Young Eyes," but what the origin of that sobriquet is I do not know. Perhaps some reader of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED can supply the story.

THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

By LAL BALOO.

A SHORT-LEAVE TRIP IN THE SEWALIKS, WITH GUN, ROD, AND RIFLE *(continued)*.

LOCAL shikaris are, with very few exceptions, arrant impostors. An exception presented itself to me in the person of one Khamaa Khan, a pensioner from a Sikh regiment; in case any readers of this should ever travel in that district, his address is "Kanga Village, Rambagh Post Office, Dehra Dun." An excellent shikari, could track a bit, and a very good fellow. His knowledge of the English language is varied and amusing. He knew the forest well, and represented to me that there was jungle about four miles down the river where were many cheetal. The cheetal or axis deer is a beautiful animal, like the spotted fallow deer in our English parks, only, I think, slightly larger. He carries fairly long horns of six points, like the sambur; abnormal specimens are, however, not infrequent, with nine and sometimes ten points. Unlike the sambur, which, with the exception of the marrow bones, is uneatable, the venison of the cheetal is excellent. The stag sheds his horns irregularly, and you will find at the same time an animal with ripe horns and one in the earliest stages of the velvet. But in the Sewaliks in March the majority will be found with ripe horns. There is a well-known story in India of a globe-trotter who shot a cheetal doe; he appeared as proud of the trophy of this skin as though it had belonged to a tiger, and one of his friends remarked it to him. "Yes," said he, "it may be a cheetal skin in India, but it will be a leopard in Birmingham!"

We were very short of meat in camp, and the others impressed on me that I must shoot something for food, a doe rather than nothing. I was called at 5 a.m., went down to the river a few hundred yards away, found the surnai wallahs waiting for me, and inclined to grumble at the low temperature of the water. We embarked at the Pounta Pool, and commenced our voyage, a succession of pools and rapids for four miles. Seated so near the surface of the water, one could perceive from the head of the rapids how steep some of the water inclines were—something akin to the water chute at Earl's Court, with a modified incline, but on a rocky bed. One rapid I recollect with a big white wave in the centre, denoting a submerged rock, and the surnai wallahs had to paddle their hardest with their feet to avoid this obstruction. We occupied a very short time in negotiating this four miles, and I found Khamar Khan awaiting me on the bank, where some flat jungle lay at the foot of a rocky ridge. It was now just sufficiently light to distinguish objects, the jungle-fowl were crowing, and the peafowl screeching. We saw a few does in the low jungle, but nothing better till we approached

CHEETAL GROUND.

The haunt of the sportsman.

the ridge, when there was a tremendous clatter, and a large herd of cheetal galloped away up a track over the ridge. I could see some decent stags, but the jungle was thick, and I could get nothing more than a glimpse. We climbed the ridge and found another flat jungle with a good deal of high grass. Khamar Khan led the way along a broad track for about half a mile, when I saw a small stag standing on some higher ground on the far side of a stony nullah, not more than 60-yds. from us. I fired at him with the double ·303, and he rolled over and began to kick vigorously. At the sound of the shot a small herd broke back, and I ran along the track to try and cut them off, but failed to do so. On returning to the nullah where I had shot the stag I found Khamar Khan with a wooden expression on his face, and no stag. "He run way!" We started to work to track him down the nullah by the blood spots, and after a couple of hundred yards he had left the nullah and entered the grass. We found plenty of blood, but were now and again at fault. Once Khamar Khan lost the trail and I found it, and we gradually worked along till we blundered on him lying down. He started off without my being able to shoot, as the grass was too thick. We continued the performance, and at last found him lying down in a more open place, and a bullet through the neck finished him. I took the accompanying picture of Khamar Khan and the deer, sent for some coolies to carry the quarry to camp, and started back myself. Whilst passing through the low jungle by the river the shikari pointed out to me two cheetal does under a tree, and I then realised the wonderful provision of nature in furnishing this deer with a spotted coat, which has the effect of making it invisible in the jungle to all but trained vision. The sun shining through the leaves makes a pattern on tree trunks and the underwood of the jungle precisely similar to the cheetal's coat. You would look at a place pointed out by the shikari, and feel certain that no animal was there, when a movement would reveal to you a deer. You had seen the spots easily enough, but were unable to distinguish anything different from the spots of sunlight all round.

A FINE STAG.

Captured after much trouble.

Thinking there might be a herd near the two does, we stalked them carefully, and could then make out one or two more. After peering about for a minute or two, my shikari pointed out to me a deer feeding in the direction whence we had come. "Singh, burra vallah!" (that is, Stag, big fellow!) I could only see his body, his head being hidden from me by the foliage, but the shikari was so confident that I fired, and saw him roll over. We ran up and found a fine stag in his death throes. His horns were fairly big, and he had the abnormal

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number of nine points. I photographed him also, but, the light being bad, the result was not very successful. These two stags were a very welcome addition to our larder, which contained little else but mahseer and moorghie (chicken). That night there was a very severe thunderstorm and torrents of rain. I arranged with the shikari to explore a large nullah (dry watercourse) that ran up into some rocky hills, early next morning. The mouth of the nullah was within half a mile of camp. Accordingly, next morning we started before it was quite light, and on arrival at the nullah Khamar Khan pointed out some large tiger tracks, which he said were quite fresh. We followed them up the nullah towards the hills. After proceeding in that direction for a short distance we came on a sambur stag and three hinds; but the stag had a poor head, and we left him in peace. A little further on the nullah forked, and we went along the right branch for a short way, but could see no tracks, so came back and tried the left, and found the tracks showing plainly in the damp sand. The shikari was a few paces in front of me, when we came to a corner; he looked round it, and came back to me looking so excited that I made sure he had sighted his majesty, but, "Will master fight the tiger?" "Of course. Chelo" (Go on). Soon after this he again came back, even more excited. "Master *very* good shot?" "Yes, *very* good." I dare say the position struck him as not altogether satisfactory, a well-known tiger, an unknown sahib, and on foot. I was not feeling too comfortable myself, as I am not sufficiently confident in my powers as a rifle shot to like a ·303 rifle for tiger-shooting, though I am well aware that many sportsmen are quite content with this weapon. I, at any rate, prefer a 12-bore rifle, especially when on foot. We finally tracked him into a small side nullah only some hundred yards long, and he had not come out at the far end. I decided to sit guard over the mouth of this small nullah, whilst Khamar Khan went back to camp, three miles away, to get my ·500 Express and call the other sahibs. This tiger had a reputation in the neighbourhood for "slimness." We had, I thought, got him in a tight place, and four of us could, I felt confident, make a certainty of him.

I sat there for nearly two hours, within 150-yds. of his majesty, and thought now and again I could hear him stirring. At the end of this time Khamar Khan appeared with a few coolies and only one of the sahibs; whether the others disbelieved the report or misunderstood it, I could never ascertain. It was impossible for two to surround the place, so we took up our positions near the entrance to the small nullah, one either side, and sent Khamar Khan and the coolies to the far end to throw stones in. Unfortunately, my khitmaghar had come out to hold "master's other rifle," and I did not allow for deficiency of courage on his part. When the coolies commenced to throw stones one hit his majesty's royal person, and he bounded out with a terrific roar towards us. The khitmaghar of course bolted up the nearest tree. The tiger, who was coming straight for us, spotted him when he moved, and bounded out of the nullah into long grass, and we never again saw him. I talked to the khitmaghar like a father, but he assured me he got up the tree "to see the tiger to show master." Thus, owing to bad luck and worse management, his majesty made good his retreat unscathed, to the great mortification of Khamar Khan and the writer.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 10, 24, *September* 7, *and* 21.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

IN discussing the improvements of modern rifles and ammunition, a good deal of use has been made in the *Morning Post* Souvenir Edition of the NAVY AND ARMY trials at Cricklewood. The fact that these trials proved the superiority of English-made rifles over cheap foreigners has been confirmed, as far as it is possible for confirmation to go without actual contest, by the wonderful shooting of the Greener rifle in the Greener Competition at Bisley. The other fact brought out at the trials, that English small-bore rifle ammunition has taken such a high rank, and especially that loaded with nitro powder, is also alluded to in the *Morning Post* article, as it is also in the *Kynoch Journal;* the latter, perhaps, might have been expected, for trade reasons. The enormous number of targets made in the Greener Competition proves what a decided hit Mr. Greener has made. And, indeed, it is something to be proud of in these days, when our leading shooters, as well as rifle-makers, have constituted themselves merely agents for Continental-made weapons.

* * * *

I am rather sorry, I confess, to see the whole gun trade giving itself up to the selling of foreign rifles. Of course I know that they are very good weapons indeed, probably better than are made in this country; and certainly they are made cheaper than our own military rifle is, either when that weapon is turned out by the Government factories or by private firms. Of course, also, I am aware that it requires a monstrous plant, and a demand that will keep that plant going always, to enable any English rifle-makers to compete with the Continental world supply. I am afraid that trade jealousy would prevent gun-makers selling and pushing the inventions of a rival. The way it would work is thus: If A, B, C, and D all sold the rifles made by X, the public would probably think X the right man to go to direct, not only for rifles, but for shot-guns and ammunition. There is private safety, therefore, in pushing a foreign rival's goods, whereas there is none in pushing a home manufacturer's work. Of course the Lee-Enfield is of home manufacture; but it is not the handiwork of a retail house, and that would enable it to be pushed if it were good enough. But unfortunately it is in many ways inferior to the Mannlicher in action, as well as in barrel, and the Mauser also ranks above it.

* * * *

The military arm is so very important, that it was with a good deal of regret that people heard that the Small Arms Committee would be content with a patched-up affair. No doubt they will not be content with anything that is not thoroughly serviceable; and it might be said, what more do you want? Well, I am afraid we want something that it is not in the power of the War Office to give; we want a rifle good enough to make the Mauser and the Mannlicher play second fiddle in the markets of the world. Commerce, after all, it is which keeps the Army on its legs, and the ships of war in command of the sea. Commerce is the root cause of all; it is at once the need of expenditure and the means of it; and it would have been a splendid stroke of business had the Small Arms Committee, with the help of our leading gunmakers, evolved a rifle which would have brought back the trade of the world in rifles to this country. Perhaps that is past praying for; but Mr. Brodrick is a strong man when he wants to be, and there are military, as well as commercial, reasons why the smallest European Army should have the best rifle.

* * * *

The opening of the partridge-shooting season has merely served to show that September 1 is not half as much of an institution as it used to be. By that date grouse used to be too wild to afford an excuse for stopping up North; now they are wilder still, and yet men stop in Scotland a month longer, and the reason for the change is that driving has been discovered. This method did not begin in Scotland, and did not become general in England, until after 1872, when the late Sir Fred Milbank revolutionised ideas by killing over 700 grouse in the day to his own gun. The same year the late Maharajah killed the record bag over dogs in Perthshire—440 birds to his own gun in the day—but then he was shooting alone, whereas Sir F. Milbank was one of a party of guns. Does it not seem extraordinary that the slow working of the brain of man should have let 1,850 years slip by since the Christian Era before it occurred to it that the easiest way to secure birds with the gun was to stand still and have them driven to the shooter? Even the celebrated Colonel Hawker was defeated by Yorkshire grouse, which he thought were too wild to give good sport, no matter how hard he walked after them. I know that some people will argue that the flint and steel, which lasted well into the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was totally unfitted to kill driven game with. With that I do not agree, and I myself have used the flint and steel on game. Not, certainly, on driven birds, because driving was not heard of in those days; but what was done, and well done too, was flight shooting, in which wildfowl were killed over the hidden shooter, as they flew out to feed in the dusk of the evening. It was the most difficult of shooting; but it was done with the flint and steel just as successfully as now with the single-trigger, ejector, snap-action, breech-loading, central fire.

* * * *

I am informed that The Mackintosh has beaten his last year's 807 brace of grouse in a single day, by killing over 900 brace on August 30. That is so, and Scotland, as well as Wales, has broken its record. The Welsh bag is the most surprising, because, although there has always been a good supply of grouse in the Principality, it has long been thought a good deal inferior to both Yorkshire and Scotland for the red grouse. Mr. A. W. Corrie's bags to eleven guns of 647 brace on August 12, and of 2,084½ brace in five days' shooting to an average of ten guns, beat the best August 12 bag and the best five-day bag made anywhere so early in the season.

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THE "BRITANNIA" LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

BRINGING THE DUMMY "MAN OVERBOARD" TO THE SHORE.

Here is an interesting picture which goes some way towards explaining the splendid readiness of the British Naval officer to go overboard at the very shortest notice with intent to rescue anyone in danger of being drowned. Every year the cadets in the "Britannia" take part in a life-saving competition for a medal presented by the Royal Humane Society, and in the accompanying picture we see a cadet bringing to shore the dummy which is specially prepared for the competition. This particular dummy, by the way, had a comic after-history, for it was washed ashore at Old Mill Creek, where it was promptly reported as a "dead body" to the local constable. The latter's appreciation of the hoax was probably small.

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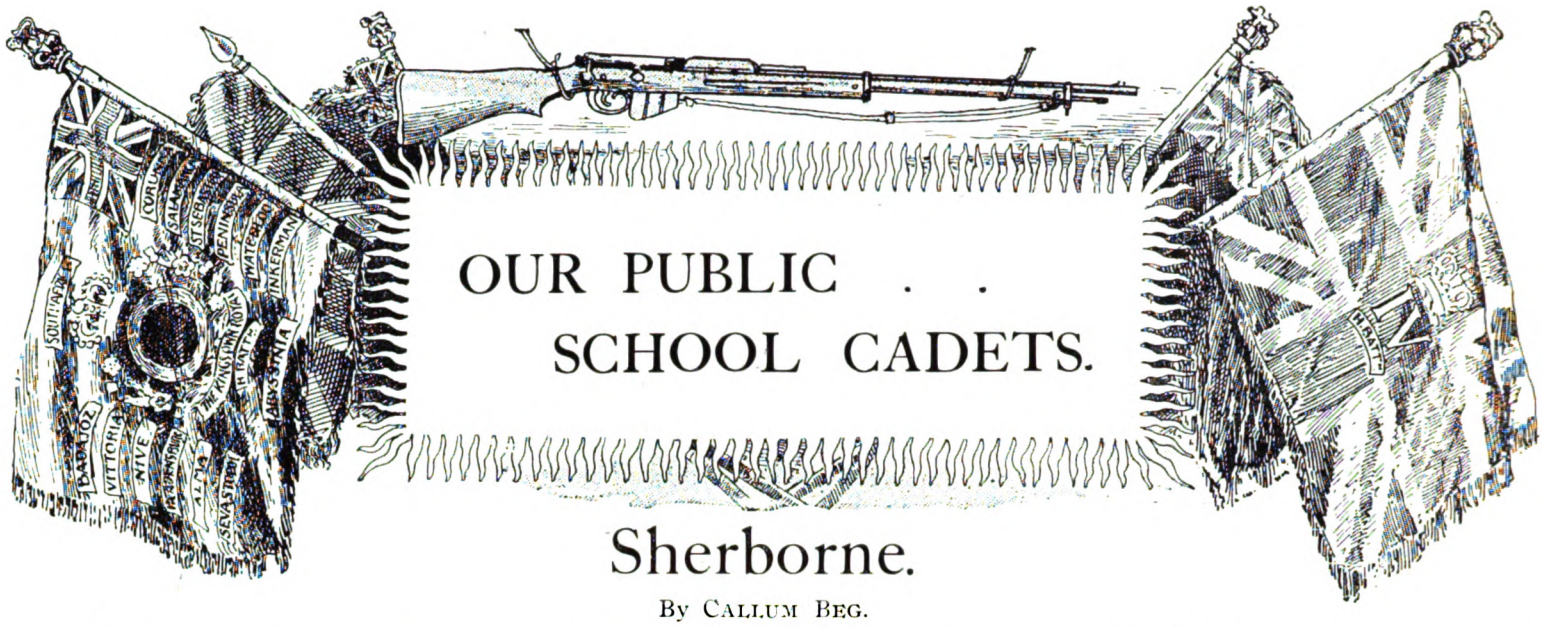

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Sherborne.

By CALLUM BEG.

THE corps was raised in 1888, and in the following year it was one of the four schools that formed the first Public Schools Provisional Battalion at Churn Camp. That battalion, which has now increased in size, and is contributed to by nearly every public school in Great Britain, was then temporarily attached to the Home Counties Brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General Lord Wantage.

No one who assisted at this first encampment of public school-boys would have believed that some ten years later it would be possible to form a brigade camp at Aldershot composed of school corps only. This, however, was the case, and it is due to the fact that parents generally have of late years realised their obligations as regards the defence of their hearths and homes.

It may have been the fashion at one time to sneer at our boy Volunteers, but the quality of their work performed year after year has shown that their doings are not to be made a subject for ridicule. Even if they are not, as boys, fit to take their places in the firing line, there can be no doubt that their early training is often found of value to them in after years.

Writing from South Africa, a former member of the corps serving in the Imperial Light Horse, says: "From the first day I enlisted I found what a great help my cadet corps training had been. Mounted infantry drill differs very little from infantry drill, except the section-of-four movements." The writer of the letter is but one of many who have found that their training as cadets was by no means merely of an annual "picnic," but something tangible on which they might afterwards rely.

Over a hundred "old boys" are serving, or have served, in South Africa, in the Regular Army, the Yeomanry, Volunteers, or Colonial Corps, and from the last statistics compiled by the headquarters at Sherborne, it appeared that no fewer than 10 per cent. had been killed or died of disease.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Lieut. Carey. *Capt. Wildman.* *Lieut. Dunkin.*

As in the case of many other corps, that of which we write has suffered in musketry efficiency by the introduction of the Lee-Metford rifle. Not that the rifle is itself directly responsible, but with musketry is inseparably connected the question of a suitable range, and at Sherborne this is not forthcoming.

Morris Tube practice takes place daily from 1.30 p.m. to 3.15 p.m. For this purpose each cadet is allowed fourteen rounds every fortnight, and many have further practice at their own expense.

There is no examination for promotion to the rank of corporal, but seniority and smartness are taken into consideration. For promotion to the rank of sergeant a written examination is held in squad drill, close and extended order,

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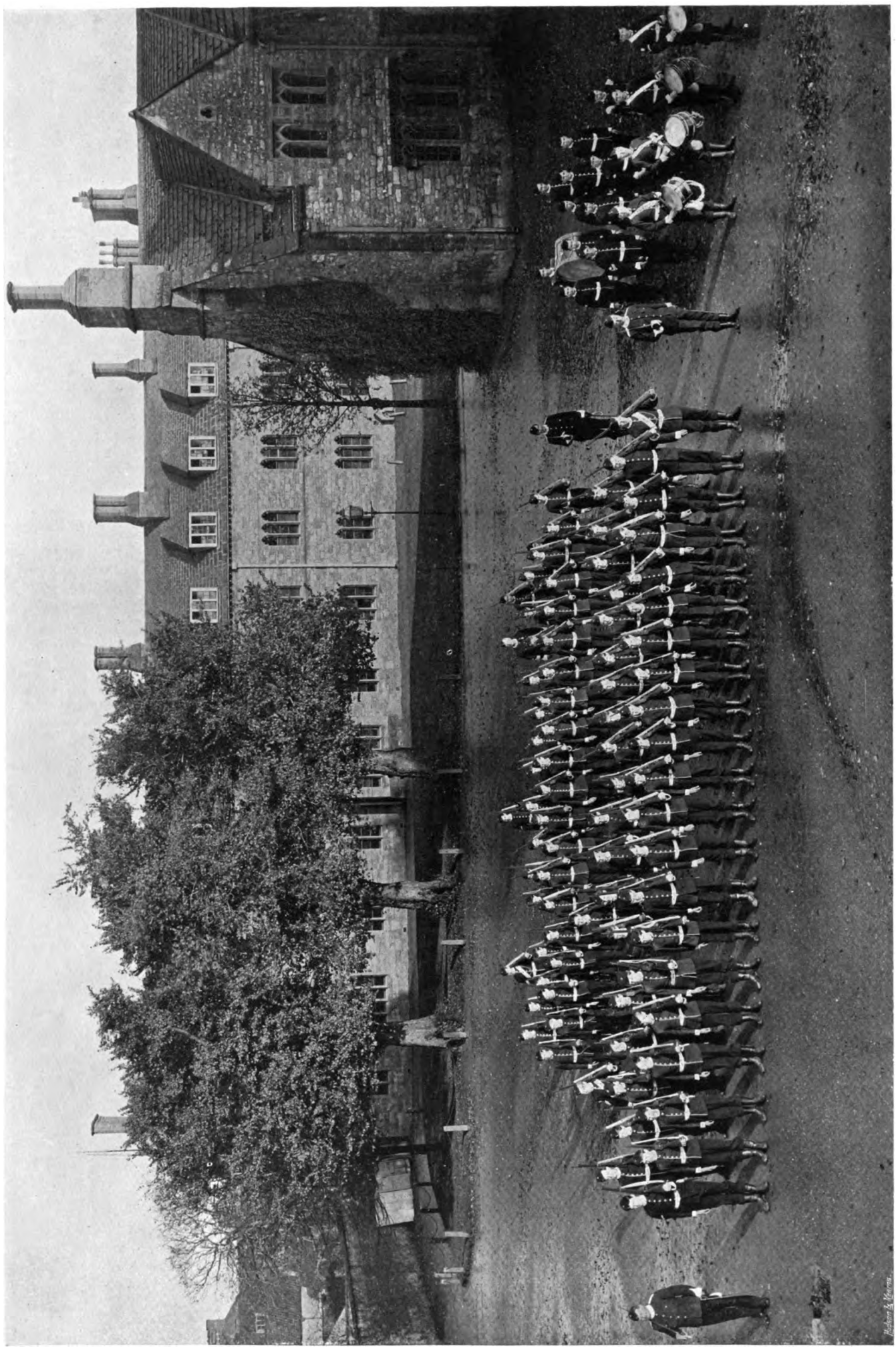

A. H. Fry.

A FULL MUSTER OF THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF A FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The Sherborne Cadet Corps on parade on the School Ground.

Photo. Copyright.

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duties of guides and markers, musketry and manual exercise, knowledge of patrol work, picket posting, and sentry duties. Candidates must also drill a squad to the satisfaction of the commanding officer. For trained men there is one parade a week of an hour's duration. In addition recruits have an extra parade weekly lasting for half an hour. Tactics are not forgotten, and during each term one or two exercises are arranged. The school also takes part in the Public Schools Field Day at Aldershot in March of each year. For these exercises the country surrounding is most suitable, but owing to the many calls upon the boys' time there are not so many of them as the officers of the corps would like.

The Cadet Corps is attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment, the uniform of which is green with scarlet facings, but the Sherborne boys wear a uniform resembling that of the line battalions of the Dorsetshire Regiment, namely, scarlet with white facings. The cadets are inspected three times yearly by the adjutant of the battalion, and once by the officer commanding the 39th Regimental District. There is a bugle band consisting of twelve bugles, four side drums, one big drum, and cymbals, in a high state of efficiency. As in the case of other school corps, Sherborne arranges various competitions during the year. At the end of each term teams compete in (*a*) squad drill and (*b*) in musketry. Each house must send in a team of not less than twelve, except the school-house, which must send in two teams. The school-house is divided on the A to K and L to Z principle. For these contests there is much rivalry, and, of course, a number of extra parades are held.

We are indebted to Captain Wildman, commanding the corps, for much of the information contained in this article.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February* 21, *Charterhouse on March* 9, *Rugby on March* 23, *St. Paul's on April* 6, *Berkhamsted on April* 20, *Blairlodge on May* 4, *Harrow on May* 18, *Winchester on June* 1, *Marlborough on June* 15, *Felsted on June* 29, *Haileybury on July* 20, *Cheltenham on August* 3, *Stonyhurst on August* 17, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September* 7, *and Rossall on September* 21.]

THE BUGLE BAND.

Twelve bugles, four side drums, one big drum, and cymbals.

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Lance-Corpl. Gregory. Lance-Corpl. Holman. Corpl. Gotto.
Lance-Corpl. Birks. Corpl. Dickson. Lance-Corpl. Edwards.
Lance-Corpl. Laurie. Lance-Corpl. Reynell Lance-Corpl. Venning. Corpl. Rogerson. Lance-Corpl. Adamson. Lance-Corpl. Abbott. Lance-Corpl. Woodhams.
Corpl. Hodgson. Sergt. Low. Col.-Sergt. Fletcher. Sergt. Rawes. Corpl. Moser.

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FRUITLESS BRITISH EXPEDITIONS.

CHARGE!

The British advance on Flushing. A French caricature.

RETREAT!

French caricature illustrating the failure of the Walcheren Expedition.

NO nation can be ever really great that does not recognise the solemn truth that failure is, nine times out of ten, much more instructive than success. There are those who think that Great Britain in building up her mighty Empire has had too few failures, and that by those which she has encountered she has not profited by any means as much as she might have done. Into this argument we cannot closely enter here; but the reflections which are grouped round it will serve as a useful introduction to two sets of highly-interesting little pictures having reference to very serious British failures, the expeditions, namely, to Buenos Ayres and the Scheldt in 1807 and 1809 respectively. Our pictures are, as will be seen, reproductions of contemporary caricatures by English and French artists, one of the former indicating a bitterness of personal feeling which in these times would certainly never find similar expression.

The expedition of General Whitelocke to Buenos Ayres was the outcome of an unfortunate and, it would seem, wholly unnecessary entanglement into which Great Britain had fallen in regard to the Spanish settlements in South America. The state of the public mind as to these settlements appears to have been a confused mixture of sentiment, cupidity, and commercial ambition, all three motives having favoured British co-operation with General Miranda in his historic attempt to "emancipate" Spanish South America, which took shape in the expedition to Caracas in 1806. One result of this remarkable but abortive enterprise was the capture, wholly unauthorised, of Buenos Ayres by Sir Home Popham, on whose withdrawal the town was promptly retaken by the Spaniards, a number of British prisoners being seized.

GENERAL WHITELOCKE.

As he appeared at the court-martial which cashiered him.

In 1807 the British Government, although by no means pleased with Sir Home Popham's performance, resolved to concentrate a considerable force in La Plata with a view to the reduction of the whole province of Buenos Ayres. Early in the year General Craufurd was ordered to join Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who was already on the spot, and their combined forces amounted to 9,500 men. It now seemed desirable to appoint a general to command the whole expedition, with the result that in the spring Lieutenant-General Whitelocke was sent out with an additional force of over 1,500.

Whitelocke landed in the second week of May, and by the end of June the expedition was ready to make a start. There is no space here to tell the painful story of what followed, except in the barest outline. Buenos Ayres was attacked, and eventually some sort of entry was effected, but the plan of operations was disgracefully inept, and the behaviour of the general officer commanding simply scandalous. Our losses were much more severe than they should have been, and an ignominious repulse was narrowly avoided. On his return, Whitelocke was court-martialled and cashiered, his name for a time being a by-word of reproach in the Army, upon which he had brought such sad disgrace.

The Walcheren Expedition of 1809 was on a much greater scale than that to Buenos Ayres. It was, in fact, the largest and most complete that had ever left our shores. It consisted of thirty-nine sail of the line, thirty-six frigates, and a proportion of gun-boats, bombs, and small craft; in all, 245 vessels of war, accompanied by about 400 transports, carrying nearly 40,000 men. The Naval force was under the command of Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, the troops under that of the Earl of Chatham, a "respectable veteran," but one whose indolence and want of real military ability were almost proverbial.

The idea of the expedition was to capture Flushing and Antwerp, then garrisoned by the French, and to render the Scheldt no longer navigable by ships of war, thus creating a diversion in favour of Austria, between which and France a state of war existed. After elaborate preparations and a tremendous bombardment, Flushing was duly captured, the surrender taking place on August 16. If the expedition had at once advanced to Antwerp there is little doubt that that fortress also would have fallen and an important success been achieved. But Lord Chatham paused and pondered for nearly a fortnight, and in the meantime the French had thrown a number of additional troops into Antwerp, and had further fortified the Scheldt. On August 30 they actually took the offensive, and forced the English fleet to retire from its advanced position. In the middle of September the Earl of Chatham re-embarked for England with a portion of the army, leaving a feeble remnant in occupation of the Isle of Walcheren, where the men died like flies from the local malaria. An attempt was made to retain possession of the post, and bricklayers were even sent out from England to improve the fortifications. But a death-rate of 200 a week soon rendered a continued occupation impossible, and eventually the place was abandoned, the expedition having cost us nearly 10,000 lives and twenty millions of money.

A BITTER TOAST.

Officers drinking confusion to General Whitelocke.

In these two terrible failures it is easy to find the weak spot—the hopeless incompetence of the military commander selected to carry out a perfectly simple plan of operations. In the case of General Whitelocke there is little doubt that back-stairs influence of a discreditable kind was exercised. The Earl of Chatham was a Court favourite, and the command of the Walcheren Expedition was given him as he was in embarrassed circumstances.

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THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Portsmouth—I.

MUCH has been heard by Englishmen of the younger generation of that Navy which is their defence and their pride. Its ships, by pictures and descriptions, have become familiar as household things. Their sufficiency, both in number and quality, is the subject of frequent discussion. The movements of the fleet are constantly reported, and its manœuvres and exercises are the theme of the daily Press. Its officers and men are much in the public mind also. The opinions of prominent seamen are cited and their services described, and all stand very high, and deservedly high, in our national regard. But there are some matters concerning the Navy about which Englishmen are not well informed. They possess no adequate knowledge of the Naval bases, of those dockyards which are the life of the fleet, and in which ships are built, armed, fitted, and stored with everything necessary, from which, when commissioned, they are despatched to their duties at sea, and to which they return for repair, docking, refitting, coaling, and victualling, again and again, until the time comes when they go to sea no more. All things necessary for their service to the State are found in the dockyards, and the resources which these establishments furnish are far more vital in these times of steel and steam than ever they were in the days of hemp, canvas, and wood.

The series of articles of which this is the first is intended to make good the deficiency. By an unrivalled series of illustrations, it will bring our great Naval bases vividly before the reader, and it will be my object to deal with the several Royal dockyards historically, and in regard to the highly-important duties they fulfil. Already I have been able to describe the victualling yards, the current discussion of the victualling question having seemed to make it expedient to describe these before the dockyards themselves, though that subject, even now, is not exhausted. No better beginning of the present series could be made than with Portsmouth, because it is not only our most important Naval arsenal, but the greatest Naval port in the world. A writer who described Portsmouth in 1729, considering the question of its possible capture by a superior force, remarked that if the Navy could not defend the place, England would then be no longer England, and we must all submit to the conqueror, so close did he think the relationship of Portsmouth to the national welfare. Happily, what he said of its actual situation is now as true

THE OLD SEMAPHORE TOWER.

Still the principal signalling station.

as it was in his day—that it may be accounted strong and sufficient for its purpose, which is for the security of the Navy in essential matters and the provision of the good harbour which is its necessity, making it a place, indeed, as he said, of the utmost importance. Like all our other dockyards Portsmouth has advanced by leaps and bounds, in order that it might be fitted to meet the demands of the expanding fleet. It may not be generally known that under the Naval Works Act, since 1895, a sum of something like twenty-four millions sterling is being expended on very important operations, including the enclosing of the harbours of Portland, Dover, and Gibraltar, the deepening of harbours and extending of works at Gibraltar, Keyham, Simon's Bay, and Hong Kong, and in building Naval barracks and other works at Portsmouth, Chatham, and elsewhere. So great, however, had been the increase in the resources of Portsmouth already, that not so large an amount is absorbed there of the sums recently voted as at some places which had been neglected. The intimate relation of Portsmouth to the fleet, and thereby to the National welfare, had made it impossible that it could ever lag far behind.

There has existed a harbour there, resorted to by fighting ships, from the most ancient times in our history. The Romans undoubtedly used it when they had their stronghold at Portchester, and appear to have named it Portus Magnus, or the Great Port. The footsteps of the Roman provincials and of the Saxons and Normans may be traced, and from those times onward the name of Portsmouth occurs frequently in our history. The place had attained some measure of importance in the reign of Henry I. Richard Cœur de Lion set sail thence when last he left the shores of his kingdom, and in the time of his successor a Naval establishment existed at the port. Each successive king did something for Portsmouth, and Henry III., Edward I., and other English sovereigns assembled their fleets there. Twice the French came and burned the place, but in 1377 they were repulsed with great slaughter after their raid, and fled. The coming and going of ships at Portsmouth was constant in mediæval England, but the place was not established as a Royal dockyard in a complete sense until Tudor times. Under Henry VII. and his successor it assumed greater importance with the larger development of maritime interests, and from that time forward

THE MAIN GATE OF THE DOCKYARD.

Looking out along Portsmouth Hard.

***From** Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."*

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we can clearly trace the growth of the dockyard step by step up to the present day.

It is worthy of remark that the position of Portsmouth grew as that of the Cinque Ports and the Thames, as Naval bases, declined. Sir John Leake's list of war-ships in 1685 shows that of the first-rates then in the Navy, three had been built at Portsmouth, the "Royal Charles," the "Royal James," and another, four on the Thames, and two at Chatham. Among the second-rates the proportion was three for Portsmouth and nine for the Thames, and something like this proportion held good for ships of other classes. But ship-building for the Navy long ago ceased on the river, and has only been revived in modern times, and most of the activity which departed found its opportunities at the Hampshire port.

Before I turn to the recent history of Portsmouth Dockyard, or describe its resources for ship-building, repairing, and equipping vessels of all classes with boats, stores, and everything that is necessary to fit them for service, it will be well for me to explain something of the method of work at the dockyards in relation to Naval construction. This, indeed, is the principal business which we associate with them, and, of course, in a large sense, construction implies much more than the mere building of ships, for the work of the constructive department is only a part of the vast operations in which the store and other officers of the yards are concerned. The building and maintaining of the fleet in complete efficiency abreast of the latest scientific developments and the most recent triumphs of mechanical skill is obviously vast, complex, and of supreme importance, and the enormous progress made since the introduction of steam has brought with it a wonderful development, both in the departments at Whitehall, and in the related branches at the yards.

The control and administration of these establishments is subject to the Director of Dockyards, under whom is the building, repairing, and maintaining of ships and boats of all classes, though there seems to be some conflict of jurisdiction, for the Director of Naval Construction is responsible, not only for the design of ships, but for their actual construction. When he has made his design, working with the Director of Naval Ordnance, the Assistant Director of Torpedoes, and the Engineer-in-Chief, and when it has received the approval and sanction of the Admiralty Board, it is sent with specifications and bills of quantities to the dockyard where the ship is to be built, and the plans begin to take practical shape in the hands of the dockyard officials. The initial step is to "lay off" the ship to her full size in the "mould loft" of which the floor is practically a huge drawing-board. One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows the mould loft at Portsmouth, in which the practical work upon many of our finest ships has been begun. When the vessel has been duly laid off, the preparation of the working drawings commences, and when these are complete, and have been examined by the gunnery and other responsible officers of the yard, they are sent to the Admiralty, where they are considered afresh, being sometimes amended, and afterwards approved, while the financial officers have been dealing with the matter of expense. Thereupon the Director of Navy Contracts arranges contracts for the materials for the ship, which, in due course, are delivered at the yard. Probably few are aware how wide are the ramifications of the work of providing materials for ship-building. Much of the machinery is supplied from outside, although some propelling machinery has latterly been manufactured in the public establishments. All the armour plating comes to Portsmouth and the other dockyards from the manufacturing firms. Steering engines, machinery for air-compressing, dynamos, distilling apparatus, boat hoists, crank-shafts, piston and connecting rods, cylinder covers, steel springs, tubes of many classes, gauges, forgings, and a hundred other parts of the ship are often, or even generally, obtained from private firms in the country.

Those who have visited Portsmouth Dockyard and have watched the operations of that hive of industry, have perhaps realised how vast is the business of bringing together this huge aggregate of materials, and creating from them that mighty organism, the modern ship of war. An army of artisans and labourers is employed, and out of apparent chaos order is evolved, for every man knows his duties and his place. The more this stupendous work is considered, the more does it impress the imagination and seem to merit explanation and enquiry. A high-water

THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

Official residence of Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich.

THE SHIP-BUILDING MOULD LOFT.

"Laying off" a ship to her full size.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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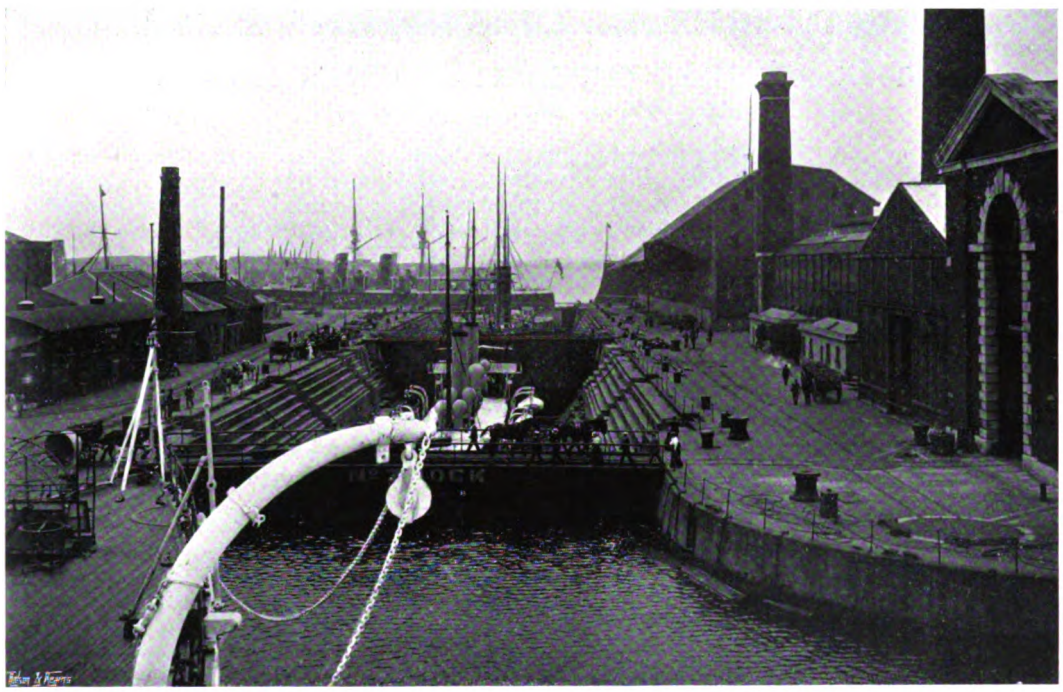
THE PORTSMOUTH COALING STATION.

Where about 18,000 tons of coal are always stored.



DOCKS No. 7 AND No. 10.

Convertible into a single dock by removing the caisson

THE STEAM BOAT BASIN.

Where steam pinnaces for the Fleet are always in readiness.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

mark of Naval construction was reached at Portsmouth when the "Majestic" was built there. There had been a wonderful shaking-up in the dockyards, which, as a former chief constructor at Portsmouth told a Parliamentary committee, had been put on their mettle, for they had been placed in competition with private establishments, and with each other, and their officers were imbued with the idea that they must show good results. They gained a freer hand, and when once contracts were signed they could enter into direct relations with the contractors, which was, and is, most advantageous, and many details which before had been submitted to Whitehall were thenceforth settled in the yards. The result was much greater rapidity of work, and, with that, much greater cheapness. Indeed, at Portsmouth Yard, battleships have been built at a cheaper rate than has probably ever been attained by any foreign establishment. There had often been delays in delivering material. Steel castings, angles for the construction of ships' frames, and armour plating would fail to arrive. Great improvements were, however, made in that matter, and the rapidity of our constructive work became the admiration of foreigners, and the example which they set before themselves. There has been a falling-off unfortunately, and delays have recurred, but the fault has not lain with the dockyards, and we may reasonably hope that construction will not be further retarded, since the specific causes which led to the unfortunate result have been removed; and it is recognised that, though to lay down many ships is desirable, to complete them is the real achievement. It has been remarked that a ship of war is the finest practical creation directed by the human intellect, since it embodies within itself a complete organisation fitted for its life afloat, and depends only for its efficiency upon the resources, personal and material, which the dockyards, regarding them as Naval bases in the largest sense, provide. It is, therefore, pre-eminently necessary that the operations of the dockyards should be thoroughly efficient, and the establishments themselves capable of meeting very varied needs.

The system of work at the yards is characterised in its organisation by its simplicity. Each morning the principal officers, who are the Admiral Superintendent, the Chief Constructor, the Chief Engineer, the Naval Store Officer, and some others, meet for discussion and the arrangement of administrative and practical business. Thus in each branch of the work the orders of the Admiralty are completely understood, and every principal officer is well informed of all that is going forward. The system of personal intercommunication contributes very greatly to facilitate business. His Majesty's dockyards are, above all things else, practical, and Portsmouth is the best example among them, which is not to say that Devonport, Sheerness, and the other dockyards are any less efficient, but only that Portsmouth, by virtue of its position and pre-eminent importance, is the greatest of them all.

(To be continued.)

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 245] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12th 1901.

COMMANDING THE PACIFIC STATION.

Flag-Lieut. G. V. C. Knox. Secretary R. Clutton Baker. Capt. Colin Keppel, C.B., D.S.O. Rear-Ad. A. K. Bickford, C.M.G.

Admiral Bickford's squadron played a prominent part in the reception of the Duke and Duchess to Pacific waters. On the arrival of the Royal travellers at Victoria, the war-ships of Admiral Bickford's squadron assembled, dressed in flags, and saluted. The Admiral subsequently entertained Their Royal Highnesses at luncheon on board the "Warspite" in the pretty land-locked harbour of Esquimalt.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

IS THE WAR OFFICE AWAKE?

NOTHING that has happened in the past few months has tended to increase the public confidence in the Government. That confidence was not very great when the holiday season came upon us. It is true that a paper scheme of imposing dimensions had been drawn up in answer to the loud call for Army reorganisation. But, as we pointed out at the time, and as the Press has generally recognised since, that scheme, even if it could be worked out as it stands, will never give us what we really need in the way of military forces. It provides an enormous number of men—some well-trained, some half-trained, some scarcely trained at all—all of them to be called by courtesy soldiers, for the defence of this island. But, since this island is never in the least likely to need defending by an enormous number of men, the point of Mr. Brodrick's proposals is blunted at the very outset. What the scheme fails to provide—fails even to suggest—is an Imperial Army, that can be used for the purposes of the Empire as a whole, not merely for the safeguarding of Great Britain and Ireland; that can be sent to any part of the world, can be ready to take the field against any enemy, and, in virtue of its training, can hold the field until it has beaten our foes in open battle or worn down their resistance by determined and perseverant pursuit.

Apparently this view of our Imperial requirements escapes the Government. At any rate, the action which such a recognition of our necessities would naturally dictate is put off until some future time. And yet these necessities are of the most pressing and urgent character. Now that the holiday season is over, the world goes back to work with a serious face. Never has the need for a well-organised military system throughout the Empire, not for the defence of separate portions, but for the service of the entire British World-State—never has this need been more evident. In South Africa the situation has been growing worse, and now that the summer is at hand on the veldt and the grass is beginning to grow again, the Boers can look forward to meeting their forage difficulties for at least another four or five months. We have had to send out an Army raised by all sorts of emergency means. It has proved itself, as a whole and on the whole, as fine an Army as ever a general had to his hand to serve as an instrument of extremely difficult and harassing warfare. It was sent to accomplish a task which ill-informed politicians believed to be easy. It was badly provided with intelligence. Its transport system had to be organised three months after the war had begun. It has never been properly provided with a steady flow of reinforcements. Yet, in spite of all its disadvantages, it has won the admiration of every competent observer. Foreigh officers on the look-out for weak places in the British military system have declared that such troops more capably led would be irresistible in any war. That they have shown pluck and dash and endurance needs no saying. They are of British blood. What has surprised many who thought they knew Tommy Atkins pretty thoroughly, has been the clever and cheerful manner in which he has adapted himself to strange conditions of campaigning; the patience with which hardships, not always unavoidable hardships, have been faced; the steady reliance upon his leaders which he has shown, even when his leaders have seemed to those who watch from afar to be straining to the utmost the loyalty of their men. What would the French soldiers, who, in the recent manœuvres raised cries of discontent when they were marched through villages in which they expected to be billetted for the night—what would they have done in circumstances such as our troops in South Africa have met with over and over again?

But, splendidly as the Army has acquitted itself, there is no doubt at all that it is suffering severely from the staleness of the fatigue that must follow upon a long and uninterrupted campaign. It has been in the field, part of it for two years, most of it for eighteen months, nearly all of it for more than a year. It is kept upon the stretch far more than are the Boers. They suddenly concentrate and fight an action, then they trek away into the distance and get such rest as they can. Our soldiers must be always on the watch. If they are caught unawares it goes badly with them, even though they succeeed in driving off the attack. We have had painful examples of this during the past few weeks. They cannot ride off at full gallop, each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, as the Boers do when a British force comes suddenly upon them. In the first place, that is not the British way; it is war, but it is not magnificent, and our way has both the advantages and the corresponding disadvantages of aiming always at "magnificence," in the sense in which the French general used the word with reference to the Light Brigade and their famous charge. In the second place, our men could not separate and ride hard away from an attack, even if they were ordered to do so. They lack the necessary initiative, they are not sufficiently well mounted, they are hindered by their arms and accoutrements, and by long transport trains containing the pianos and harmoniums and other luxuries of which Lord Kitchener wrote ironically and severely in his recent Order concerning the non-mobility of mobile columns. Therefore the British forces in neighbourhoods where Boers abound are always on the look-out, always in expectation of attack, and nothing puts a severer strain than this upon the nervous system and the human organisation generally. The troops who are engaged in the districts which are clear of the enemy are in very little better case, for they have to contend against the deadly monotony of routine, day following day, without any incident to break the flat sameness of tiresome duties far away from friends and home.

It is no wonder that in such conditions the Army should show signs of staleness. The wonder is that the War Office (and though we speak of the War Office, the Government as a whole must bear the burden of blame) should have done nothing, should be doing nothing, to remedy a state of things which has been foreseen clearly for many months past. It would seem that the Government has gone on in blind reliance upon the hope that the war would suddenly come to an end, and that the need for determined action would disappear. The country is not in a mood to bear with this supine attitude any longer. It has been told so often that the war is "practically over," or is just about to be over, that it has ceased to pay any heed to the politicians who seek to delude it by crying peace when there is no peace. We have been at war in South Africa for two years. We have done much, but there remains yet much more to be done. It cannot be done without a fresh effort, but, unfortunately, there are as yet no signs that a fresh effort is being made. Is Mr. Brodrick strong enough to insist that, if he controls the War Office, he must be given a free hand? And if he is given a free hand, will he be able to offer Lord Kitchener the right kind of support? The next few weeks will show.

AN "Old Glenalmond" writes: "I was naturally much interested in the account of the School Cadet Corps which appeared in a recent number. I can elucidate one point on which the writer of the article appeared uncertain, namely, that of the uniform first worn by the corps on its inception: this was a knickerbocker suit of a black, or exceedingly dark grey cloth, faced with red—not at all unlike that worn by Charterhouse—with a cap of the French Képi pattern." Our correspondent further takes exception to the concluding paragraph of the article, which claims for poor Eric Lascelles the distinction of being "among old Glenalmond boys, perhaps, the most remarkable." He considers it unwise to set up Lascelles (whom he remembers at school, though he was much his junior) before such men as the late Lord Lothian (the first boy to enter the school, afterwards Secretary for Scotland), Lord Elgin, the ex-Viceroy of India, Sir Wolfe Barry, Sir James Aideton-Browne, the late Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., the late Bishop of Tasmania, and Sir John McQueen.

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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN CANADA.

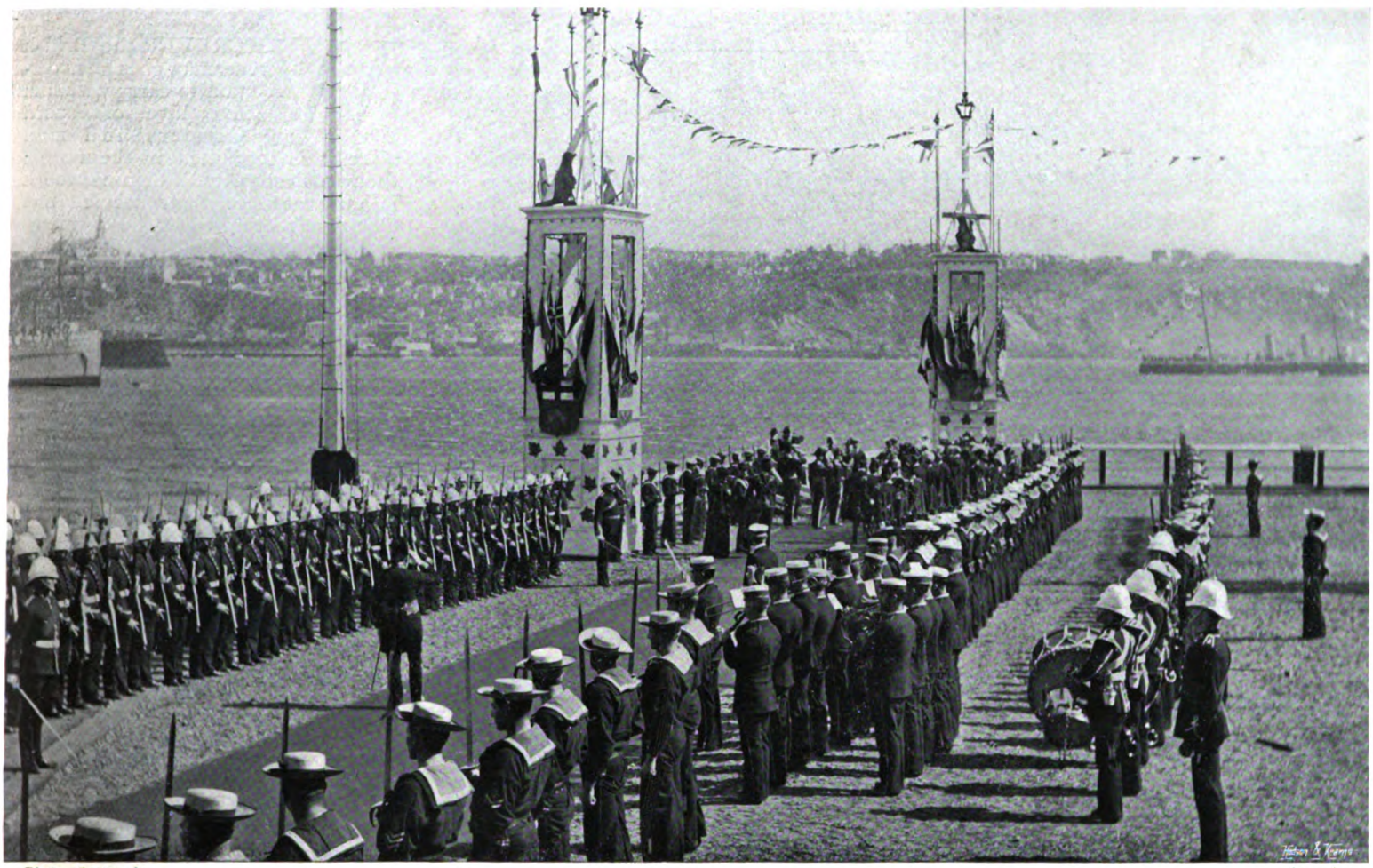

Photo. Copyright. *Illustrations.*

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES LANDING AT KING'S WHARF, QUEBEC.

A hearty welcome was accorded them by the great throng crowding the beautifully decorated city. Cordial greetings in French and English were displayed side by side. At the landing at Quebec 600 Marines from Admiral Bickford's squadron formed a guard, and saluted as the Royal party disembarked.

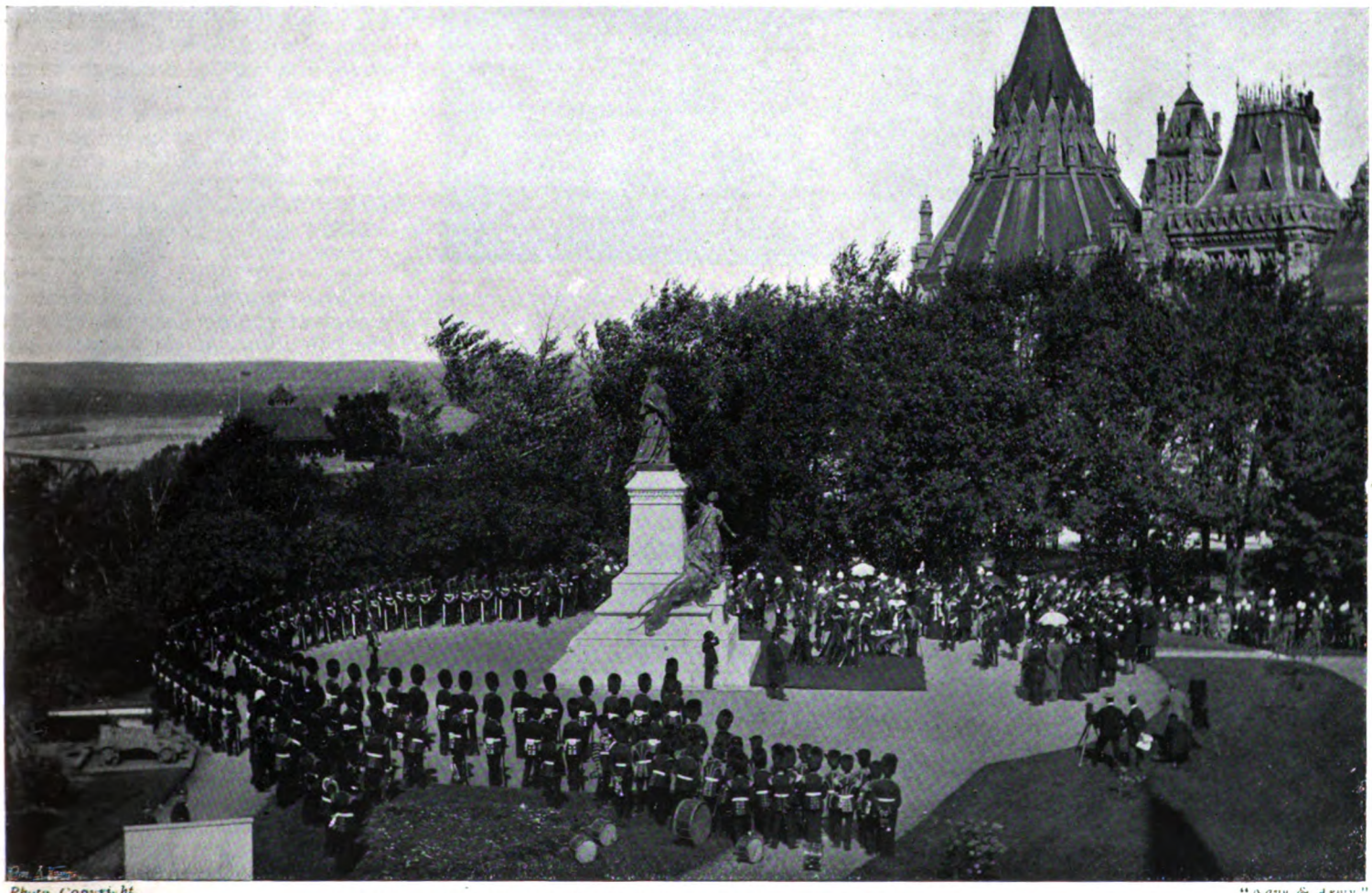

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE DUKE PRESENTS THE VICTORIA CROSS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, pinning the Victoria Cross on the breast of Lieutenant Holland (Princess Louise Dragoon Guards), late of the Canadian Contingent in South Africa. His Royal Highness is seen on the extreme right of the carpet. In the centre of the carpet, Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada, is seen in the uniform of a general. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York is also in the centre group with Lady Minto.

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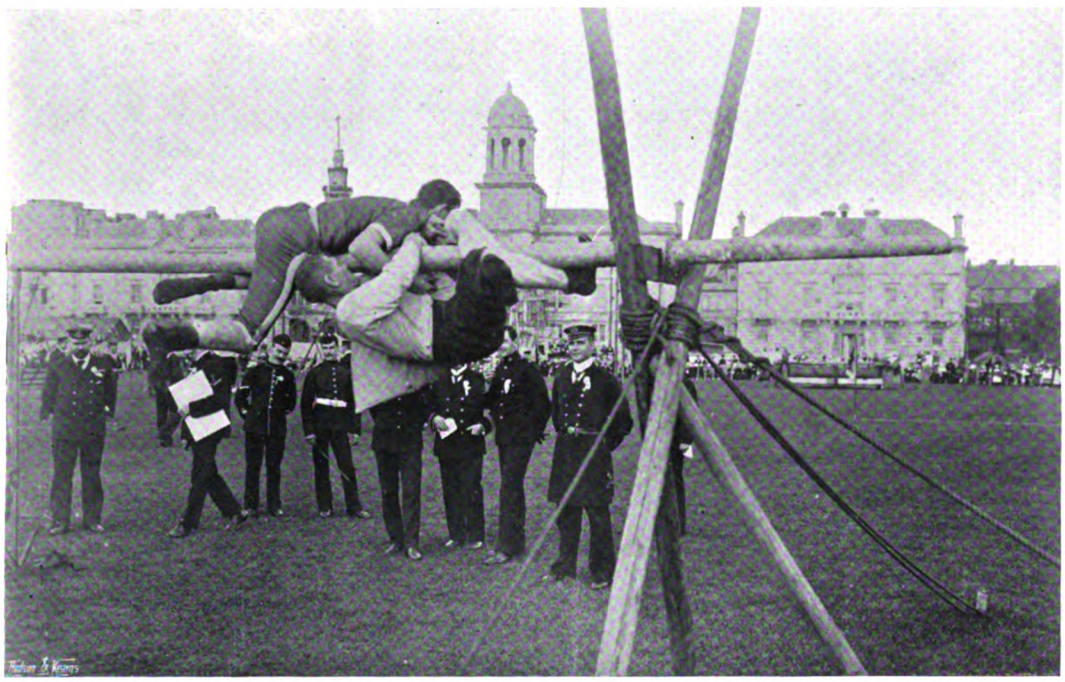
DEPOT SPORTS AT DEVONPORT.

A DIFFICULT FEATURE IN THE OBSTACLE RACE.

Ropes to climb before crossing the bar.



A NEW TYPE OF COMPETITION.

Boxing on the spar. The end in sight.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

A VERY MODERN TOURNEY.

Mopping one another in approved fashion.

WHEREVER the British seaman goes he is certain to carry with him his love of sport. Officers and men alike, it is ingrained in them from their earliest years as Britons, and it is cultivated in their service life. The newly-caught lad, the "green" engineer student at Keyham, the "Naval baby" of the executive branch at Dartmouth, are all taught in the most practical fashion that the physical fitness which comes from running and rowing, from football and cricket, from singlestick and boxing, is a possession to be made much of and to be cherished. Hence it happens that wherever the British seaman is stationed he promptly proceeds to establish a recreation-ground—in other words, a place where he can indulge his love of athleticism. If it is in British territory there is of course no difficulty. How many county clubs would like to have the magnificent cricket ground of Whale Island? And cricket is played even at St. Helena, where the definition of a plain is a surface on which a ball will not run down of its own weight. But even abroad there are spots where the Navy has managed to secure leave to make a suitable ground for its favourite sports. Wei-hai-Wei is British territory to all intents and purposes, but it is noticeable that the first thing that Jack thought of was to level and lay out a recreation ground. At Platea, too—a Greek bay, which is used for the running of torpedoes—an area has been levelled—of course, with the permission of the Greek Government—and cinders from the ships have been used to create an admirable track for running and cycling. It is natural, perhaps, that sports confined to the Service should make more arduous demands on the competitors—should even, shall we say, be a little more rough—than those which appertain to civilian life. In some cases, for example, there are obstacle races at the sports of some athletic club, but what committee would dream of making it one of the conditions of such a race that the competitors should climb some 20-ft. of rope, surmount a bar at the top, and descend on the other side? Our first picture, however, of the Naval sports recently held at Devonport shows that this was what took place, that the obstacle which would have been insurmountable to the ordinary civilian did not deter a large field from competing. Another novelty, of which we give an illustration, was boxing on a spar. It is obvious that here there could be no slipping away to avoid punishment, while the man who once lost his balance and had to use his hands to regain it was practically at the mercy of his adversary. Another contest, of which we give an illustration, was the mounted mop competition. The picture explains itself, and it is easy to understand the interest in such a contest with its incessant vicissitudes. The prizes were presented by Lady Poore, the wife of Captain Sir Richard Poore, Bart., A.D.C., and certainly in many cases they must have been thoroughly well earned.

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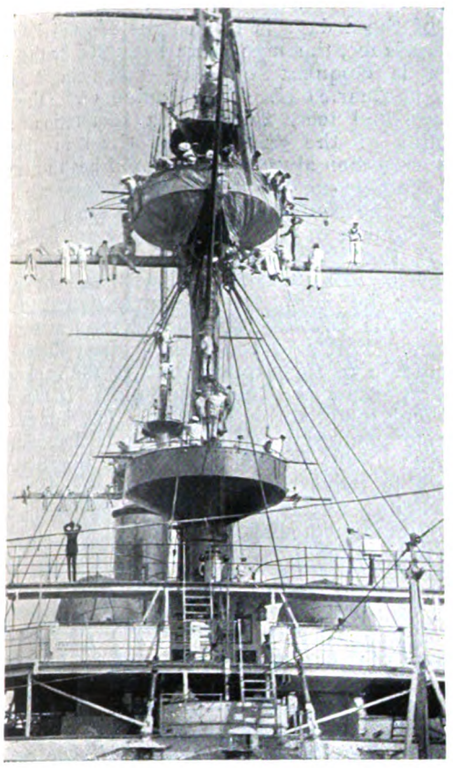
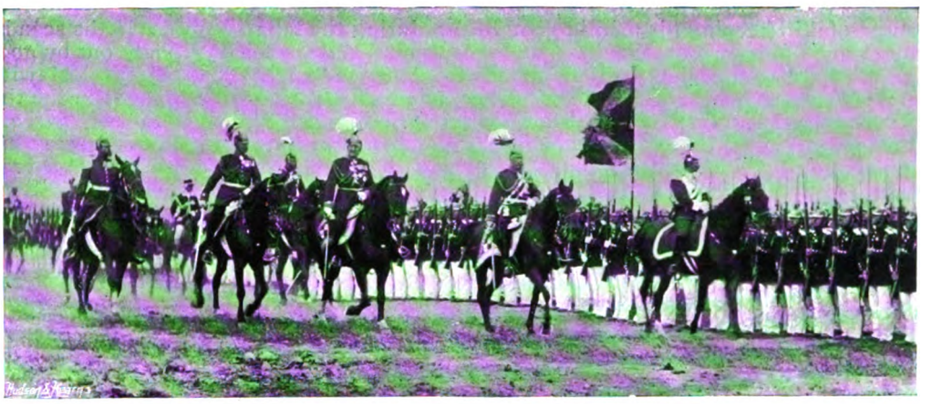


PREPARING FOR SEA.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR INSPECTING HIS TROOPS.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

IF one wanted to get a fair notion of the progress which has been made in providing decent treatment for the seamen of the Royal Navy, and also to form an estimate of the general rise in the standard of living throughout the nation, he could not do better than take the late "Report on Navy Rations." Having read it, he might then turn to any of the thousand accounts of what used to be the case in ancient days, and compare the two. We have heard a good deal of the complaints of the seamen, and the members of the committee do not deny that they have some ground for discontent. Yet it is impossible not to ask oneself when reading the Report what would have been said by the crews of Lord Bridport's fleet in the Channel at the end of the eighteenth century, if some prophet had told them that the British seamen of 1901 would be finding grievances in their allowance of food. The poor fellows would have laughed rather ruefully. The hardships of to-day would have been a luxury to them, and observe that they were far better off than their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had been. The extent of the improvement effected by the last decade of the eighteenth century may be estimated from a little fact which this very Report has been the means of bringing from obscurity.

* * * *

The members of the committee confess that they do not know the origin of the practice of allowing savings to the men, that is to say, money for the provisions they do not draw. This has brought out a great-grandson of Admiral Young, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1797, with an explanation of the mystery. It is contained in a letter of December 7, 1797, from the Admiral to Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Thomson, whose flag was then flying in the "Formidable" at Spithead. Admiral Young says that two subjects were then attracting the attention of the Admiralty; one was the practice of carrying women to sea. My Lords had heard that as many as forty or fifty were to be found in some sea-going ships, which in their opinion must be attended with many bad effects, and cannot, Admiral Young thinks, produce any good, "and must also be unpleasant to all the men, except those who have them." He was desirous of learning from Sir Charles Thomson what he thought would be the effect of "enforcing the order against carrying any women to sea." This has nothing to do with the matter in hand, but it gives us a glimpse of the old sea life, which is welcome. The regulation in question was as old as the reign of King William III., but we see it was habitually disregarded. A good deal might be said on the subject, but it is a difficult one to handle, and, moreover, it is for the present beside the question.

* * * *

What we are really concerned with is the origin of savings, which Admiral Young's letter (it appeared, by the way, in the *Standard* of September 7) would appear to clear up tolerably well. "We understand," he writes, "that it has become the practice of the men to sell the savings of their provisions to any one who will buy them on shore. As this may at times be attended with very great inconvenience, it ought to be prevented, and the Admiralty have thought of ordering the pursers to pay at fixed prices for all the savings, allowing them to draw for the money every three months, but we are not quite determined at what price he shall purchase them *(sic)*. Will you have the goodness to inform yourself, as well as you can, what the men have generally got for their bread, beef, pork, pease, and oatmeal, and what price the men would probably be satisfied with for the provisions they have lately been accustomed to sell?" The correspondence of the Admiralty at the Record Office must presumably contain at least traces of an answer from Sir Charles Thomson, or some other officer, for he was doubtless not the only authority consulted. In any case, here we have the origin of "savings" indicated in a general way. First, the men saved part of their rations, and sold them on their own behalf; then the Admiralty took to paying for what the crews would have saved, and the name was retained as being familiar and convenient.

* * * *

It is to be noted that the practice was new, and its novelty is very easy to account for. The men had only recently begun to receive their rations with such regularity and of such quality that they could find anybody to buy them. In 1797 the pork, beef, pease, and oatmeal must at least have been eatable, or else the sailors would not have found traders on shore to take them off their hands for money. There is some interest, too, in the date of Admiral Young's letter. December, 1797, was the end of the famous year of St. Vincent and Camperdown, of the breeze at Spithead, and the mutiny at the Nore. It was in many ways a turning point in the history of the Navy, for it demonstrated our superiority over all the fleets of other Powers. It first brought the name of Nelson before the whole country, and it saw the culmination of long-standing discontent in the Navy with rooted abuses, and the beginning of honest efforts towards reform. Admiral Young's letter was part of the strenuous and, in the end, successful effort to clear the Navy of the accumulated administrative corruption of the eighteenth century, which dates from the dreadful shock given to the routine of the Admiralty and the Navy Board by the sight of the red flag flying from the mastheads of the Channel and the North Sea Fleets.

* * * *

Yet, as often happens, the revolt against misusage had not come when things were at their worst, but when they were beginning to improve. The men of the Channel Fleet had complained that they were frequently in English ports for long times together and no attempt was made to supply them with fresh vegetables and meat. Captain Cook had shown on his voyages, and Gilbert Blane had proved in the West Indies when he was serving with Rodney what could be done to keep crews in health, and their experience of these reforms made the sailors impatient with hardships which would have been accepted as a matter of course by men of an earlier generation. Hawke, indeed, had been very

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successful in keeping his men in good health during the long blockade of 1759, but this was an exception. Only two years before, the fleet which sailed to America under Boscawen had been paralysed by disease and had spread a perfect plague at Halifax. The fault did not lie so much in the quantity of rations given, though the practice of putting six men on the allowance of four on voyages of any length must have cut the allowance short. The evil lay in the wretched quality. Complaints of stinking beer, rotten cheese, and half putrid meat were incessant throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries. On paper the men were promised "seven pounds of biscuit, seven gallons of beer, four pounds of beef, two pounds of pork, one quart of pease, three pints of oatmeal, six ounces of butter, and twelve ounces of cheese, and, besides, all the fresh fish which is caught, without any deduction for it." A continuance of this food would certainly breed scurvy, however good it might be, and it was commonly very bad. With the best care in the world it must have been difficult to keep the beer good. It was light in any case, and in a ship's hold would always be liable to go sour. But it was of inferior quality when first supplied, and often, because the State was behind-hand with its payments, the purveyors took liberties which they knew the Government dare not resent.

If the scandal of those days is to be trusted, and it is borne out by good evidence, the men were swindled by their officers. Maydman is eloquent on the "defalcing" of pursers in the times of Charles II. These officers were then handling percentages and fees, and had a temptation to fraud, to say nothing of the example set them in high places. Our crews were then always in less good health than the Dutch. Some captains maintained that the cause of the difference was that in the Navy of Holland the captain contracted for the provisioning of his crew. They are said to have told Charles II. that if the power was given them the evil would be removed. King Charles II., who was shrewd enough, whatever else he might have been, answered that he thought nobly of his captains, but would not leave the crews at their mercy. For, said he, if the purser illtreats them they can complain to the captain, but if the captain provides the food, to whom are they to appeal? It was a keen observation, and justified by the facts, for, however discreditable the confession may be, the truth is that while the Dutch thought it disgraceful to cheat the State, Englishmen did not in those times. Nothing would have been gained by changing the system, and the only result of leaving it as it was, was that a dishonest captain and purser combined, and the men suffered.

THE PRIDE OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

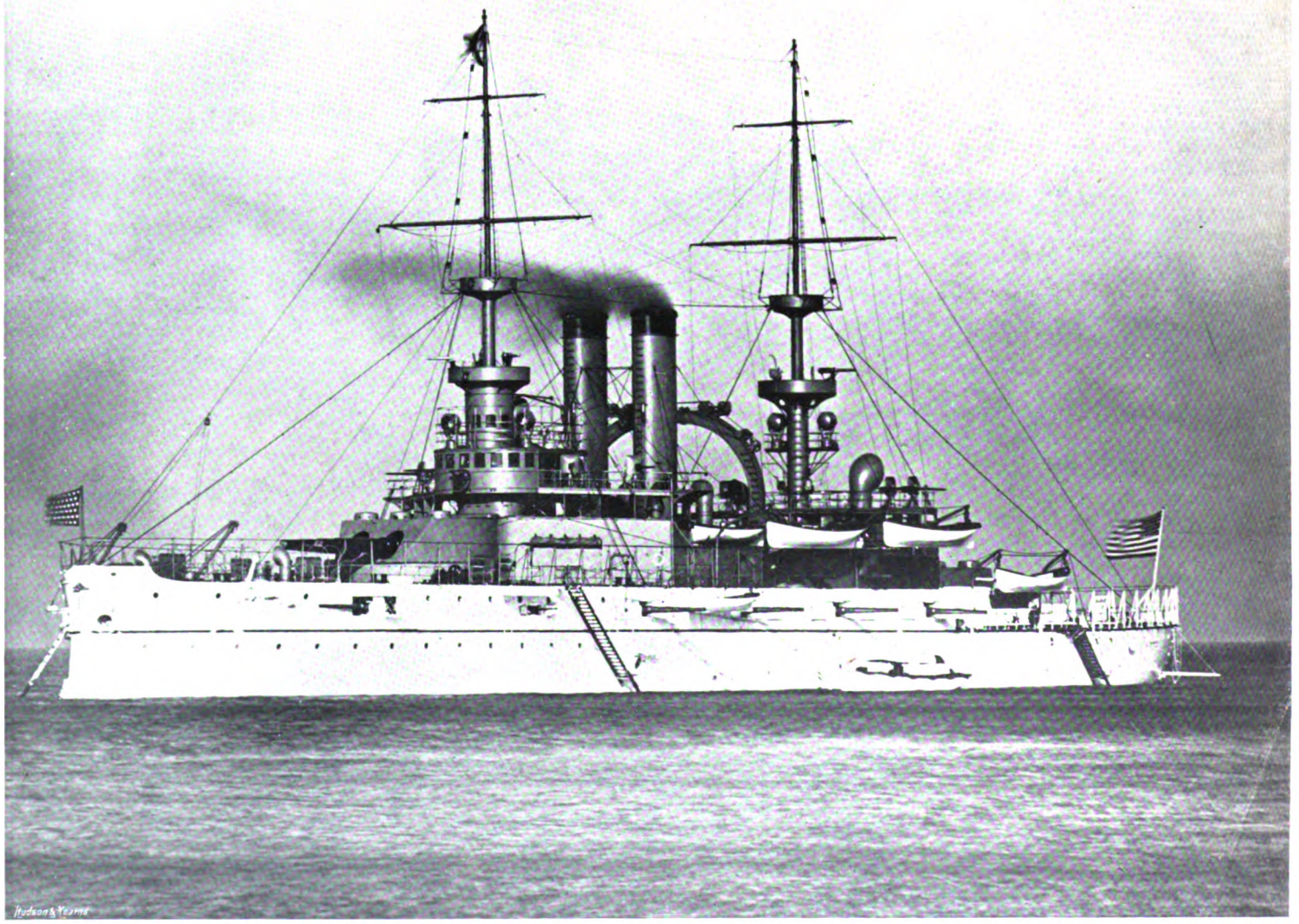

Photo. Copyright. *H. G. Ponting.*

THE UNITED STATES' BATTLE-SHIP "WISCONSIN."

The "Wisconsin," here illustrated, is the latest addition to the Navy of the great Republic, and is the most powerful and largest battle-ship that to-day flies the Stars and Stripes, though some larger are still in the building stage. For the construction of large battle-ships the United States has several firms to rely on, but of these only one, the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, is on the Pacific Coast, and it is from this yard that the "Wisconsin" has been turned out. On a displacement of 11,565 tons the "Wisconsin" carries a main armament of four 13-in. breech-loaders and fourteen 6-in. quick-firers, to say nothing of her auxiliary rapid fire and torpedo armament. She exceeded a speed of 17 knots at her trials.

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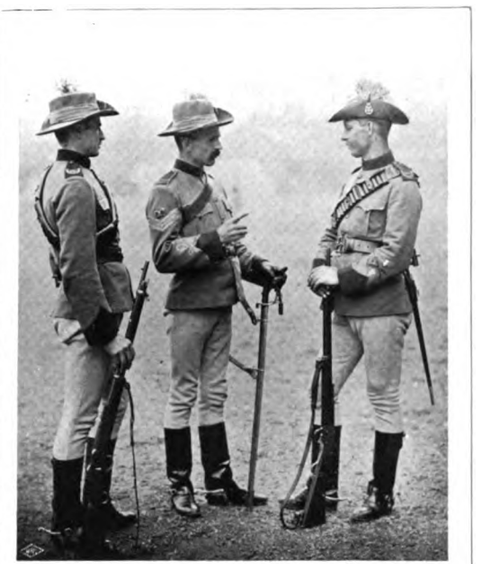
BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.



QUEENSLAND MOUNTED INFANTRY.

FOR a long time past it has been in the mind of the Editor of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to systematise such pictorial and other references to Colonial Naval and Military developments as it is his pleasant and frequent duty to make in these pages. So far as actual space is concerned, this journal has exhibited its interest in Greater Britain in no niggardly fashion, and it must be admitted that the colonies have displayed a ready and practical appreciation of this fact. Not only that, but among home subscribers few features of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have been more popular than its freely illustrated articles in which our colonial military forces have been brought before the mind's eye of the British public with a graphic reality and an accuracy of detail never before attempted. But the time has come when a step further in this interesting direction seems not only expedient but almost compulsory. In no uncertain voice the colonies themselves have been clamouring for a more regular and comprehensive recognition in our table of contents, and very eminent authorities have represented to the Editor that a weekly chronicle of colonial service progress and incident is in the nature of a solemn duty. A "soft impeachment" of this sort it is hard to resist, more especially when it fits in so well with personal inclination.

There is something peculiarly, almost pathetically, appropriate in selecting this juncture for the inauguration of a new department of the paper. We are now, both as a Nation and as an Empire, beginning to realise the deeper, fuller meaning of the ties of kinship which have been so gloriously vindicated by the participation of the colonies in the war in South Africa. When at the first trumpet-call to arms there sprang to attention not only the willing soldiers of Britain's Home Army, but the stalwart sons of her Empire from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Ceylon, something of the significance of that thrilling response was lost in the *Sturm und Drang* of contemporary happenings. But now, though the war may not be over, some of the ultimate results are yet apparent, and among them the splendid fact that no longer are the colonies and the Mother Country connected—they are one, one and indivisible to an extent which no mere Republic has as yet realised on any important scale. The Australasian or Canadian trooper who has fought in South Africa may be, for purposes of mere nomenclature, Australasian or Canadian still, but he has henceforth, if he wills to use it, a broader title. As a colonist he has fought shoulder to shoulder with the best fighting-stock of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, but it is as a fellow-Briton he will now be chiefly remembered in this glorious and truly Imperial connection.

The episode of the colonial contingents, the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth, and the coincidence of the tour of the British Empire which is being so happily accomplished by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, unite to render this a peculiarly auspicious time at which to introduce this new feature in a journal with which frank Imperialism has been a consistent watchword. Nor could we select a fairer subject of opening comment than the beautiful and touching scene which took place a short time back on the occasion of the Royal party's visit to Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government. At the distribution by the Duke of war medals to men of the Canadian contingent who have returned from the war—a distribution which included the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Sergeant Hollander for bravery in saving the guns—there was present the blind trooper Molloy, who came forward leaning on a comrade's arm. "To him the Duke addressed a few words privately for some time, and the Duchess, advancing, shook hands, murmuring words of womanly sympathy." Not even the forced brevity of the cablegram could destroy the pure pathos of this affecting scene, which, it is quite needless to add, went home to the warm hearts of the Canadian people. Such a gracious touch of nature as this goes further towards Imperial unity than acres of spoken or written discourse, and thousands who witnessed it, besides Trooper Molloy himself, will count this simple and spontaneous exhibition of Royal feeling as having afforded them one of the "great moments" of their lives.

The distribution of medals at Ottawa had been preceded by a similar ceremony in the ancient and picturesque city of Montreal and by a short stay at Quebec, amid the historic surroundings of which the Duke made a very felicitous speech, recalling the epoch-making victory on the Heights of Abraham which cost us the life of the gallant and single-hearted Wolfe. Those British regiments whose bands play daily "Wolfe's Dirge," and who wear the black line running through their lace in mourning for that fine soldier, may well have read with peculiar interest the record of the Royal visit to Quebec.

From the western sea boundary of the Dominion has come by cable another item of truly Imperial intelligence. A few days previously there had arrived at Victoria, British Columbia, the first Imperial troops to use the Canadian highway from the East to England. This was a contingent of eighty-three men of the Royal Horse Artillery, under the command of Captain Orr, who had come over from China on board the liner "Empress of India." They were to leave forthwith by the Canadian Pacific Railway for home, but in the short interval of their stay they were very heartily welcomed. The local regiment met them with its band, and "played" them to the Royal Engineers' barracks, the party being loudly cheered as it passed through the streets.

In this department of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, it is not to be expected that any limitations of space—other than those editorially imposed, of course—will be regarded. Like Ariel, then, the writer skips from Canada to West Africa, where things are evidently in a very much less peaceful and pleasant state than they are in the Dominion now being traversed by the Royal party. A good deal of fighting has occurred in Nigeria, the northern section of which is in the charge of Sir Frederick Lugard, who sails from England, where he has been on leave, on the 15th instant. Some serious questions are awaiting his decision, and in the meantime his *locum tenens* has found it necessary to depose the Emir of Adamawa, after giving him and his supporters a very sharp lesson. In the attack on Yola, the Emir's capital, our own casualties numbered forty-one, Colonel Morland himself and Major McClintock being slightly wounded. But this is a small matter compared with the forthcoming expedition against the Aros on the Cross River in Southern Nigeria. In this some 1,500 troops, in three separate columns, will be employed. The operations will commence immediately on the termination of the rains, and are expected to last for four months. The important colonial forces which have been organised of late years in these regions under British officers are admirably efficient, and it may confidently be anticipated that small difficulty will be experienced in bringing the Aros to their senses and opening up the country for trade.

In the theatre of war an interesting item of colonial military intelligence is the announcement that the Natal Mounted Rifles and the Natal Field Artillery have been called out to resume active service. These corps, it will be remembered, were among the very first to go to the front, and their excellent services have more than once received appreciative mention in these pages. It is, perhaps, a little hard on them that they should be called upon once more to take the war-path, but the fine spirit which has consistently animated the local corps in South Africa will no doubt continue to be displayed by these Natal units, more especially as the Garden

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Colony may possibly become once more the object of attempted hostile incursions.

Another echo of the war comes to us from Australia. A fortnight back the New South Wales battery of the Australian Artillery sent to South Africa returned to Sydney. They had been absent nearly two years, and, it is needless to say, received a very hearty welcome. The colony of New South Wales may well be proud of its representatives, and not least of these smart and useful Gunners, whose work in the field has been watched with very real interest by the whole Army. In the establishment of the Federal Forces of Australia on a new basis, the existence of this battery, thoroughly experienced in actual warfare of a most exacting kind, is a fact of considerable importance to the Australian continent in general, and to New South Wales in particular.

Talking of the Federal Forces of Australia, it has just transpired that the Colonial Defence Committee in London, in its report on Australian defence, recommends the establishment of military forces consisting entirely of troops on the "partially paid" system, with the exception of the already existing nucleus of permanent troops. Whatever scheme may be ultimately adopted, there are two principles which, we may be certain, will not be lost sight of in this connection. One is the paramount necessity of continuing to regard our Naval supremacy at sea as a much more serious factor in Imperial Defence than any system, however comprehensive and efficient, of colonial military forces. The other is the desirableness of uniformity in something besides the plan on which the troops of the various Australian colonies are to be paid, uniformity, more especially, in training and in the standard of efficiency demanded. The Home Army may not be able to teach the Australian forces a great deal, but it can lend assistance in this direction, and it is a direction in which our fellow-Britons across the seas ought not to be backward in taking hints such as may avail them against enemies of a class quite different from those they have hitherto helped us to meet in the field.

We may surely hail the inclusion of a fair proportion of colonial officers and others of non-commissioned rank in the latest distribution of honours as another milestone on the road which leads to Imperial Federation in its fullest and broadest sense.

COLONIAL BLUEJACKETS.

THE AUSTRALIAN NAVAL CONTINGENT IN CHINA.

THE feature of the dawn of the twentieth century has been the proof afforded of the great element of defensive strength the Empire possesses in its colonies. From all quarters the Sons of the Empire rallied to the call to arms, but it was reserved for Australia to bring into being a Naval force that shared with the officers and men of the Imperial forces the arduous operations entailed on us by the Chinese crisis. During the disturbances of last year, not only did the Government of South Australia place at the disposal of the Empire their steel cruiser, the "Protector," fully manned and equipped, under the command of Commander Creswell, C.M.G., a retired lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and commandant of the South Australia Naval Defence Force, but the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria similarly offered for service a colonial Naval Brigade. The "Protector" served in Chinese waters from September until the end of November, and won golden opinions from the Commander-in-Chief. The Naval Brigade did equally good service at Tientsin, under the command of Lieutenant Giliespie, who, as will be seen from the stripes that decorate the sleeve of his uniform coat, was honoured by the rank of acting captain whilst in command of the Colonial Naval Brigade in China. This officer when selected for this important position was holding the rank of first lieutenant on board the third-class cruiser "Mildura." The other officer whose portrait is given is Commander E. R. Connor, who was second in command of the Colonial Naval Brigade. He is a navigating lieutenant who served in the Royal Navy from 1861 to 1880. Two of this officer's sons have also served the country, the one in the New South Wales military forces in South Africa, the other as a Bluejacket in his father's brigade in China.

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LIEUTENANT A. GILLESPIE, R.N.

Who commanded the Colonial Naval Brigade in China.

COMMANDER E. R. CONNOR.

Commandant New South Wales Naval Defence Force and second in command of the Colonial Naval Brigade in China.

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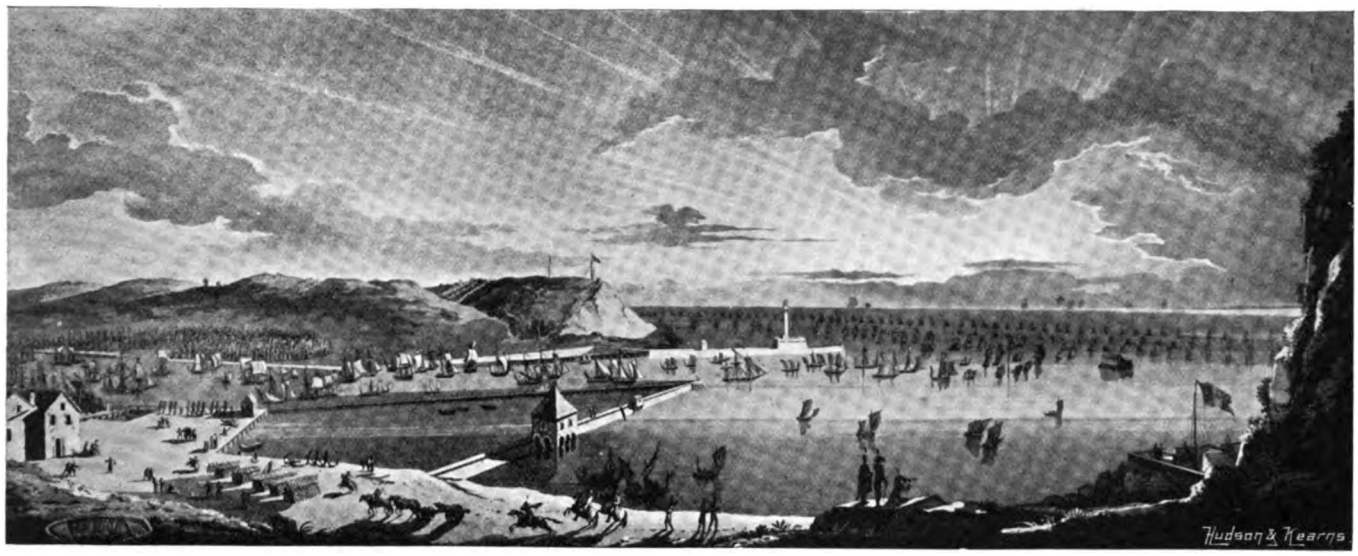
A CENTURY-OLD INVASION SCARE.



NAPOLEON'S PREPARATIONS AT BOULOGNE.

This shows the flotilla of flat-bottomed boats to be used as transports.

THERE is much in the history of the closing years of the eighteenth and of the opening years of the nineteenth centuries to which England can look back with very honest and justifiable pride. At a time when the rest of Europe was gradually succumbing to the tyrannous will of the most extraordinary, if not positively the greatest, military genius the world has ever seen, this country was very full of various sorts of activity, tending at least to show that there was no danger of its being hypnotised into anything approaching apathy, much less submissiveness. It is recorded that between 1793 and 1805 no fewer than forty-three British expeditions were despatched to various quarters of the globe—East and West Indies, Holland, France, Naples, and the Mediterranean Islands—and, though many of them were fruitless, the mere fact that men and munitions of war were forthcoming for them is pretty significant proof that the warlike spirit was distinctly strong in the "nation of shopkeepers" at this exciting period.

Yet, for all that, there is no mistaking the reality of the scare caused by Napoleon's open preparations for an invasion of England—a scare which may be said to have lasted from 1798 to 1805, and which was at its height in 1801. In the century which has elapsed since then we have had several fresh scares, notably that, of course, which led to the Volunteer Movement of 1859. Even to-day there is a class of military critics who discuss the possibilities of an invasion with very great seriousness, unaffected by the "Command of the Sea" doctrine and by Von Moltke's pregnant dictum that, though there might be ways of getting into England, he knew no method by which an invader could satisfactorily get out of it. But never has the thought of invasion gained such a grip upon the English mind as it did in the days when Napoleon was assembling his great flotilla of transports at Boulogne, with the intention of planting an irresistible force upon our shores.

THE REPULSE OF BONAPARTE.

The rustic idea of "How to Stop an Invader" (Cruikshank).

Of Bonaparte's preparations and the effect they had upon the public mind, the accompanying pictures afford an excellent idea. First, we have a reproduction of a contemporary engraving showing Boulogne with the great flotilla at anchor. The picture, however, gives a necessarily feeble idea of a scene which must have been truly remarkable from the military as well as the maritime standpoint. For the whole neighbourhood was one vast camp, and one can well imagine the perfervid enthusiasm which must have inflamed the assembled troops at the apparently early prospect of crushing perfidious Albion once and for all. What a fleeting, illusive prospect it was is a matter of history which we need not insult our readers' superior knowledge by attempting to recapitulate. But the actual effect of the projected invasion upon our insular minds is perhaps better depicted in the contemporary caricatures here reproduced than in any printed annals.

There is an amusing contrast involved in the two pictures satirically foreshadowing the result of the projected invasion, from the French and English standpoints respectively. In one we see the French generals being rewarded prematurely for their assumed prowess in capturing London. The suggested distribution of spoils as yet to be won is a quaint conceit which fits in well with the English humour of the period, which throughout is instinct with a healthy contempt of Napoleon's confidence in his success. The picture portraying the "Grand Triumphal Entry of the First Consul into London," under highly ignominious circumstances, is in a broader vein, and of a much lower form of wit. But the Press of the period was not distinguished for its good taste, and it is on record that the ridicule with which it assailed Bonaparte was so bitter that he actually brought a libel action against one paper. On the other hand, he had done much to provoke reprisals by imprisoning, in 1803, the year in which this particular print was issued, a number of Englishmen who had taken the opportunity of the Peace of Amiens to visit France, keeping them in close captivity, which lasted several years.

The determination of the people of Great Britain to resist any attempt at actual invasion is forcibly and quaintly illustrated by two caricatures by Gillray and Cruikshank respectively. In one by the latter artist we see "Boney" being stopped on his way to London by rustic methods of a very primitive sort, recalling, so far as the husbandman is concerned, the Militia agriculturist's offer at the time of the Crimea to mow down the Russians with his scythe at so much an acre! In Gillray's picture of the "Supplementary Militia" we have the prevailing warlike spirit most laughably depicted. Headed by a flag, on which St. George is polishing off a very tremendous dragon, all classes of society, among whom the painter, the tailor, and the bricklayer are prominent, are marching off to the muster accompanied by a strenuous drummer with *two* wooden legs. Nor, indeed, was the caricature far behind the actual fact.

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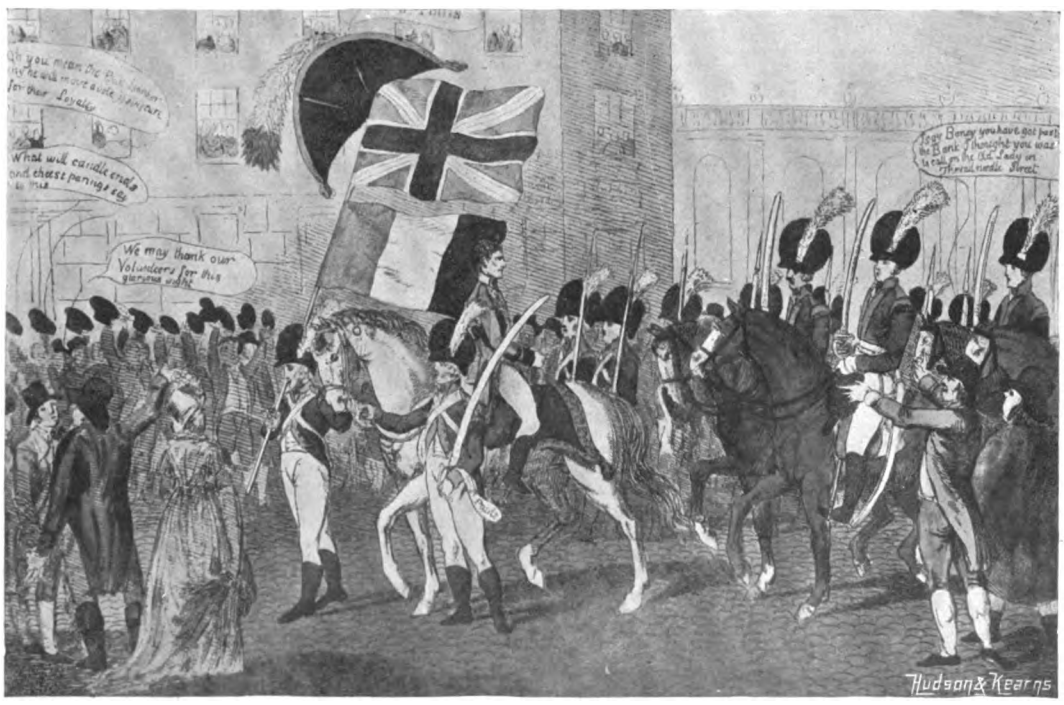
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Gillray's "Supplementary Militia" formed from all classes of the public.

"A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS."

A caricature implying that Bonaparte did not wait for the invasion to reward his generals.



A DOUBTFUL TRIUMPH.

The first Consul's entry into London as caricatured by A sell in 1803.

For the warlike enthusiasm aroused was extraordinary. Volunteer corps were formed in all directions, and civilians of the very highest rank and position were proud to join them. A notable example was that of the Prime Minister himself, William Pitt, who became colonel of the Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers, and took the greatest interest in drilling his regiment. Another afterwards illustrious Volunteer was Walter Scott, whom a contemporary mentions as displaying tremendous patriotic energy as a member of an Edinburgh corps of Volunteer horse It was, says Lord Cockburn in his memoirs, an impressive sight to see the future Wizard of the North laying about him with his sword at imaginary enemies, and exclaiming, "Cut them down, the villains! cut them down!"

We cannot more fitly close this brief sketch than by a reference to what was actually taking place in regard to the projected invasion in the summer of 1801. In the *Times* of July 28 of that year it is notified that "this day several of the Volunteer corps in the Metropolis will come upon active duty, in order to enable Government to send the Regulars to those parts of the kingdom where their services may be more immediately required. The Westminster and St. James's Volunteers are to take the duty of the Park and the Palace; and the London Volunteers are to garrison the Tower." In the meantime, all the Volunteers of the kingdom had received orders to hold themselves in readiness for active service at a moment's notice.

It is pleasant to be able to add that the Government of the day were by no means wholly intent upon defensive measures, and that it realised very clearly the part which the British Navy would play if the threatened invasion became an accomplished fact. While the general command of the land forces was entrusted to the Marquis Cornwallis, then holding a command in the Eastern District, the sea forces were placed under Lord Nelson, who was given special charge of the defence of the Channel from Orford Ness to Beachy Head, with Admirals Cornwallis and Graves flanking him on the west and east with the Brest and North Sea fleets. An officer of the former fleet, Lieutenant Losack, had just distinguished himself by a particularly gallant feat—the cutting out of the French corvette "Chevrette" from under the batteries of Brest Harbour, an incident which Bonaparte must have felt was a curious prelude to a French invasion of Great Britain. Even at this critical moment there were those who could make the situation the subject of merry jests. The *Times* of July 30, 1801, remarks in most sprightly fashion that the terror of an invasion had no effect upon Brighton, where there were as many *loose fish* to be seen as at any period of profound peace! The upshot of this great scare is sufficiently familiar to even the schoolboy reader — perhaps one ought to say, "especially to the schoolboy reader"—to render any but a bare allusion to it superfluous. For the whole world the lesson of Napoleon's fatuous project was writ large, namely, that mere military strength, however formidable, is but one step in the preparations necessary to invade Great Britain; and the result of that immortal failure may well lead us to hope that, whatever changes may since have taken place, it will still be many years before our island ceases to be "encompass'd by the inviolate sea."

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THE NAVY IN CHINA.

The Importance of a Powerful Fleet in the Far East.

THE greatest factor in the national life of Britain as a world-Power is the fact that whenever the Navy is called upon to do work—even though that work be outside the scope of its ordinary duties—it accomplishes its task up to the hilt. The average stay-at-home Englishman, the familiar man in the street of the present generation—who had forgotten, or perhaps had never learned, the lessons of the Russian War and of the Indian Mutiny, who failed to remember the way in which the sailors of the ladder party wished to storm the Redan alone under Sir Gerald Graham, then a lieutenant in the sappers, and the manner in which the "Shannon's" guns were taken up country in India—this man, who had overlooked Egypt and the Benin Expedition and Zanzibar, and a score of minor campaigns, was astounded at the way in which the Navy saved the situation in South Africa, and he has been equally surprised at the tasks which the Navy has accomplished in China. A gradual development of British Naval strength has been in progress all over the world for some years past, but nowhere has it been more marked than in the waters of the Far East. Talking recently to a veteran Naval officer who was in Chinese waters seventy years ago, he pointed out that in those remote days there was no China station. At an even earlier period—in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century—there was of course plenty of fighting between strong forces in Eastern seas—witness the series of battles between Hughes and Suffren—but within the memory of men still living the British Naval force in the Far East consisted of a solitary 52-gun frigate, three smaller "jackass" frigates of twenty-eight guns, a couple of sloops, and an 18-gun brig. Of these, one or the other would occasionally pay a visit to the Canton River, and this was all the attention which was accorded to British interests in China in those days. Of course, those interests had not then reached the development which they have since attained, but they do not seem ever to have been treated in very enlightened fashion. It took a long time to make people understand the importance to the commerce of this country of securing new markets, and of preventing other Powers from gaining a predominating influence in those markets and closing them to us. We can hardly blame the Admiralty for not being in advance of the common-sense of the nation, but the fact remains that, until very recent years, Chinese waters were a sort of dumping ground for the least valuable ships of the Fleet. Old frigates were good enough for flag-ships, and at a later period any cruiser for which no other use could be found was sent to the China station. Everyone was startled when it was made a Rear-Admiral's command and the "Centurion" was sent out, the first battle-ship which had been attached to the station, and there were even some people who laughed. Then came the creation of a real squadron. A Rear-Admiral gave place to a Vice-Admiral; another Rear-Admiral was appointed, so as to allow of two divisions; the "Barfleur" and "Victorious" were sent out, as well as certain other ships—some of them detached from the Mediterranean Squadron, as the "Victorious" was—and the importance of the Far Eastern Squadron became a recognised fact. Since those days the "Glory" and "Ocean" battle-ships have joined the local fleet, and the "Victorious" has gone back to the Mediterranean; and at present the squadron in the Far East is absolutely the most numerous, counting everything flying the Union Jack, of any of our squadrons. It consists—we are taking our figures from the Navy List for July—of no less than forty-three vessels. Of course, a certain deduction must be allowed for harbour-ships and vessels of this type, but there are five battle-ships—though one of them is supposed to have been relieved—and a couple of armoured cruisers, the "Orlando" and the "Aurora," while the general importance of the station is evidenced by the fact

A GROUP OUTSIDE THE CLUB AFTER LUNCH.

The smaller Chinese servant speaks some English.

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THE "ORLANDO'S" PET—BILLY, THE GOAT.

Who is being fed by the officer of the watch.

BAMBOOS AND HOLLY BUSHES.

The Approach to the United Service Club, Wei-hai-Wei.

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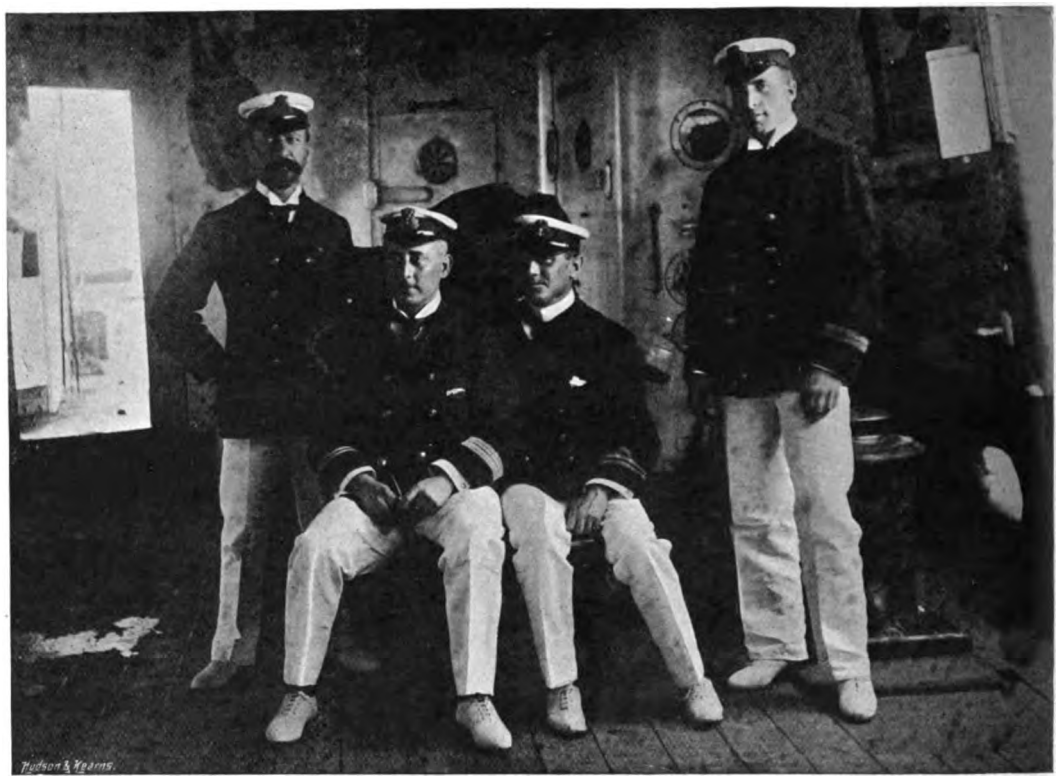
that the protected cruisers comprise such vessels as the "Terrible," the "Blenheim," the "Argonaut," the "Endymion," the "Hermione," and the "Talbot." The names are really taken rather at random, and must not be assumed to indicate any approximation to the relative fighting values of the ships. It is evident, however, that they yield some of the finest typical representatives of the British Navy. Surely this is a singular comment upon the old days, whose principal features we have endeavoured to indicate. There could, in fact, be no greater tribute to the importance of the Navy as a means of extending the sway and the influence of the Empire. That this tribute has been rendered in a perfectly involuntary fashion, and by the mere efflux of events, is perhaps another testimony to its value.

The average stay-at-home Englishman certainly did not understand the value to the country, and the value to himself, of the display of the flag of his nation in distant seas, and of the support of the flag with a due amount of force. There was a time after the Great War when Britain alone had a Navy, and every unannexed part of the world was tacitly supposed to belong to this country. It is possible to look back now, and to wonder at—or to regret—the country's moderation. Of late years other Powers have asserted themselves. Navies have grown up, and recent events in China have shown that we must at least allow of others advancing on parallel lines with ourselves. On the other hand, the advance—the most gallant but almost hopeless advance—under Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, proved once again that seamen can work by land as well as by sea, and showed how desperately devoted they are to any cause on which they have once embarked. Probably the deeds of heroism which occurred on that desperate march will never be fully recorded, but they were worthy of the best traditions of the British Navy. In this connection it is impossible to avoid mentioning the great loss which the Service and the nation have sustained by the death of Commander Wright. He is shown in our third picture as holding the goat, and in a later picture he forms one of a group. He got his promotion for his services, but, alas! he received a wound which caused his death, long after all fear of anything save temporary inconvenience had disappeared. A more genial and loyal comrade and a better officer never existed, and his untimely death is the loss of every man who was privileged to know him. The work which the Naval Brigade has done in China is graven deep into the records of contemporary history, and seamen and marines may alike be proud of this latest addition to a long string of glorious achievements accomplished ashore by the Service to which they belong. Surely there is something in the traditional idea which ascribes both to the sailor and the marine the capabilities of doing something that no one else would be asked to do. At any rate, both the Bluejacket and the "soldier and sailor too" have abundantly proved in China what their value is as fighting units of the Empire. We may want them again, both ashore and afloat, for there is no telling how events may go in this remote part.

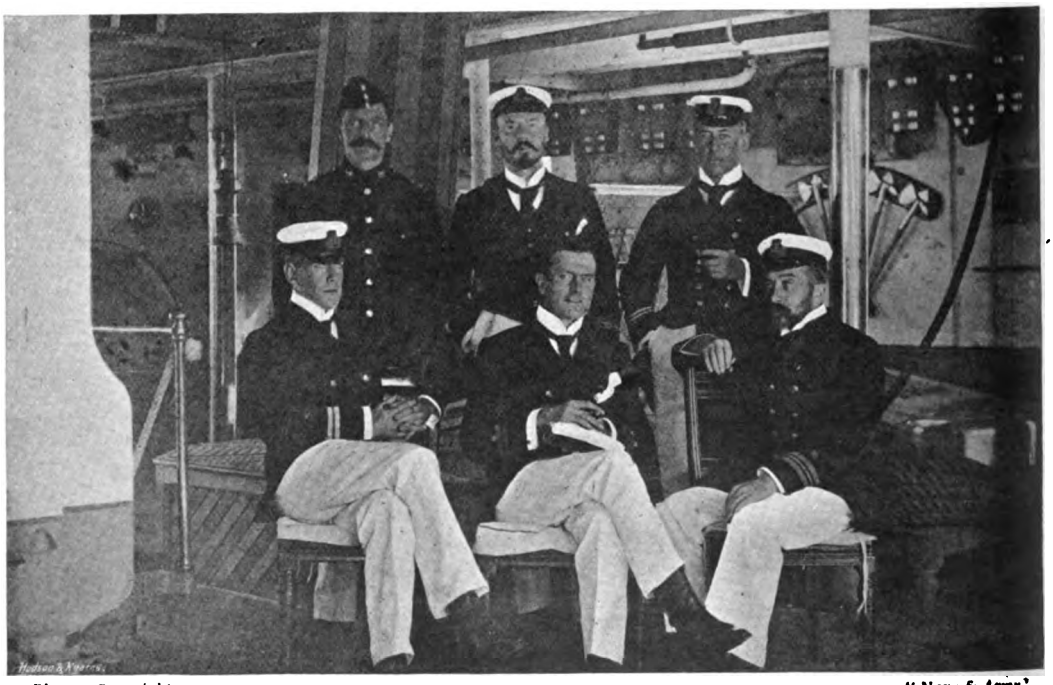
We have now huge interests to protect, and it is certainly better that we should have a strong squadron on the spot to be prepared for eventualities. Although, indeed, our China Squadron is now the third in strength of the squadrons flying the white ensign, some people think it is not strong enough.

This, however, is getting perilously near controversial topics. Let us turn to our pictures, which deal in the main with the "Orlando" and Wei-hai-Wei. Our first illustration shows the approach to the United Service Club at that port, and gives a good idea of the extent to which civilisation has progressed in this remote region. The club-house itself was originally the residence of Admiral Ting, and it was here that he put an end to his life after the battle of the Yalu River. The group outside the club is typical of English life, the officer in the foreground to the right being Commander Wright, of whose sad fate mention has already been made. Billy, the goat, is of course the ship's pet, and in the uppermost of the two groups, reading from left to right, we have Staff-Surgeon Edward P. Biden, Staff-Paymaster Ernest E. Silk, Lieutenant Herbert M. Perfect, who was in charge of the "Orlando's" contingent in Tientsin, and Surgeon George Gibson, who took passage in the "Orlando" to join the "Tamar" at Hong Kong. In the lower group, the Marine officer is Captain Lewis S. T. Halliday, who got the V.C. for a very gallant achievement performed during the siege of the Legations in Peking, where he was one of the defenders, the "Orlando" supplying a great part of the Marine detachment there. The remaining officers in the group are of the "Orlando," and to an officer of that ship we are indebted for our illustrations. They are characteristic of the good work that the Navy has been doing in the Far East, and the thoroughness of the method in which it has been accomplished.



A GROUP OF THE "ORLANDO'S" OFFICERS.

Some of the men who did good service in China.



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A FEW OF THE HARD FIGHTERS.

Captain Halliday, R.M.L.I., is at the Back, and Commander Wright, Since Dead, in the Front Row.

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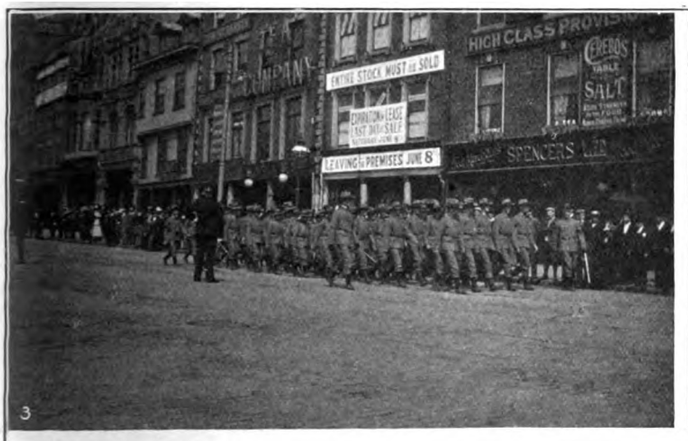
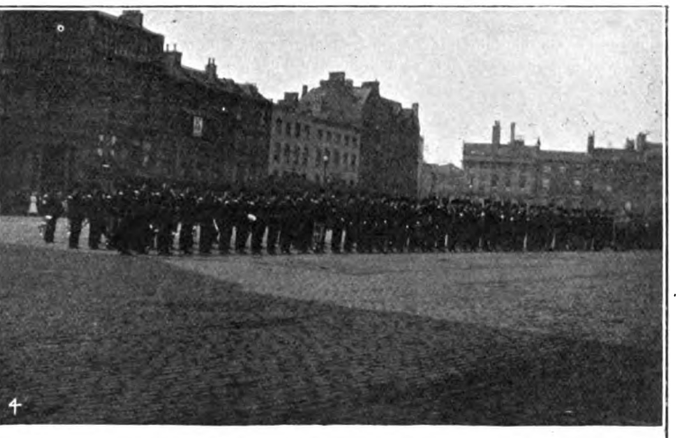
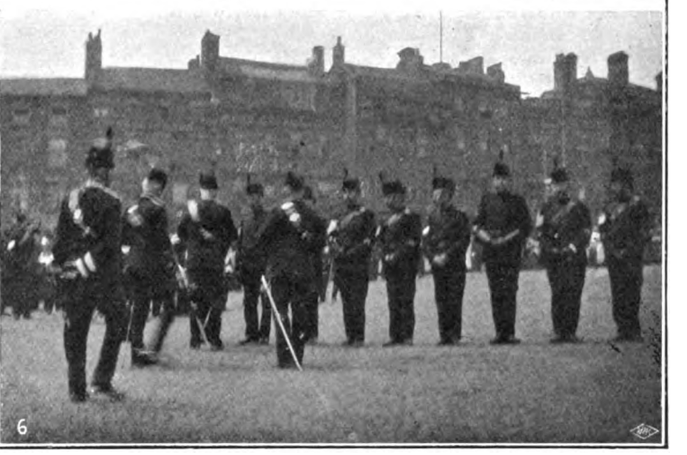
THE ROBIN HOOD RIFLES.

A Nottingham Volunteer Corps with 2,000 members and two battalions.







1.—AN IMPORTANT CONFAB.
Col. Cantrell-Hubbersty (Commanding) and his adjutant.

2.—A COMPANY OFFICER.
Second Lieut. Spalding. F Company, 1st Battalion R.H.R.

3.—PROMISING YOUNGSTERS.
Nottingham High School Cadet Corps on the march.

4.—A STAFF PARADE.
1st and 2nd Battalions Robin Hood Rifles.

5.—A POPULAR FEATURE.
The Band, conducted by Bandmaster Pounder

6.—FOR LONG SERVICE.
Col. Hubbersty presenting medals on church parade.

7.—HARDY VETERANS.
The commanding officer and the long-service medallists.

8.—A SEARCHING SCRUTINY.
Capt. and Adjt. Points inspects the Staff parade.

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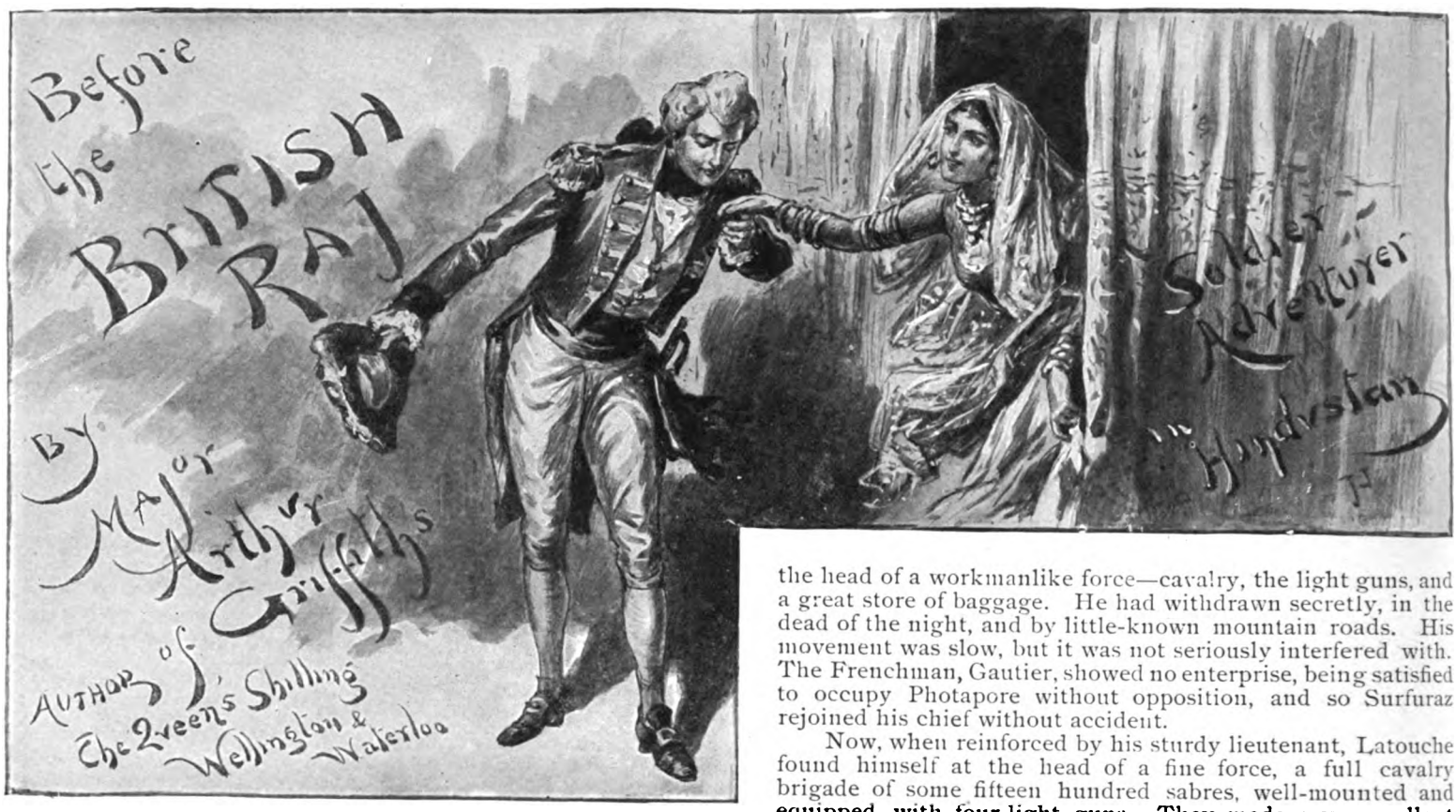
Before the
BRITISH RAJ
By
Major Arthur Griffiths
Author of "Queen's Shilling" "The Queen's Shilling" "Wellington & Waterloo"
A Soldier of Adventure in Hindustan

CHAPTER XIII.

Under the British Flag.

THE river Ganges marked the dividing line between the Native States and British territory. When Latouche had reached the ferry at Furruckabad and got his party across, he knew he was safe from Perron.

But he had not done with him yet he hoped, and as he stood by his horse's head in the last boat-load, he raised the arm that was free to shake his fist at the treacherous foe from whom he had so narrowly escaped, the scoundrel he had served so loyally for years, and who had robbed him at one stroke of all—rank, honours, means, and his beloved Photapore.

"Not quite all, Sikander," said his good and faithful wife, sliding her hand into his and comforting him with a warm pressure.

"Not all, indeed, my Zalu," he answered, with deep emotion; "the chiefest treasure is still safe, thank God."

"And the rest you will recover, or it may go—even Photapore, and we will begin the world anew in some other service."

"That is not far to seek. I can enter the King's service. It is open to me. One of our people secured me this paper while we waited at Koil. Let me read it you."

It was the proclamation issued by the Governor-General inviting all officers of English blood to leave Scindia's employ and return to their own flag. Lord Wellesley made liberal offers, promised them a cordial welcome, with rank and new opportunities of distinction.

"Beyond question it will attract a number, and Perron will have reason to regret his injustice and the ill-treatment of so many good men and true who helped to place him where he is. When war comes he will wish that some of us were still on his side; and war between the British and Scindia is near at hand."

"It is well. And you will be the first, Sikander, to go to your own people," said Zalu, joyfully. "Do not tarry then. Let us ride on."

"Nay, my Zalu, we will await news from Photapore. Our first messenger will have prepared Surfuraz Khan for the arrival of Perron's new governor, and our second will tell him of our escape."

The last instructions sent to the naib had left him free to choose his own course according to circumstances. It was little likely that he could hold the position indefinitely, and a long time might elapse before the Begum could be in a position to strike a blow to regain her own. So Surfuraz Khan, if he thought the situation hopeless, was to evacuate Photapore after dismantling it—spiking the guns, removing or destroying ammunition and stores. He was also to bring off the mounted men of the garrison, so many of them at least as were still staunch and loyal to the Begum and Latouche.

Within a week Surfuraz Khan appeared at Furruckabad at the head of a workmanlike force—cavalry, the light guns, and a great store of baggage. He had withdrawn secretly, in the dead of the night, and by little-known mountain roads. His movement was slow, but it was not seriously interfered with. The Frenchman, Gautier, showed no enterprise, being satisfied to occupy Photapore without opposition, and so Surfuraz rejoined his chief without accident.

Now, when reinforced by his sturdy lieutenant, Latouche found himself at the head of a fine force, a full cavalry brigade of some fifteen hundred sabres, well-mounted and equipped, with four light guns. They made a very gallant show as, with the pennons of their lances fluttering, their standard unfurled, the squadrons advanced in well-dressed lines across the Maidan on the outskirts of Cawnpore.

Here a considerable British army was collecting under General Lake, and their tents covered a wide area; fighting men and camp followers—a picturesque array of tens of thousands, with elephants, camels, and horses innumerable.

It was sundown, the bugles and trumpets were sounding the "Retreat," and there was all the stir and movement that accompany the closing cooler hours. Riders came galloping up for exercise upon the plain, and several English officers drew up at sight of Latouche's command, curious to know what it was and whence it had come.

"Sikander's Horse, from farthest Hindustan," answered the leader, proudly, as he rode forward, with a graceful female figure by his side. "Very much at your service, Colonel," he added, with a light, pleasant laugh. "And let me introduce my wife."

"Sandy Latouche himself! Well met, lad, and in such gallant trim. We have heard all about you and your beautiful princess," cried his old chief, stretching out his hand, and bowing with great deference to the Begum.

"Your Highness must come to us. My wife will be proud to receive you if you will honour our poor abode."

"A thousand thanks, sir," answered Latouche, quickly. "Zalu, my own, you will not refuse? These are very great friends of mine. The colonel of my old regiment and Mrs. L'Estrange, they will receive you for my sake first, and, when they know you, for your own."

While the Begum Zalu was being installed as the guest of an English lady, a little shy and disconcerted with the strangeness of her new surroundings, Latouche obeyed the summons which now reached him from the general commanding, and proceeded to report himself at headquarters.

Lake, afterwards Lord Lake, the hero of Laswari, was a brisk, active man, no longer young, but with an upright figure, a peremptory tone, and keen, clear understanding. He had been raised in the Guards, but had done more than lounge about the Court or mount guard at St. James's and attend social functions. He had seen much active service in Germany, and again in America, where he was upon the staff of Lord Cornwallis, and was among the prisoners taken at the capitulation of Yorktown. Then, when the Household troops had gone with the Duke of York to Flanders, Lake served as a brigadier in that not too glorious campaign. His own share in it, however, was that of a stout, self-reliant soldier, who knew his business and did his duty bravely, even in retreat and disaster. He had been appointed an equerry, or "gentleman attendant" to the Prince of Wales, but was never one of the frivolous associates of the easy, self-indulgent heir-apparent, afterwards George IV., and had gladly accepted the post of Commander-in-Chief in India a year or two previously. He had already shown his high qualities, had greatly developed the native army by his soldierlike reforms and vigorous administration, and he possessed withal the rare gift of intuitive insight into the most tangled affairs.

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Now when Latouche stood before him in his tent, and in native fashion presented the hilt of his sword as his nuzzur, or offer of fealty, the General touched it formally, and said, with a genial laugh, "Let us shake hands over it, Colonel, in the way we were brought up at home. Now sit down and tell me things; about yourself to begin with, and then the latest from the other side."

Latouche lost little time over his own story, and it met with brief but hearty recognition.

"You bring me a fine addition of strength, and I gladly take over Sikander's Horse as part of my establishment," said the General promptly. "I will put you in orders as Brigadier, with the usual pay and allowances, and the whole of your men will be dealt with according to their rank and station. But I want to know, please, and at once, will Perron fight?"

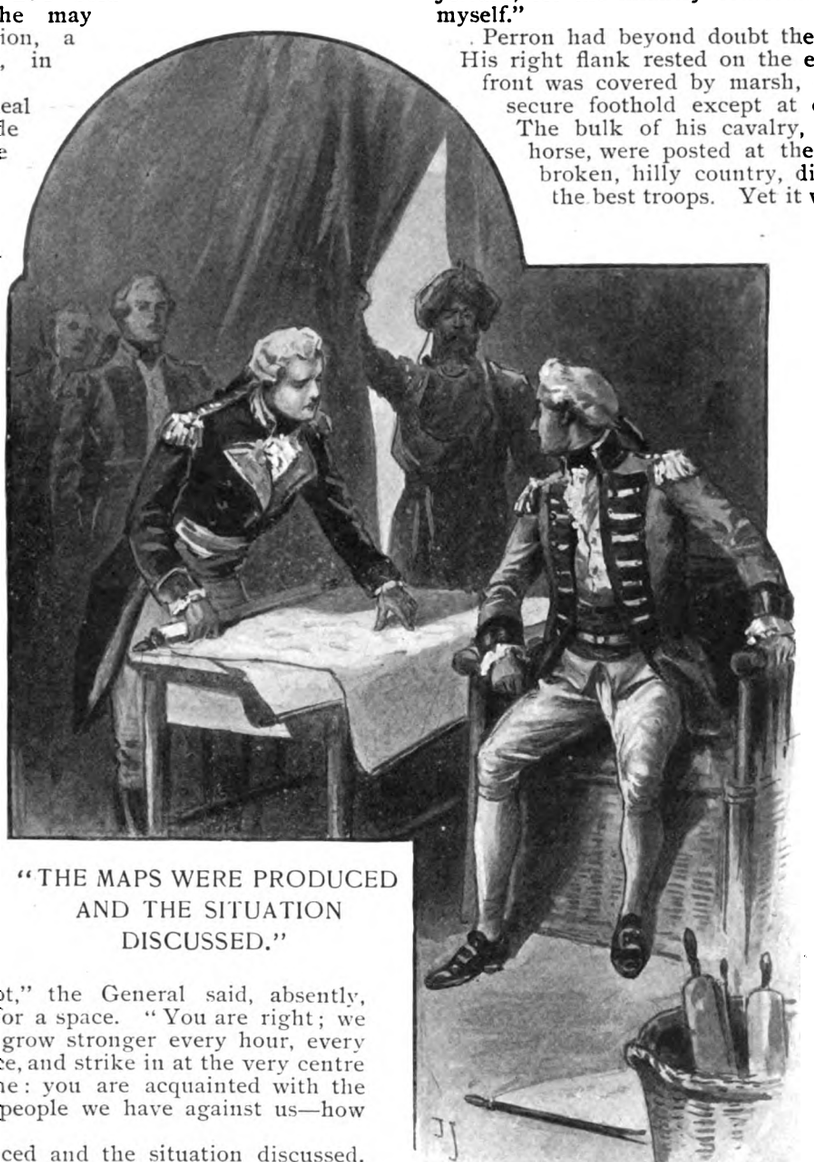
"He was full of fight when I saw him last, and threatened in so many words to drive the English into the sea."

"For himself, or Scindia, or France?"

"The last is his pretence, but it is in name only. He is for Perron first, and he's bold enough to believe that he may yet establish his dominion, a Perron dynasty, in fact, in Hindustan."

"Well, I have to deal with his present attitude rather than his ultimate hopes and intentions. Can you form any idea of the strength he has at his disposal, and where it is chiefly held at this particular time?"

"He has ten thousand men in Koil, that I know of my own knowledge; two brigades were at Delhi when last I heard; a great force is coming up from the Deccan and the south, two thousand five hundred men of all arms; all the fortresses are strongly garrisoned—in Alighar and Agra there are five thousand men each—so that a general concentration is evidently in progress. Whatever Perron's private game may be, he certainly means to fight. He ought not to be suffered to make too much head, if I may make so bold as to advise your Excellency. I believe this to be a most critical time."



"THE MAPS WERE PRODUCED AND THE SITUATION DISCUSSED."

"H—m, yes, no doubt," the General said, absently, immersed in deep thought for a space. "You are right; we must not wait. They will grow stronger every hour, every day. I shall advance at once, and strike in at the very centre of their line. Now tell me: you are acquainted with the country, its resources, the people we have against us—how shall we march?"

The maps were produced and the situation discussed. Next day the whole army was put in movement, and travelled northward, covering in rapid marches the ground that lies between the Jumna and the Ganges. The honour of the advanced guard was entrusted to Latouche and Sikander's Horse, for our hero was traversing a district he already knew well.

For once the intrepid Begum had to be content with inaction. She would hardly have listened to her husband's arguments that the van of an army in the field was no place for her, but there were strong domestic reasons to keep her quiet in Cawnpore. Better days would surely return. The sovereignty of Photapore might be regained, and it would be no small thing if the heir were born in British territory.

Let us see how it fared with Perron, who was altogether confounded by Lake's expedition, and vainly strove to stay his advance by vague negotiations. Messenger after messenger came in, the bearers of specious promises and miserable pretext, all with the same object—of gaining time. Lake still pressed on; his answer was ever the same, a stern inflexible demand for Perron's unconditional surrender.

At length, within a fortnight of its departure, the British forces stood before Koil, Perron's great entrenched camp and usual headquarters. Latouche was the first to come upon the place, for he reconnoitred ahead unceasingly, and he quickly recognised it, gazing on it with very different feelings. The last time he saw it he was a fugitive flying from the treacherous leader he had so long served faithfully, now he had a powerful force at his back, and was under the orders of a British general who meant business. It was ever an axiom with Lake in Indian warfare to hit out with all his strength at whatever came in his way. Now when Latouche, having ascertained that the enemy was strongly posted in front, brought in his report, the General made his arrangements for immediate attack.

"How say you, Latouche?" he cried with exultation. The prospect of conflict stirred his pulse to fever heat, and brought the fierce blaze of battle into his eye. "You know the ground. The position is a stiff one! What do I care? If it were ten times as strong, I should go straight at it. It is the only way with these chaps. Horsford, send off the guns to the far right to open fire upon his left flank, and you, Jerrard, let the infantry conform. I will lead the cavalry myself."

Perron had beyond doubt the advantage of the ground. His right flank rested on the entrenchments of Koil, his front was covered by marsh, deep and slushy, with no secure foothold except at one or two narrow fords. The bulk of his cavalry, 1,500 Mahratta irregular horse, were posted at the left flank, overlooking a broken, hilly country, difficult of access even for the best troops. Yet it was on this side that Lake prepared to throw his chief weight, and, undeterred by the unfavourable character of the ground, he committed his troops to it. They were soon involved and in some confusion, losing their lives and offering a fine opportunity to an enterprising enemy. Perron, had he been on the alert and man enough, might have delivered a terrible counterstroke.

But that day he had lost his nerve utterly. By no means loth to engage as a rule, yet although he was now in superior numbers and in a commanding position, he wavered, halting between two or more opinions, quite undecided as to what he should do. He might have seen that the best, the only course, was to lead a spirited charge upon the British troops, entangled and checked as they were, yet he lacked the confidence which would have brought him victory.

Not so Lake, a leader who was at his best always on the battlefield. It was said of him that his brain was clearest, his mind most active when quickened by danger, that he thought better amid a rain of bullets than in the security of his tent. Now, when faced with a sudden serious crisis, he rose to the situation with great pluck and energy. No time must be lost. The attack must be pressed forward at all costs, and without a moment's delay.

By this time Lake's guns had got within range, and they promptly opened fire. The cavalry, too, had forced its way through every obstacle, and with the 39th Dragoons leading, Sikander's Horse and the other native regiments in support, had gained an open space where there was room to deploy.

"We'll go at 'em," cried Lake, drawing his sword, and placing himself in front of the leading squadron. "Come on, lads!"

The trumpets sounded the charge, and all rode forward with desperate intention to get at close quarters with the enemy.

Perron's people could not stand. They had no stomach for the fight. A great spasm of terror seemed to pass through

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the ranks, communicated no doubt by the apathy and inertness of their leader. Paralysis, which had hitherto prevailed amongst the Mahrattas, passed all at once into mad feverish action. The whole force broke and ran for it, the cavalry galloped, "Hell for leather!" straight to the rear, while the infantry, throwing away their matchlocks, followed, bolting for their lives.

Now came a hasty order to Latouche, who had not yet been engaged, to make a wide circuit to his right, so as to envelop the flying enemy and take toll of them if he could not entirely intercept their leader. Many were overtaken and cut down; there was no semblance of formation left; here and there small bands, small parties, mere handfuls of troopers clinging together, but they were quickly dispersed, and the whole plain was covered with the *débris* of what had been once a large and imposing force.

Latouche headed the pursuit, stimulating the energies of his men and showing them a fine example. His work was almost done, and he was on the point of sounding the recall, so as to reform and rejoin the main body, when he came upon a small party of friends halted by the wayside. They were British officers, who had been in Perron's service with him; good comrades all, and they greeted him with acclamation, having heard, and indeed seen, Perron's discomfiture. All had suffered at Perron's hands. They had been dismissed summarily from Scindia's service, and were now eager to join the cause against their late treacherous employer.

"By my faith, Colonel, you lost a fine chance just now," cried one of them, as he shook Latouche warmly by the hand. "Perron, himself, the scheming villain, went by not half-an-hour ago. You might have captured him easily; it would have been a fine prize, but he's got a start of you."

"Which way did he go?" asked Latouche, eagerly.

"He's making for Agra, where he sent his belongings ahead of him and most of his treasury. It is all up with him, so he thinks, and so he told us just now. He is more afraid of enemies within than without."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this, that he is a coward and a poltroon, and his people know it. Not a soul will stick to him. If you had him here a prisoner it would make but little difference, for there is no fight left in him."

Latouche, as he rode back to rejoin Lake, could not but rejoice at the swift retribution that had overtaken Perron. Of a truth he had been quickly revenged upon his treacherous, and so lately implacable foe.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

E. TOFFLES.—The three regiments of Household Cavalry and the seven regiments of Dragoon Guards were originally raised as troops or regiments of "horse," whereas all the rest of our present cavalry were formerly "dragoons," a species of soldier revived in these days under the name of "mounted infantry." The rank in these horse regiments which corresponded with a sergeant in the dragoons and foot regiments was "corporal of horse," and in the Household Cavalry this title has been retained, and similarly the word corporal is substituted for sergeant in all the various ranks of staff-sergeants, *e.g.*, quartermaster-corporal-major instead of quartermaster-sergeant.

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G. W. GREEN.—The Midland Mounted Rifles is a Colonial Defence Force raised in South Africa. Its object is undoubtedly to resist the King's enemies, but whether locally or in all parts of South Africa, I cannot say. See "Army List," p. 1163r-s. "Queen's Navy" number out of print.

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"TRANSPORT."—There are no statistics covering so wide a ground as your question, but as an example I may state that it cost £2,300 to take the "Ocean" (battle-ship) through the Suez Canal, and this includes the cost of the tug for towing round sharp corners. The tonnage basis on which the charges are made differs from both gross and net. As an example of this wide difference, may be cited the following vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company:

Ship.	*Gross Tonnage.*	*Net Tonnage.*	*Suez Tonnage.*
"Australasia" ...	6,900·99 ...	3,589·77 ...	4,075·69
"Oriental" ...	5,284·15 ...	3,085·44 ...	3,203·33
"Bengal" ...	4,656·44 ...	2,751·64 ...	2,916·19
"Borneo" ...	4,572·92 ...	2,943·86 ...	3,548·31

The Suez Canal is being steadily deepened and widened, so that large vessels go through now carrying 6,000 tons of cargo. The mean net tonnage per vessel, which was 1,951 tons in 1889, had risen to 2,830 tons in 1900. At present vessels drawing up to 25-ft. 7-in. are allowed through, but it is hoped before many months have elapsed to extend the limit to vessels drawing 26-ft. 3-in. With this view dredgers are steadily working in the Canal and at Port Said.

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A CORRESPONDENT sends some additional information concerning the statement in the "Notes and Queries" column of August 10, regarding the tartans of the Black Watch and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders wear the Sutherland *clan* tartan previously worn by the 93rd Highlanders, the colours of which are quite differently arranged to the old 42nd or "Black Watch" tartan, and the check or square some six or eight times larger, with the green predominating instead of the darker colours, as in the old 42nd tartan.

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"CLIPPER."—All competent authorities state that this word is derived from the German "klepper," a racehorse or quick trotter; but klepper denotes rather a horse in whom speed is subordinated to easiness of pace and utility, such as an ambling nag or hackney. Possibly, as the word is of American origin, the derivation is correct, and refers to the speedy trotters of the United States, the "klop" being a very expressive term for the "trot," indicating as it does the noise made by the ringing of hoofs on a road, like the Latin "Sonipes," or sounding foot, used as a synonym for a horse. Blackmore, in "Alice Lorraine," gives a fanciful but incorrect derivation from a British corvette, "Cleopatra-cum-Antonio," which during the Peninsular War was the speediest craft captured from the French, so that she became the synonym of speed, and her name corrupted first to Clipater and then to Clipper. Whyte Melville uses the term as descriptive of a fast horse—

"For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,
This clipper that stands in the stall at the top."

For many years the fastest sailers in the U.S.A. were built at Baltimore, with masts at a much greater angle than had ever been seen before—hence the term Baltimore clipper, naturally shortened to clipper, came to be used as designating any vessel in which carrying capacity was sacrificed to speed.

"WOODEN HORSE."—This obsolete punishment is mentioned in the Articles of War, 1640. Carlyle, referring to events in 1649, says, "Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood set on four stocks with absurd head and tail superadded, and you ride him barebacked in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet, in a very uneasy manner." This mode of punishment was usually restricted to infantry, as it was considered that a cavalry man from his training would not experience the usual discomforts of it; frequently the court-martial ordered four muskets or a cannon ball to be attached to the prisoner's feet. The hands were tied behind the back, and the culprit was usually placed with his face to the horse's tail; in two recorded instances a petticoat was fastened on him, once for cowardice, and in the second case for ill treatment of a wife. The custom fell into disuse, as it was found to render men unfit for military service.

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"COLONEL."—In the account of the wars of Queen Victoria's reign, published in the recent double number of the NAVY AND ARMY, pressure of space prevented the noticing of a rather long-drawn-out South African Campaign, or series of campaigns, between the years 1848 and 1853. After the battle of Aliwal Sir Harry Smith was rewarded with the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, and when he arrived in South Africa, he found the English colonists at loggerheads with the Boers, and at open war with the Kaffirs and Basutos. His proclamation, extending British sovereignty over the country between the Vaal and Orange Rivers was objected to by the Boer leader, Pretorius, who raised a commando, but was completely defeated at Boomplaatz on August 21, 1848, although the force under Sir Harry Smith consisted only of companies from the Rifle Brigade and the 45th and 91st Regiments. This engagement exerted a great influence over the future of South Africa, for after their defeat at Boomplaatz, many of the Dutch farmers crossed the Vaal, and founded the late Transvaal Republic. In his operations against the Kaffirs and Basutos, however, Sir Harry Smith was not as successful, and the desultory war dragged on for the next three years, without any crowning victory being obtained. In January, 1852, the Duke of Wellington nominated Major-General the Hon. George Cathcart to succeed Sir Harry Smith, the appointment being as much political as military. On his arrival at the Cape, Cathcart summoned the first Cape Parliament, granted it its constitution, and then marched against the Kaffir and Basuto chiefs. Thanks to his more vigorous tactics, the Kaffirs were soon subdued, and in the autumn of 1852 he organised a flying column to effect the capture of the two Basuto chiefs, Sandilli and Macomo, whom he pursued right into the recesses of the mountains, where no British troops had ever before penetrated. In February, 1853, Sandilli and Macomo surrendered to him, and British South Africa was at rest. For these brilliant services Cathcart received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was created a K.C.B. In 1854 Sir George Cathcart returned home, but immediately left again, to command a division in the Crimea, where he met with a glorious death at the battle of Inkerman.

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"BROAD ARROW."—Many and various are the derivations assigned to this mark *e.g.*, some give the origin as: (*a*) Three nails of the Cross; (*b*) The broad á of the Druids, which was typical of Royal dignity; (*c*) Celtic; (*d*) The cognisance of Henry Sidney, Lord de Lisle, afterwards Earl of Romney, Major-General of the Ordnance in 1693, who is said to have first caused it to be placed on public stores. The (*a*) and (*b*) theories may be treated as purely speculative. In favour of (*c*) it may be stated that Richardson, in his "Travels in the Sahara," vol. i., p. 420, says of the Ghadames—who speak a Berber dialect—that they use the Broad Arrow for a Government mark upon all public camels. It is, of course, common knowledge that Celtic tribes once lived in North Africa. Against (*a*) may be brought the objection that in a charter of James II. to the Tower of London, in 1687, we read, "Upon all Boundary Houses His Majesty's mark, the Broad Arrow, by his late Majesty's special command, has been set up." By 9 and 10 Will. iii., c. xli., 1698, the use of it for private purposes was rendered illegal. Also against (*d*) may be quoted "Memorials of London and London Life," published in 1868 by the City of London Corporation. On page 489 an arrow head is stated to have been placed, as early as 1386, on barrels of ale seized for the Royal household. On page 557 the "broad carwe" (B. A.) is spoken of as being sold by foreigners in the City.

THE EDITOR.

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ON A ROUTE MARCH.

OUR BLACK LEVIES.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

LORD ROBERTS'S visit to Manchester is an occasion which brings to mind the gallant service of Lancashire soldiers in the war. The Lancashire Fusiliers, the Lancashire Regiment, the Manchester men, the Loyal North Lancashire, the East Lancashire, the Royal Lancaster—these and others have rendered most valiant service in Natal, on the Western frontier, and throughout the campaign. They fought valiantly for Queen Victoria, and it is to unveil a memorial statue of her late Majesty in Piccadilly, Manchester, that Lord Roberts has visited the city. Devoted service with heavy losses in many engagements has been rendered by the Lancashire regiments, and in the early days of the war the "Lancashire Brigade" was much in people's minds. Queen Victoria herself recognised to the full the courage and self sacrifice of these valiant troops, and no one could give better testimony to their services than Lord Roberts, who has had them with him in the field. The gallant Field-Marshal has had a busy time since his return from the front, and has been plunged into the vortex of Army and War Office reorganisation, but he has found time to take a considerable share in public duties, and it was peculiarly appropriate that he should unveil the Manchester statue of the late Queen. The occasion is one memorable in the history of the city.

THE Imperial Service Club was opened last week for the use of its members in the commodious premises which have been secured at the corner of Clarges Street and Piccadilly. It is a social outcome of the war, and is intended to bring together, in the spirit of comradeship and companionship, the officers who have taken part in the campaign. The idea appears to have originated with Captain E. de Pentheney O'Kelly, 6th Lancashire Fusiliers, and already 500 members have joined, being one-half of the full membership allowed under the rules of constitution. These have been admitted by the committee, of which Lord Rosmead, Colonel Brookfield, M.P., General Sir F. Forestier-Walker, General McKinnon, and Sir William McCormac are prominent members. Only those who have taken part in the war are eligible, and the full list will not be completed until the majority of the troops now in South Africa have returned home. The club will be open to officers of all branches of the Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteer forces, and the scheme is excellent, since it brings together a great many who have fought shoulder to shoulder in South Africa. Mr. Frank Summers, late of the Imperial Yeomanry, is the secretary. Of course, in time the club will require recruits, and about the year 1905 it is proposed to admit those who have served in other campaigns.

"SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID!" There was a bitter taste in the draught that was drunk by many Frenchmen when the Czar visited France. They asked themselves what France gained from this alliance. Even amid the pæans that greeted the "allied and friendly ruler" there were those who demanded if the pact was made to beget platitudes about universal peace and identity of views on ethical questions and commercial methods, for they recalled the unuttered hopes of *la revanche* with which the alliance when it was made was greeted by those in whom the sting of 1870 remained. Now there has been time to make it plain that the bond with Russia means the signing away of those lost provinces, the recovery of which had been the passionate hope of France. How has the wheel gone round since those Homeric fights of more than thirty years ago! Nevertheless, in the deep heart of France, there still remains an unextinguishable regret and a profound disappointment, and the efforts of the Nationalists to make capital of the Franco-Russian brotherhood against England sound very hollow and untrue. The Russian inspired papers, moreover, may preach on the doctrine of universal charity, but there are some who ask, remembering the suppression of Finnish papers within the last few days, which have but proclaimed the treaty rights of their country, where is the charity that begins at home?

"THE Men of Harlech"—the brave soldiers of the Welsh Regiment—although they had not the good fortune to take part in the Chinese Expedition, are happy in the possession of three handsome Chinese drums and a richly embroidered banner, as trophies from Pekin, speaking of military kinship. These were captured by Captain Toke, of the Welsh Regiment, and presented to the officer's mess at Ahmednagar, in India. They have been appropriately mounted, and are greatly valued. Captain Toke, when he obtained them, was serving with the Chinese battalion, and was very proud of his Celestial comrades. He says they did splendidly, and never showed the slightest sign of fear under the heaviest fire. They are fine big fellows, and many of them over 6-ft., and broad in proportion. Captain Toke's impression of the Chinese soldiery bears out all that has been said about them. Well led, they are excellent fighting men, and if they cannot be credited with the highest form of courage, they have a singular insensibility to feelings of fear. It is a valuable quality, and the comparative ease with which we have turned out good soldiers at Wei-hai-Wei suggests that some other Power may yet try to weld Chinese troops into a true fighting force to be ranged in the field against us. The Russians, who are so strengthening their position in Manchuria as to make it impossible that they should ever leave it, are very likely to follow our example upon a larger scale.

A RUMOUR runs that Russia is going to buy up all the war-ships of any value that China possesses. There are two cruisers of 4,300 tons, built on the Tyne, and three of nearly 3,000 tons, constructed in the Vulcan Yard, Stettin. If these be taken over by the Russians, the Chinese Navy will become quite a negligable quantity. It would not be in the smallest degree surprising if the rumour proved to be correct. We have ourselves bought a few foreign war-ships in times of stress, and to go no further back than the war between Spain and the United States, did not the latter buy at Elswick a couple of cruisers which had been built for Brazil? This suggestion may serve as a warning to those who make a comparison of strength upon an accurately-balanced "two-Power standard." Who shall say that, upon an emergency, or as a surprise, the whole fleet of some small Power, be it China, or some republic of South America, may not be thrown into the scale against us. It may be answered that, if ships are to be bought, we have the means of buying as well as of building, even though the foreigner might steal a march upon us. Yet the true lesson is that we shall never be safe unless we allow a margin of superiority, and certainly if Russia should acquire the Chinese Fleet we shall have to reply by strengthening our squadron in the Far East. Probably, however, the recent troubles and existing conditions only accelerated an increase of strength in those waters which was sooner or later inevitable.

IN the seething state of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula, the unsettled condition of Servia is not a matter to be overlooked. That adventurous monarch King Alexander, since he was kidnapped from the care of his mother, Queen Natalie, at Berlin, that he might be schooled for the succession to the troubled throne of King Milan, has not been a complete success. His marriage to Madame Draga Maschin aroused bitter opposition on the part of his advisers, and set Montenegrin pretenders and at least a couple of Karageorgievitches plotting against the Obrenovitch dynasty. The union was tolerated because it was hoped that a direct

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heir to the throne might result, but, as all the world knows, after elaborate preparations had been made for the proximate arrival of the heir expected and announced, there was disappointment and mysterious *fiasco*. The hopes of the country were dashed, while the ridiculous airs assumed by Queen Draga's needy relatives added to the unpopularity of the Royal Family. One sister is the wife of a bank director in Belgrade, two others are girls of eighteen, and a couple of brothers are in the army. Fuel was thus added to the Karageorgievitch agitation, and the friends of Prince Mirko of Montenegro became active. The extraordinary plan was then devised of making the Queen's brother, Lieutenant Nikodem Lunjevitza, heir presumptive to the throne, although the constitution does not and could not provide for such a succession. The Czar was sounded, and the intention was noised abroad, but luckily for the Royal House, the instances of the military officers and political leaders caused the plan to be deferred if not abandoned. After all, Queen Draga has but recently celebrated her thirty-fourth birthday, and there should still be hope for the Royal pair.

A NAVAL BASE IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

NOT the least important of the improvements in our Naval defences that late years have seen carried to, or rather approaching, completion is the establishment of defended stations, that will serve as bases for the numerous flotillas of destroyers and torpedo-boats that may play such an important part when our Empire finds itself called on to fight to maintain that sea supremacy which is essential to its existence. One of the most important of these stations is that established at the Scilly Isles, where the defensive works are now rapidly approaching completion. One has only to glance at the chart of the British Isles to comprehend the important strategic position of this group of islands, islets, and rock ledges, which lie scattered over some thirty square miles of ocean about twenty-seven miles to the west-south-west of the Land's End. Lying a little to the westward of due north of Ushant, they form with that island the entrance to the English Channel and craft using them as a base are in a position to guard commerce homeward and outward bound, to or from either the English or St. George's Channels, and are, moreover, well located for watching the great French northern and western Naval ports at Cherbourg and Brest. Our illustrations depict the landing of heavy quick-firers for the land defences, a work recently carried out by the authorities. In one a gun is being landed for placing in the fortifications, and in the other the last of the four heavy guns that have been mounted is shown, having, after much arduous work, been brought within the fort in which it will be mounted. The old gateway seen in the picture is the entrance of the defences that were built in the eighteenth century, and bears the date 1742 and the Royal cypher of George II., who then ruled over us. St. Mary's is the largest island of the group, and the one that boasts the possession of the only town in the islands, Hugh Town. It has a population of some 1,300 and an area of 1,528 acres, the other larger islands being Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Bryher, and Samson, the latter uninhabited. The whole group take their name from a small, very inaccessible little rocky islet in the north-west of the group, the name of which is derived from the Cornish word "silya" or "sillis," a conger eel. The islands have figured frequently in English history since Athelstan conquered them in 938 and established monks upon Tresco. Queen Elizabeth leased the islands to Sir Francis Godolphin in 1568, and in that family they remained for more than 250 years. Prince Charles found shelter here in 1645, before he fled to Jersey, and Cromwell's Tower on Tresco was raised by the parliamentary forces.

Finally they are specially memorable in the annals of the British Navy, from the circumstance that it was here that three ships of Sir Cloudesley Shovell's fleet were wrecked in 1707, 2,000 men, including the Admiral himself, losing their lives in the disaster.

Photo. Copyright.

LANDING GUNS FOR THE FORTIFICATIONS.

C. J. King.

THE LAST OF THE GUNS WITHIN THE FORT.

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OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

A MADRAS SEPOY.
The Alarm.

IT would be possible to say a good many trite things about the wisdom and excellent taste of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED in devoting two special pages to the Indian Army. But it is not the "form" of this Journal to expatiate dully on its own virtues. Accordingly, it will be sufficient preface to this new departure if it is briefly pointed out that, for years past, no opportunity has been lost of extending the hospitality of these pages to pictures of military life and scenery in the "Shiny East." But of late not only has the circulation of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED in India increased to a most gratifying extent, but the home interest in Indian affairs has expanded, and seems likely to continue to expand, in a very significant fashion. Lastly, in the Indian Army itself there have been recent changes of a far-reaching sort, which, concurrently with the momentous reforms now being carried out at home, merit the closest attention on the part of every intelligent student of Imperial progress. Surely here is sufficient reason for a modest effort to produce what has never before, to the knowledge of the writer, been attempted, namely, a bright, brief, illustrated record of Indian Army doings, the prevailing note of which shall be an honest desire both to gratify Indian readers of this Journal, and to give home subscribers that graphic idea of Indian soldiering which a happy combination of carefully-selected pictures with up-to-date letterpress affords.

One of the most important subjects which is agitating India just now is that of re-armament, as to which a recent mail has brought particulars of considerable interest. For a long time past the British troops have been gradually having the new Lee-Enfield rifles served out to them, and from all accounts the supply of weapons from England is proceeding with fair regularity. But, even so, the re-armament is a matter of time, and many months will have elapsed before it is complete. If, however, the new short rifle is adopted in England, there will be no difficulty in getting a large number of Lee-Metfords for the Indian Army next year. It will occur to some as rather unsatisfactory that the Indian Army, which is at all times liable to the outbreak of sudden and sharp hostilities, should be behindhand in such an important respect as this. For no longer can we count on such a marked inferiority on the part of the frontier tribes as used to prevail in the matter of small arms. There is no question that far too many modern rifles find their way into these parts by other means than by thefts from advanced British posts. However, during, at any rate, such a war as that in South Africa, our first consideration must be for the troops of the Home Army, and, in any case, we may take it for granted that India can, for the present, take uncommonly good care of itself.

A similar delay is taking place in the matter of the re-armament of the Horse Artillery in India, who will have to wait some time longer before they receive the new light quick-firing Krupp gun which has recently been tried at Okehampton with such encouraging results. As a makeshift the Horse Artillery batteries in India are to be given the new light wire gun which was introduced in England last year. This is regarded by gunners as a distinct improvement, for Horse Artillery purposes, upon the somewhat too heavy weapon now in use, and satisfaction is expressed at the proposed arrangement. Lastly, while on this subject of re-armament, one is sorry to see that the six batteries of Vickers-Maxim pom-poms which the Indian Government intended to buy are to "stand over" for the present for financial reasons. This seems a pity, for it is difficult to imagine a weapon more suited to the requirements of frontier warfare than the pom-pom, or one more likely to be regarded by the turbulent tribesmen as a veritable invention of the devil. However, if, as is suggested, there are more urgent military calls upon the Indian exchequer than the provision of pom-poms, there is nothing more to be said, and the Indian Army must be content to introduce this up-to-date pop-gun to the notice of the Waziri and Orakzai at some future period.

We have lately received the intelligence that a highly satisfactory experimental installation for pulling punkahs in the barracks at Barrackpore has been recently completed by an English firm. The old difficulty used to be that machinery for pulling punkahs never seemed to produce quite the same amount of wind as did the punkah coolie, unsatisfactory mortal though he was in a matter of dropping off to sleep on particularly hot nights. Presumably this difficulty has been overcome, and, if it has, there is no question that an important advantage will have been secured. The increased economy should be very considerable, and there are various reasons why the abolition of the barrack-room punkah coolie is to be welcomed, not the least of which is the "unpleasantness" which arises when the British soldier, enraged at the stoppage of the punkah, arises in his wrath and proceeds to interview the coolie with bad language and a boot.

Some highly interesting details have just been published regarding the two battalions of Native Militia which are stationed in the Kurram Valley. These are regarded as the most trustworthy of any corps along the border, and hence both battalions have been armed with the Martini-Henri rifle in place of the Snider. A theft of eight rifles, it is true, recently took place, a non-commissioned officer having eloped with the weapons across the frontier, where, of course, such property would mean a little fortune. But it has been ascertained that this non-commissioned officer was not really a member of the corps, but was a musketry instructor borrowed from one of our native regiments, in which he had hitherto borne an unblemished reputation. His position as musketry instructor enabled him to get possession of the eight rifles without exciting suspicion. The incident was deplorable, but it is satisfactory to learn that the trustworthiness of the Kurram Militia has not been impugned. These new organisations are the outcome of an important change of policy on the part of the Indian Government, and it would be a very great pity if at the outset the confidence which is being placed in them were found to be wholly unjustified.

From native Militia to British Indian Volunteers is a long step, but the connection between the two from the standpoint of military defence is fairly obvious. In the case of the Indian Railway Volunteers, the purposes of defence for which they are likely to be employed are chiefly bound up with the contingency of interior disturbances, and there is no question that in this direction they would prove of the greatest value. Some indication of the very serious view which they take of their responsibilities may be gathered from a report on a Camp of Exercise held by the Bengal-Nagpur Railway Rifle Corps at the beginning of this year. A force of between 300 and 400 Volunteers was assembled by Colonel Wynne, Manager of the railway, and took

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part in manœuvres with the Regular troops. Not only this, but the Volunteers were worked on their own account in a most practical fashion. They had outpost and entrenchment practice, an armoured train was brought into use, an attack on the railway was made and met, and the line was patrolled and the bridges were held by detachments. In the camp itself the most realistic conditions were observed. The men lived on the railway waggons, and were held in readiness to turn out at short notice. The corps had its Maxim gun with it, and the officers even discarded their swords, and carried rifles in the approved up-to-date style. It is delightful to see such evidence of earnestness and good sense in a military organisation from which some day so much might have to be expected. Indeed, there are not a few home corps which might profit by the example of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway Volunteers to the extent of attaching the far greater importance to real fighting efficiency than to mere parade smartness.

The Indian Government is nothing if not practical, and has recently inaugurated a very simple and effective new departure in regard to tentage. It has sanctioned the adoption of khaki for the outer cloth of all Service tents, and in doing so has certainly contributed to the security of future expeditions. In the case of a very large force the mere fact of its having white tentage may not make any serious difference, as the knowledge of its whereabouts is not likely to escape a watchful enemy. But where the force is only a small one, say a detachment moving in course of reinforcement or relief, there is not much sense in advertising its position and making it a mark for the casual sniper. In India tents are, as a rule, a necessity, and the introduction of this new precaution will be highly appreciated by all practical soldiers.

Indian officers of the old school must find it difficult to keep pace with the many and rapid strides which are being made by the fighting Service in the East. Such a notification, for instance, as one to the effect that Lieutenant So-and-so has been posted to the Experimental Balloon Section might not easily be realised by veterans of the Mutiny and Sikh Wars who have not been in touch with latter day military progress. Yet it is obvious that in many respects India is an ideal country for purposes of military ballooning, owing to the clarity of the atmosphere and the lessened risks from an enemy's fire. Highly scientific warfare will never, perhaps, be quite so much in evidence in India as in Europe, but here is a direction in which results of the greatest importance can be secured with ease and rapidity, provided the appliances are what they should be and the work is under the right kind of supervision. The establishment of Royal Engineers in India is a small one, but a part of it is perhaps more usefully employed in military ballooning operations than in "a-digging up of holes, and a-sticking in of poles, and a-building of barracks for the Soldieree."

ELEPHANTS ON A BATHING PARADE.

Photo. Copyright. *Chuter.*

GUN ELEPHANTS OF AN INDIAN HEAVY BATTERY.

In India an elephant battery looms large, both in the figurative and literal sense of the words, as a military unit. Not only have elephant batteries played their part in many of our campaigns in the Far East, but no great military display would be complete without there was in evidence one at least of the siege train batteries, with the heavy guns or howitzers majestically trailing behind their elephants, and the waggons and limbers drawn by teams of white mild-eyed oxen. Not alone in campaigns fought out in the open plains have the elephant batteries taken their part, but the huge pachyderms have dragged their guns through the steep passes that pierce the mountains forming the border of our Indian North-West Frontier.

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THE PORTUGUESE FISCAL GUARD.

THE little kingdom of Dom Carlos is brought from time to time much under the eye of England. The genial ruler and his graceful queen are very popular with all those who have met them, and, while the King is a blood relation of our Royal House, Queen Marie Amélie, the daughter of the Comte de Paris, was born in this country. Their Majesties have never failed to show courtesy to our officers, and have won all hearts by their kindness, while the close relations which exist diplomatically between the two kingdoms make the affairs of Portugal of importance to Englishmen. We therefore considered it would be interesting to illustrate one of the two special forces which are attached to the Portuguese Army, the other being the Municipal Guard, or Gendarmerie attached to the Ministry of the Interior, but having a military training, and upon mobilisation passing under the authority of the War Department. The Fiscal Guard has a military organisation also, and its function is to maintain and enforce the Customs service. It is thus under the orders of the Administration of the Customs, which is a department tributary to the Minister of Finance, care being taken that its direct chief shall be a military officer.

In case of war or of general or partial mobilisation the Fiscal Guard passes under the orders of the War Minister. Four battalions are organised for Portugal itself, and four companies for the adjacent islands. The battalions are composed of infantry companies, but include single cavalry companies. The first battalion, which has its headquarters at Lisbon, has six infantry companies, all the other battalions having but four. The total strength of the force is about 5,700 officers and men. They are trained soldiers, being recruited largely from officers and men who have served in the active Army or the reserve, and, as will be seen from one of our illustrations, their military training is not neglected. They undergo regular drill, and there are field days on which they engage in tactical exercises of attack and defence. They thus form a very useful element in the reserve of the Army.

Portugal, like other countries of the continent, considers such troops a regular part of her forces. In France the Gendarmerie have a military organisation in the same way, and the Sapeurs-Pompiers, or firemen, belong to the Army. There seems, indeed, no reason why men employed in such public service should not be trained in such a way as to fit them to be useful in time of war. The need is not so great in this country for such arrangements, but Portugal, like other continental States which have to contemplate the possibility of invasion, has found it necessary to organise such useful auxiliaries. The men seem to be well set-up, and to present a soldier-like appearance. Their character is practically unknown in this country, but our pictures will introduce them to our readers.

THE FISCAL FOOT GUARDS AT MANŒUVRES.

Showing how they are trained for military service.

MOUNTED MEN OF THE CUSTOMS FORCE.

Analogous in their character to Dragoons.

Photos. Copyright. *Navy & Army.*

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL FISCAL GUARD.

A special force in King Carlos's Dominions.

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THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Portsmouth—II.

HAVING now indicated a few prominent landmarks in the early history of Portsmouth, and having written some account of the present importance of the dockyard in relation to Naval construction, it will be well to sketch the later history of the place preparatory to giving a description of things as they are. In Tudor times the establishment was confined to an area of about eight acres, directly opposite to the present Gosport Victualling Yard, and where the old dock and ship basin are. Queen Elizabeth further fortified the place, and Charles II. modernised and perfected it with bastions, demi-bastions, counter-guards, curtains, ravelins, ditches, and generally with the elaborate system of works usual at that time. The importance of the situation was fully realised, but Deptford, ever to be associated with many pages in the diary of Pepys, was still the principal dockyard, with Chatham as a growing rival. There is said to have been a dry dock at Portsmouth as early as 1496, closed by means of two overlapping walls, and having the opening between them filled up with mud, but it ceased to exist after 1620, and had no successor until 1654. In other respects the importance of the establishment had grown, largely owing to the influence of Buckingham, lord high admiral in 1619, who, it will be remembered, was stabbed to the heart at Portsmouth by Felton in 1628, while he was fitting out the second expedition for the relief of Rochelle. Not until 1638 was a master shipwright in permanent residence at the yard. Thereafter it seems to have been well managed, and acquired a reputation for economical work. Yet its comparatively small size or unimportance, about the middle of that century, entitled it to only thirteen watchmen, while Deptford had eighteen, and Chatham thirty-two. The addition of the new dry dock, however, which was completed at a cost of about £2,000, was the presage of greater expansion, and in 1691 another dry dock and two wet docks were put in hand. Meanwhile, the area was enlarged, two acres being added in 1658, eight more in 1663, and ten in 1677. William III. instituted a policy of reclaiming land from the mud flats, and many acres were added before 1710.

This expansion of the Naval resources of Portsmouth was due to its unrivalled situation, which already marked it out for the great Naval port of the future. The coming and going of ships was frequent, and the magnificence of the

ENLARGING ONE OF THE DOCKS.

With war-ships beyond in the harbour.

harbour, and the growing facilities of the yard for the building, docking, fitting, and supplying of ships, made Portsmouth every day a place of greater and greater importance. I have already alluded to the building of ships of the line in the yard in the seventeenth century, a matter in which the port was presently to eclipse its rivals. Steven Martin-Leake of the Navy Pay Office, and subsequently Garter King of Arms, who described Portsmouth in a letter in 1729, gives a glowing impression of it. "The harbour is certainly one of the finest in the world," he says, "safe and commodious, and secure against an enemy. And it ought to be well secured, seeing it contains near one-third of the British Navy, and is so conveniently situated for fleets or convoys, to annoy the enemy and protect our trade. It is surprising to see a great ship sail into the harbour by so small an entrance, and when you are through that narrow passage, to see such a spacious harbour, and the great ships lying at their moorings for three or four miles up, and the harbour for a mile at least on each side covered with buildings and thronged with people; the water covered with boats passing and repassing like as on the Thames, and the boats exactly like the wherries, only the head not so pointed and sharp; and these I have seen go off to ships at Spithead full of passengers in very bad weather. The prospect from the middle of the harbour gives you the idea of a great city; and, indeed, the whole, as it appears on both sides taken together, is equal to most cities in England, and in consequence, equal to any but the metropolis."

This vivid description of Portsmouth as it appeared with all its bustling Naval life more than one hundred and seventy years ago is just as applicable to the present day. The place, it is true, is many times larger than it was in those times, and the shipwright's hammer has a different ring, for we have passed from the ships of wood to the steel

ADMIRALTY HOUSE LAWN.

And the residence of the Naval Commander-in-Chief

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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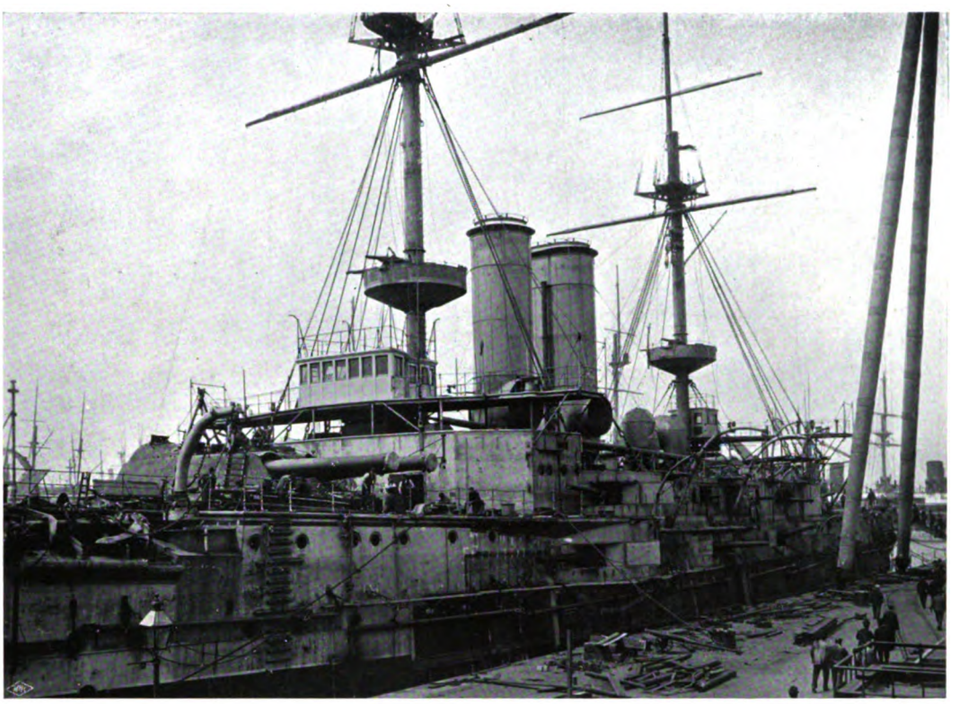
leviathans of the modern Navy, and the new basins and docks, the new electric shop, the new angle-iron smithery, the new boiler shop with its water-tube generators, all bespeak the marvellous constructive, mechanical, and industrial progress of the present day. But the object, and the importance of it are the same, and it is pleasant, and by contrast abundantly instructive, to cast back the mind to those days when the British Navy, as we know it, was slowly growing for the kingdom's need, presaging the day when its lusty manhood should answer the Empire's call. Mr. Martin-Leake, in his time, thought the dockyard a fine place, and more commodious than any other, the docks being of stone, while in other dockyards they were of wood. It was also more compact, and the officers' houses appeared better than, if not so pleasantly situated as, those at Chatham; "but the officers are greater men here than anywhere, for they are all Commissioners." The yard had a chapel, and was enclosed by a high brick wall. That part of it which yet remains near the main entrance of the dockyard on the Hard is considered the oldest survival of the past, its age being indicated by an oval tablet over the wicket entrance, surmounted by the Royal Crown and cypher of Queen Anne, and bearing the inscription: "This wall was begun the 4 June, and finished ye 13 December, 1711." Portsea and Portsmouth grew very rapidly throughout the eighteenth century, and Portsmouth Point, at the very mouth of the harbour, depicted to the very life in a well-known drawing of Rowlandson's belonging to about the year 1799, became the scene of bustling activity and of many an escapade of tars returned from long service at sea. Even in 1729 its character was confirmed. To quote the same entertaining writer: "Here the Johns carouse, not being confined to hours, and spend the money for the good of the public, which make ale-houses and shops thrive mightily upon this spot. Some have compared it to the Point at Jamaica, which was swallowed up by an earthquake, and think, if that was Sodom, this is Gomorrah; but it is by no means so bad as some would make it, though bad enough." This, of course, was the Portsmouth of Smollett and Marryat, and of the Bowlings, the Chucks, the Simples, and many another character famous in nautical fiction.



COMPLETING A BATTLE-SHIP IN THE BASIN.

The "Canopus" making ready for commission.

Misfortunes overtook the dockyard in that century, for thrice did fire visit it—that scourge and horror of the seaman. In 1760 the destruction was vast, and the damage about £400,000; ten years later a quarter of that sum was wasted by the destructive element; and in 1777 a foul attempt at wholesale damage was foiled, and the miscreant captured and hanged. There was always a danger in the Great War, when spies and traitors were everywhere, that such enterprises might tempt the malice of desperate men. The French lived in terror lest Brest should be destroyed, and there was some ground for their apprehension, for in January, 1804, the "Patriote" was actually fired in the dockyard. The evil-doer proved to be a Chouan, and not an Englishman. The wretch who, in the year of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, made his attempt at Portsmouth, was an American desperado of Scottish origin—one James Hill, known by the sobriquet of "Jack the Panter," who designed to extend his operations to Plymouth, and prepared for his work by carefully experimenting with various infernal machines and fuses. He was, however, only a tool, and a quarrel with his principal about payment for his foul and not very successful work led to his arrest. He was tried at Winchester, and hanged at the mizenmast of the "Arethusa" at Portsmouth. These successive episodes had a beneficial effect, for from that day to this there has been no serious outbreak of fire, and the dockyard is now provided with a fire-station, which will compare well with any in the country, possessing steam and manual engines, with all necessary apparatus to cope with any outbreak. Over 250 men are regularly drilled in the work of fire extinction, and some seventy of them are always resident in the yard.

VISITORS WELCOMED AT PORTSMOUTH.

The public inspecting the yard.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

While we have the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries before us, it may be interesting to refer to the old semaphore tower at Portsmouth, which has been illustrated. The system of semaphoring from the ports to the Admiralty was devised by the Rev. Lord George Murray, afterwards Bishop of St. Davids, and the stations between Portsmouth and Whitehall, erected about 1795, are said to have been Portsdown, Beacon Hill, Blackdown, Hascombe, Netley Heath, Cabbage hill, Putney, and Chelsea. The last message made in this way from Portsmouth was on December 31, 1847, and it was received at Whitehall within about half-an-hour—no mean achievement, truly.

Early in the last century docks Nos. 2 and 3, entered from the old

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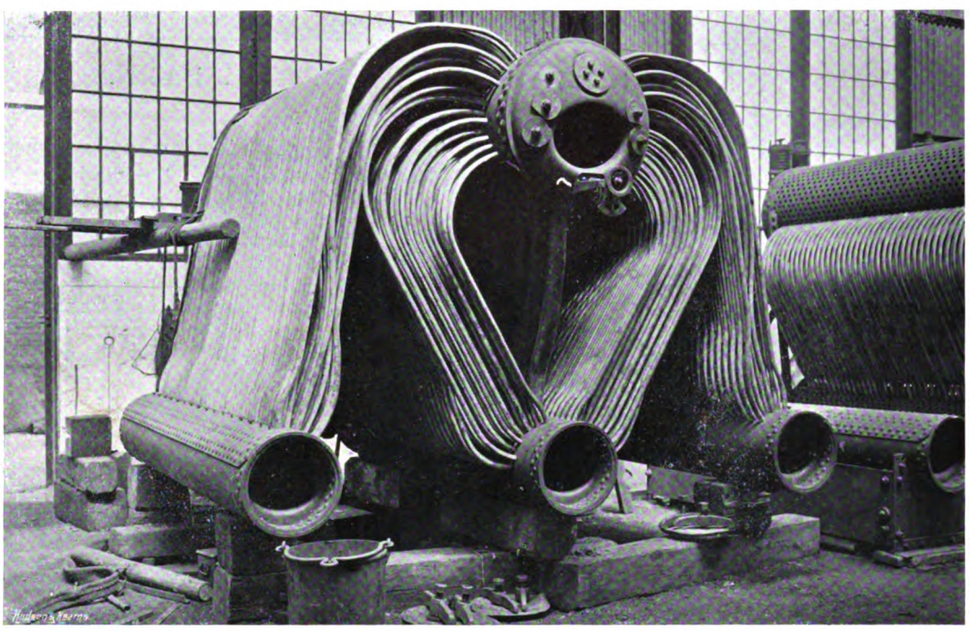
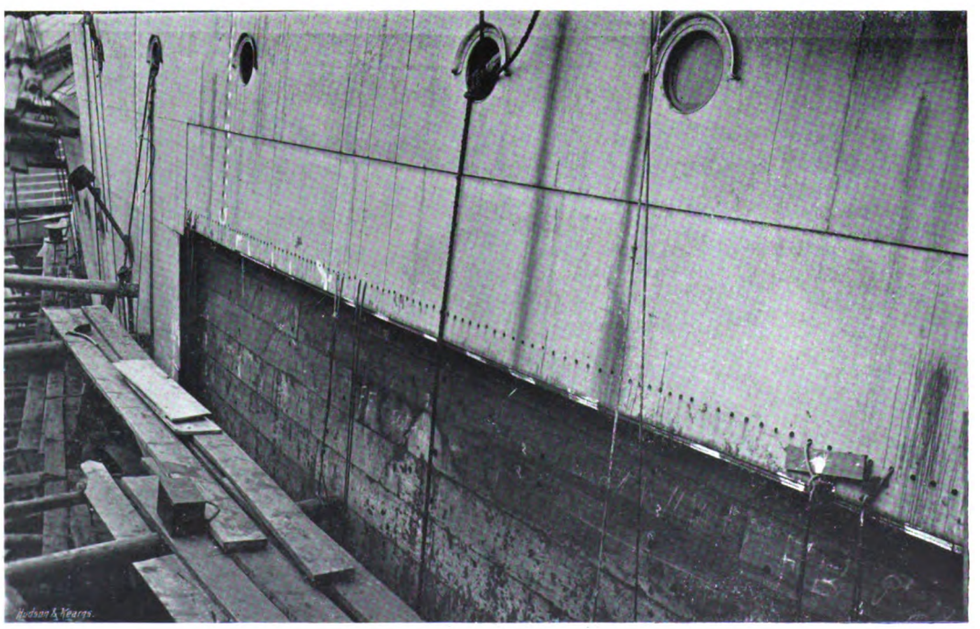
THE ELECTRIC FITTING SHOP.

Completing search-lights for war-ships.



A SCENE IN THE BOILER SHOP.

Making bent-tube water-tube boilers.



THE STEEL WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

The "Formidable" ready for her armour plating.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

ship basin, were constructed, while the entrance to the basin was reconstructed and fitted with a caisson, the first built in England. The area of the yard was at the time about ninety-five acres. The period that followed was a quiescent one in regard to the Navy, and after the exhaustion of the Great War a decline set in. The punishment of Barbary corsairs and the battle of Navarino did not stir either the public or the Government to keen interest in Naval affairs, and shortly before the death of William IV.—to whom, however, Portsmouth Dockyard owes much—the effective Naval Estimates were cut down to the narrowest limits, and did not exceed three millions sterling. But the difficulty with Turkey, which culminated in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, and the hostile attitude of France at the time, combined with the complete revolution caused by the introduction of steam and the screw propeller, and followed by the Russian War, caused a great outlay to be made upon the Navy, with which began the modern development of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The steam basin, 900-ft. long and 400-ft. broad, was formed to the north of the old dockyard and behind the building slips of 1765, with four large docks and new shops, and was completed in 1848, the whole addition, comprising some twenty acres, being opened in state by Queen Victoria. Shortly afterwards a new impulse was given, and a vast sum was devoted to a further extension of the yard on the north side of Portsea as far as Fountain Lake in the harbour, and eastward to Platehouse Road. Convict labour was largely employed, a procedure which at first caused great dissatisfaction, but which proved advantageous. The great fitting, rigging, and repairing basins, covering about fifty acres, were excavated to a depth of some 50-ft., and the docks and locks which communicate with the tidal basin were constructed. This large addition to the yard was made possible by enclosing an area of about eighty-four acres, mostly covered by old fortifications, and by recovering ninety-three acres from the shallow part of the harbour. It was a magnificent addition to the resources and facilities of Portsmouth Dockyard, and was completed by the construction of docks Nos. 14 and 15, capable of receiving the greatest battle-ships in the service, in 1896. Since that time, by the construction of new jetties and the dredging of the bar, the berthing accommodation has been increased, while new electric and boiler shops, a smithery, and a saw-mill have been erected, and another building slip has been added.

The huge work of excavation carried on after 1850 of course displaced a vast amount of soil, and it is wonderful to think that by depositing it in the harbour, Whale Island, which is a mile and a-half in circumference, has been created, where now are the headquarters of gunnery in the British Navy, with a great battery of all classes of guns, and large drill and cricket grounds. But about Whale Island, as about the latest additions to Portsmouth Dockyard, which call for description rather than history, something shall be said in another article.

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THE HEAD OF THE HOME DISTRICT AND HIS A.D.C.

Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, K.C.V.O., who is here represented with his A.D.C., Captain G. F. Molyneux-Montgomerie, Grenadier Guards, is one of the most able and popular officers of the British Army. To him the latter owes also the services of several gallant sons, but it is specially in connection with the Home District that Sir Henry has made his mark, and won the liking and esteem of all who have come in contact with him. With all the smartness of the Guards officer he combines unfailing geniality and tact, which have rendered him an especial favourite with the many thousands of citizen soldiers in his command.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in December. Orders for this Double Number should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

India and Afghanistan.

WE had heard "Wolf" cried so often from Afghanistan that it was difficult to believe last week that the Ameer was really dead. We were disinclined, too, to accept the news as authentic, for the reason which makes a man anxious to doubt the word of one who tells him his house is afire. Beyond question this long-expected event has happened at a very inconvenient time so far as the British Empire is concerned. The Ameer has been such an unconscionable time a-dying—so long ago as 1885 it was solemnly asserted that he could live but a year more—that our rulers seem to have regarded him as already an immortal. That is to say, they made no particular plans, so far as can be seen, for safeguarding British interests whenever his throne should be vacant. However, the lack of definite policy matters less at the present moment than it might have mattered under different conditions. We might have the most definite policy in the world, but just now we should find it difficult to push it through in the event of its being seriously opposed. We are, of course, hampered by the war in South Africa. Our diplomacy is weak, and all too ready to get round difficulties, as the clergyman advised his flock to get over their doubts, by "looking them in the face and passing by on the other side." We are not in a position to take a very strong line and to stick to it.

Leaving out of consideration the British army in South Africa, it must be remembered that even in India there are many thousands of soldiers whose time of service with the colours has already expired. They would be glad, the majority of these men, to go to the front in South Africa, but, failing this, they want to be sent home. How can we, until we see what happens in Afghanistan, reduce our forces in India by a single regiment? We might have let these time-expired men have their desire. We might have sent them to take the place of some of our tired troops in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and have shipped the latter to India to take up the comparatively light duties of garrison routine. But for some reason or reasons, very likely good reasons, this course has not been followed. It is too late to adopt it now, for by the time the exchange could be made the succession to the throne of Afghanistan will, in all probability, have been settled, and until it is in a fair way of being settled we must be ready for any action that may be forced upon us.

For our own part, we, that is to say, Great Britain and the Government of India, shall be satisfied to take no action at all so long as the Ameer's wish with regard to the succession is carried out. For many years Abdurrahman was our ally, and received from the British Government an annual subsidy. His feelings towards us were not always very cordial, but there is no reason to suppose that he ever played us false in any way. He would have preferred to deal with the Imperial Government direct instead of dealing with the Government of India, and he was very sore when his request in this direction, made on the occasion of the visit of his son, the Shahzada, a few years ago, was not complied with. But the Ameer knew perfectly well that the best interests of Afghanistan depended upon his friendliness with Great Britain. Russia's desire was to see Afghanistan a weak State, cut up into small tribal polities, disturbed by internal strife. Such a State could, when the moment came for a Russian advance towards India, offer no organised or effective resistance. The policy of Russia, therefore, has been to encourage pretenders to the Afghan throne, as it encouraged Ishak Khan some dozen years back, and to fan into flame the sparks of civil war which always exist in such a community as that over which Abdurrahman ruled with so strong and stern a hand.

To British and to British Indian interests, on the other hand, it is of the utmost importance that Afghanistan, if it exist as a separate State at all, should be a barrier, and a stout barrier, between Russian and British territory. Perhaps it would be better for all concerned that Afghanistan should be divided up between Great Britain and Russia—we could scarcely expect to add the whole to our Indian dominions—and that it should no longer be an independent kingdom. Buffer-states are usually a nuisance to their neighbours, and frequently their position is a curse to themselves. However, so long as the Afghans have a strong ruler who can prevent his kingdom from being divided against itself, there can be no excuse for disturbing the present state of affairs. Nor have we any desire to disturb it, for while Afghanistan stands firm against Russia the situation is as favourable from our point of view as if we actually ruled it. That was why we subsidised the Ameer. That is why at the present moment our influence is all on the side of Habibullah, the able heir to whom Abdurrahman bequeathed the reins and responsibilities of power. Habibullah is believed to hold the same opinions as his father held upon the subject of Afghan relations with Great Britain and with Russia. He has already been proclaimed Ameer, and, unless unexpected opposition be offered to his claims, the country will continue to be governed on much the same lines as those which found favour in the eyes of Abdurrahman, and which have given it for a long time past as much peace and prosperity as a border State, peopled by wild and little-civilised tribesmen, could reasonably expect. Russia was no doubt well prepared for the death of the Ameer, but it is a question whether Russia could just now succeed in fomenting any serious disturbance of order, even if she would.

Whether she would if she could opens up a larger discussion than we can embark upon to-day. As a preliminary disputation, we should have to consider whether the increasing readiness on our part to come to a friendly arrangement with Russia has had any effect as yet upon the policy which is directed from St. Petersburg. The day is over in which Englishmen looked upon Russia as a natural enemy. There is now no lack of advocates in favour of an Anglo-Russian understanding. The interests of the two nations clash in several parts of the world, but they are not so irreconcilable as we used to think. Lord Salisbury has told us that we put our money upon the wrong horse when we backed Turkey against Russia, but, so far as we know, he has taken no step in the direction of putting a little upon the other animal. Has the time come yet to consider whether Great Britain should decide between Russia and Germany—which of the two is likely to be the better friend—and, having decided, to abide by our choice? Or can we still safely hold to our policy of splendid isolation? The points at which we come into hostile contact with Russia are mostly surface points. Our rivalry with Germany is more deeply seated. We could settle most of our difficulties with Russia by mutual agreement. Germany is against us all over the world—as a commercial power, as a colonising power, as a Naval power. The difference is that between a neighbour with whom you have quarrelled about a right-of-way here or a strip of land there, and a trade rival who has made up his mind to undersell you in every market. It is worth weighing in our minds what advantages we should gain if we were to agree with our Russian adversary quickly whiles we are in the way with him.

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THE LATE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

AND SOME POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS NOTABLE RULER'S DEATH.

THE telegram from Simla announcing the death of Abdurrahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, hardly came as a surprise, as it was known that he was in failing health, and had made all the necessary arrangements for a successor. But the disappearance of such an imposing figure from the field of Asiatic politics could not, in any circumstances, fail to excite some emotion, and in the case of the ruler of Afghanistan certain very serious military, as well as political, considerations are involved, such as may well lead us to regard the event as one of altogether unusual gravity. There are personalities whose mere existence, even though it may not, in its last phases, be characterised by any particular activity, exercises an enormous influence over a great area of human thought and conduct. Our own late beloved Queen was one such personality; the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is another; Abdurrahman Khan was a third. The lamented death of the first has happily not been followed by any political convulsion. What may happen when Austria-Hungary loses its revered Emperor it would be presumptuous to predict, but it is not likely to be a wholly untroubled sequel. What is likely to occur in Afghanistan now that the man who for two decades governed that difficult kingdom with an extraordinary mixture of strength and craft has gone, has been for years the subject of speculation on the part of many students of Eastern affairs. It may be that the forethought of the Indian Government will be sufficient to preserve the late Ameer's *régime* unchanged. But there are few Abdurrahmans bred in the world, and it is difficult to see how any but a replica of the one that has gone will avert the opening of a very brisk chapter in Asiatic history.

On Abdurrahman's own early career it is not necessary to expatiate in this brief sketch. A flood of newspaper records, in addition to his own remarkable autobiography which was published in England last year, have familiarised even the casual reader with the processes and events by which the grandson of Dost Mahomed came in 1880 to his inheritance, and was recognised by us as Ameer at Cabul. For good or ill the Afghan War is fading into ancient history, but if it did nothing else, it put back, by the production of Abdurrahman as a *deus ex machinâ*, the coming together of England and Russia in Asia for twenty-one long years. Whether that period will be expanded or come to a dramatic ending in the near future may depend largely on the outcome of the next few weeks. But when Abdurrahman, who for ten years had been living in exile in Samarkand, crossed the Oxus in January, 1880, and made his bold bid for power, he himself can hardly have realised that for so long he would act, and act with consummate skill and capacity, the part of a buffer between the two great Powers who seem destined to share the empire of Asia.

Photo. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

THE LATE ABDURRAHMAN KHAN.

Ameer of Afghanistan

Both as a ruler and as a man Abdurrahman was indeed a strange compound, one at the back of whose mind it was very difficult to get, but who, for all that, was in many respects curiously transparent, and at times curiously foolish. His two strong points were shrewdness and strength, his two great failings the usual Oriental incapacity to be absolutely straightforward and sincere and an inordinate vanity. He was shrewd enough to know from the first that England would be a better friend to him than Russia, and that it would be foolish to encourage openly the frontier tribes to rise against us. Strong he was unquestionably, and the iron rule which he imposed upon his lawless people was tempered by few amenities. When Mohammed Ishak in 1888, backed by Russian sympathy, sought his downfall, he not only defeated him, but crushed the attendant disaffection with relentless severity. The fierce Afghan tribes came to acknowledge his dominion with entire submission, and the comparative orderliness of even his provincial administration was a singular testimony to the amazing grip he had upon his rugged kingdom. At Cabul he dispensed shrewd justice, and was constantly accessible in durbar. He did much, moreover, to improve the condition of his people, and his capital contained many evidences of civilised development, more particularly in the way, it must be admitted, of making Afghanistan self-contained in the matter of warlike stores.

His relations with us can hardly be called completely satisfactory, although it serves diplomatic purposes to assume that they were all that could be desired. He showed goodwill in his memorable visit to Rawal Pindi in 1886, and did not allow the unfortunate Panjdeh incident to alter his attitude towards us. He always received our representatives with frank courtesy, and made a great point of sending his son Nasrullah to London, in the hope of being thenceforth represented by an accredited agent dealing direct with the Imperial Government, a project the failure of which he took considerably to heart. But, although outwardly our loyal ally, there is plenty of evidence to show that he dallied more than once with very bitter enemies of British rule in India, and it is more than probable that, if these had won any substantial preliminary success, he would himself have displayed some open hostility towards us, in spite of the liberal subsidy he had received from us for years. There is no need to rake up all that occurred in 1895-97, but there is excellent authority for the statement that Abdurrahman's late Commander-in-Chief, Ghulam Haidar, both encouraged Umra Khan in his designs upon Chitral and fomented the later risings among the Mohmunds, the Mamunds, and Bajauris. For a very strong Indian Government Abdurrahman was a good enough sort of ally, but to a weak one he might have proved a terribly dangerous friend. For he undoubtedly "fancied himself" as a prophet of Islam, and with a little more inducement and fewer restrictions might not have hesitated to head a tremendous uprising of Mahomedan Asia.

The above is a mere passing glance at a very important life history, the entire significance of which will not, perhaps, be grasped until we can see the main events of it from a rather more distant standpoint. Let us now turn to a yet more fleeting glimpse of the situation brought about by this great ruler's death. At the time of writing there seems reason to hope that Habibullah's succession will be a tranquil one, and that for another generation Afghanistan will continue to act as a "buffer State." But none the less must we be prepared for eventualities in an opposite direction. Russia is a good deal absorbed in the Far East, but not so much as we are in South Africa; and strong as the Indian Government is in the best sort of strength, good internal administration, namely, backed up by a notably efficient and splendidly loyal Army, it cannot view with complete indifference the transfer of the rule of Afghanistan from the hands of such a veritable potentate as Abdurrahman to those of a young man, capable and, to some extent, experienced, no doubt, but an unknown quantity as regards his capacity for the kind of rough-and-ready autocracy which is necessary to keep Afghans in order, and Russian intrigue at a distance. "He seemed greater than a subject while he yet ranked as a subject, and by common consent would have been pronounced equal to empire, had he never been emperor." That was the epitaph of a great historian on a ruler who had an even more troublesome ship of state to steer than has the great-grandson of our fine old enemy, Dost Mahomed. Let us hope that no such record of failure will be Habibullah's. Weakness on his part will mean the disruption of Afghanistan, and that would mean our prompt advance from a frontier which suits us on the whole extremely well to one which would make us conterminous with Russia, and render the defence of India a much more anxious business than it is at present.

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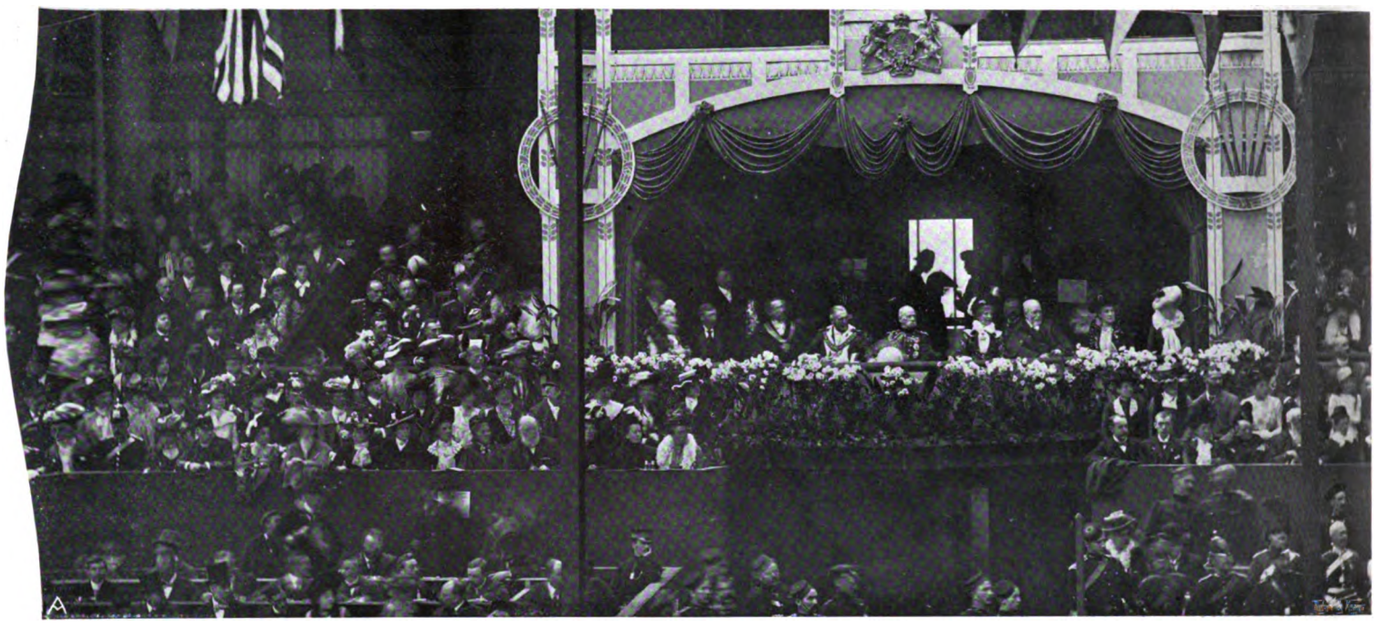
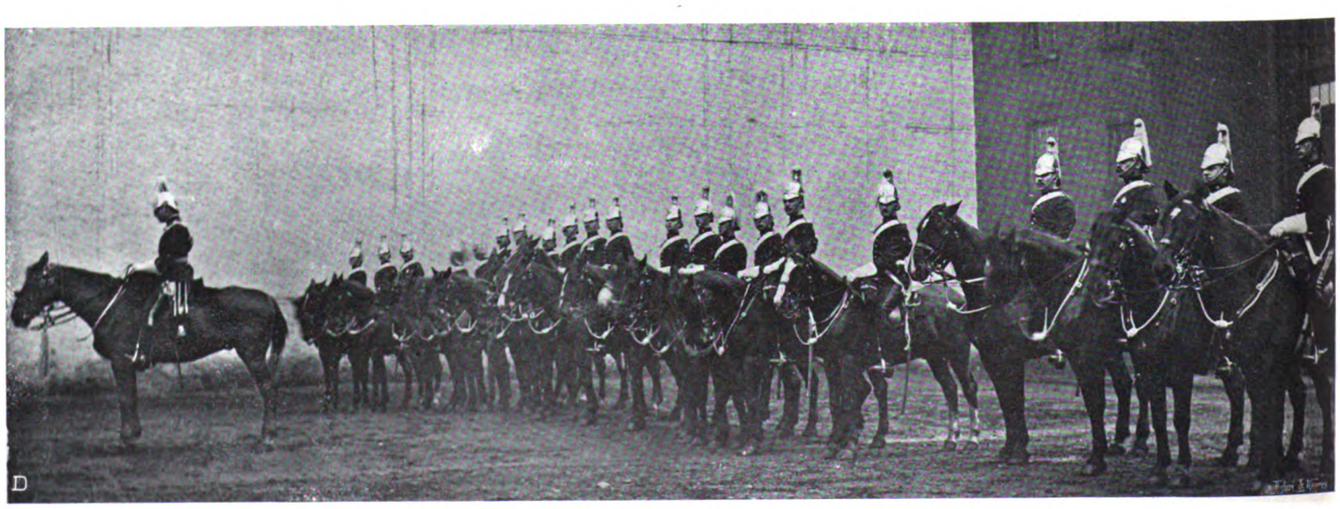
EARL ROBERTS AT THE MANCHESTER MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE streets of Manchester were lined with cheering crowds as Earl Roberts drove with the Lord Mayor to the Military Tournament, which he subsequently opened, at Hulme Barracks. Before the tournament began the Commander-in-Chief inspected a number of veterans, with many of whom he exchanged friendly greetings. Lord Roberts inspected about 500 of the Church Lads' Brigade, and afterwards, in the arena, he distributed war medals to 500 men in various Volunteer battalions of the Manchester Regiment, 23rd and 17th Companies Imperial Yeomanry, and the 1st V.B. Border Regiment.





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A.—LORD ROBERTS AT THE TOURNAMENT—INTERESTED IN THE FINAL DISPLAY. B.—A POPULAR ITEM—THE R.H.A. MUSICAL RIDE. C.—RUSSIAN WAR AND MUTINY VETERANS—WAITING TO GREET "BOBS." D.—LORD ROBERTS'S ESCORT—THE DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

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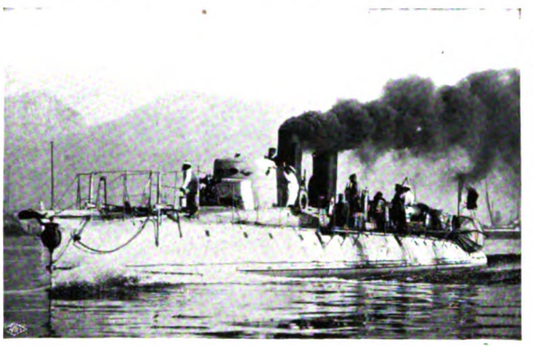
AT VIGO: WELL KNOWN TO THE NAVY.



A FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

NELSON'S QUARTER-DECK AT MERTON PLACE.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

WE so rarely get a look at the Navy of the middle of the eighteenth century through the eyes of a contemporary, that Miss Gabrielle Festing is to be thanked for this quotation from the diary of Miss Ellenor Frere. It is to be found on page 260 of Miss Festing's amusing book, "Unstoried in History" (Nisbet), and I will quote it bodily, leaving comment and elucidations to follow, premising only that Miss Frere was on a visit to Yarmouth, which fell vastly below the idea she had formed of it, and bored her excessively.

* * * *

"But," she goes on briskly, "I had not long allowed me to be cross, for Look, a Man-of-War appears! Courage, I proclaimed, and was the 1st that got into the Boat to go and Board her. 'Twas the 'Torrington,' Captain Edwards, Commander. She lay about a League at sea, and I own I was so agreeably surprised at the Reception we there met, that had He not showed us his Lady's Picture, 'tis odds but that my Heart had been in his Majesty's Service, and toss'd about upon the ocean. How shall I describe him? He appear'd something more than man, and his Behaviour too fine for me to attempt to delineate. His Person claim'd no part of our Regard, yet still He ravished all our Loves and made us his most passionate Admirers. We spent three or four hours in consummate Joy (with wines, chocolate, etc., for Repast), and we were so excessively press'd to dine that had the time permitted I doubt we should have comply'd, tho' I do not see how we could well have justified such a Proceeding. We were all a little sick, but Eight or Nine sweet Laced-Coat Officers led us about, which greatly relieved the Disorder. He commanded the same Honours to be paid to us which they pay to a crown'd, and, with his two boats, 12 oars, and all his officers, attended us on shore (forbid any money to be taken by the men), and then with reciprocal good Wishes parted."

* * * *

The "Torrington" was a fifth-rate or 40-gun ship, which was with Vernon in the West Indies at the time of the Carthagena Expedition, but is not in Schomberg's list of the Navy in the peace of 1748. Miss Festing does not give the date of Miss Frere's visit to her at Yarmouth, but only says that it occurred some years after 1736. It must have taken place somewhere between 1742 and 1745. Captain Richard Edwards was in command of the "Fox" frigate in the former year, and is said by Charnock to have captured a Spanish privateer of ten guns. In 1746 he commanded the "Princess Mary," and had a small share in the taking of Louisburg in Cape Breton. This also, by the way, is according to Charnock. Beatson in his list of the ships at Louisburg under Vice-Admiral Isaac Townsend in 1746 mentions the "Torrington," Captain Richard Edwards. Did he go back to his old ship? Probably there is some error in Beatson, for Captain Edwards was then Commodore and Governor of Newfoundland, and Charnock was right in saying that he only had the "Torrington" for a part of the period intermediate between 1742 and 1745. That, however, dates the incident well enough for our purpose. All the rest I know of Captain Richard Edwards has Charnock for its authority. It is that after his command in Newfoundland came to an end he had a yacht, but was refused the rank of flag officer unless he returned to the Service as a captain previous to his obtaining it. By the interest of friends he was appointed to the "Princess Amelia," but did not retain it long. He became a superannuated Rear-Admiral in 1757, and died in 1773. On the whole, one gathers that though he "appear'd something more than man" to his gushing lady visitors at Yarmouth, Captain Richard Edwards was just a little bit of a shellback and a slope. No doubt he did all the fighting which came in his way creditably, and was hospitable and complacent in manner, but he glided smoothly, and slipped unnoticed out of the Service.

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The point of the story, however, is that we have a glance at the Navy drawn in Smollett's savage black and white, the Navy of Trunnion and Oakum, and Pipes and Hatchway, which also, to be sure, was the Navy of Whiffle. When it is shown us by a lady who was not writing for effect, it is, after all, uncommonly like our own. There is not the slightest trace of a wish to speak sarcastic in Miss Frere. Observe that she was exceedingly well qualified to know whether she was dealing with people who had the manners of gentlemen. She was a lady of fortune, and a member of the Norfolk family which produced Hookham Frere, the friend of Canning, and Sir Bartle Frere. It is plain that she was a little given to the romantic and flourishing, but there is nothing to show that she was not perfectly sincere. Well, we find her in her pleasant emotional eighteenth century style (for the eighteenth century was not all hard common-sense and cool scepticism, though it had a great deal of both) writing about the Naval officers of a rough age very much as the same kind of lady would in our own time. She does not find them rough sea dogs, but gentlemen whom she was glad to meet. They behave exactly as their successors would now when a visit is paid them in the course of their cruising by strangers whom they can receive as friends. Probably Captain Edwards knew that his visitors were ladies of some position, and he had no difficulty in seeing what he ought to do. He landed them in his own boats, which is a delightful experience for longshore visitors. Observe, too, that he showed better breeding than was common among hosts on land. He would not allow his men to take tips, which was a particularly civil attention on his part at a time when the obligation to pay "vails" was one of the chronic nuisances of life.

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We could wish that Miss Frere had foreseen the ignorance of posterity, and had been more explicit. We would be more obliged to her if she had told us on what the "sweet" laced officers carried their lace. I do not think there is any slang in the expression. Gentlemen at that time, when carefully dressed for a solemn and festive occasion, did wear lace on their coats. The questions are—Of what colour were those officers' coats and so forth? Did they all wear the same? Was it red or blue, or did every man follow his own fancy, one in red, which was the King's colour, and certainly worn at times by our Naval officers, and another, perhaps, prefer the plum colour of which Oliver Goldsmith's dress coat was made at a famous dinner? Miss Frere does not say, and we are left asking. Naval uniform, as yet, was not. Between 1742 and 1745, there was no regulation to prevent officers from wearing any colour they pleased. Doubtless there was some custom, as there usually is among men living together and

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following the same profession; but the problem is, what was it? Miss Frere throws no light on the subject. We only learn from her that the officers had laced coats which they could put on when they wished to be well dressed. We are left to guess that they followed their own taste, and that the amount of the lace depended on their means and their luck in getting prize-money. A detailed account of the captain's cabin, and the general arrangement and look of the ship would have been welcome; but we must be thankful for what we can get.

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There are a few other glimpses of sea affairs in Miss Frere's notes. There is mention of "a grand dinner, supper, and ball, for fifty gentlemen and fifty ladies," given in honour of the launching of a ship at Deptford. Also there is a thrilling account of a voyage by sea to London in a packet, which must have been made in 1756, for the lady speaks of seeing the "Royal George" just finished, and she was launched in this year. It appears that the boat stopped at Rochester, and that the passengers landed to provision themselves, and "bespoke a quarter of Lamb to be roasted, bought a bushel of peas, and a Sallet. These they cooked on their way up to Gravesend in picknic fashion, some shelling the peas while others play'd at cards. M. Udney made the punch, and E. Forman cook'd the dinner." In the middle of the meal there came a gale and attendant horrors. "Our fire was soon washed out, for we lay Gun Hole (*sic*) over above two hours, and the Ladies set knee deep in water above deck. We were always rolling from side to side, tacking about with the wind or against the tide, and with the tide and against the wind, and run'd ten knots an hour. At the Nore we sunk our boat, split our sail, sprung our Bolt-sprit, broke our cordage, and had most certainly lost poor Sancho in the sea had he not surprisingly been saved by the agility of Mr. E. Kino. . . . William and his dog Sancho were very sick, *terribly sick, nai, damnly sick* indeed, as the Master by Words, Looks, and actions expressed it." When our fathers travelled they were not disturbed by trifles.

DAVID HANNAY.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

MAJOR VON FÖRSTER AND THE GERMAN FORCE FROM THE FAR EAST.

NOTHING has been more remarkable—save and except the marvellous facility of the Japanese to adapt themselves to European fashions and European arms—than the friendship which established itself between Briton and German in the Far East. That there was a certain amount of friction sometimes between the various Powers who were engaged with more or less success in the operation of coercing China, no one can deny. But the British, the United States, and the German Forces worked together with a certain amount of unity, and our picture of Major Von Förster, the Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd German East Asian Regiment, and of his officers, shows a group of men who have fought loyally side by side with Britons. The picture was taken on board the Austrian Lloyd steam-ship "Franz Ferdinand" in Trieste Harbour. The very attitude of the men is characteristic. It tells of the almost aggressive spirit which characterises the German officer. He is a good fellow personally, as every one who has met him in private life will be fully prepared to admit; but when it becomes a question of discipline, or of asserting the importance of the military element against the civilian—well! The men who came back from China were, of course, in a sense, exceptional. They had taken part in a great international demonstration, which was nothing if not international, though its claim to the adjective hung on a flimsy thread that was always in danger of being worn through. Nevertheless, Austria made a great fuss with the troops of her German ally. They were formally received at the railway station by the commander of the local Army Corps, and by the Burgomaster of Vienna, who bade welcome to the troops in the name of the city. Then came a march through the city, a triumphal procession, that spoke eloquently of the friendly feeling between Austria and Germany.

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THE CANTERBURY MOUNTED RIFLES, N.Z.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN HORSE.

AMONG the many expressions of approval which this new feature of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has called forth, peculiar satisfaction appears to have been created by the prospect which these two pages afford of a future expansion of Imperial sentiment in a very interesting and pleasant direction. In the first instalment of these notes, published last week, stress was naturally laid upon the glowing evidences of kinship between the Mother Country and the Colonies which had been revealed by the War. But in this aspect the War has a future as well as a past and present significance. In the course of this long and many-sided campaign the Colonial contingents have not only come into line with the Home Army of Great Britain, they have also come into close contact with one another, with results which, we may be sure, will not be wholly evanescent. Many acquaintances have been struck up, some lasting friendships have been formed, under circumstances which lend singular colour and warmth to such associations. In the damp bivouac, on the tedious line of march, in the grim monotony of the siege, in the fever of the fight, Cornstalk and Canadian, the sheep-shearer from New Zealand, the farmer from Natal, the goldseeker from the Rand, and the planter from Ceylon, have foregathered in the *camaraderie* of good soldiership and common patriotism. Is it likely that such memories will be allowed to disappear when the war has at last reached a definite conclusion?

Surely one may with reason anticipate a very different outcome. It is pleasant to think that Jones of Strathcona's Horse, will not only in future years retain a very kindly recollection of Smith of the Queenslanders, who gave him a badly-wanted drink as he lay on his back with a Mauser bullet in his leg, but will henceforth take a certain interest in Australia generally, and Queensland in particular. In such a frame of mind he will naturally be glad of some link to bind him, however lightly, to memories the actuality of which is not likely to fade so long as he lives. And will not these two pages devoted by NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to the great and growing brotherhood of British Colonial interests supply that link? If they fail to do so, it will not assuredly be "for want of trying!"

In this connection the writer would fain seek to establish another link, one, namely, between his readers and himself by means of correspondence, not necessarily for publication, but as a pointer to fresh subjects in which colonial sentiment is on Imperial grounds involved. Such letters will always receive, at any rate, some form of acknowledgment, and the writer has great hopes that they will tend to the more speedy and complete realisation of the idea which these two pages have in view. Envelopes should be addressed to "Imperialist care of the Editor of this journal."

Again the Royal tour takes natural precedence of other topics of colonial interest, but journalistic exigencies make it impossible for a weekly paper to keep fully abreast of such a rapid progress. At the time of writing the main interest is centred in the visits to Victoria and Vancouver, the former including a luncheon on board the "Warspite" in the land-locked harbour of Esquimault, the headquarters of the Pacific Squadron. At Victoria the Duke of Cornwall, in alluding to the sacrifices which had been made by British Columbia in connection with the war, observed happily that they had "forged another link in the golden chain which binds together the brotherhood of the Empire." At Vancouver the Duchess was presented by the Indians of the Port Simpson Mission with a hat bearing the crown of the chief of the Tsimpsian Tribe, an object of great antiquity, and in their eyes of priceless value. To many, perhaps, this Royal visit to British Columbia will bring more forcibly to mind than any other section of the tour the magnificent vigour of Imperialistic growth in those great outposts of British Colonial Dominion, the significance of which the ordinary processes of geographical education permit us only imperfectly to realise.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has enabled the Royal party to span British North America from sea to sea with such delightful ease, has during the past few days held its annual meeting at Montreal. It is pleasant to be able to add that a highly satisfactory report of this giant enterprise, in which the Mother Country and India, as well as the Dominion, are so deeply interested, was forthcoming, the old board of directors and the chairman and president being re-elected unanimously.

At Ottawa there has been talk of appointing a Canadian officer to succeed Major-General O'Grady Haly, who has resigned the command of the Dominion Forces. The suggestion, however, seems premature, as, according to the Minister of Militia, another Imperial officer is likely to be appointed. At the same time, it is admitted that, when there is a Canadian officer of ability and wide experience available, the Government "may bow to the public sentiment of the Dominion and appoint him." On several grounds this would be a satisfactory arrangement, as Imperial officers do not seem to succeed well in a post which not only requires peculiar tact in dealing with the citizen soldier, but is also surrounded by certain political pitfalls. The removal of the headquarters of the general officer commanding the troops in British North America from Halifax to Ottawa, coupled with the appointment of a Canadian officer to command the Dominion Militia, would have much to recommend it, although probably Halifax might object rather strongly to the transfer of the G.O.C.

Not many of our readers are likely to be thrilled by the announcement that a mail has just been despatched to Tristan da Cunha, but the incident is none the less of very considerable interest. The island was last officially visited in 1897, when the population numbered sixty-four, under the benign sway of Mr. Peter Green, who succeeded to the governorship vice Governor Glass, formerly a corporal in the Royal Artillery, and founder of the settlement. The inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha, which was taken possession of by a military force during the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena, practically enjoy their possessions in common, and are an eminently healthy and moral little community. The younger and more ambitious members migrate in batches to the Cape, and very possibly some descendants or kinsfolk of the late Corporal Glass, R.A., may be at this moment fighting for us in South Africa.

Talking of South Africa, 600 recruits for the Constabulary are to be sent out this month, and the same number in November, and single men, between twenty and thirty-five years of age, with good characters as to sobriety, riding, and shooting are invited to apply, in their own handwriting, for further particulars to Recruiting Office, South African Constabulary, King's Court, Broadway, Westminster, London.

From Colombo comes a cable message reproducing Sir West Ridgway's announcement at a recent Volunteer camp of exercise in Ceylon, that 200 of the Boer prisoners of war now in the island on parole have expressed their willingness to take the oath of allegiance and enlist in the British Army for service outside South Africa. From some standpoints this is undoubtedly gratifying, but it is hardly to be supposed that any idea exists, at any rate just yet, of accepting such offers. Boer ideas of the validity of the oath of allegiance are not, in the first place, such as to inspire much confidence, and it would be manifestly absurd, after the lessons we have had, to allow a Boer to enter our service in any quarter of the globe so long as any of his fellow-countrymen remained in the field against us. It would simply mean that we were providing him with a ready means of getting back to South Africa, for it would be much easier for Boer sympathisers to help a man to desert than to get him away from one of the prisoners' camps. But the main point is that probably not one in five hundred of the old leaven of Boerdom will ever make British soldiers, while as for the foreign element in the

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prisoners' camps, the British Army wants no infusion of that sort.

"Fighting Mac" is said to be spending a short leave with relatives in New Zealand, and to be doing his best to avoid "all fuss and receptions." It is unlikely, however, that he will succeed in escaping some rather pronounced welcomes, as he is very popular in Australia, and would probably be gladly accepted as Commandant of the Federal Forces if the appointment were offered him. It is understood that he himself would be willing to serve, and from the standpoint of sheer soldierly capacity such a selection would be unexceptionable. But Australia, like Canada, requires a singular combination of qualities in any Imperial officer appointed to it in a military capacity, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the selection has been a matter of time, and, as regards the first two offers of the billet, some disappointment.

A good send-off is to be given to Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke, who leaves at the end of this month to take up the Governorship of Victoria, and who will be entertained by the Colonial Club at their first house dinner of the season on the 28th inst. It is singularly fitting that at this dinner the chair should be taken by Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke, the Agent-General of the Colony, which his younger namesake is going out to govern. That Victoria should be thus happily and honourably associated with two Clarkes, both of them very distinguished Royal Engineers, is to say the least a very pleasant, and, surely, an auspicious coincidence.

THE ROYAL TRIP ACROSS CANADA.

CERTAINLY no man who appreciates the real value of an Imperialistic union—the words are used in no "Jingo" spirit—of the British Empire will regret that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York should have pushed their travels to the Far West, and should have touched the fringe of the mighty Pacific Ocean. They were once again within hail of that Australia which they had already visited. True that it was far enough away, but there was no intervening foreign land, and the sea is made to unite countries, and not to separate them, so far, at least, as the Power which dominates the ocean is concerned. In British Columbia, however, the Duke and Duchess must have seen a number of sights and have undergone a number of experiences which they are likely to remember. Esquimalt is the British Naval station in the Far West, and our picture shows a number of warships lying at anchor in the picturesque and land-locked bay. Another picture shows one of those mountain torrents, driving down through wooded ridges, which are so common in "the Rockies." At all times such a stream is fierce as it beats its way onward, first through realms of pine, and then through banks fringed with maple and sycamore, but when a heavy rain has lent strength to its course it is a thing to be avoided—at least by anyone who desires to cross it. Finally, our illustration shows a number of Naval officers on a cow-catcher. It is an exhilarating mode of progression, though perhaps not altogether a comfortable one, as the heat of the boiler at the back is a little awkward. The Duke of Cornwall and York made a trial, however, and he seems to have thoroughly appreciated the experience.

THE HARBOURAGE OF OUR SQUADRON IN THE FAR WEST.

Men-o'-War at anchor at Esquimalt, where the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall visited the flag-ship.

Photos. Copyright.

AMID THE MAPLES AND THE FIRS.

The Stream from the Great Glacier, Rocky Mountains.

"Navy & Army."

A RIDE ON A COW-CATCHER.

How Naval officers travel through the Rockies.

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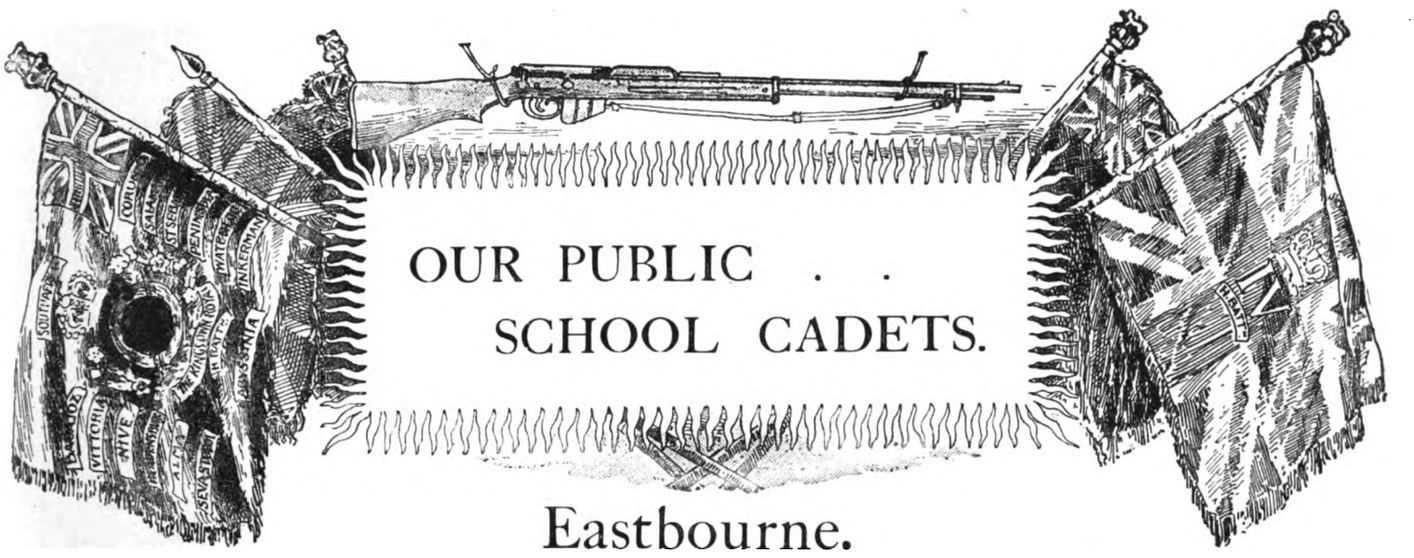


OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Eastbourne.

By CALLUM BEG.

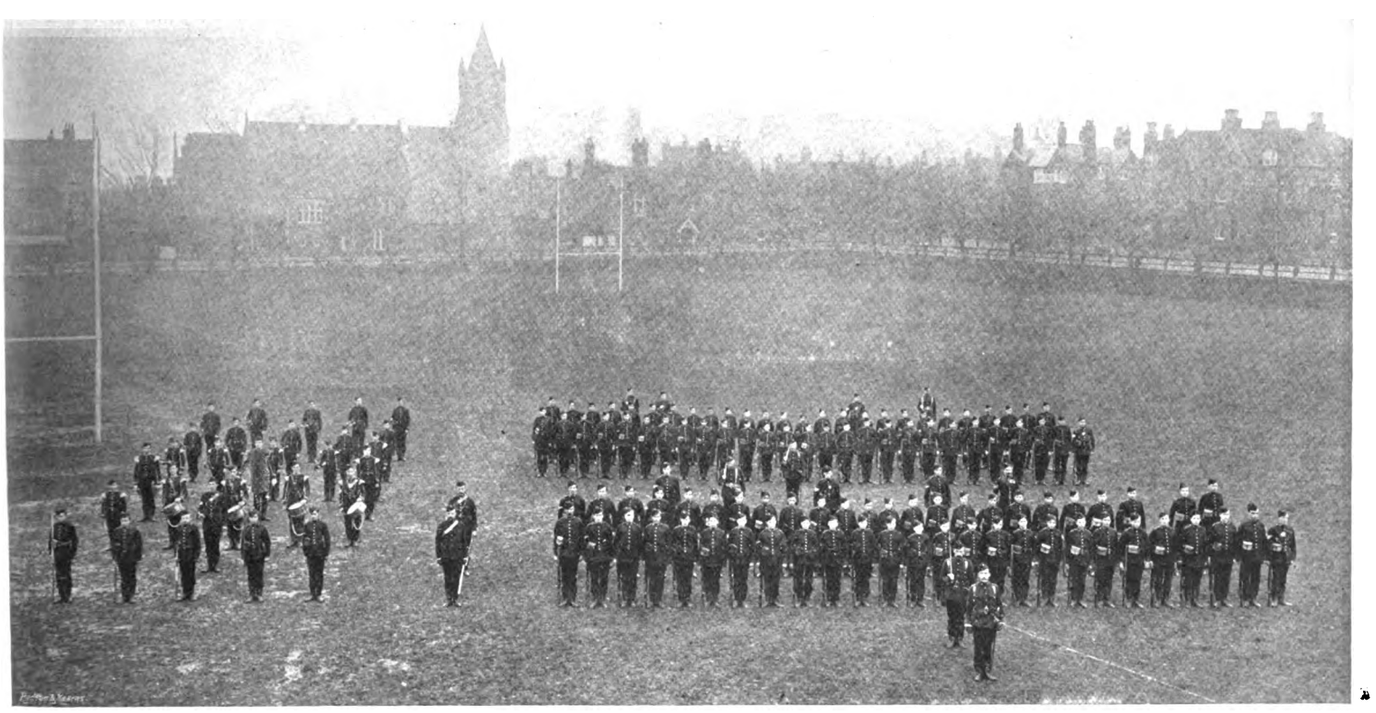
THE corps was established in 1896 with a strength of one company, which was increased some four years later to two companies. Its present strength is 163 of all ranks, and it is worthy of note that about 80 per cent. of the boys have, ever since the inception of the corps, been found in its ranks. This, we believe, constitutes a record, and when it is borne in mind that membership is entirely voluntary, it is evident that patriotism runs high at Eastbourne College. Some corps have made large strides since the outbreak of the War, but the one of which we write has never dropped much below the 80 per cent. referred to.

The head-master gives the corps every encouragement. He is an honorary member, and of the other masters seven are officers—two sergeants and five privates. The interest thus shown by the masters in "soldiering" is doubtless responsible for the support given to the corps by the boys themselves. The latter are permitted to enter the ranks if twelve years of age and 5-ft. in height, and are asked only to contribute a term subscription to cover the cost of uniform. Although no boy is compelled to become a member, he must, after he joins, attend all drills. This rule has the effect of bringing the corps to a very efficient state, as all the members are brought together every time they parade.

The training itself is thorough, and is carried out on progressive lines. For recruits three parades are held weekly. There are also two parades for physical drill and one uniform parade, as well as one practice for the band and two for signallers. Great prominence is given to physical drill, which is, of course, compulsory for all. The exercises carried out are those laid down for the rifle, as well as the "Sandow" exercises. The parades are superintended by Captains Tuckett and Smart and Lieutenant Peacock. Every member of the corps is weighed and measured on starting the course, and periodically thoughout it. The figures are registered, and a steady all-round improvement is always visible after a boy has been at the exercises for a short time.

The average measurements of the cadets are as follows: Chest, minimum, 32·16-in., ditto, expanded, 34·18-in.; upper arm, 9·73-in.; calf, 12·15-in.; weight, 7-st. 12½-lb.; height, 5-ft. 4·32-in. These figures are the last taken, and do not include any masters or staff, but boys only.

The bugle band is controlled by Captain Tuckett. It consists of a bass drum, a solo drum, four side drums, eighteen bugles, cymbals, and triangle—in all twenty-six instruments. The bass drum was the gift of the Mayor of Eastbourne, and Mr. J. C. McCalman (O.E.) has given a leopard skin for the use of the drummer; the side drums were the joint gift of the head-master, Mr. F. R. Cheeswright, and Mr. H. R. Yates.



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THE EASTBOURNE COLLEGE CADET CORPS ON PARADE.

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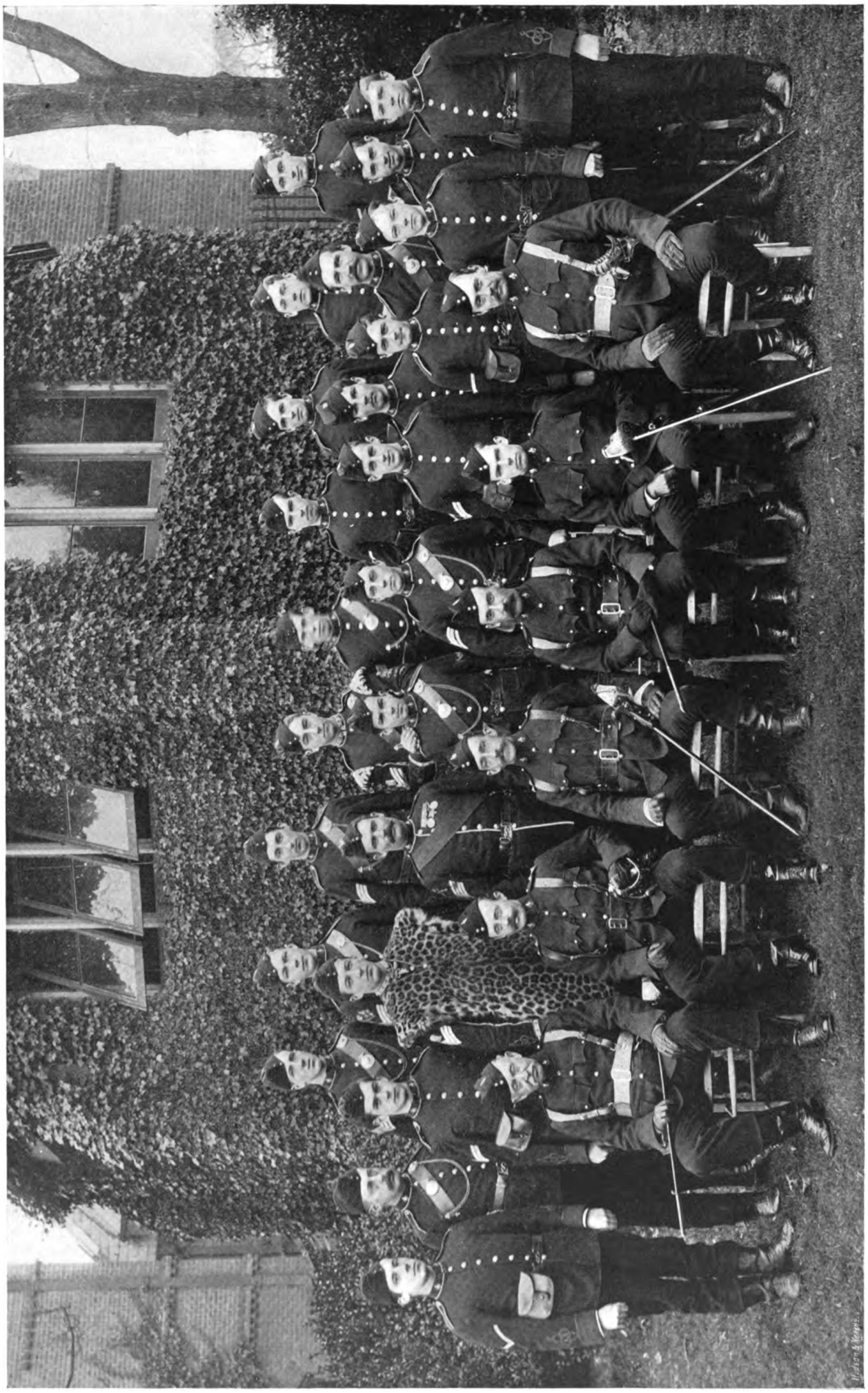

A. H. Fry.

THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Sergt Thirkell Col.-Sergt. Romer. Sergt. F. L. Nash. Sergt.-Drummer Cawston. Lanc.-Sergt. Hales. Lance-Corpl. Barthrop. Corpl. Ward. Lance-Corpl. Lambert. Lance-Corpl. Smith. Lance-Corpl. Langdale. Corpl. Langdale. Col.-Sergt. Horburgh. Lance-Corpl. Whitley. Lance-Corpl. Jamieson. Sergt. Atkins. Corpl. Kess. Lance-Corpl. Dennis. Lance-Corpl. Riddyard. Lance-Corpl. Brooker. Lance-Corpl. Ackerman. C.M.-Sergt. Orr. Corpl. Patch. Sergt.-Drummer Larton. Col.-Sergt. Instructor Willis. Sergt W. K. Jamieson. Sergt. G. H. Peacock. Second Lieut. W. C. Magne. Second Lieut. H. F. Matheson. Second Lieut. R. B. Masefield. Capt. F. W. B. Smart. Capt. J. E. S. Tuckett (commanding).

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The combatant officers are: Captain J. E. S. Tuckett, Captain Smart, Lieutenant G. H. Peacock, 2nd Lieutenant R. B. Masefield, 2nd Lieutenant W. C. Mayne, and 2nd Lieutenant H. F. Matheson. The Chaplain is the Rev. C. W. Horsburgh, and the Medical Officer Surgeon-Captain H. J. Holman—both members of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifle Corps, commanded by Colonel A. M. Brookfield, C.B., M.P., well known in military and political circles, to which force the Eastbourne College Cadet Corps is attached.

In speaking of the officers we cannot pass on without referring to Major C. H. Ashhurst, Royal Sussex Regiment, the late Adjutant of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifle Corps, who showed such a lively interest in the cadet corps while he held the appointment, and to the present Adjutant, Captain T. F. M. Wisden, also of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

The corps has been fortunate in its instructors. From 1896 until 1899 Sergeant-Major McAlindin filled that post, and was followed by Colour-Sergeant Instructor Willis. The former had to relinquish the appointment on the increase of the 1st Cinque Ports Volunteer Rifle Corps, and his successor, although he has not left the corps, has gone to support his comrades at the front, and will, we trust, ere long return to instruct those under him in all the latest campaigning "tips" as learned in South Africa. The cadets are indeed to be congratulated upon having as their instructor one who has enjoyed the opportunity of taking part in the present campaign. At present the recruits are under the guidance of Captain Smart.

Like most other Public School Corps, Eastbourne sends a detachment of about sixty to the Public Schools Provisional Brigade Camp at Aldershot. In 1898 a detachment attended the Public Schools Musketry Camp at Bisley, and each year since then a detachment has visited Bisley for musketry practice for a week during the Easter holidays.

The last day of each term, excepting that of the summer one, is given up to route marching, and the corps, besides attending one or more field days during the year in the vicinity of headquarters, is present in strength at the Public Schools Field Day held at Aldershot in March.

Instruction in musketry is given by Captain Tuckett and Captain Smart. There is a Morris Tube range, open for one hour five days a week during the winter terms, and the range at Lewes is placed at the disposal of the corps two afternoons a week in the summer terms and one afternoon a week at other times of the year. The "eight" and pair compete at the National Rifle Association's Meeting at Bisley every year, and this year the pair—Privates Holman and Phillips—won the Cadets' Trophy.

To encourage marksmanship among the cadets several silver challenge cups are offered for competition. Mr. Wickham F. Noakes (O.E.) presents every year a cup bearing his name, and Messrs. C. E. Soames (O.E.) and E. N. M. Martin (O.E.) jointly give the "Soames-Martin" House Pair Cup. The competition for both these cups takes place at Lewes at the end of each summer term. In the first-named competition the first and second in order of merit receive a cup from the head-master. The "Cheeswright" Bowl is a trophy given by Mr. F. R. Cheeswright for the highest individual aggregate in the competition for the Ashburton Shield or Cadets' Trophy at Bisley, and that the good "all-round" shot may not go unrewarded, the "Masefield" Cup is offered by 2nd Lieutenant R. B. Masefield for the best average in the year's shooting. A "Company Efficiency" Challenge Cup is also given by Captain Tuckett, which is decided at the end of each term. The presentation of all these handsome cups is, of course, quite an event in the yearly programme, and this year it was especially so, when they were handed to the winners by their Highnesses the reigning Prince and Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe. Another popular annual event is the Gymkhana Meeting, held during the summer term, at which some 2,000 guests are often present.

In 1899 the corps was inspected by the King, then Prince of Wales, an honour of which the corps is not a little proud. An account of this inspection, illustrated from photographs, appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. The same year the cadets were honoured by a regular battalion of the regiment to which they belong, when Colonel Donne and the officers of the Royal Sussex Regiment, stationed at Aldershot, invited the whole of the detachment then in camp to breakfast, and afterwards allowed it to march to Church Parade at the head of the battalion. The compliment, showing the good feeling existing between Volunteers and Regulars, was naturally appreciated by the cadets, and made them feel that their efforts were not ignored by their Regular comrades.

The corps which, as we have said, now numbers 163 of all ranks, owes much of its prosperity to Captain J. E. S. Tuckett, the present commanding officer, to whom we are indebted for having furnished us with some particulars of the inner workings of the Eastbourne College Cadet Corps.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Wincheste on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, Haileybury on July 20, Cheltenham on August 3, Stonyhurst on August 17, Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September 7, Rossall on September 21, and Sherbo ne on October 5.*]

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THE BAND ON PARADE IN THE PLAYING FIELD.

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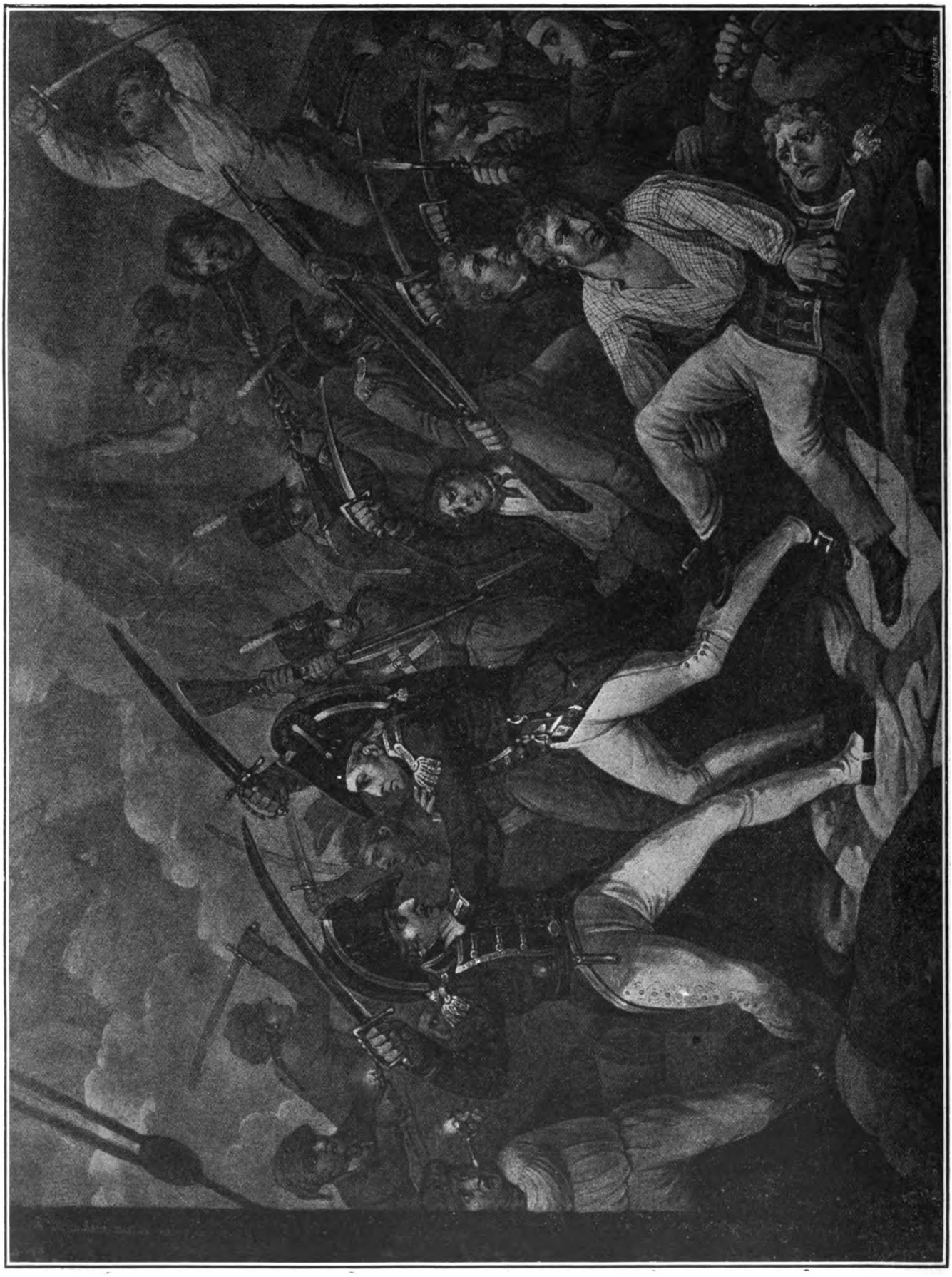

NELSON LEADING THE BOARDERS AT ST. VINCENT.

From a mezz. by Gilbank after F. Brown.

The famous St. Valentine's Day battle, 1797, was made glorious by one of the most brilliant episodes in the hero's career. With gallant Berry, he led the boarders and, by what his contemporaries delighted to call his "patent bridge," from her he boarded the "San Josef," and there

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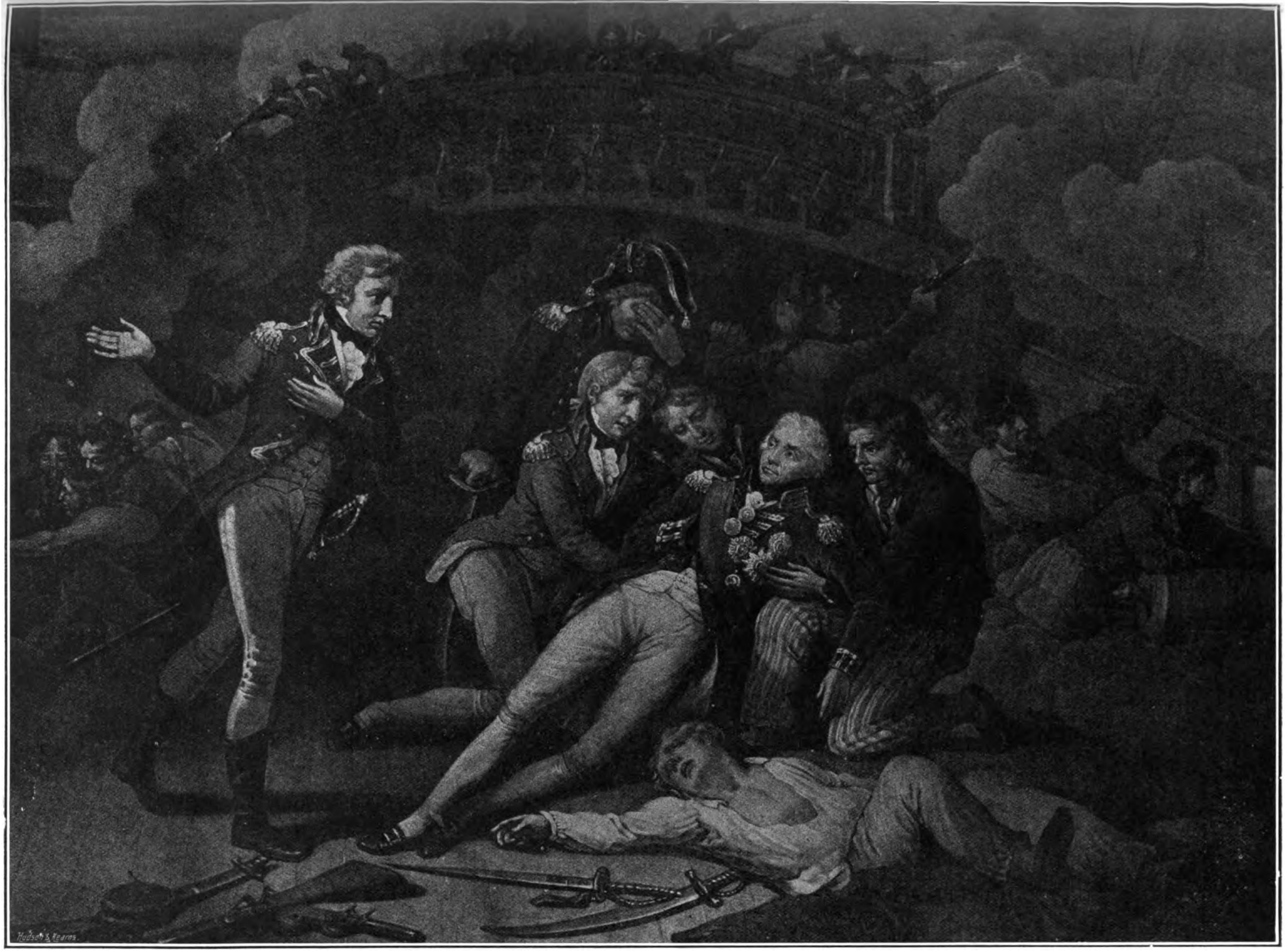

NELSON RECEIVES HIS DEATH WOUND.

From a mezzotint by Gillbank after T. Brown.

The minds of many are turned at this time to the death of Nelson, which was the conclusion of the career of the greatest seaman the world has ever known, and Trafalgar among its most glorious victories. The story of how Nelson fell by a shot from the mizen-top of the "Redoubtable" in the moment of victory is one of the greatest episodes in our national annals, and one that will ever live in the grateful memory of Nelson's countrymen.

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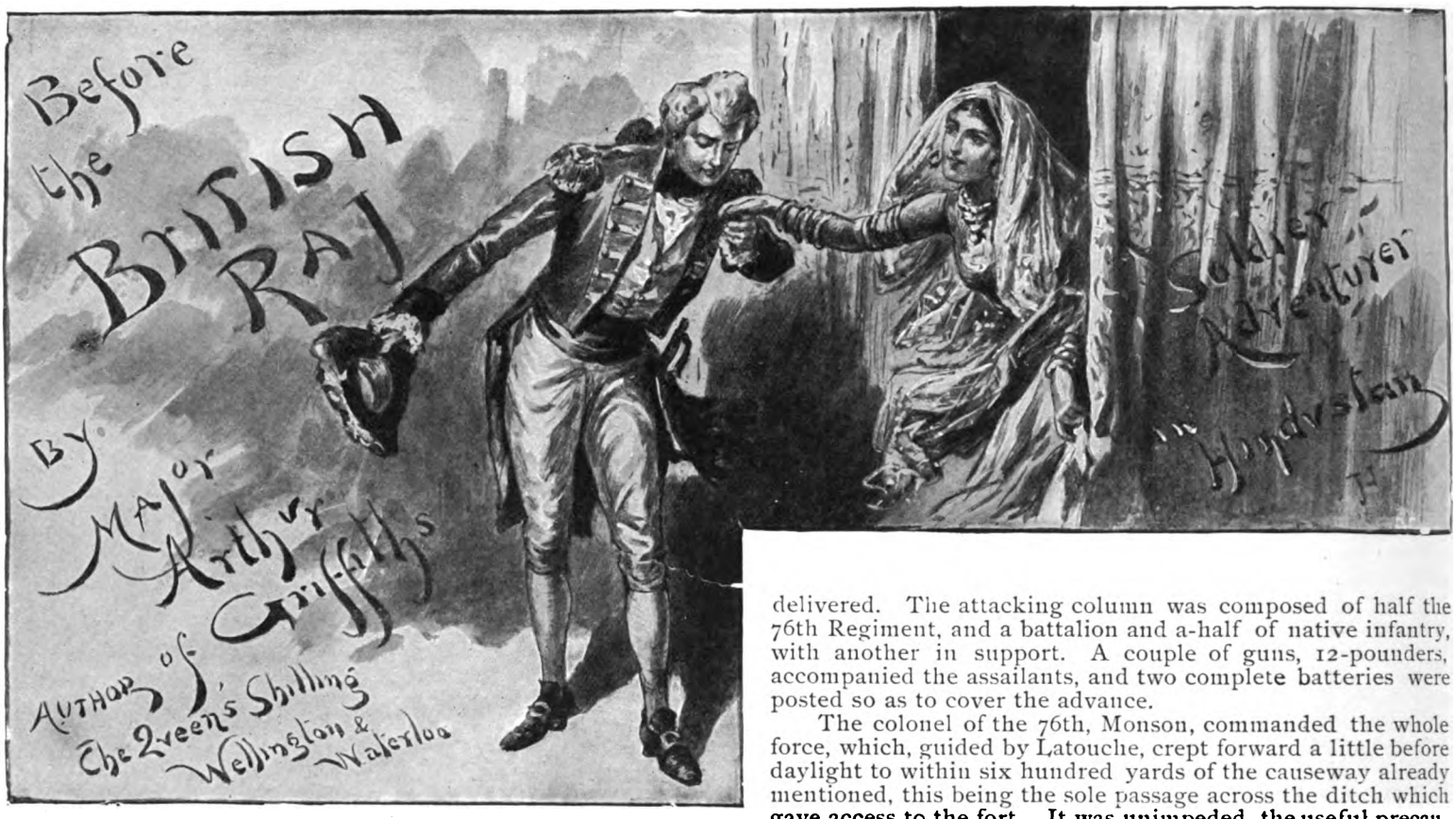

CHAPTER XIV.

A Triumphant March.

THE downfall of Perron was now an accomplished fact, but Scindia's army still stood between Latouche and Photapore. It held all the strong places, and could count upon other leaders more or less skilful, and determined to stay Lake's onward progress. As yet the campaign was barely begun, the first fruits of victory could not be enjoyed, the further advance was barred so long as the fortress of Alighar, within a mile or two of Lake's position, remained in the enemy's hands.

The place was of formidable strength; it was, indeed, called impregnable, and Lake, anxious to spare the effusion of blood, would gladly have seen it surrender. Pedron, the commandant, a fat easy-going Frenchman, who had replaced Perron, was ready enough to capitulate, although Perron, from his secure retreat at Agra, had sent his subaltern peremptory orders to hold out "so long as one stone of the fort rested upon another." Pedron was to remember his nationality, and that the eyes of millions of Frenchmen were upon him. But Pedron was no better than Perron, and would have given in had not the power been taken forcibly out of his hands by the stout-hearted garrison of Alighar. They rose against their craven chief, deposed and imprisoned him, putting in his place a brave Rajput, Baji Rao, who was desired to return an indignant defiance to Lake's summons to surrender.

"There is no help for it," Lake said to Latouche, whose intimate knowledge of the interior of the fortress he was now to find invaluable. "To besiege in due form would take too long. I must storm, and you must show me the way in."

"There is only one entrance; by the long causeway that leads to the main gates. You must take that road, unless your breaching batteries will open a way through one of the bastions or the line wall. Even then the ditch must be passed. You would have to bridge it under fire, and it is a couple of hundred feet wide, twenty feet deep, with ten to fifteen feet of water in it always. No, the causeway is your only approach, and you may expect to find it mined!"

"Still, you are not against attack?" said Lake, brusquely.

"So little, that I ask no higher honour than to lead the forlorn hope."

"I admire your spirit and thank you greatly, Latouche. But it is impossible—the command must be given to a King's officer, which you no longer are—King's troops must be employed, and you know how jealously they guard the privilege of being led by their own officers."

"But I will go in any capacity—as a sub, a plain volunteer, merely as guide, anything to be of service."

"You are a fine fellow, Latouche; I shall give you the post of danger, never fear. Colonel Monson will command, and you shall be at his elbow; in prompting him, if he will let you, you can give him a lead."

Three days later, on September 4, the assault was delivered. The attacking column was composed of half the 76th Regiment, and a battalion and a-half of native infantry, with another in support. A couple of guns, 12-pounders, accompanied the assailants, and two complete batteries were posted so as to cover the advance.

The colonel of the 76th, Monson, commanded the whole force, which, guided by Latouche, crept forward a little before daylight to within six hundred yards of the causeway already mentioned, this being the sole passage across the ditch which gave access to the fort. It was unimpeded, the useful precaution of cutting through it and constructing a drawbridge to be raised when not wanted or at the approach of danger had been neglected. Once upon the causeway, fire alone forbade an advance to the first or outer gate. No resistance was offered until the column had all but crossed this causeway, but, when our people got within a hundred yards of the gates, the garrison awoke to their danger, and lined the walls with matchlock and jezail men, who poured down a hail of bullets. There could be no safety but in despatch. Already many had fallen. Monson pointed forward, encouraging his men with shout and gesture, and Latouche, who was by his side, cried "On, on! we are close to the first gate now!"

A strong breastwork had been thrown up as cover to this gate, and it was guarded, but only by a handful of Rajputs, who were driven out at the point of the bayonet. The entrance was reached, but found close shut, with all ingress denied. There was a call for the scaling ladders; and Macleod, of the 76th, followed by his eager and intrepid grenadiers, mounted to the top, only to be hurled back by the formidable rows of pikemen above.

"It must be blown in. I should call up one of the guns," suggested Latouche, and the suggestion was promptly adopted. But some time elapsed before the gun could be laid; it was an awkward corner, and all this time the attacking party was halted, exposed to a terrific fire, raked and enfiladed by the wall-pieces discharging grape, and by volleys of musketry.

The casualties here were many and deplorable. Four officers and the adjutant of the 76th were killed, and Monson was wounded by a pikestaff fired from a gun, whilst numbers of the soldiery were struck down.

At length, after the fifth shot from the 12-pounder, the gate gave way and all rushed through, Latouche leading, but with Macleod, who had succeeded Monson, in command. They entered now a narrow and circuitous way, in and about the bastions and stone walls, where they might have long wandered helplessly but for the guidance of Latouche, who knew the place by heart. All the time, too, a murderous fire was maintained, and the checks were numerous. Gate after gate was encountered, some easily forced, others blown in by the artillery, all but the last, which nothing could break down. It was that which gave upon the heart and centre of the place, and it was, fortunately, vulnerable through a wicket or postern, through which the stormers poured pell-mell and the fort was won. Another step towards Photapore.

The capture of Alighar was a great achievement. Its prestige as a virgin fortress was gone; its strong garrison was all but destroyed; two-thirds were killed in the assault or drowned in the waters of the great ditch in their frantic efforts to escape. The blow was far-reaching, and fell heavily on Scindia, for this was his chief store-house as well as his strongest place of arms. Almost the whole of the war material so long and patiently collected by Perron was secured, ordnance and ammunition in great quantities, and, as a crowning prize, a large sum in cash.

Perron could not make head against this second crushing defeat, which affected him quite as disastrously as though he had been in personal command of the lost fortress. Intrigue and

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mutiny hemmed him in, he would have been assassinated in the midst of his bodyguard at Agra but for the presence of mind of an aide-de-camp. His waning courage had been seen at Koil; now he succumbed completely, and sent twice a humble request to Lake to be permitted to withdraw into British territory, *en route* to Calcutta and Europe.

"I must send him an officer, to see him as far as Lucknow. It is due to him in common courtesy. Would you like to go?" Lake asked of Latouche.

"He would hardly count it a compliment, sir, after all that has passed. He might think I wished to crow over him."

"That you could never do," said Lake, heartily. "But as you please. Only, as he wants to get to Lucknow, and the road lies through Cawnpore, I fancied you had interests there——"; and he smiled pleasantly.

The meeting between Perron and Latouche, but for the extreme deference shown by the latter to his unfortunate leader, would have been extremely painful. All Perron's stiff and studied hauteur broke down before the kindly sympathy shown him.

"Ah, monsieur, you overwhelm me," said the impressionable Frenchman, with tears in his eyes "You return good for evil. I have been properly served, I did not know my true friends. Had I stood by you it might have been different. But there were those—you had many enemies, monsieur—those who poisoned my mind against you. They told me all sorts of things—you were for Thomas, for Holkar, for yourself, for your own people, whose spy and secret agent you were—I was to be pulled down, upset, to make way for the British. Then came that mad fakir."

"Ram Das?"

"So they called him, I believe. A yogi, a byragee who proclaimed my approaching downfall to make room for you British. He shouted it in the bazaars, at the street corners, at my palace gates, so all might hear it, even I myself. I summoned the fellow in front of me in open durbar, and listened to his rhapsodies till I half-believed them, and was seized with furious rage against you, swearing that I would displace you, crush you—you know the rest. The fakir, madman or sane, was right all the same. You English will carry all before you. Yours is the coming Raj."

Latouche had not forgotten Ram Das and his prophecy, still less the substantial legacy he had left him. But he told Perron none of these things nor acknowledged any acquaintance with the fakir. The verification of the one and the reality of the latter were matters that did not concern Perron. So they travelled to Lucknow, where they parted, the one to return with all speed to the army in the field, the other to continue his journey to Calcutta, and thence into the French territory at Chandernagore, from which he embarked presently for Europe.

It may be well to dispose at once of the ambitious and vain-glorious Frenchman who had once aimed so high, and who fell so low without making the smallest effort to accomplish his vast designs. De Boigne, who preceded him as Scindia's European commander-in-chief, had retired to his own country full of honours, and was highly esteemed to his death. Perron crept home to France, where he was coldly received by Napoleon, and lived on in obscurity, generally neglected and despised. He brought home with him only a portion of the great wealth that he had amassed in India. A vast sum, some twenty-two lacs of rupees, nearly £225,000, he had left behind him in Agra in the hands of the garrison, and it had been seized by General Lake as public prize. Another large amount he had distributed among his mutinous troops to buy safety. There must have been a large balance, however, for Perron ere long bought himself a fine estate in the neighbourhood of Vendôme, where he settled down as a country gentleman, married a French lady and had a large family, in addition to the "copper-coloured children," as they are described in contemporary records, who were born to him in his Indian harem. Some of his offspring made good marriages, and his descendants are still to be found among the aristocracy of France; but he was held in no high repute himself, and in later years was suspected of Republicanism, which drew down upon him persecution by the Bourbon police.

Latouche paused for a few hours at Cawnpore, where his Zalu was fast recovering health and strength. She put into his arms their first-born, the infant boy, heir of a long line of Rajput princes, in whose veins flowed also the blue blood of a good old English race.

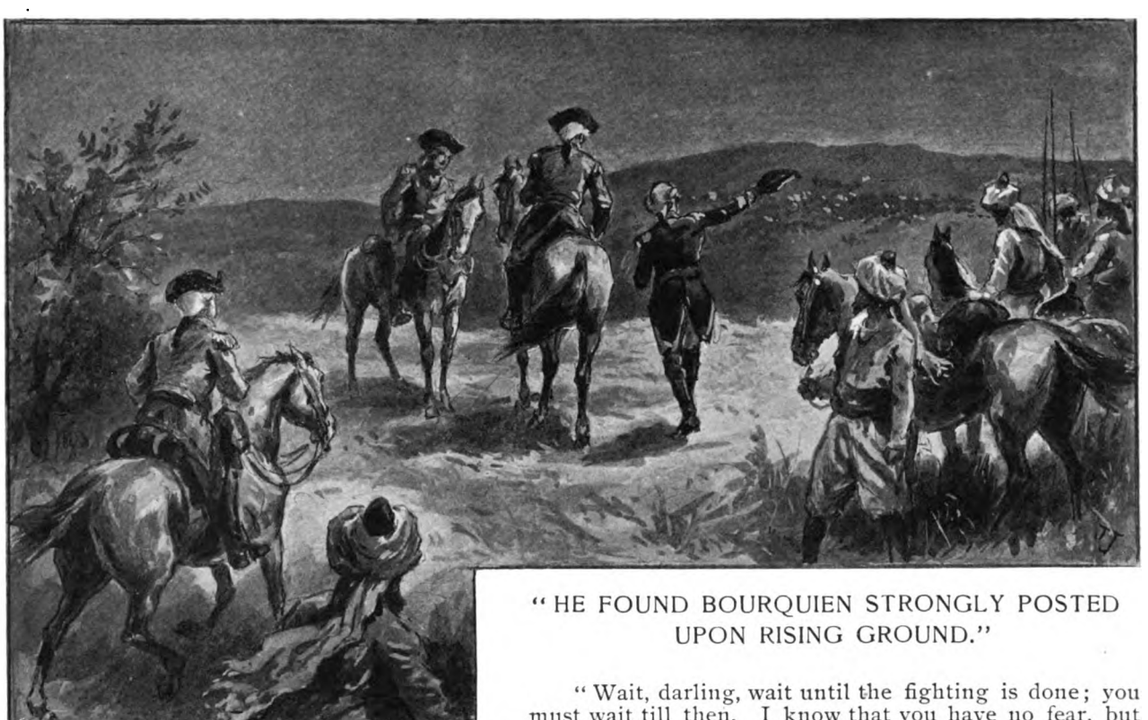
"We will bring him up together in our own Photapore, darling, to which, if God wills, we shall soon return. He shall be worthy of your ancestors and mine, brave as a Rajput, honourable, truth-telling, honest as the best of English gentleman."

When, after a brief space of tender endearments, Latouche tore himself away, Zalu would not let him go till he had promised to send for her at the very first moment.

"I could go with you even now, in a litter."

"We must run no risks. Think of our son, the future Killadar of Photapore, he must be tenderly guarded."

"I would leave him, my pretty baby, my *piara*, my parrot, my best beloved—no, Sikandar, you are first, ever in my thoughts, and I cannot bear to be separated from you."



"HE FOUND BOURQUIEN STRONGLY POSTED UPON RISING GROUND."

"Wait, darling, wait until the fighting is done; you must wait till then. I know that you have no fear, but there are hardships which you must not risk. The army is in constant movement forward, it might be in retreat. No, my Zalu, you must rest satisfied to stay here. You cannot join me; I cannot consent to it, not yet."

Meanwhile, Lake had pressed on with all speed—when Latouche, riding dâk, galloping the horses he had laid out, and without drawing rein overtook the army, which was already close to Delhi. News had come in that Bourquien, the French general, had been deposed from his command, and was a prisoner to his troops, but he had vindicated his authority and had moved out to give battle.

Lake, still advancing, without rest or pause, arrived on the Hindun River after an eighteen miles' march under a burning sun, and was preparing to bivouac when he was attacked by the enemy's cavalry. The high grass had concealed them from view, and he had no idea that he was in the presence of a greatly superior force. To reconnoitre ahead was his immediate act, and taking with him all his cavalry, including Latouche with Sikander's Horse, he found Bourquien strongly posted upon rising ground, his guns well placed, and making altogether a formidable show. The flanks were covered by swamps, and no advance was possible, except against the centre, which was carefully entrenched.

It was late in the afternoon. Lake's men were sorely fatigued, many of the Europeans had succumbed to sunstroke, yet the General, as usual, was ready to run straight into the fray. Keeping his cavalry in front as a screen, he sent orders to his infantry and guns to advance to the attack. They had some distance to cover, and spent an hour on the way, during which the cavalry suffered severely from the enemy's fire, and Lake himself had a horse shot under him.

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The more Lake looked at it the less he liked it; he despaired of rushing the position, and resorted to ruse. By feigning retreat he thought he might lure the enemy from their entrenchments, persuade them to come down into the plain to pursue. Some of his cavalry accordingly fell back, in confusion as it seemed, and the enemy, greatly elated, at once gave chase, surrendering all their advantage. But now the cavalry, galloping to right and left, cleared the path of the infantry, who, firm as a rock, and ranged in several lines, assumed the offensive. There was a general advance on the right to within a hundred yards of the enemy, into whom they poured one destructive volley, then charged at the bayonet's point with such fierce determination that they carried all before them.

Bourquien's army broke, and, abandoning their guns, throwing away their weapons, fled in headlong disorder. At the same time, on the left, the cavalry joined in the pursuit and completed the rout.

Next day Delhi was occupied, and the blind Emperor, Shah Alum, placed himself under the protection of the British, and for the first time for many years knew the blessing of peace and security. His gratitude was boundless, and he lavished high honours upon Lake, who was given the second place in the old Mogul Empire by the style of "The Sword of the State" with other high-sounding titles.

Some time after the solemn and impressive ceremonial of submission, which took place in the palace, the Emperor gave private audience to Latouche and the Begum. Zalu had come up so soon as the final victory had been announced and joined her husband, for now at last the way was open to Photapore.

The Begum's rights were formally confirmed, both by the nominal suzerain, Shah Alum, and the real, the East India Company, to her and her heirs for ever. It was highly politic to keep a strong frontier outpost in loyal hands, commanded by a British officer who could be trusted to hold it against all comers. General Lake was willing enough to aid Latouche in his recovery of Photapore; and, indeed, at the first exhibition of force, Gautier hauled down his flag.

The return of the Begum and Latouche was the subject of universal rejoicing. Very soon the fort, which had fallen into decay, was restored and strengthened. Then the territory, after suffering much oppression, came once more under a wise, firm rule, which brought peace and plenty to all.

A long and prosperous reign followed, and although the years as they passed brought many changes in tenure, a descendant of the Begum Zalu still owns a large estate in Photapore.

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

MAX CAPPON.—Numbers of battles have been fought on Sunday. The Peninsular War was especially fruitful in Sunday fighting. The battle of Vimiera was fought on Sunday, August 21, 1808. The battle of Fuentes d'Onoro was gained on Sunday, May 5, 1811. On Sunday evening, January 10, 1812, the Duke of Wellington issued the brief but determined order—"Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock." The battle of Orthes was fought on Sunday, February 27, 1814, and that of Toulouse on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1814. The battle of Waterloo was also decided on Sunday, June 18, 1815. The second Burmese War afforded two examples: On Easter Sunday, April 11, 1852, the attack was made on the lines of defence at Rangoon; and the attack and capture of Pegu took place on Sunday, November 21, 1852. The victory at Inkermann was won on Sunday, November 5, 1854; and it was on Sunday, May 10, 1857, that the Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut. No doubt other examples might be added, but enough examples have been quoted to show Sunday fighting is often a stern necessity which cannot be withstood.

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"SEA GALLOPER."—All the officers of the Royal Malta Artillery are liable to serve abroad, and of the eight companies of Royal Malta Artillery two are bound to serve in any part of the British Empire. They receive the same pay as Regular infantry regiments, both for officers and men. The Militia is raised under Ordinance No. 1 of January 4, 1889, and is composed of two battalions of infantry and one company of Royal Engineer Submarine Miners, forming an establishment of twenty-nine officers, and 1,090 warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men in each infantry battalion, and sixty-four non-commissioned officers and men in the Royal Engineer Submarine Miners. The Militia is liable to embodiment, and performs seventy-two drills during the year, out of which twelve days are employed in camp in musketry practice. They receive pay for the seventy-two drills as in Regular infantry regiments. The expense is borne by the Imperial Government, the Colonial Defence Contribution paid by the local Government being £5,000 a year, as fixed by Letters Patent of 1887, so that the colonial contribution is less than £1 in £130 of the total military expenditure in Malta.

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"E. T. P." writes: "In the representative (but badly arranged) Naval Picture Gallery at the Crystal Palace I noticed two curious pictures, of which note should be made. One is entitled a portrait of Admiral Mathews, who was cashiered for breaking his line of battle in the action off Toulon in 1744. It is unsigned by any painter, and shows the Admiral with blue coat with gold lace and gilt buttons and red vest and breeches—practically the same as the French Naval uniform of the day. There are pictures at Greenwich of Naval officers of the same period all similarly attired. Was blue and red the favourite uniform previous to the regular institution of the present colours—blue and white? The other picture that stumped me is that of a scene at Spithead, in 1820 or thereabouts. A British admiral is shown leaving his flag-ship, flying at the bows of his boat a large crimson flag with a big yellow ball or circle in the centre. I should like to know if such a flag was ever used as a boat flag, or is it mere artistic licence to help make up a pretty picture by a dash of bright colour?

* * * *

"HIGH WYCOMBE."—The 3rd Battalion of the 14th Buckinghamshire Foot (now the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire), was raised early in the last century. At the close of the Peninsular War, the British Army was reduced to a peace footing, but the battalion escaped disbandonment until the spring of 1815, when the dreaded order was issued. Before it had become an accomplished fact, the escape of Napoleon from Elba and the consequent war with France put a stop to further reductions, and the battalion was not only saved but was drafted to Belgium. Being composed chiefly of very young soldiers, the battalion was ordered to Antwerp to join the garrison there, but through the colonel's personal application to Lord Hill, the order was countermanded by Wellington himself, who inspected the battalion from the window of his hotel at Brussels. "They are a very pretty little battalion," said he to Lord Hill; "tell them that they may join the grand division as they wish." This is how the Buckinghamshire Regiment comes to have Waterloo on its colours.

"RETIRED COLONEL."—By an Order of the House of Commons a return was recently issued of "Persons now in receipt of Pensions charged on the Civil List of Her late Majesty under the Act 1, Vict. c. 2, 35." This return contained about twenty grants made in consideration of Military services. They were as follows: Jane and Emily Cathcart, the two eldest daughters of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart (who was killed at Inkerman), £100 each; Anne Cathcart, another daughter of Sir George Cathcart, £100; Mrs. Frances M. A. Simmons (now Mayer), in consideration of the services of her husband, the late Captain Simmons, and of her four sons, £75; the Hon. Lady Inglis, in consideration of the services of the late Sir J. Inglis during the Indian Mutiny, £500; Mrs. Caroline M. Stopford, widow of Major G. M. Stopford, in consideration of the services of her father, Field-Marshal Sir J. Burgoyne, £150; Miss S. H. Burgoyne, another daughter of Sir J. Burgoyne, £75, and a second pension, £75, granted five years later; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Colonel Thomas Laurence Smith, C.B., brother of General Sir Harry Smith, £100; Mrs. Sarah E. Melvill, in consideration of the heroic conduct of her late husband, Lieutenant Melvill, in saving the colours of the 24th Regiment at Isandhlwana, £100; Mrs. L. Armstrong, widow of Lieutenant J. W. Armstrong, C.B., £80; Lady Palliser, in recognition of the valuable services in the improvement of projectiles and rifled ordnance of her late husband, Sir William Palliser, £150; Lady Palliser also received a second grant of £150; Mrs. Marion Hamill Stewart, widow of Colonel Hamill Stewart of Khartoum fame, £200; Miss H. L. and Miss A. L. Hamill Stewart, £100 each; Miss A. M. Power (now O'Reilly), Miss F. U. M. Power, and Miss M. A. M. Power, in consideration of the late Mr. Frank Power's services in the defence of Khartoum, £50 each; Miss Rosamund Barnard, daughter of the late Major-General Sir H. W. Barnard, K.C.B.; and Miss A. C. Macdonald, sister of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Macdonald, £50 each. It will thus be seen that the sum of £2,430 was paid by the late Queen from the Civil List in military pensions.

* * * *

WILLIAM CRAMPTON.—The tenure of appointments as adjutant has recently been shortened. In future all appointments as adjutant in the Regular Army (including the Royal Malta Artillery), and in the Militia, Imperial Yeomanry, and Volunteers, and all appointments as divisional adjutant in the Royal Artillery are to be for a period of three years. However, the appointment as adjutant, divisional adjutant, or assistant adjutant in the Regular Army (including the Royal Malta Artillery), may in exceptional circumstances be extended for six months. Also, if the extension of the tenure of an adjutant's appointment in the Militia, Imperial Yeomanry, or Volunteers be recommended by his commanding officer and the general commanding, he may be retained in such appointment for a further period not exceeding two years. It is further ordered that adjutants of the Militia, Imperial Yeomanry, and Volunteers shall vacate their appointments on promotion to the substantive rank of major.

* * * *

"IGNORAMUS."—The battalion is the unit of the British Infantry, and it is divided normally into eight companies. The staff consists of a lieutenant-colonel commanding, a major, who is second in command, an adjutant, who is either a captain or a lieutenant, and a quartermaster. In time of war there is also a transport officer, a lieutenant, in addition to the company officers, and a medical officer is attached. The war strength of a battalion of eight companies should be 29 officers, 1 warrant-officer, 51 staff-sergeants and sergeants, 16 drummers and buglers, and 913 rank and file (of whom 5 in each company, *i.e.*, 40, are corporals), making 1,010 of all ranks. A battalion should have forty-two horses or mules for transport, etc. An infantry brigade consists usually of four battalions with a detachment of machine guns. A major-general is in command with his staff of a brigade-major and aide-de-camp, and attached are a company of Army Service Corps and a bearer company. The division is the smallest unit in which the different arms of the Service find their place side by side. Its composition is usually two brigades of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, an ammunition column, and a field company of engineers. It has attached to it a company of Army Service Corps and a field hospital. The whole is commanded by a lieutenant-general, whose chief staff officer is an assistant-adjutant-general.

THE EDITOR.

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A MEMORIAL DESIGN.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

A MEMORIAL AT BRECON.

THE recurrence of the anniversary of Trafalgar, which, in four years more will be a centenary celebration, brings to the minds of all Englishmen the great event which shattered the dreams of Napoleon, and prepared the way for his defeat at Waterloo. When we began to celebrate the victory afresh, feeling that the age had gone in which it could rightly rouse any partisan feelings, some Frenchmen, unfortunately, took our enthusiasm in a wrong light. They thought, like their own Nationalists, that we were boastful and bellicose. They now recognise that our celebration of Trafalgar is but an expression of national gratitude to the great men of the age of Nelson, and a celebration of the action which gave us internal security, and was the beginning of the oversea bond of empire. We shall ever owe a debt of gratitude to the great seaman who, even in his own time, won the lofty admiration, and the fullest confidence and gratitude of his country. But it is fitting that, while we think of Nelson, we should think also of his comrades, who were associated with him in his work, and who should be associated with him in our recollections. We must not forget the gallant and indefatigable Cornwallis, who maintained the great ocean blockade; we must not be tardy in our gratitude to the gallant Calder, the hero of the half-won victory; nor to long-enduring Collingwood; nor to Hardy, who held the dying Nelson in his arms; nor, again, to Lord Northesk, Sir Richard Strachan, Codrington of the "Orion," Berry of the "Agamemnon," and many more of the captains. We cannot make a catalogue of the men who all played such a glorious part in the campaign of Trafalgar, but in this time of remembrance and of noble memories we should not forget the gallant band.

WHEN we think of anniversaries and memorials, we cannot forget the war in South Africa, nor lose sight of the fact that we have entered upon the third year of hostilities. How many calculations have been proved faulty, and how many gallant old soldiers and brave young lives have been sacrificed! The moment seems opportune to draw attention to the excellent work that is being done by skilled artists to perpetuate the memory of the dead, honoured by the living, and we have illustrated on this page two typical forms of memorial, one is painted glass, often, strange as it may seem, most durable of materials, the other in stone. The window is a beautiful example of the glass stainers' art, erected in the Priory Church, Brecon, in memory of 22 officers and 665 non-commissioned officers and men of the 24th Regiment, who fell in the South African campaigns of 1877-79, and is from the studio of Messrs. Taylor and Clifton, of 4, Berners Street. These gentlemen are the successors of Mr. O'Connor, who was intimately concerned in the great revival of ecclesiastical art, and was inspired by the genius of Pugin. In rich and harmonious effect, and in the excellence of Christian art, the particular window is beautiful. The same artists have done much other admirable work, including a window in Windsor Parish Church, ordered by her late Majesty. It was they also who executed the memorial window to General Penn Symons, now so greatly admired, in Botus Fleming Church, Cornwall, and their studio is an extremely interesting place to visit. The other illustration is a memorial of many merits also, worked in a combination of granite, bronze, and marble by the Statuary Company, of Regent House, Regent Street. These are enduring materials, lending themselves to rich effect, and enabling incident and allegory to take admirable form in the sculptor's hand. Of course, a memorial like this may be varied to meet different circumstances, and among the many good workers the Statuary Company possesses a high repute.

A RETROSPECT of the war puts one matter in a very sad light. Notwithstanding the great advances that have been made in medical and sanitary science, we have lost most heavily from disease, and there is good reason to think that with more foresight the lives of large numbers might have been spared. It is well known that typhus is often water-borne, and there are many indications that the epidemic in South Africa originated in or near the Modder River. Although Lord Stanley gave a discouraging reply to Sir Michael Foster in relation to the "Royal Water Corps," which Dr. Leigh Canney has proposed, it is not too much to hope that the War Office will take this matter to heart. The Utopias of to-day are often the realities of to-morrow, and though it may appear to the official mind impossible to organise such a corps as is proposed, there are those who think, and with good reason, that an organisation of the kind could easily be constituted. Dr. Canney's scheme is to place the responsibility for protection against typhoid, dysentery, and cholera in the hands of his Royal Water Corps, which would be a section of the R.A.M.C. With the help of all officers and men in the Army, whatever science and energy could devise would be directed to providing the whole Army constantly with "approved" water more quickly than the men can obtain for themselves the "unapproved" beverage. It certainly is not rational to suppose that, if such water could be furnished, men would rush to drink the muddy and poisonous stuff which spreads pollution. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that this object will not be lost sight of under an official cold blanket.

THE world is eager to discover the evidences of the policy which President Roosevelt will pursue. We are all agreed that he is a strong man of direct and, we think, unflinching purpose. He is a friend of England, where friendship to us means nothing to the disadvantage of his own country, but we may be quite sure that there will be nothing of abstract sentimentalism in his relations with us. We should probably be disappointed if we expected him to regard blood as very much thicker than water. We shall have to reckon with him upon the question of the Isthmian Canal, in regard to which there can be no doubt that his attitude will be American pure and simple. He will probably give the Monroe Doctrine the widest interpretation which that curious instrument is capable of bearing. The question of the American lakes is another thorny matter which is coming to the front. Since the Rush-Bagot convention was concluded the world has marched, and the construction of canals has opened possibilities which its framers did not dream of. There are American ship-builders on those lakes who naturally desire to share in work for the American Navy, of which there is likely to be in plenty under the new régime, and they are clamouring for the right to build, with an open passage to the ocean. For vessels of the smaller classes such a passage is already in existence, and we cannot doubt that it will yet be accomplished for ships of larger size. Yet if we admit the right of the United States to have war-ships on those lakes, we shall necessarily have to take some steps, and perhaps to revive the Naval station which we used to have at Kingston. Certainly the Isthmian Canal and the American lakes will afford the occasion for the interchange of much diplomatic correspondence.

AMONG the countries which periodically attract the attention of observers is that which is ruled over by Sultan Abdul Aziz. There are some dangers in Morocco, and the nations seem to be living from hand to mouth in their policy in regard to that country. The only State that seems to have a definite object is our neighbour across the Channel. The French are certainly very active in North Africa, and, if they had not despised the influence of the old shereefs, their position would have been more secure than it is. Nevertheless, their expeditions have been pushed along the frontiers of Morocco, and there is a feeling not without justification, that they have a covetous eye upon some part of the Sultan's dominions. The misfortune is that

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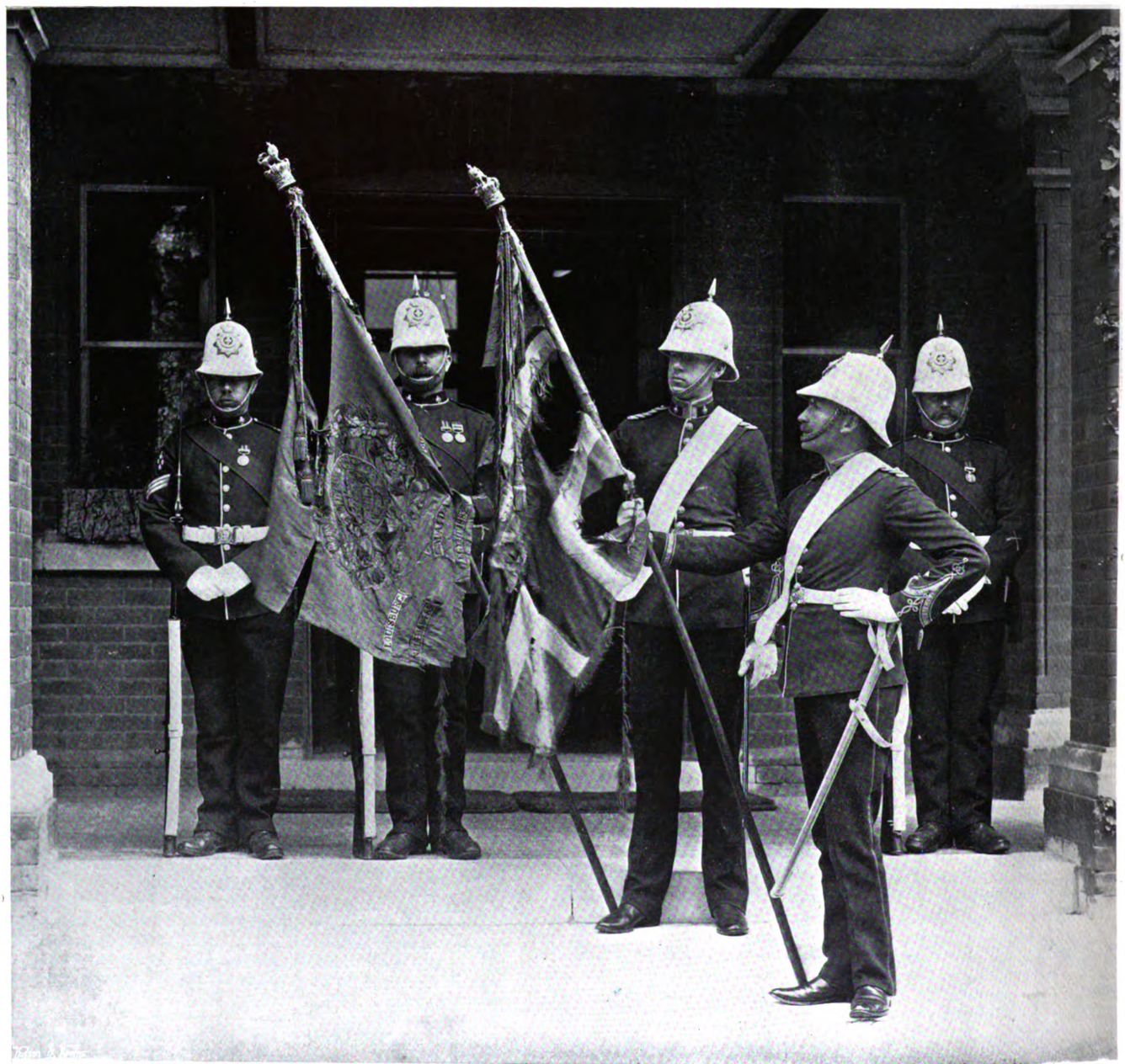
Abdul Aziz exercises no real power in his own country, in a large part of which there is no government at all. Unfortunately for the French, the khalifas have a very strong feeling against them, and they entertain resentment against the Sultan because he tolerates their encroachments. Political degeneracy is the outcome of this state of affairs, and there is reason to fear that Morocco will never be reformed from within. It is not, however, by any means clear that the French will be able to absorb the decaying kingdom. On the other hand, the weakness of the Government makes it possible that Morocco may not long remain an independent kingdom. The only doubt is whether England will be able to exercise her power and bring the country directly within her influence. That we should not have an enemy across the Straits at Gibraltar is obviously desirable.

THE significance of the incidents in the Persian Gulf is that Great Britain does not desire to see a foreign Power intruding in those waters. That would be a menace to India and her sea-borne commerce. Our sympathy with Mubarak is not altogether disinterested. If we could have been sure that his possessions would remain quietly in the hands of Turkey, we might have been less anxious to exert ourselves on his behalf, but the Sultan's unwonted activity in attempting to exert authority in a region where it has long been allowed to decline, and at a place where it has practically not existed, seems to betray a purpose of which the ultimate drift cannot be very easily discerned. It is our policy to maintain the *status quo* in the Persian Gulf, and the virtual independence of the Sheikh of Koweit has been regarded as an important element towards that object. Turkey cannot have been ignorant of our view on this question, and therefore we resent her action. We regard it also with suspicion, because the things that are won by Turkey may well fall to other hands, and it would not be to our interest to see a strong European Power installed on the Persian Gulf. The Porte may consider the action not quite compatible with the existence of friendly relations, but we have a right, and very good reason, to say the same of her action in the same matter.

A PAIR OF WAR-WORN FLAGS.



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THE COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.

The 1st Royal Sussex is the old 35th Royal Sussex Regiment of Foot, and was formerly known as the "Orange Lilies," from its orange facings—these are now blue—and white plume, which is still included in the regimental badge, and was worn at Quebec, being taken from the Royal Rousillon French Grenadiers. The Maltese Cross, which, with the centre of the Star and Garter and the white plume, forms the collar badge, is in memory of the capture of Malta. This action, however, does not appear upon the colours, on which are proudly displayed the names of Louisburg, Quebec, 1759, Maida, Egypt, 1882, the Nile 1884-85, and Abu Klea. The battalion, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel B. D. A. Donne, C.B., is now doing good service at the front in South Africa, but it has seen service in all parts of the world since it was raised in 1701 as Colonel the Earl of Donegal's Regiment of Foot, or, as it was sometimes called, "The Belfast Regiment." It became the 35th in 1751, the 35th (Sussex) Regiment in 1805, and acquired its present title in 1881.

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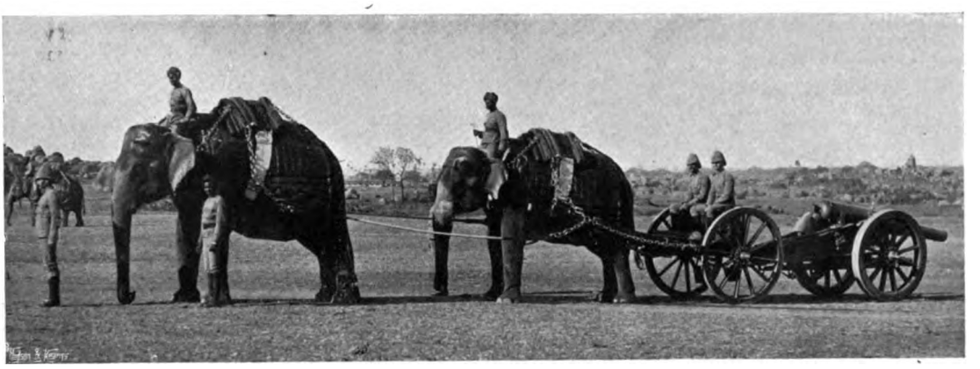
OFFICER, CASHMIR LANCERS.



THE ELEPHANT BATTERY.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

It is an extremely painful circumstance that a London daily paper, which has in times past taken a deep and intelligent interest in Indian affairs, should have recently gone out of its way to utter a gross and gratuitous libel on the conduct of the Indian troops in China. There is no occasion to enlarge on the subject here, beyond briefly recording the pleasant fact that a prompt and complete repudiation of the charge levelled by the *Daily News* has been forthcoming from the vigorous pen of the Special Correspondent, lately in China, of the *Times*. No one wants to suggest that the Indian troops in China acted like "plaster saints," but there is abundant evidence to show that their behaviour compared favourably with that of, at any rate, *some* of the European contingents. The Special Correspondent of the *Times* particularly calls attention to the fact that the Native Indian troops were occasionally treated by their European comrades with considerable insolence and arrogance, and that even this did not break down their discipline and self-control. The precise origin of the absurd wrong-headedness—to use no harsher term—which prompted the odious innuendo of the *Daily News* is past comprehension. But in the minds of most reasonable persons, the prompt and generous testimony, in an exactly opposite direction, of such a competent eye-witness as the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, will have been not dearly secured at the expense of a little harmless backbiting on the part of a journal just now not greatly beloved of those who favour old-fashioned ideas of loyalty, patriotism, and simple soldierliness.

In the numerous and far-reaching proposals which have been made by Mr. Brodrick's Committee for the improvement of the Royal Army Medical Corps, it is expressly stated that no account is taken of the Indian Medical Service. Those who have but an elementary acquaintance with the latter will understand that it would have been clearly impossible to make proposals which would suit both it and the Royal Army Medical Corps, inasmuch as in the case of the Native Indian Army the regimental medical officer still survives, and could not readily be dispensed with. There are those who would wish for nothing better than a return to the old system in the case of British regiments, but, failing such a return, which, indeed, is to be deprecated on many solid grounds, there seems no sufficient reason for interfering largely with the present plan of supplying medical officers to the Native Army. Staff Corps officers may dislike the idea of having to call in the Native doctors here and there attached to Native regiments, when their wives happen to fall sick in an up-country station; but this is one of the recognised drawbacks to service in the Staff Corps, and no exception can be taken to the medical officers in question on the score of qualifications or zeal. On the other hand, it is in every way a great boon to a regiment to have a medical officer of its own, who in a very short time gets to know the habitual sick list of the corps, and can promptly and drastically sit upon any well-known shammer. Moreover, in many cases the doctor is a famous addition to the far too scanty band of British officers in a Native corps, and in not a few cavalry regiments he is regarded very much as one of "ours," taking part in all sorts of sport, and often acting as a most useful member of the regimental polo team.

The suggestion that there should be one Imperial Nursing Service which shall embrace India and the Colonies should find general favour, although it may not be altogether easy to carry such a comprehensive scheme into effect. It is clear that the best nurse for India is the one who has a special knowledge of the complaints to which British soldiers in India are chiefly liable; and if nurses are to spend sufficient time in India to enable them to acquire such local knowledge they ought to be treated on a special scale of pay and have special leave and retiring rules. But whatever is done in this direction, of one thing we may be sure, and that is that no sort of diminution will take place in the genuine affection and respect with which British nurses in India are regarded by the troops. There is a story told of one cavalry regiment which some years back showed its gratitude towards two nurses, who had been specially good to it during a trying epidemic, in a fashion eminently characteristic of the British soldier. The epidemic was over, and the two nurses found time to go to church, but, as happens sometimes with womenfolk, they were late. The regiment was seated in devout and proper expectancy, but, as the two nurses entered, her late Majesty's "Twenty-fourth Plungers" sprang to attention and so remained until the two ladies, rather overwhelmed with the openness and comprehensiveness of the compliment, had found seats.

In the forthcoming Chitral reliefs the 2nd Gurkha Rifles from Dehra Dun are relieving the 42nd Gurkhas, and an interchange is taking place between Nos. 1 and 5 Companies of the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and between two sections of the Peshawar Mountain Battery. Perhaps the time is not far distant when an attempt will be made to dispense with these Chitral reliefs, in pursuance of the new policy by which the frontier tribes are being formed into local Militia corps, so far with, as was pointed out last week, very considerable success. In the meantime it is curious how rapidly the Chitral Expedition of 1895 seems passing into ancient history. Yet it was a very notable expedition, well worthy to rank by the side, if not of the South African Campaign, at any rate by that of the Khartoum Expedition, by which, however, it was largely obscured. The leader of it is still doing good work for India, as the holder of the Bombay command, and Sir George Robertson, who was beleaguered in the Chitral Fort, still tells the story of that minor but very interesting siege to appreciative audiences.

The year of the Chitral Expedition was the year of the great reorganisation of the Indian Army, and since then not a few important changes have taken place. But one doubts whether the section of the Peshawar Mountain Battery which is going up to Chitral is armed with any better weapon than the old 7-pounder screw gun which in 1895 woke the echoes of the Malakand Pass and the Swat Valley. In February last Mr.

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Brodrick said that a new mountain gun had been approved, and that its manufacture was about to begin. But one is inclined to be sceptical about new mountain guns. When it was established some time back that the 7-pounder was not powerful enough to demolish a well-constructed "sangar," a much finer weapon was designed, and subjected to a number of tests, all of which it passed satisfactorily. But the authorities were not content. They wanted to know if the gun would stand being thrown down a precipice, and when a trial gun was submitted to this extraordinary test, and the delicate breech mechanism was severely damaged, the Indian Government rejected the weapon forthwith. It would be interesting to know if the new gun in course of manufacture has been pitched down an abyss, as it certainly ought not, in common fairness, to be issued until it has come triumphantly out of this ordeal.

The 1st Brigade Division of Royal Artillery, which was sent from India to South Africa in 1899, is returning by degrees, a first instalment in the shape of two sections having arrived at Bombay last week. This is the beginning of the replacement of the Indian reinforcement which was despatched with such commendable promptitude, and which largely helped to save Natal. It may be a long time yet before the replacement is complete, and in the meantime there is cause for thankfulness that this serious drain upon the British garrison of India has had no evil consequences. It is also satisfactory that, in no uncertain voice, the Indian Government has declared that, notwithstanding this fact, and the additional circumstance that the absence of these troops on Imperial service has meant a very considerable saving to India, there is no sort of intention to suggest any permanent decrease of the British garrison. Such a course would be indeed suicidal, and many keen students of Indian affairs will be sincerely glad when the normal establishment of British troops in India is resumed.

In these two pages statistics will not often occur, but it may be interesting and useful to recall in this connection the fact that on January 1 last the strength in non-commissioned officers and men of the forces on the Indian establishment in India was, British, 58,702, Native, 127,666. There were in addition about 7,600 British troops and 20,000 Native troops of the Indian establishment in South Africa, China, Mauritius, Singapore, Ceylon, and Jubaland.

A good game of polo was played the other day at the Crystal Palace between the London Polo Club and a team of Indian Native Cavalry Officers. The latter proved smarter than their opponents, and won by five goals to one. This, no doubt, was only to be expected, but it must be remembered that a home club team has better chances of practising together than a scratch Indian one, and also that polo in this country is played on bigger ponies than in India. One wishes that the Indian cavalry team could have been composed of Native instead of British officers, but this will only be possible at rare intervals, until we carry out the oft-proposed plan of bringing over periodically a corps of Native cavalry to assist the Life Guards and Blues in their duties in connection with State functions and the King's person.

CEYLON VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.

Photo. Copyright. Sheen.

STAFF OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AT URUGASMANHANDIYA.

The stalwart officer to the left of the picture is Surgeon-Maj. Vanderstrassen, and the other officers sitting down are, reading from left to right: Maj. Forbes, R.W.R.; Maj. Gordon Reeves, C.M.I. (both with helmets off); Col. Corse Scott, R.W.R.; Col. Byrde, C.V.; Maj. C. E. H. Symons, C.V.A.; Maj. Murray, C.V.; and Lieut. Cockburn, C.V.

THERE has always been in Ceylon a considerable activity in regard to Volunteer matters, and the members of the different branches of the force have vied with one another in regard to absolute fighting efficiency in a manner which, if it could only be carried out throughout the Service, would materially increase the fighting value of some of the units. There is nothing like an earnest spirit of competition to induce men to do their "level best," and it is just this feeling which has been present in Ceylon from the outset. It is a feeling not of enmity—far from it—but of honest rivalry, of a desire to excel, and it is just this feeling which makes for excellence. It is the same everywhere, and Ceylon is no exception to the rule. But it is just possible that the fact that Ceylon is, as it were, isolated and self-contained, confers upon its representatives a certain feeling of individuality and of personal responsibility which is somewhat lacking elsewhere—notably in this country. Isolation is not always bad from a fighting standpoint. It may make a man hard and stern—are not those precisely the qualities we want when it unfortunately comes to a question of "thy life or mine?"—but it most assuredly renders a man capable of taking care of himself. In a word, it makes him self-reliant and full of initiative, and it is for this reason that the colonial forces have done so well in South Africa. The Ceylon Volunteers are not lacking in that practical training which comes from camps of instruction when those camps are wisely carried out, and are not allowed to degenerate into mere playing at soldiers with a certain amount of amusement thrown in. Their camps are essentially the abode of hard work, and our picture shows the staff officers and non-commissioned officers who took part in a recent exercise of this sort.

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A GATHERING AT WINDSOR.

Photo. Copyright *Russell.*

MAJOR-GENERAL TROTTER AND THE OFFICERS OF THE 3RD BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Second Lieut. W. Arbuthnot-Leslie, Second Lieut. Hon. G. E. H. Macdonald, Second Lieut. N. A. Orr-Ewing, Second Lieut. J. B. Van de Weyer, Second Lieut. W. J. Wickham, Second Lieut. Hon. J. S. Coke, Second Lieut. R. G. Stracey, Second Lieut. Hon. T. W. Coke, Second Lieut. Lord A. G. Falconer, Second Lieut. J. A. Stirling, Second Lieut. M. O. Roberts. Sitting: Capt. W. S. Gosling, Capt. B. J. T. Levett, Maj. L. G. Drummond, Maj.-Gen. Sir H. Trotter, Col. Hon. N. de C. Dalrymple Hamilton, Maj. H. G. Ruggles Brise (Grenadier Guards, A.D.C. to Gen. Trotter), Capt. J. C. E. Shelley, Second Lieut. C. V. Fox, Capt. J. A. G. King.

It is only recently that a 3rd Battalion was raised for the Scots Guards. The 1st and 2nd Battalions of the regiment are in South Africa, but the 3rd Battalion is at Windsor, and it was here that our picture was taken. The battalion is commanded by Colonel the Hon. N. de C. Dalrymple Hamilton, and his control is a guarantee for efficiency. He sits beside Major-General Trotter, who appears in the centre of our picture.

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A GENERAL VIEW OF PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD FROM THE RAILWAY.
Showing the Semaphore Tower, and the "Majestic" and "Hannibal" at the Jetty.

THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Portsmouth—III.

TO enter Portsmouth Dockyard is to penetrate a realm of wonders—a realm full of romance, wherein we seem to meet the shades of Hawke, Rodney, and Hood, of Nelson, St. Vincent, and Collingwood, and of a host of other great seamen who preserved England for Englishmen in times of supreme danger to the State. Many are the memories of old men and old times that are apt to crowd upon us as we tread those precincts, but the busy evidences of the present day in this modern world of wonders are, after all, far more marvellous than ever the old seamen dreamed of. Compare anything that is old in the dockyard with anything of like kind that is new, a "Victory" with a "Formidable," for example, and you will realise how vast has been the progress made in every material respect, and will begin to understand how colossal are the operations now conducted in our dockyards. Huge basins, docks, and building slips, mighty sheer legs for lifting a hundred tons or more, steam-hammers striking Herculean blows, extensive smitheries and boiler, fitting, and electric shops, block-making works of astonishing productive power, long ranges of store-houses, and prodigious masses of coal—all these bring to the mind most vividly how enormous is the volume and how vast the importance of the operations carried forward at Portsmouth Dockyard.

Here we may witness that wonderful creation of human ingenuity, the modern battle-ship, in every stage, from the laying-off of the ship in the mould loft and the placing of the first keel plate, to the actual completion, and we may follow the ship in her later history when she comes into dockyard hands. We realise the triumph of construction when we remember that 15,000 tons of material are built into this floating island, if the term may be permitted, and that, by a truly marvellous adaptation of means to ends, the result is a little commonwealth wherein 800 men may dwell, possessed of immense defensive force, and capable of expressing terrible destructive power. Ship-building not less wonderful goes on also in private yards, but it is only in the dockyards that ships are brought to actual completion, so that they can be commissioned for their service.

Although some matters touching Portsmouth lie outside the scope of this article, we must not forget that Portsmouth Dockyard and Harbour are the training place for officers and men. In the dockyard itself is the Royal Naval College, while Whale Island, the creation of which has been described, the headquarters of gunnery, is a point of great interest in the harbour, and there also lies the "Vernon," the torpedo training-ship, that busy scene of some of the most scientific work in the Navy. It is at Whale Island and in the "Vernon" that officers and men pass through those courses which qualify them for special duties afloat. Portsmouth also possesses extensive Naval barracks. In order to find larger berthing facilities for ships it became necessary to remove the old depôt hulks from the basins and elsewhere, and, at the present time, the building of three blocks of seamen's quarters is rapidly progressing, while the War Office has transferred the Anglesea Barracks to the Admiralty.

THE UNICORN GATE.
The workmen's entrance to the yard.
From a Photo specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

We may now enter the dockyard by the old main gate from the Hard. On the right is the road which leads to St. Anne's Chapel, where the bell of the "Royal George" hangs, and to the College and the official residences. But in inspecting the yard it is usual to go straight forward, passing the steamboat camber on the right. The way is margined by the mast and boat-houses, and by lofts and store-houses, and there is a wonderful vista up Anchor Lane, where the mighty anchors necessary in these days are arranged in a long line and in regular order, each resting on its

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stock and fluke. The visitor soon reaches the office of the Admiral Superintendent, Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, from which "Admiral's Walk" leads up to that officer's official residence, while in front the yard broadens out considerably. At this point we are almost in the centre of an area of about eight acres, which was the extent of the dockyard in Tudor times. Here is the old ship basin, with the earliest of the docks in its close neighbourhood, going back to the seventeenth century. All the docks in the Great War time radiated from this basin. Here are No. 2 Dock, 252-ft. 10-in. long, and No. 3 Dock 30-ft. longer, both dating from the very beginning of the last century. No. 4 Dock, 286-ft. long, was constructed in 1772, and Docks 5 and 6 in the same locality seem to be of unknown date. Nos. 3 and 4 have been lengthened within recent years, and fitted with caissons.

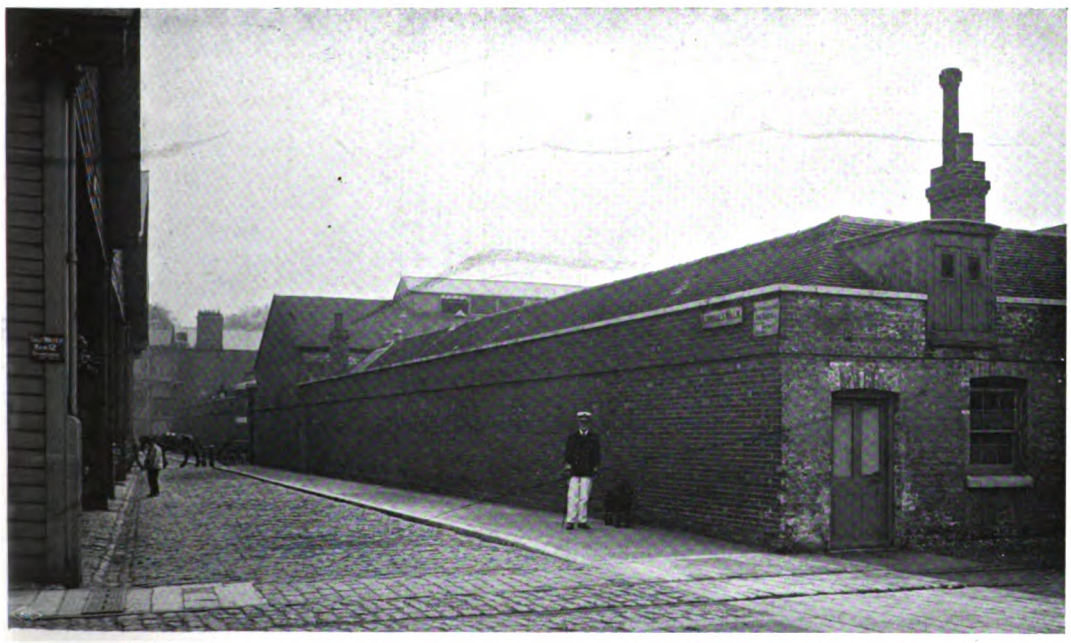
The timber-yard and saw-pits are here, as well as the saw-mills, and the well-known block-mills, containing the machinery invented by Brunel, which is still a wonder, and the admiration of visitors, who witness blocks manufactured with a rapidity that is astonishing. The arrangement made with the Admiralty by Brunel was that he should receive for his invention the savings effected in one year in the provision of blocks for the Navy, which amounted to about £16,000, and, in addition, he had £1,000 for the models, and retaining fees for the inspection of the manufacture of the machines, bringing up the reward to about £20,000. The first steam-engine in Portsmouth Dockyard is said to have been erected by General Bentham, who, in 1801, did much towards the reconstruction of the old ship basin and made other improvements in this part of the establishment. We now reach Docks 7 and 10, which have been illustrated in an earlier article, and it is interesting to know that they are so arranged that, by the removal of a caisson, they can be converted into a single dock 684-ft. long. Beyond these, opening to the harbour, are the building slips, which go back nearly to the middle of the eighteenth century, but have, of course, been reconstructed. Behind these, are the smithery and boiler shops, with the Nasmyth hammer, which can strike a blow equivalent to 200 tons, and there are furnaces capable of dealing with bars approximating to 100-ft. in length.

At the smithery we have left the sailing Navy entirely behind us, and, with the steam basin, which lies to the east of the boiler shops, covering an area of about seven acres, and two large docks opening out of it (340-ft. and 427-ft. long, and both 70-ft. broad), we are brought fully into the presence of the modern fleet. All about us are the evidences of the great work that is carried on. The central pumping-station, with its enormously powerful apparatus for air-compressing and hydraulic work, is the place from which the gates of all docks and basins are operated. At its northern end, the steam basin is separated from the tidal basin by a long jetty, while at its southern extremity further facilities for the safe handling of large vessels proceeding to and from the entrance locks have been provided within the last few years. In the new works, the furnaces and appliances are upon an extensive scale, and the shops are provided with travelling cranes, and the latest machinery and tools for drilling and dealing with armour plates. The iron and brass foundries are very commodious, and the new electric shop, which is of ample size, lacks nothing to make it efficient. The same may be said for the new boiler shop, which was completed about two years ago. The new angle-iron smithery is still more recent. It will thus be seen that Portsmouth Dockyard does not lag behind the times.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Note the contrast between the half-buried carronades and the huge modern shell

The tidal basin, to which reference has been made, and which has a broad opening to the harbour, was one of the first of the new works to be put in hand when the great extension of Portsmouth Dockyard began, about the year 1864. From its broad surface access is gained to the whole of the additional basins and docks which have been created from that date up to the present time. The deep dock, 460-ft. long, 82-ft. wide at the entrance, and 41-ft. 6-in. deep at high-water of ordinary spring tides, is entered directly from this basin on its eastern side, and on the same side are the north and south locks, which are 466-ft. long, and will admit the largest ships we possess. These were constructed in 1876, and give admission to the vast repairing basin, which has an area of twenty-two acres, and a high-water depth of 32-ft. 6-in. At its eastern end are colossal sheers, operated by steam, and capable of lifting fully 160 tons, while they will extend over the water 40-ft. from the coping. The four great modern docks are on the south side of this huge basin, the smallest of them being 456-ft. long and 80-ft. wide at the entrance, and the largest 564-ft. long and 94-ft. wide. Two of these were constructed in 1876 and two in 1896, and all are magnificent examples of masonry. Here may be seen ships of all classes, battle-ships and cruisers of the latest construction, and often their predecessors of classes slowly tending towards obsolescence. On the north side of the repairing basin is the rigging basin, which has an area of fourteen acres, and is 1,250-ft. long, and this opens on the west to the fitting basin, which is of an irregular



ADMIRAL'S WALK.

Leading from the official residence to the offices.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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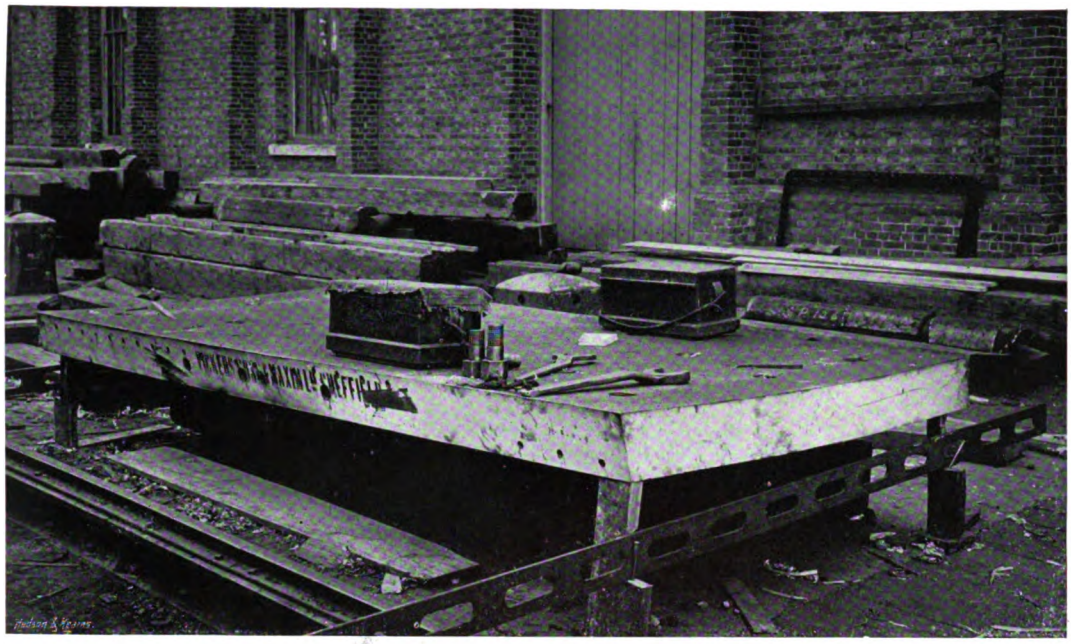
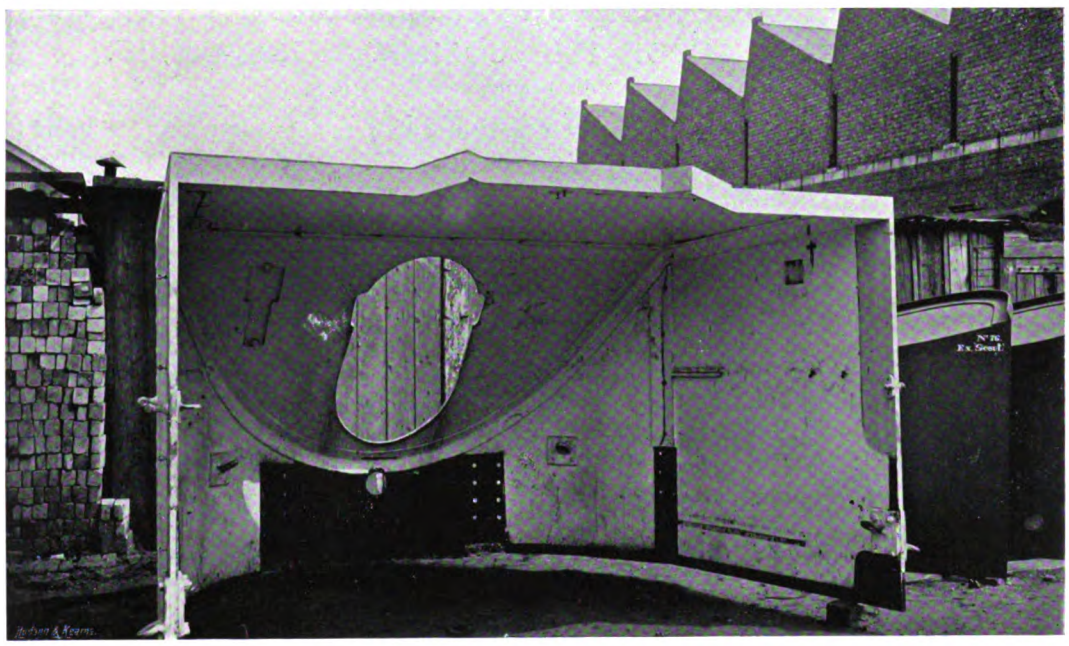


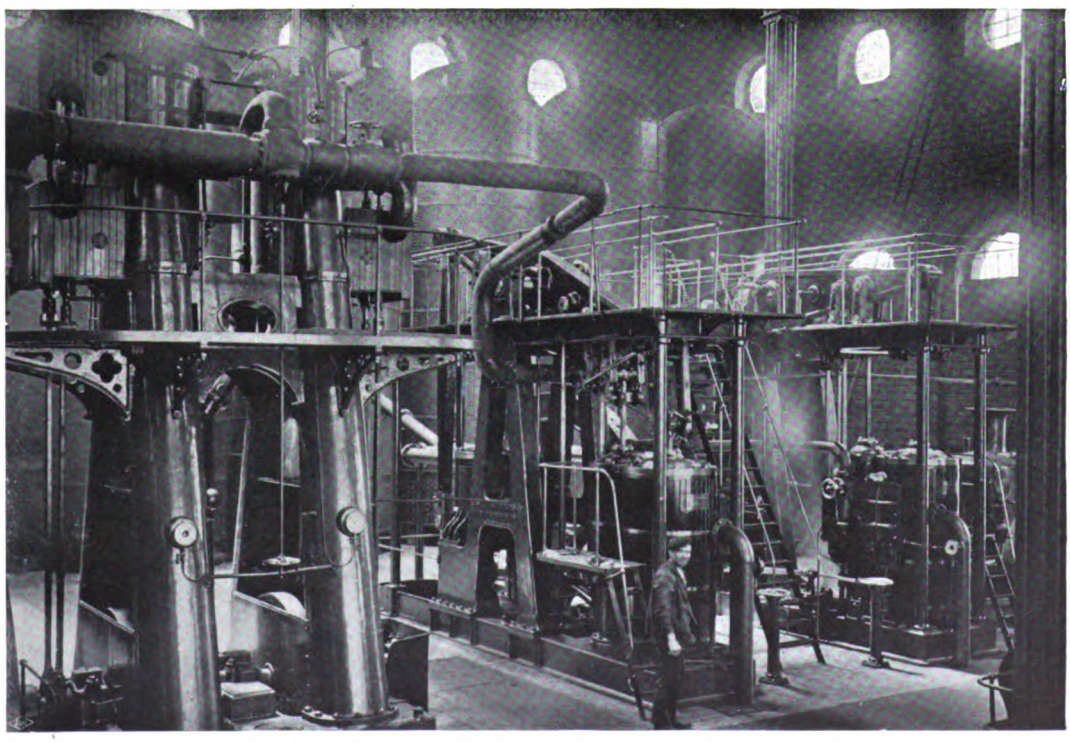
A VICKERS ARMOUR PLATE FOR A BATTLE-SHIP.

Thousands of tons are required.



A STEEL SHIELD FOR A 9·2-IN. GUN.

One item in a vast store.



AIR-COMPRESSING AND HYDRAULIC MACHINERY.

Whereby all basin and dock gates are operated.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

shape, and has also an area of fourteen acres. It communicates directly with the tidal basin. These four great basins, and the docks and locks that are connected with them, represent the vast modern extension of Portsmouth Dockyard. It was a work of the utmost importance to the State, initiated and carried forward during the reign of Queen Victoria, who was ever keenly interested in its progress. Though few records of her reign contained references to it, it was in truth one of the greatest achievements of the age.

From this side of the yard, Whale Island, otherwise "His Majesty's ship 'Excellent,'" the gunnery school, is a prominent object on the north, while the "Vernon," and other interesting Naval features are in view, and there is a great outlook over the whole of the splendid harbour. In this part of the establishment is the huge coaling station, where stocks of 18,000 tons are kept, and where ample facilities for dealing with coal are available. Some new coaling arrangements were provided for in 1899-1900.

Having surveyed the latest additions to Portsmouth Dockyard, we may make our way back to the main gate, noting that the Unicorn Gate is on the left as we return. Here, in the older part of the yard, we pass the official residences, including that of the Admiral Superintendent, standing pleasantly in a retired position. Near by is the fire-station, to which allusion was made in the last article, and behind it may be seen some excellent examples of old figureheads. In this old part of the yard also stands the residence of the Commander-in-Chief at the port, Admiral Sir C. F. Hotham, K.C.B., which is commodious, and ha. recently undergone some enlargement.

An illustration of the house accompanies this article. In front of it lies a pleasantly-shadowed tennis and croquet lawn, in the centre of which stands a statue of the Sailor King to whom Portsmouth owes a good deal. Opposite to Admiralty House, across the lawn, is a terrace of houses used officially, which once served as the Naval Technical School under the well-known Dr. Woolley.

The visitor to Portsmouth Dockyard has paused to look at an abundance of interesting things in his inspection which cannot be alluded to in this article. He has gained a knowledge of what was suggested at the beginning—that the dockyards are the true homes of the fleet, the places in which ships have their origin, from which they issue for their first commission, and to which they return in due time for repair, refitting, and, it may be, reconstruction. He has also been able to appreciate how truly stupendous are the achievements of Portsmouth Dockyard which, historically and practically, is the most interesting in many ways of all our Naval establishments. The Staff Captain and King's Harbour Master is Thomas J. H. Rapson, R.N., the Chief Constructor, J. A. Yates, Esq., the Chief Engineer, John T. Corner, Esq., and the Superintending Engineer, Colonel S. H. Exham, R.E.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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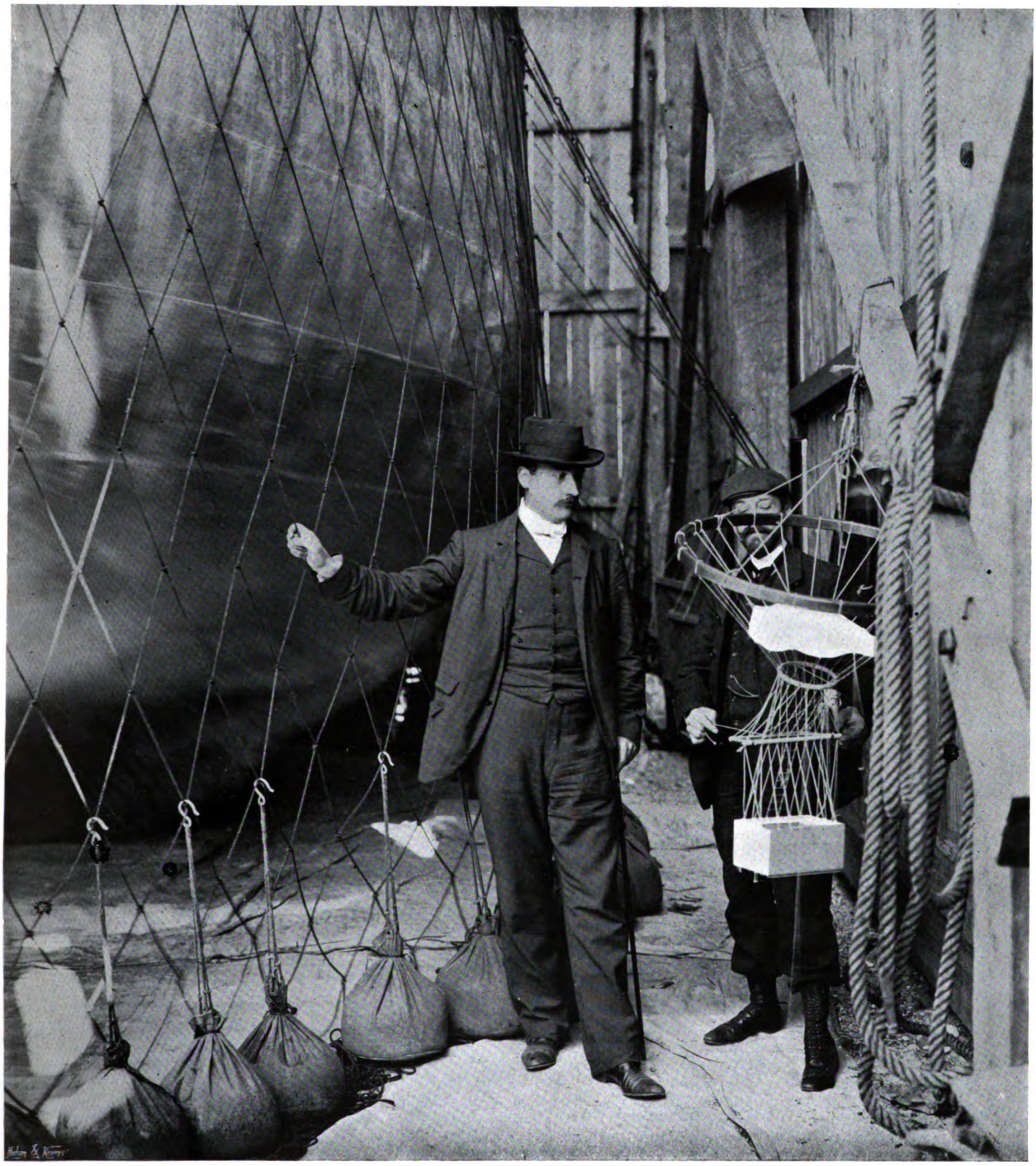

Photo. Copyright. *Bar.*

COMTE HENRY DE LA VAULX AND HIS BALLOON "LA MEDITERRANEE."

The attempt to accomplish an aerial crossing of the Mediterranean was made from Toulon. Comte de la Vaulx was accompanied by MM. Herve and Castillon de St. Victor and Lieutenant Tapissier, an officer of the French Navy. The start was made at near midnight on the 12th, and the balloon descended in the sea near Port Vendres, nearly 150 miles south westward from Toulon, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the aeronauts and the balloon being taken on board the French cruiser "Du Chayla," which had accompanied them as escort.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

⁂ *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in December. Orders for this Double Number should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

The Loss of the "Cobra."

THE newspaper Press is a great institution. We should be the last to deny it. But, like all great institutions in this imperfect world, it has its disadvantages. When it is necessary to agitate the public mind, the Press does it with excellent effect. At times when it is desirable that the nation's flesh should be made to creep, the newspapers perform valuable public service. The worst of it is that the habit of wanting to make people's flesh creep tends to grow upon a certain class of newspaper. They are not content to agitate only when there is good cause for agitation. They must be crying aloud in season and out of season. Alarums and excursions are as necessary to their circulation as fuel to a locomotive. All sense of proportion is lost. Sweet reasonableness finds no lodging with journals of this class.

We had one example of ill-advised agitation in the summer, when the Mediterranean Fleet was the subject of anxious discussion. We are having another just now over the unfortunate loss of the torpedo-boat destroyer "Cobra." Seeing that the public mind is inclined to be disturbed over this untoward event, the enterprising journalist loses no opportunity of disturbing it still more. He talks despairingly of "coffin-ships." He calls for heads in chargers with bloodthirsty insistence. Any slight mishap of a kind that would pass unnoticed in ordinary circumstances is billed and "spread-headed" as "another accident to a destroyer." One vessel runs into another, or breaks a coupling-pin, or loosens a stanchion. "More disasters" break out on the contents bills towards evening, and the nervous citizen goes home from his daily toil convinced that all our torpedo-boats are merely waiting for an opportunity to burst asunder and go to the bottom. What connection such mishaps as these can have with the sad fate of the "Cobra" no one of any intelligence can see. They have no connection save in the minds of penny-a-liners inebriated with the exuberance of their own wild imaginations. But collectively the nation has a tendency to be taken in by penny-a-liners. A panic is easy to get up, though very difficult to allay. The consequence is that a great many newspaper readers are suffering just now from a delusion that the Admiralty are betraying the trust which the nation bestows upon them, that we are paying enormous sums for unseaworthy ships, and that our Naval power is as good as broken already.

It is, of course, very deplorable indeed that within a short space of time both the "Viper" and the "Cobra" should have been lost. But there is no cause for frenzied alarm in either of these disasters. The "Viper" ran upon rocks, a fate that may befal any ship. When one end of her rested on these rocks and the other end was lifted by a wave, the "Viper" split in the middle and became a total wreck. A few people surmised from this that, if a vessel of this class should be lifted at either end by waves, the result might be the same. The fate of the "Cobra" shows that their surmise was only too correct. Who is to blame? The makers in part, for not calculating more closely the effect that wave-action would have upon a vessel heavy in the middle and light at each end. The Admiralty in part, for not taking special precautions to ensure the safety of a type of ship admitted to be experimental in character. At the same time, it is impossible to blame very severely either the makers or the Admiralty. These turbine destroyers are on their trial. It is impossible to tell without experience exactly what they will do under certain circumstances. It is extremely difficult to make even an approximate calculation. The "Cobra" was known to be weaker than other destroyers, but the Admiralty decided that she could not be strengthened unless she was almost entirely rebuilt, and this they did not consider to be necessary. They thought that her strength was sufficient. The event has proved that they were wrong. Their mistake has cost us terribly dear, but who can say that such mistakes are avoidable? Only the people who never make any mistakes themselves.

The problem which ship-builders are trying to solve in building these destroyers is to combine great speed with sufficient strength. Probably we shall have to be content with a slower rate. We certainly must not sacrifice seaworthiness to speed, as seems to have been done in the "Cobra's" case. The "Cobra" was originally designed to carry engines less in weight by thirty tons than those with which she was actually fitted. Furthermore, the alterations that were made before the Admiralty took her over from the Elswick yard added weight amidships and lightened the ship at either end. Now, if you have a long, narrow vessel, very heavy in the middle and comparatively light at the ends, it stands to reason that there is a serious risk in lifting up each end and leaving the middle without support. This was what happened to the "Cobra," and the result shows that we must not run such a risk again. There was this, too: the action of the waves did not merely lift her at each end and leave the middle of the ship unsupported; it brought a sideways strain to bear upon her when the unsuccessful effort was made to turn her head up into the wind. She could not bear the double force of an angry sea, and she parted asunder. So, at least, the Court-martial decided, and so far as we can see no other explanation will suffice. She certainly did not touch ground, and the suggestion that she ran into a floating derelict, though it naturally commends itself to the builders of the vessel, was not supported by the evidence.

Of course, the Admiralty constructors must now revise their ideas of building these fast destroyers. They have learnt, we hope, that ships which are in the nature of experiments should not be purchased from firms which have had little experience in building the kind of vessel that is required. They should not be so purchased, at any rate, unless very careful, extra careful, attention is paid to every detail of their construction before they are sent afloat. But to suppose that the Admiralty have shown culpable negligence, or that all our most recent destroyers are unsafe, is to go far beyond the mark. There have been accidents, it is true, to the "Seal" and the "Crane," but they were accidents of a kind totally different from that which befel the "Cobra." There is talk of the "Vulture" having met with a mishap, but no one seems to know much about it. So far as we are in possession of facts, there is cause for a certain anxiety about our destroyers, recent and future; there is cause for keeping a sharp eye upon the measures which the Admiralty take to test and try new types of ships; but there is no cause for excitement or agitation. When you are making an effort to hit upon the standard of construction for a new kind of machine, fighting or otherwise, you must be prepared for misadventures. Omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs. The "Cobra" is one of our eggs, that we have unfortunately broken.

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OVER-SEA BALLOONING.

THE plucky attempt of Comte Henry de La Vaulx to cross the Mediterranean by balloon has ended in failure, but none the less, however, was his enterprise one of very great scientific interest, and we feel sure that the series of photographs reproduced in this issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED will prove acceptable to our readers. The trip attempted was of special interest, not only on account of its magnitude, but also from the fact that the aeronauts were testing new devices as aids to aerial navigation. The most important of these was the *appareils à deviation*, or deviator, the invention of M. Hervé, who took part in the voyage. This device is for the purpose of guiding the whole structure in a different direction to that in which it is being taken by the wind, in fact, of altering the course of the balloon to a greater or less degree. It consists of a series of concave blades placed parallel to one another, which when towed behind the balloon can be operated from the car so as to be given any degree of obliqueness desired, and thus by its resistance to the water to give the whole structure a divergence right or left of the direction of the wind as may be required. This deviating mechanism, which is well shown in the foreground of one of our pictures, seems to have worked very well, giving on an average a deviation of 30-deg., and under favourable circumstances giving as much as 40-deg. of obliqueness. The balloon itself, which was inflated with hydrogen, was also furnished with a *ballonet à air*, so placed as to preserve its shape by means of an air-exhauster. It is reported that the "working of the ventilator for filling the *ballonet* was effected with the utmost facility. The apparatus by its arrangement in the rigging was particularly well adapted for this operation." Another device also used was a *stabilisateur*, or thick "sausage" of rope, enclosed in canvas, of considerable weight in proportion to its length. When by reason of the lowering of the temperature the balloon grows heavy and commences to descend, the guide ropes and *stabilisateur* first touch ground, and the balloon, relieved of their weight, recovers its poise. On the other hand, when, under the action of the sun, the lifting power of the aerostat is increased, it has to raise a weight of guide rope and *stabilisateur* corresponding to the increased lifting power, and so ascent is in its turn checked, There was also a special arrangement of suspension for the car to allow of its always remaining level. A model of the car and suspensory rigging is shown in the illustration on our front page.

THE START OF "LA MEDITERRANEE" FROM TOULON.

The photograph from which the above is reproduced was taken at midnight, when the departure was made. The large building is the shed in which the balloon was inflated.

Photos. Copyright. *Bar.*

PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE OF "LA MEDITERRANEE."

Interior of inflating shed and workmen employed. The Herve "deviator," folded for stowage, is seen in the foreground.

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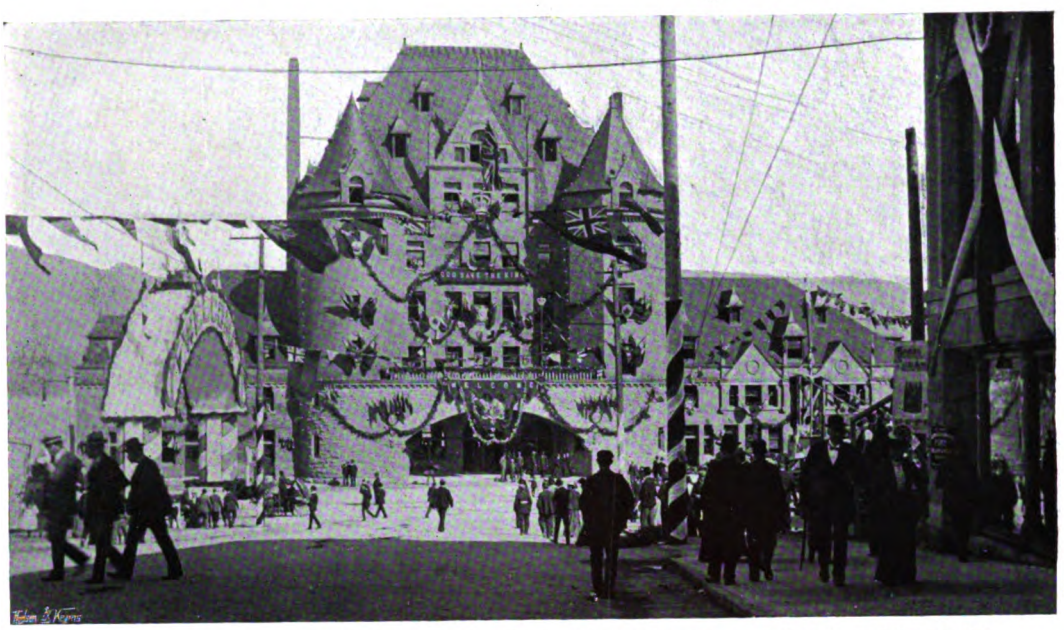
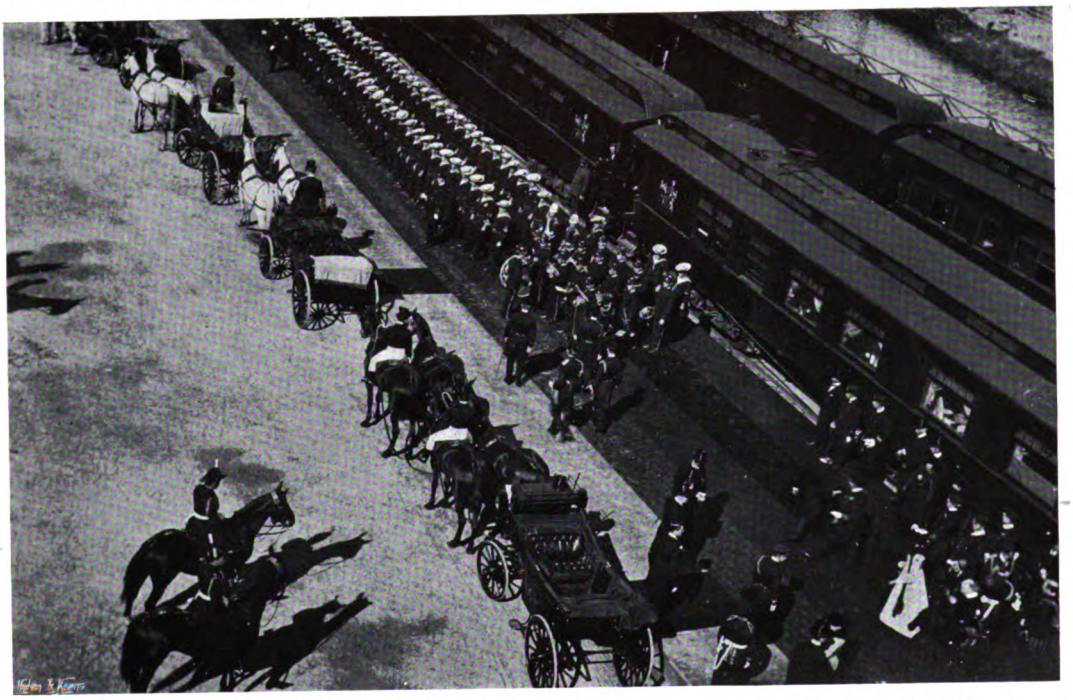
THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TOUR.



VANCOUVER TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Outside of the railway station, decorated on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, September 30, 1901.



THE DUKE INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

This guard was furnished by Bluejackets and Marines of the Pacific Squadron. The superb Royal train is seen in the background.

Photos Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION AT VANCOUVER.

In the carriage are seated T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck.

THE Duke of Cornwall's tour through the Empire reached its Western limit on the Pacific seaboard when the Royal train steamed into Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Nowhere throughout the many thousand miles their Royal Highnesses have travelled did they meet with a more enthusiastic reception. Preparations for their arrival had been for some time in hand, and the 14,000 inhabitants of Vancouver rose superbly to the occasion. The site where now stands the city that gave the first greeting on the Pacific to the princely pair was in 1885 a dense forest. To-day there covers it a town with miles of wide and well-made streets, lit with gas and electricity, traversed by electric trams, and adorned by many handsome and stately buildings. The Duke and Duchess arrived at noon on Monday, September 30, and the day was, of course, observed as a public holiday, the streets being beautifully decorated, and the lovely waters of Burrard Inlet, on the shores of which the town stands, bright with the bunting of the men-of-war of the Pacific Squadron, dressed rainbow fashion. These included the "Warspite," flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Bickford, C.M.G., the sister cruisers "Amphion" and "Phaeton," the smart new sloop "Condor," the torpedo-boat destroyer "Sparrowhawk," torpedo-boat No. 39, and the Canadian Dominion ship "Quadra," whose united guns roared forth the Royal salute that welcomed the august visitors to Pacific waters. At the station their Royal Highnesses were received by the admiral, the captains of the squadron, and the local magnates, whilst the guard of honour was composed of Bluejackets and Marines from the squadron, the former under the command of Lieutenant A. H. Loxley, the latter under that of Major W. S. S. Harvest, both officers of the flag-ship. After the Duke had inspected the guard the Royal party proceeded to the Court House, where addresses were presented and the Mayor, Mr. Townley, welcomed them to the city. A varied programme occupied the day, and at six o'clock the Royal party embarked on board the Canadian Pacific Railway's splendid steamer, the "Empress of India," which was on the morrow to convey them to Victoria. At night the town and shipping were beautifully illuminated, and Their Royal Highnesses entertained a number of guests at an official dinner. At five o'clock on the Tuesday morning the "Empress of India" steamed, in glorious weather, across the Straits for Vancouver Island. One of the three pictures here given is worthy of special scrutiny, that depicting the inspection of the guard of honour, for it shows excellently the superb train furnished by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the transit of the Royal party across the continent. This latter, specially built for the occasion, was most beautifully and commodiously fitted for the accommodation of the Duke and Duchess and their suite, and furnished with palatial magnificene.

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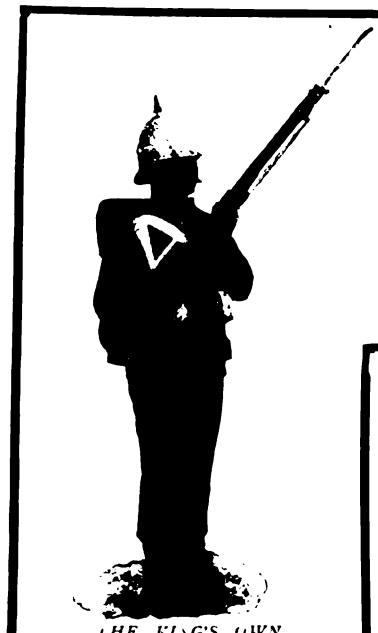

THE KING'S OWN.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

THE KING'S OWN.

THE Americans are free to manage, which implies that they are also entitled to mismanage, their own affairs. So we need say nothing in the way of criticism of the portentous enquiry they are making into the conduct of the Naval battle of Santiago de Cuba. To us the only point of interest is the way in which it illustrates the tendency of Naval operations to produce violent quarrels leading to public discussions and courts-martial. We have a string of them in our own history, some with the court-martial sequel and others without. It may be considered to begin with the Drake and Borough quarrel in 1587, and goes on through the Baddiley and Appleton dispute in the First Dutch War, with its successors the more or less uproarious and virulent shindies between Mathews and Lestock, Keppel and Palliser, Jervis and Orde, while there was a very narrow escape of another one between Lyons and Dundas in the Russian War. One might add to these a considerable tail of minor unpleasantnesses arising from the Dutch Wars of Charles II.'s time, when admirals roundly accused one another of cowardice, and the American War of 1778-83, when Vinegar Parker was scarcely held back from abusing Rodney in print, and there was trouble between Hood and Graves after the battle of the Chesapeake. But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. Everybody knows how common Naval quarrels have been if he knows Naval history at all.

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The explanation probably is that Naval men are more accustomed to see every miscarriage made the subject of an enquiry than soldiers are, and that when angry they forget the difference between trying a man for a specific act which caused loss or damage, and trying him merely on the question whether he had done the most judicious thing. To this may be added the influence of a solitary and isolated life, shut off from the world, which made men brood, and under which they talked and hammered themselves into a state of chronic sulky indignation. There are few stranger examples of the Naval quarrel than the first-mentioned above—that between Drake and Borough. The two men were exactly calculated to fall out. Drake was always more of a buccaneer than a regular officer, while Borough was a formal Queen's officer, who plainly disliked his commander and distrusted him. They were joined in the expedition of 1587 in circumstances which could not have been altered if the intention had been to bring them into collision. The expedition was a joint affair, fitted out partly by the Queen, partly by "adventurers," that is, speculators who looked to make their profit out of prizes. Drake was commander for the Crown, but he was also in a special way the representative of the adventurers. We have no direct evidence that such was the case, but a survey of the evidence and the probabilities leaves the impression that Borough was expected to act as a damper on his chief. The captains were partly Queen's men, partly followers of Drake. He, as the Council very well knew, belonged to the party which was straining to drag the Queen into a more aggressive and hazardous kind of war than she was disposed to make. Borough might be relied upon to insist on holding councils of war, and on being always on the side of prudence and the safety of the Queen's ships. It would have been wonderful if the two men had not fallen out.

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The pretext of the quarrel was the letter written by Borough to complain of Drake's operations at Cape St. Vincent, and of his neglect of the orthodox rule of holding councils of war. As regards the operations, Borough held what we should now consider correct views. The purpose of the expedition was to prevent the King of Spain from sending Naval stores from Cadiz to Lisbon. This had to be done on the water, and to land soldiers for the purpose of taking Lagos and seizing forts at Cape St. Vincent was to divide our forces and incur the risk of being driven off by bad weather and having to leave men behind. If we knew all, which we do not, we should probably find that the real object of these landings was to extort ransom for the advantage of the adventurers in the first place, and to commit the Queen to the kind of war she wished to avoid in the second. As for the councils, they were, and long continued to be, the practice. Governments habitually insisted that they should be held. Drake did not like them, and he was right, as all experience goes to show; but still they were the rule.

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The line which Drake took when he got Borough's letter was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He seized on it as an excuse to make an example. It is terrible heresy, no doubt, but Drake appears to me to have been a man absolutely without scruple, or any sense of obligation to behave with common fairness to those who were not absolutely at his service. He knew the necessity of having a trustworthy band, and could be open-handed to those who were body and soul his creatures. There was, however, no trick which he would not play on others, and with a prospect of profit before him he would leave a colleague or commander in the lurch without hesitation. That he had courage and ingenuity, and that his ability and reputation made him necessary to the Government at a crisis, are of course obvious. But to me, nothing is more easy to understand than the space his contemporaries made round him in his later years. It was not safe to work with him. He played the Lord High Admiral a nasty trick in the Armada year, he deserted Hawkins at San Juan de Ulua, he was grasping with Frobisher, and, if probability is any guide at all, he deliberately murdered Doughty. He and Raleigh were two typical men of the Renaissance, in whom there was quite as much of a Cæsar Borgia as of the English officer and gentleman. Raleigh laid it down in plain words that the greatest of misfortunes is to be poor, and to become rich he would do anything, from lying upwards. Drake was of the same type, less many-sided, less brilliant than Raleigh, without the high breeding, the learning, and the poetry, but with an equal element of the crafty, grasping spirit of the Renaissance.

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With such a man, the plain course in 1587 was to make Borough's letter an excuse for striking terror. He superseded his vice-admiral after the affair at Cadiz, and put him under arrest in the "Lion." The crew mutinied, turned out the captain appointed by Drake, and sailed for England, which was fortunate for Borough. If he did take measures to bring this about, I for one cannot think he was greatly to blame. Discipline and loyalty to a commander are very necessary, but they are only possible when he acknowledges an obligation to behave fairly to his subordinates. They are quite out of the question when he is capable of laying a plot to murder one. Then if there is any means of escape, or chance of forestalling him, human nature may be trusted to take it. Now, when the "Lion" made off to England, Drake was vamping up a case against Borough on the model he himself had prepared when he killed Doughty. He was collecting uncontrolled assertions on matters of fact, hearsay reports, and expressions of opinion, was rolling them all together, and getting them certified in the lump by so-called witnesses. There can be no doubt on the subject. The papers are in existence, and have been printed by the Navy Records Society. They display the bold sea rover in a character he could assume with great effect, namely, that of a thoroughly unscrupulous attorney. He tied the matter of fact to the expression of opinion, then he got hold of anyone who agreed with the opinion, and induced him to swear to the truth of

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both. The age was not very exacting as to the quality of evidence. Look at the stuff produced against Raleigh when he was tried in the reign of James I. Only a French court-martial trying an unpopular Jew would think of listening to it. We in this country would not now consider it good enough on which to hang a dog. But lax as the age was in this matter, Drake's little bundle of confusions and mendacities, suppositions and deductions, all pounded up together, was too much for the council when the story came before them, and they stopped the whole business. In 1588 he could not but be employed, and if his own claims and those of his admiring and credulous biographers are to be believed, he did everything. That, however, is another story. What is certain is that from this time forward he was distrusted, and had to fall back on his old trade of buccaneering. The offence he gave Lord Howard of Effingham in 1588, and the Queen's dislike, account for a good deal, but the Borough business, coming so soon after the ugly Doughty affair, must have helped.

THE CELEBRATION OF A GREAT VICTORY.

By W. T. M.

IT is impossible for anyone to look at the "Victory" as she lies in Portsmouth Harbour without associating her with Nelson's great victory of nearly a hundred years ago. If I may venture to interpose the personal element, I remember making a water-colour sketch of her about four o'clock one July morning some years ago, and wondering how many more sketches it would be possible for my sons and my grand-children to make. But my sketch was made from the Portsmouth side, and the picture which we give was taken from the Gosport side. Moreover, when I painted her, the "Victory" did not bear all these trappings. Trafalgar Day is naturally a great day for the vessel which was the flag-ship in that great fight. The "Royal Sovereign," with Collingwood flying his flag, led the fleet into action. He passed under the stern of the "Santa Ana," raked her, luffed up to leeward of her, and then drifted away out of the line. But the raking had cost the "Santa Ana" about 400 officers and men. Long before Collingwood drifted away, however, he had been exposed alone to the fire of four French line-of-battle-ships. The wind was too light to enable the "Victory" to get into action, but when she did begin fighting she did as much damage as the "Royal Sovereign." It was from the main-top of the "Redoutable" that Nelson received his wound. Nowadays, every nation recognises armoured tops as a necessity, but in those days Nelson regarded sending men to the tops as a waste of energy. There were no machine or quick-firing guns in 1805. At any rate, the signal which Nelson hoisted is historical, and, in conjunction with garlands at the mastheads and yardarms, the end of the flying jib-boom, and so on, it is hoisted in the ship on every Trafalgar Day. But was it so hoisted on the original fateful day? Or was it hoisted bit by bit as it was read by the squadron? I do not remember to have seen any authoritative decision upon this point. One thing is certain, that the signal was lowered as soon as possible—Nelson's anxiety on this point is well known—in order that the only flags flying save the national emblems should be those signifying close action. This, however, is not the place to tell the story of Trafalgar. The "Victory" is its representative.

Photo. Copyright. THE "VICTORY" AS SHE APPEARS ON TRAFALGAR DAY. *Cribb.*

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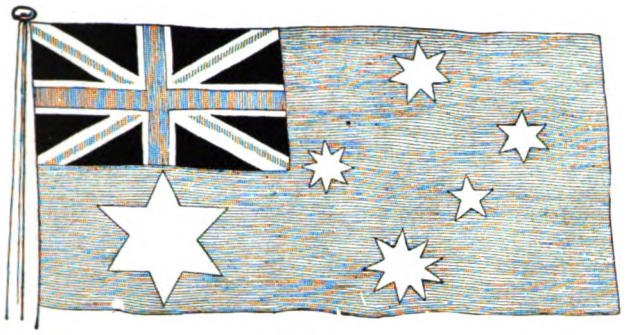

THE NEW FLAG OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

READERS of these notes will regard with very special interest and satisfaction the pictures we are enabled to present to them of the new Flag and Arms of the Australian Commonwealth. For the former no fewer than 30,000 designs were submitted in competition for the prize of £150 recently offered by the Commonwealth Government, which in the end had to be divided among five competitors who sent in almost identical designs. Well may the judges say, in allusion to this beautiful and highly emblematical flag, that "our desire has been to give to the people of our new-born nation a symbol that would be endearing and lasting in its effect."

Almost daily something occurs to make us realise the increasing strength of the grip which Imperialism is getting on the British mind. In no direction, perhaps, is this tendency of greater significance than in the matter of improved communication between the Mother Country and the more remote British Colonies, a subject which is now being discussed with a business-like directness and evident intent to arrive at some practical result which are extremely refreshing. About the time that these lines are in print Lord Strathcona will be returning to England after having done much to expedite the business of the proposed fast steam-ship line between England and Canada, tenders for which service are now being invited by the Canadian Government. It is interesting to note that Lord Strathcona, whose name is as familiar "on this side" as it is on that in connection with the Canadian contingents for South Africa, advocates Sydney, Cape Breton, as the Canadian terminus for the new line. Steamers of twenty-one knots can, it is said, make the passage from Queenstown to Sydney in less than four days, and to land passengers and mails for Montreal or New York would take a little over five days. It would be a strange result if the outcome of this new idea were to take away New York passengers from the lines which now run to New York, and the superior speed and comfort of which are now quoted as a reason why many who go to Canada from England prefer to travel *viâ* the United States. But, putting these matters of rivalry aside, there is ample satisfaction in the thought of improved communication on Imperial lines between us and such a grand growth of Empire as the Dominion.

A fast steam-ship line to Canada will go far towards the completion of an Imperial girdle of singular value and impressiveness, which, coupled with the coming all-British cable, cannot fail to exercise an important influence upon future Naval and Military developments. By P. and O. from London to Japan, from Yokohama to Vancouver by one of the fine liners of the Canadian Pacific Railway, across Canada by C.P.R., from Sydney, Cape Breton, or other selected terminus by quick steamer to Liverpool, should mean something very much under Jules Verne's eighty days, and stirring indeed is the thought that this brisk circuit would be completed entirely under the British flag.

An interesting minor incident of the Royal Tour through Canada was the passage of the Royal party in a trolly past the monument to Braile and Brock, who fell in the Fenian Raid of 1866, a monument the foundation-stone of which was laid by King Edward himself. Not a great deal, perhaps, is remembered of the Fenian Raid, although it was an episode of curious historical importance, and, if it had not been promptly crushed, as much by the vigour of the United States authorities in enforcing the neutrality of their frontier lines as by the military energy displayed on the Canadian side, it might have had very serious consequences. As it was, the Fenian advance guard occupied Fort Erie, having crossed the Niagara River on the night of May 31, 1866, and some difficulty was experienced before the "invasion" could be declared at an end. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that, in checking the raid, three British Line regiments were concerned, the 16th, the 47th, and the 60th Rifles. The writer some time back picked up a collection of military pamphlets, among which is a detailed account of this Fenian Raid by Major G. T. Denison, who was employed in the defence operations, and who then or subsequently commanded the Governor-General's Body Guard in Upper Canada. The account, which is dated Toronto, 1866, runs to nearly one hundred pages, and is an excellent specimen of Colonial military zeal and thoroughness.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance from a Service, as well as a commercial, point of view of the notable campaign which the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is carrying on against mosquito-borne diseases, more especially in West Africa. Some idea of the labour involved in this work may be gathered from the fact that in Sierra Leone 6,500 houses have been cleared of broken bottles, tins, calabashes, etc., in which Culex mosquitoes breed, while another troublesome genus, the Anopheles, has been sensibly diminished by draining operations. How far such proceedings will tend to diminish the unhealthiness of Naval and Military service on the West Coast is, of course, at present rather problematical, but the smallest ground gained is matter for great thankfulness, for the West Coast of Africa now harbours a considerable and growing British community, among whom the Army, at any rate, is somewhat numerously and very worthily represented. The martyrdom which has in the past been suffered by Britons from the ghastly fevers and other complaints peculiar to this region is not a cheery topic of discussion, but the writer, in conversation with experts, has been particularly struck by the constant reference to the recurrent character of these West African diseases. Not a few of those who served in the first Ashanti War of 1873-74 get nasty touches still of the local fever which they caught in that campaign, and which, let us hope, was due to the malign porterage of either the Culex or Anopheles mosquito now being severely brought to book.

THE SEAL OF UNITED AUSTRALIA.

East Africa has suffered a serious loss by the death of General Sir Lloyd William Mathews, Prime Minister and Treasurer of the Zanzibar Government. In his account of the British mission to Uganda in 1893, Sir Gerald Portal rendered a glowing tribute to this "English gentleman of the true patriotic, honest, self-sacrificing, and sympathetic type," whose name throughout many hundreds of square miles in East Africa was a synonym for open-handed generosity and a strict sense of justice. Sir Lloyd William Mathews had a singularly interesting career. He was born in 1850, and was for a good many years an officer in the Royal Navy, in which he served in the Ashanti War and in the suppression of the slave traffic on the East Coast. In 1883 he took service with the Sultan of Zanzibar, by whom he was created a general, and for whom he organised a force of 1,000 regulars and 5,000 irregulars. On the establishment of the British Protectorate over Zanzibar in 1890 General Mathews was made British Consul-General, but he never took up the post, preferring to remain in the Sultan's service. He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1894.

The Navy League has recently acquired two new distinguished Vice-Presidents in the persons of Sir Gordon Sprigg and Sir E. N. C. Braddon, Premiers of Cape Colony and Tasmania respectively. Sir Gordon Sprigg has been a prominent person in South African politics

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for the past twenty years, and will be remembered as having represented Cape Colony at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It may not be generally known that Sir E. N. C. Braddon was formerly an Indian civil servant who retired in 1877 and settled in Tasmania, a pleasant and instructive example of what might be termed Imperial transfusion of blood. In the case of both these important additions to the list of Navy League Vice-Presidents a correctness of ideas is happily indicated by a support of the undying principle that the basis of Colonial defence is Imperial Naval supremacy.

But it is not only by professional service that the Navy renders aid to the cause of Imperialism. There are other directions, as is pleasantly indicated by such announcements as one recently published to the effect that a marriage is shortly to take place between Commander James Fergusson, R.N., second son of the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., M.P., of Kilkerran, Ayrshire, and Miss Githa Williams, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Williams of Wellington, New Zealand. The announcement gains added interest from the personality of the bridegroom's father, who served in the Russian War with the Grenadier Guards, and who has been successively Governor of South Australia, New Zealand, and Bombay, and Postmaster-General—a truly Imperial ladder of honourable employment.

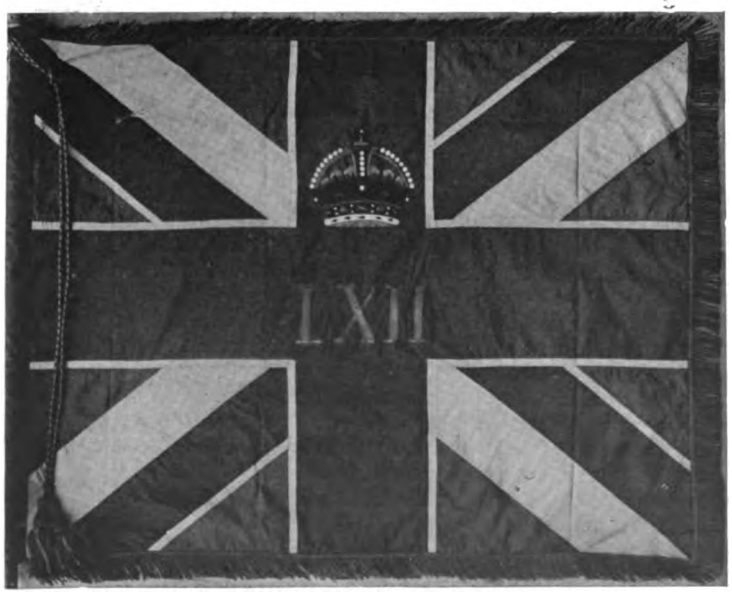
NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED extends a very hearty welcome to the *Commonwealth Defence*, a most vigorous and capitally produced little monthly which hails from Sydney, and the first (October) number of which has just reached us. It is very evident that a guiding spirit in this excellent enterprise is Mr. George C. Craig, who is already very favourably known for his book on the Federal Defence of Australasia.

The *Commonwealth Defence* is full of good things interesting not only to Colonials, but to every sort of Imperialist. It is a "little too previous" in anticipating the appointment to the Federal Forces command of Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew, but in a dozen other directions it is up-to-date, lively, and accurate, and in point of soundness and good form seems admirably qualified to serve as the accredited Naval and Military organ of the Commonwealth. There are several capital portraits in the first number, including an admirable full-page one of Colonel W. D. C. Williams, the Principal Medical Officer of the New South Wales Military Forces. Among incidental personal items may be noted that Major Sir George Dibbs, one of Australia's first Volunteers, is keeping hale and hearty. He is still at the head of the Defence Guard, and was one of the first to join the Sydney branch of the Navy League. It is also mentioned that General Sir Robert Cunliffe Low, who holds the Bombay command and led the Chitral Expedition, has been visiting Australia on leave.

NEW COLOURS OF THE ST. JOHN FUSILIERS.

THE 62ND REGIMENT OF CANADIAN MILITIA.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the Duke of Cornwall and York's tour through Canada, His Royal Highness has lost no opportunity of paying honour to the troops of the Dominion, who have in South Africa shown themselves to be as good soldiers as any in the Empire. For many years Canada has been diligent in perfecting those forces which have now shown themselves to be such a source of strength to the Empire. The Canadian Army is, with the exception of a small permanent force, composed entirely of Militia; in fact, the strength of the permanent force, horse, foot, and artillery, is under 1,000, whilst that of the Militia is some 37,000. Where all are good, indeed of the best, it is somewhat invidious to draw comparisons, but the Canadian appears, by all accounts, to have a natural aptitude for artillery work, and this branch of the Service attracts him, as is evident by the fact that the Militia Artillery of the Dominion numbers no less than sixteen field batteries, and six garrison regiments. The Duke in his tour has taken every opportunity of conferring in person distinctions and medals on those Canadians who have returned from South Africa, and he has also on more than one occasion presented Canadian regiments with colours. Two of these form the subject of the pictures on this page. They are the King's and the Regimental Colours of the 62nd Regiment of Canadian Militia, the St. John Fusiliers, whose headquarters are at the capital of New Brunswick. The ground of the Regimental Colour is blue, the same as that of the regimental facings, and the design is of an unusual pattern, for it has the Great Union in the dexter



THE KING'S COLOUR.

THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR.

canton, a custom that has been for many years discontinued in the British Army. In the centre there is the grenade, always the badge of a "Fusilier" regiment, with the title of the corps around, and below the apt regimental motto, "Semper paratus." The supporters of the device are a pair of the great Canadian elk, the moose, the largest of living deer. It will be noticed also that the Tudor Crown that surmounts the device is of the pattern recently approved by His Majesty, and this crown also appears on the King's Colour with the number of the regiment. In connection with these flags, or as they are more properly termed colours, it is worthy of remark that the dimensions of the Great Union shown on them are those which were sanctioned by Queen Victoria as one of her last acts. The colours were made by Messrs. Hobson and Sons, the well-known Army contractors, who have supplied so many of our Volunteer and Colonial corps with their equipments. This is far from being the first time that the 62nd St. John Fusiliers have appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. It may be remembered that in August of last year we illustrated two groups of young ladies, who, in connection with this corps, banded themselves together and in military costume paraded for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to furnish comforts for the Canadian soldiers in South Africa. We may be certain that the recollection of this presentation will not be one of the least pleasing of the Duke's Canadian reminiscences, for he is the colonel-in-chief of the oldest "Fusilier" regiment in the Empire's Army, and has worn its uniform at all the Canadian military pageants.

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THE RELICS IN THE NEW BOARD-ROOM.

THE ADMIRALTY OFFICE.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

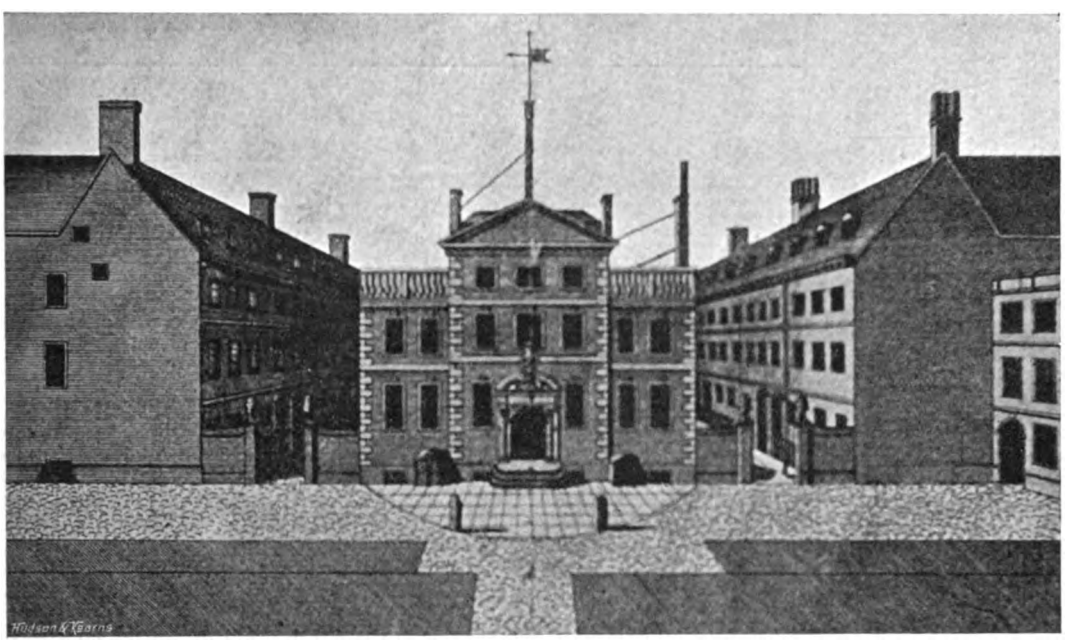
THE SUNDIAL IN THE OLD GARDEN.

WITHIN the precincts of the Admiralty Office in Whitehall is conducted the most vast, complex, and important business ever entrusted to the hands of responsible administrators. Here is carried on the work of maintaining that force upon which "under the Good Providence of God our wealth, prosperity, and peace depend." The greatness and magnitude of the duties will be understood if we realise that at the Admiralty are prepared all the plans for our Naval efficiency and expansion in every personal and material respect, and that here is expended a sum of money which approximates to £30,000,000 yearly. Here, then, in a real sense, is the "brain of the Navy," if not in the sense in which some have used that phrase. Like every other institution, the Admiralty is not perfect, and its history is perhaps full of faults; but, nevertheless, it has deserved well of the country, and has conducted its vast business with triumphant success—so much so, indeed, that it has found many to uphold it as something of a pattern of what an administrative organisation ought to be. There is no purpose here of describing the system of Admiralty business, and all that it is necessary to say is that the Admiralty differs from other departments of the State in having a Board representing the old Lord High Admiral, of which the Cabinet Minister known as the First Lord of the Admiralty is chief. That officer of State has been described as *primus inter pares*, but there are those who hold, and with strong justification, that he alone is responsible. However that may be, the system works well, and generally with great smoothness, owing to a certain facility that exists for the rapid conduct of the affairs of the Board. The organisation has, of course, grown with the Fleet, and the actual establishment of the Admiralty and the former Navy Board is usually traced to the reign of Henry VIII. The Navy Board, the Victualling Commissioners, and the Transport Board conducted special departments of Admiralty work, and the first-named of them, which was concerned with ship-building and repairs, existed until about the year 1830, when, in the time of Sir James Graham, the whole of the powers of the various Commissioners were brought under the Board of Admiralty.

In the time of the Lord High Admiral the Admiralty Office varied with the holder of the appointment, and the business was generally conducted either at his residence or that of his secretary. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 1626, convened his new "Council of the Sea" at Wallingford House, near Whitehall, where the Admiralty buildings now stand, and when Commissioners were appointed after his death they met at the same place until the execution of Charles I. in 1649. In subsequent years the business was conducted in various places, and in 1660 a portion of the old palace of Whitehall was devoted to it. The office migrated, in 1674, to Derby House, Canon Row, Westminster, which Pepys had bought for the Admiralty from the Duke of Ormonde, and then, after being transferred to various places, was finally removed to Wallingford House, its old quarters, in 1695. By that time Buckingham's building had become very dilapidated, and a new structure was required, which was erected by John Evans, and the courtyard was enlarged and rails and gates erected in 1719. But Evans's work must have been unaccountably bad, for in 1722 the building had fallen into such a state that the present structure was put in hand. The architect was Thomas Ripley.

"See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,"

says Pope in the "Dunciad." This Admiralty office in Whitehall, which was not occupied until September, 1725, the work meanwhile being conducted at a house in St. James's Square, is well depicted in one of our illustrations, with its two wings and its far too lofty Ionic columns. The artistic sense of "My Lords" seems to have been offended by this want of proportion, and the screen which now faces Whitehall was erected by Robert Adam, one of the two brothers who designed the Adelphi, in 1760, and the chisel of Grinling Gibbons adorned the Board-room, which is also depicted in our illustrations. Many are the memories that cling to this historic pile, and full of interest also are the associations of the places where the Navy Board conducted its business in old times. It was, for example, in the Navy Office in Crutched Friars, which we also illustrate (the place being erroneously described in the old plate as in Broad Street), that Pepys was besieged by the bailiffs, and whence he escaped by a window.



THE NAVY OFFICE IN CRUTCHED FRIARS.

Where the Old Navy Board Conducted its Work.

The business of the Admiralty had long outgrown the old building at Whitehall when the new building facing St. James's Park, not yet completed, was put in hand. It cannot have been without regret that the Lords of the Admiralty removed their deliberations from the famous Board-room in which so many great seamen before them had held council for the nation's weal. Let us not forget that beneath that lofty portico of the Admiralty have passed most of the great seamen of England. As you enter the building from Whitehall you pass on the left of the passage the "Captain's room," where Nelson's body rested on the night of January 8, 1806, and, opposite to it, the waiting-room, in which many

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have waited long and some have waited in vain. Here did Marryat write:

"In sore affliction, tried by God's commands,
Of patience, Job the great example stands;
But in these days a trial more severe,
Had been Job's lot if God had sent him here."

One of our illustrations shows the old Board-room, from the pencil of Rowlandson and Pugin, as it was at the time of Trafalgar. Another depicts it as it was until but a short time since that in the new building became ready for use. From the windows of this room there was a pleasant outlook into the Admiralty garden. Did the old sundial there tell the fleeting hours to the beautiful Miss Reay, the unhappy mistress of Lord Sandwich, otherwise known as "Jemmy Twitcher," a somewhat notorious First Lord, who, long ago, held high festival here? In those times, the First Lord had a house in the Admiralty, and the First Sea Lord would sometimes live there. "Sir, we have gained a great victory, but we have lost Lord Nelson." With these words was Collingwood's Trafalgar despatch brought to Mr. Marsden, the secretary, at one o'clock in the morning of November 6, 1805, and they still point out the chamber in which the venerable Lord Barham, then First Lord, was aroused to receive the intelligence. The Admiralty was therefore a place of residence, and in these pages were lately illustrated the two picturesque summer-houses in the old garden which the changes involved by the reconstruction of the buildings have made it necessary to remove. It used to be held a great advantage that the members of the Board of Admiralty should live near together, and one of the last—if not the very last—First Sea Lords to reside in the Admiralty was Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. The fact that the Admiralty Office was a place of residence as well as of business explains the origin for certain of its adornments. The handsome old clock, which is seen in our picture of the Board-room, was presented by Queen Anne, while the badge of the Admiralty bargemaster and the verge formerly borne in state before a newly-appointed member of the Board on his induction, are among the relics seen over the fireplace in another of our pictures.

There is endless interest in the reminiscences of famous seamen who have been responsible at the Admiralty for the Naval business of the country, and who have fought the battles of progress in that old Board-room. Sir Thomas Hardy—Nelson's Hardy, who became First Sea Lord in 1830, one of the best men who have ever held that office at the Admiralty — was a seaman of advanced ideas, who, though he had fought in the old wars, foresaw the changes that were impending. Sir George Cockburn, who had preceded him in office, and who succeeded him, was another fine follower of Nelson, and an admirable seaman, but he might be described as reactionary, for he never could look upon gunnery from a scientific point of view, nor tolerate the idea of steam. He entertained the old belief that seamen could only require leave to go on shore either to get drunk or to desert. In the Board-room these men debated eagerly many questions as they arose, and Sir Thomas Hardy would say, being a poor talker, that he could not argue against Cockburn, Croker, and Barrow (first and second secretaries), for they carried too heavy a broadside, and would prove him wrong in two minutes, though he knew he was right all the time. Another First Sea Lord who had little relish for scientific gunnery was Sir John Poo Beresford (1834), who had arguments at the Admiralty with Sir Charles Rowley, Second Naval Lord—another gallant officer of the old school. "What, in the name of good fortune, is meant by 'initial velocity'?" asked the latter of the former, and Sir John replied, "I'll be hanged if I know, but I suppose it is some of Tom Hastings's scientific bosh." There have been many disputes as to the authority and powers of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir John Beresford had a strong view on that point. The First Sea Lord could not see what was the use of the First Lord having any of his "confounded titty-tatties" with other members of the Board. "I will tell you how I should act if I were First Lord. I should begin: 'Now, my lords, here you all are. You shall have a clear deck, fair fight, and no favour. You may all talk as long as you like, and I will take precious good care to let you know when I have had enough.' Each of you should have your say in turn, and, when I had heard all you had got to say, I should say, 'Now, my lords, my opinion is so-and-so, and do you, Mr. Secretary, make a minute to that effect, and you, Mr. Reader, get along with something else as quickly as you can.'" Sir John Beresford was not alone in thinking that the First Lord should be captain of his ship.

Sir John Briggs, long Chief Clerk of the Admiralty, whose "Naval Administrations" is full of good things like this, also tells a funny story of a conversation in the Board-room on a Sunday morning, when Lord de Grey and Sir John Beresford were there, and the latter asked about certain steamers at Woolwich, which, curiously enough, were named "Styx,"

THE BOARD-ROOM IN TRAFALGAR YEAR.

(From a Drawing from Pugin and Rowlandson.)

THE ADMIRALTY OFFICE IN WHITEHALL.

Before the Erection of the Screen.

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"Charon," and "Rhadamanthus." Sir John said, "Briggs, who was Styx?" the question provoking a smile from the First Lord. The clerk replied, "Styx is a river in hell, sir." Sir John then said, "And pray who is Charon?" "He is the ferryman who rows the company across." "And who is that other chap with the confoundedly hard name?" "He is the unjust judge, sir." The replies so amused Sir John that he said to the First Lord, "Lord de Grey, I cannot help thinking that our friend Briggs has been to hell, or I don't see how he could know so much about it."

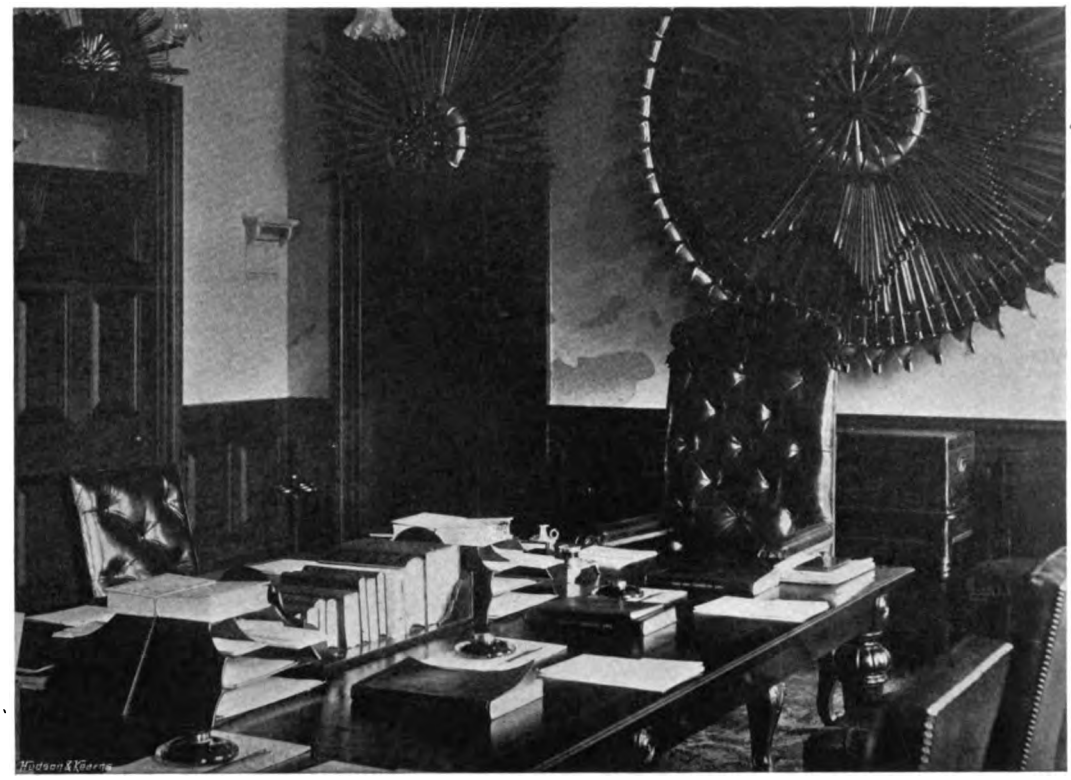
These are good stories of excellent old sea officers, but they were not the men at the Admiralty who created the existing Navy, and they are little remembered in these days. Even leaders like Sir James Graham, that great statesman, who was First Lord during the Russian War, and who placed the Admiralty upon its present basis, and established the existing system of administration, is almost forgotten. Yet it was a triumph to give to the Board of Admiralty and the subsidiary departments the flexible character they possess, to establish a system of controlling and supervising the business, and to bring the whole of the departments under a single authority, and almost under one roof in the old building in Whitehall.

Sir John Pakington was another fine administrator, who took office in 1858, and had a strong Board, Sir Fanshawe Martin being the First Sea Lord, and almost the first officer holding that post to fully realise the grave responsibilities of his position. The Duke of Somerset came a little later, with Sir Richard Dundas and Sir Frederick Grey as his chief advisers, both men who strongly urged the claims of the Navy, and came somewhat into conflict with the officers of the Treasury. When Sir John Pakington returned to office in 1866, with Sir Alexander Milne as First Sea Lord, he found the Cabinet of Lord Derby as disinclined to incur expense on behalf of the Navy as the Duke of Somerset had found the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Corry, who succeeded him, discovered the Cabinet of Mr. Disraeli to be equally rigid in regard to economy. Many a time in the Admiralty Board-room was there keen discussion in regard to the changes being introduced into the material of the Navy. The officers of the old school held to masts and sails, and with difficulty admitted the utility of steam, and there was long dispute between the advocates of the ship and the gun when enterprising firms produced armour plates of increased resisting power. Then came Mr. Childers, who, with all his energy, ended by upsetting the system of the Board, paralysing its means of inter-communication, and setting up an organisation which exists no more, while within the Admiralty a constant topic of conversation among the gentlemen of the office was about successive "rows" in the First Lord's room.

With the appointment of Mr. Goschen in 1871, the Admiralty entered upon better times, and Mr. W. H. Smith made an admirable successor, fully persuaded of the extreme importance of increasing the strength of the Navy. Then came the famous administration of Lord Northbrook, during which the public mind was aroused, and the whole subject of Naval insufficiency was treated in a masterly way, by "One who Knows the Facts," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with an effect like the throwing of a pebble into a still pool of water, spreading the ripple of movement all around. From that day forward, in the administrations of Lord George Hamilton, which will ever be noteworthy for the passage of the Naval Defence Act, of Lord Spencer, and of Mr. Goschen, the good work has gone forward, and the Board-room at the Admiralty has witnessed decisions as important as any in its history. First Sea Lords like Sir Arthur Hood, Lord John Hay, Sir Vesey Hamilton, Sir Anthony Hoskins, and Sir Frederick Richards have done splendid work for the country, and they have now a most capable successor in Lord Walter Kerr.

These, then, are some of the many things that make the Admiralty Office at Whitehall one of the most interesting buildings in the kingdom, or, indeed, in the Empire. If the stones of the old structure could tell their tale, they would record a wondrous deal of history, and would speak to us of the actions and the personalities of many great seamen. Finally, let us not forget that they would tell us also of a vast system of fraud and spoliation long since swept away. The fault was not in the Admiralty Board, but in its lack of controlling power, when the Navy Board inspected the dockyards, and before the various branches of Naval work were brought directly into its hands. Here St. Vincent, amid a storm of shameless invective from thwarted peculators, laboured to purge the civil branches from a colossal evil, groping his way, as one ingenious writer said, "by the casual coruscations and collusions of fraud with neglect, and of guilt with security, and by the light of putrescence, and the lanthorn in the tail of the wriggling worm of peculation." It is when we fully realise these conditions that we recognise how great and difficult was the work of the good seamen and statesmen who have administered the affairs of the Navy in the old building in Whitehall.

The new building facing St. James's Park, which, when all is complete, will form a quadrangle with the old, is very commodious and well arranged. Broad corridors, airy rooms, and easy methods of communication have been assured, and, even if the architect be not altogether pleased with the result, he must admit that in these respects a very great deal has been attained.



THE BOARD-ROOM IN THE NEW BUILDING.

Where the Business of the Board is now Conducted.

THE BOARD-ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING.

Fitted as it was Recently Used.

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TYPES OF SERVICE IN THE EAST.

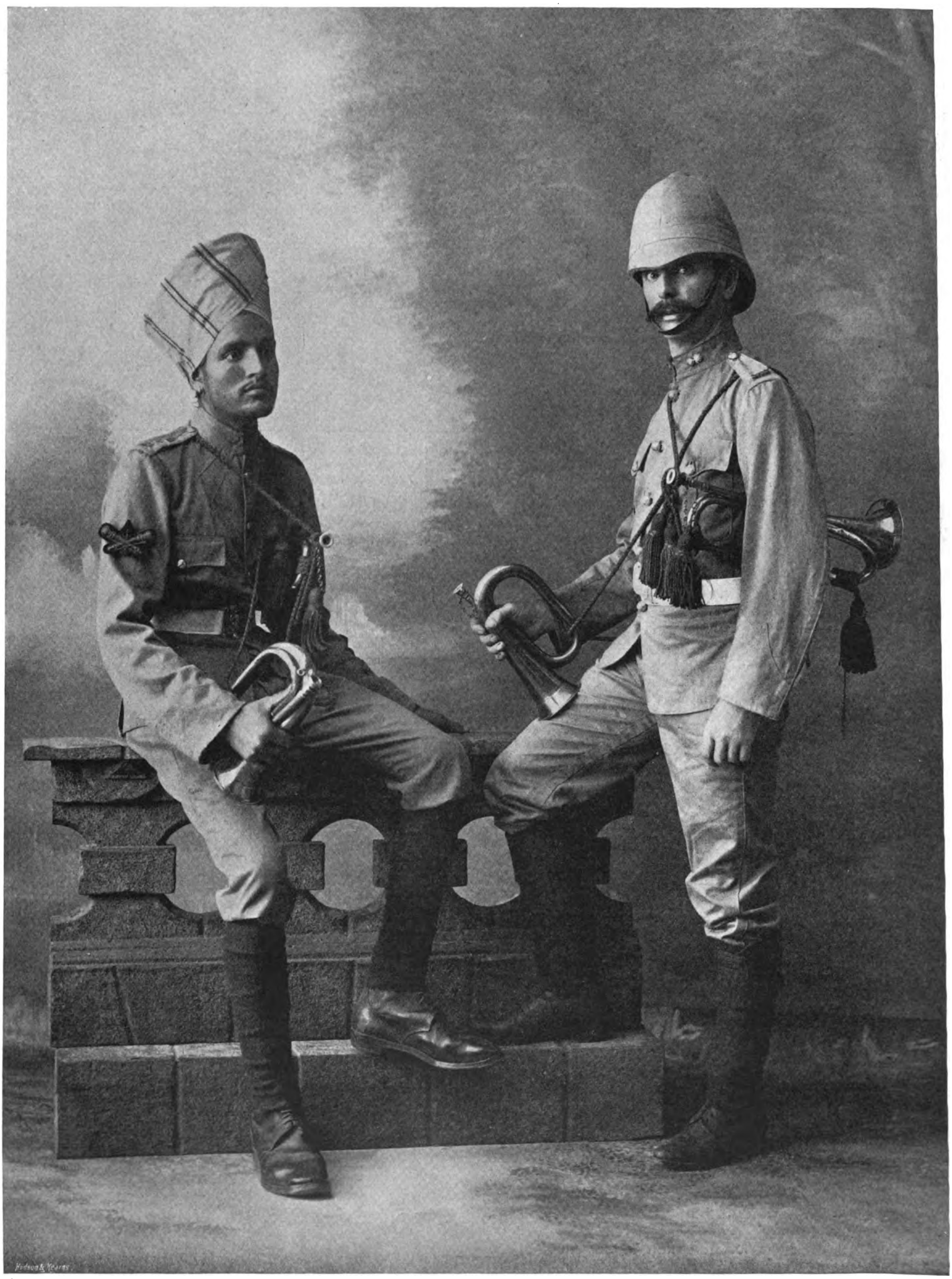

Photo. Copyright. *Skeen.*

BUGLERS AT SINGAPORE.

The Englishman in this picture is a Volunteer, and belongs to the Ceylon Volunteer Artillery, while the Cingalese is a bugler in the Regular Ceylon Native Artillery. The typical characteristics of both races are written on their faces—the Englishman alert, vigorous, perhaps a little self-assertive; the native of Ceylon eager, active, enthusiastic, but possibly somewhat deficient in staying power. Nevertheless, such men need only the leading which British officers can supply to be quite capable of achieving anything, and to be exceptionally valuable in the attack, and practically this applies to a large number of the races of India who are not usually grouped among the specially fighting races.

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A NOVELTY AT ALDERSHOT.

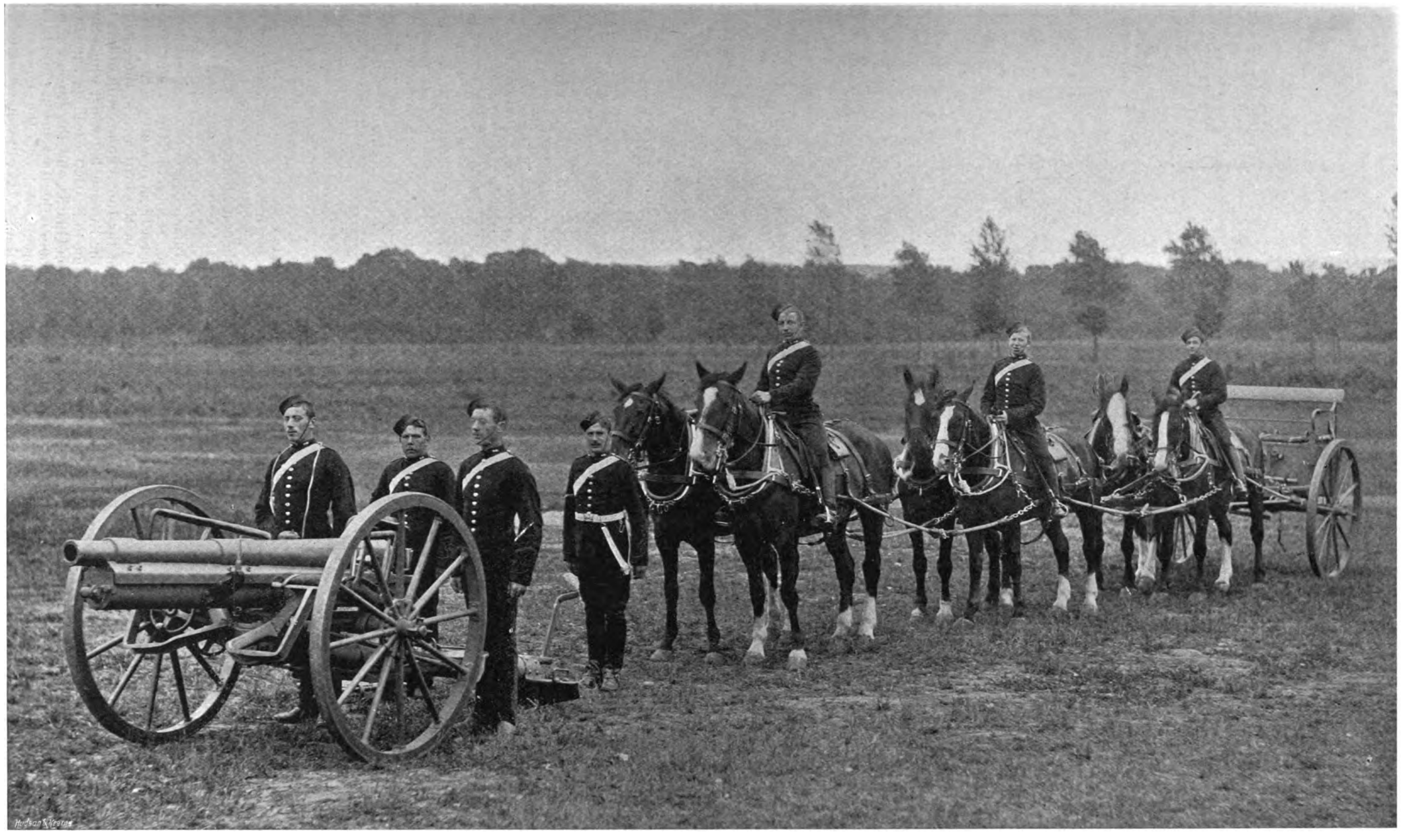

Photo. Copyright. *J. Thomson.*

ONE OF THE NEW GERMAN FIELD GUNS.

There has been a lot of talk about the field guns which have been manufactured for this country in Germany, and at the outset there was undoubtedly a feeling that they were not properly constructed. Apparently, however, this idea has been surmounted, and, with one or two alterations, they are now generally accepted. The gun is not pretty, but the days of the beauty of simplicity are passed. Everything is complicated nowadays, and this German-made gun is no worse than a lot of others. But surely in action the team would not be so close to the gun as is shown in our picture. If so, it is easy to understand the enormous wastage of our Artillery horses in South Africa.

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"SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED."

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS AT BALACLAVA.

As at Waterloo, so at Balaclava, the Inniskillings rode side by side with the Greys.

ON the north side of a small peninsula, of which Cape Kherson is the extremity, lies the harbour of Sebastopol. From the inner end of that harbour, where the Tchernaya runs into it, to the south-east corner of the peninsula, where lies the harbour of Balaclava, extends a long and broad valley which, in front of Balaclava, opens out into a plain about three miles by two. From east to west of this plain runs a low ridge of hills, practically dividing it into two minor valleys. To the ridge of hills has been given the name of the "Causeway Heights"; of the two lesser valleys the North was the scene of the charge of the Light Brigade, while the South Valley witnessed a few hours earlier the hardly less stirring, and very much more successful, rout of the Russian cavalry by the Heavy Brigade under General Scarlett.

In the early morning of October 25, 1854, the Turkish outposts on the Causeway Heights were attacked by a Russian force of 25,000 infantry, thirty-four squadrons of cavalry, and seventy-eight guns, and driven in as a matter of course. The Russian infantry then halted, but the cavalry continued its advance in two great columns, numbering some 3,000 sabres each.

One column was checked by the fire from French and Turkish heavy guns posted on the high hills with which the plain is enclosed. The other was beginning to pass on, when its advance guard was compelled to fall back before the "thin red line" of the 93rd Highlanders who were guarding the immediate approach to Balaclava.

About nine o'clock Lord Raglan began to understand that the situation was serious. The Light and Heavy Brigades of cavalry were encamped to the left of the plain near a vineyard. Eight squadrons of the Heavy Brigade were now ordered to move off to the assistance of the 93rd, and, simultaneously, the First Division, passing along the enclosing hills, came into full view of the attack.

The Scots Greys and Inniskilling Dragoons at first advanced somewhat slowly under General Scarlett, keeping the Causeway Heights to their left, when their leader became suddenly aware of the presence of the Russian cavalry, who had cleared the Turkish Redoubts and were less than half a mile off, a huge threatening mass of horsemen drawing slowly down into the valley from the higher ground. Well might the spectators have "muttered in dismay" the words of Tennyson, "Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade! Lost one and all!" But the unexpected happens just as often in war as anywhere else.

"Left wheel into line!" shouted the red-faced, white-whiskered veteran, and the Greys and Enniskilleners, as they were called then, wheeled into line, and were "dressed" with care within 600-yds. of an enemy outnumbering them ten to one, an enemy, too, on higher ground, who had until that moment been steadily moving forward. Had the Russian movement been continued, there is no saying what might have happened, but when within 400-yds. of Scarlett's line, the huge mass, showing, as Kinglake, who watched the scene, says happily, "acreage rather than numbers," came to a halt. That was Scarlett's faint chance, and he seized it grandly.

Giving the word to advance, the brigadier led his command against the Russian force, the trot giving way to the gallop, and Scarlett, with his A.D.C., orderly, and trumpeter, 50-yds. ahead. Splendidly mounted, the general was the first to plunge into the mass, but he was quickly followed by Colonel Dalrymple White of the Inniskillings and Major Clarke of the Greys. The shock was terrific. The Greys and Inniskillings, too—two squadrons of the former and one squadron of the latter took part in this glorious initial onslaught—were big men on big horses, and so were at a temporary advantage, of which they certainly availed themselves.

Closing in on their assailants, the Russians must have crushed them by sheer weight of numbers, in spite of the splendid efforts of Miller, the stalwart adjutant of the Greys, to rally his men. But happily there were others of the Heavy Cavalry behind, who, seeing the Greys and Inniskillings engaged, dashed in after them in a little series of distinct and unrelated charges. On the British right there had been left behind a squadron of the Inniskillings with orders to follow; these plunged into the Russian left wing, which they caught trying to wheel in on to Scarlett's leading squadrons. The 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the Royals, also came up independently, and smote the Russians heavily, till the latter turned and fled confusedly back over the slopes.

Lord Raglan sent an A.D.C. to congratulate Scarlett on his grand charge, but a finer compliment was forthcoming for the Greys. With bared head the gallant Colin Campbell galloped up to them and said, "Greys, gallant Greys! I am sixty-one years old, and if I were young again I would be proud to join your ranks!"

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"SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED."

"THE GREYS! RALLY! RALLY!"

The scene depicted is the moment when the Scots Greys, after charging into the mass of Russian cavalry at Balaclava, were rallying round their adjutant, Lieutenant Miller, a big man on a big horse, who, standing up in his stirrups, shouted in a voice of tremendous power, "The Greys! Rally! Rally!"

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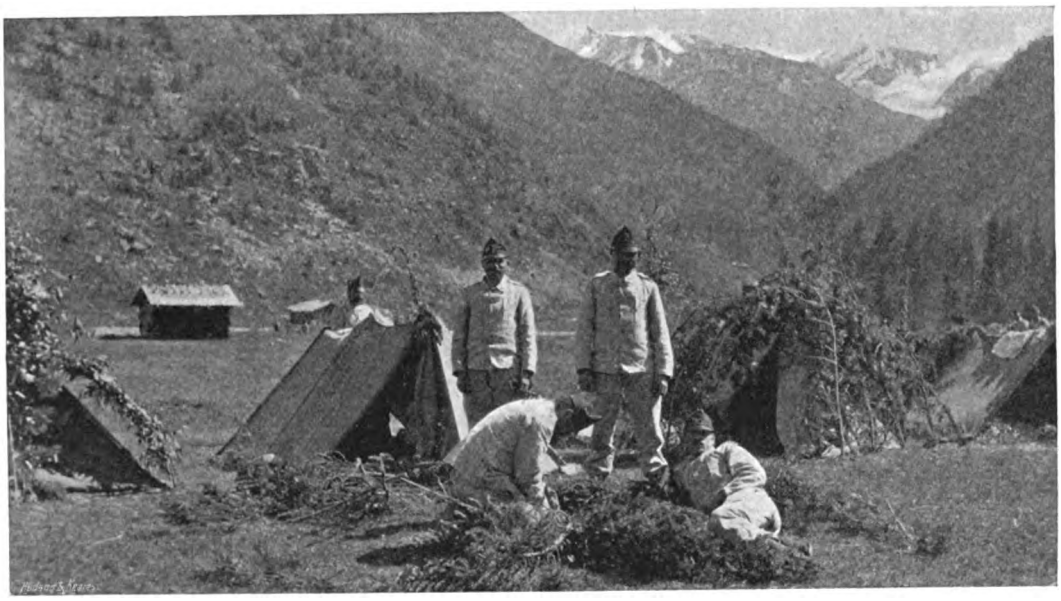
ITALIAN MANŒUVRES IN THE ALPS.

THE GAVIA PASS.

A camping-place of the Alpinis.



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

Decorating camp for Sunday.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A DELIGHTFUL SPOT.

The Alpinis in camp.

SANTA CATERINA, one of the most famous of Italian watering-places, grumbled much this year, for it has been a bad season, and Italians soon fly home when the mists come about the mountains and the sunshine they love becomes hidden from their sight. So Santa Caterina was delighted when the Alpinis—the mountain regiments of the Italian Army—arrived to encamp in the meadows that lie at the foot of the Gavia Pass. They brought some gaiety to the town, and much custom withal, for though the Alpinis were busy manœuvring, they did little but ordinary drill whilst encamped in this valley. The mornings were spent in work, and the early afternoons too. But in the evenings the cafés were crowded with them, both officers and men, who would sit the whole evening long over a coffee and liqueur, talking to their friends, many of whom were staying at the hotel hard by.

But Sunday was the great day so far as social festivities were concerned. All the morning the men were busy in the camp, bringing in pine branches and bunches of alpine flowers with which to decorate their little brown tents. Every man was taking part in these decorations, and there was great rivalry amongst them, each one wishing his tent to be more beautiful than that of his neighbour. And all this in spite of a sweltering sun which beat down upon them, reflected still more strongly, so it seemed, by the glaciers which topped the mountains around. And there in the hottest corner sat the orderly sergeant, writing on a table made of canvas, quite oblivious to the sun and to the jokes of the men around him.

By one o'clock all was in readiness, and early in the afternoon Santa Caterina was emptied of visitors, who found their way to the camp, where the band played, and officers and men received their friends, who were full of admiration for the decorations done in their honour. By six o'clock all was over. The decorations were stripped from the tents, the visitors had vanished, some of the tents were struck, and many of the men, their knapsacks on their backs, were starting on their way up the Gavia Pass—their next place of encampment—which lay 3,000-ft. above them.

It was a change from the warmth of Santa Caterina to the cold of the Pass, where even in midday a coat is most welcome; but these Alpinis are all men of the mountains, as sturdy as they are small, and fit for any hard work and for any extremes of (mountain) heat. So on the Gavia they encamped, some of the advanced piquet going ahead on the Sunday evening, the remainder following next morning before the sun was up. From the Gavia they scaled the difficult rocks and the passes above them, and later they were to descend to Pont de Legno, a typical old Italian town lying only a mile from the Tonale Pass, which forms the frontier between Austria and Italy, a country that is reminiscent of skirmishes with the Garibaldian heroes of 1859.

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THE CARABINIERS AT A REVIEW.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE "TORCH" IN DOCK.

THE proximate return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall is the fitting occasion for a note of loyal welcome in these pages. The nation must always watch with keen interest the public labours of the Heir Apparent to the throne, and certainly rarely has a Royal Prince acquitted himself so well of highly-important duties as has the Duke of York. Upon every occasion the felicity of his utterances has delighted his hearers, and the deep sympathy, the keen insight, and the largeness of view he has displayed have been ample testimony of his high character and peculiar fitness for his exalted duties. Even his illustrious father, who won the hearts of all his subjects long before he came to the throne, by royal qualities of heart and mind, never showed true understanding in a higher degree than the Duke of York in this memorable progress. It has been a journey pregnant in good for the Empire. While, on the one hand, it has made the Heir Apparent acquainted with vast multitudes of his future subjects in every clime, on the other, it has created a new bond of association between the various parts of the Empire, awakening larger loyalty to the throne, and giving new vigour to the binding sentiment of the people. The federated colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony, and Canada have vied with one another in succession in their efforts to do justice to the Royal tour, and the spontaneous expressions of loyalty which have attended every public appearance of the Duke and Duchess speak loudly of feelings which we cannot prize too highly. The Mother Country will not do less than the daughter lands in joyously honouring the Prince who has proved that he possesses all the best qualities that have distinguished his forefathers.

SO rarely is power transmitted in the Orient from a dead ruler to his successor without the accompaniment of ambition, jealousy, and intrigue, culminating in a deluge of blood, that the departure of the Ameer of Afghanistan from the scenes he had filled so well was naturally regarded throughout Europe as an event of the utmost gravity, and one perhaps full of evil portents for the future of his dominion. If Abdurrahman had been less wise and pacific in his rule than he was, the danger of revolt and anarchy would have been greater, and even now it is too early to discern the ultimate drift of current events. His son, Habibullah Khan, came to the throne with better prospects than any of his predecessors, for the consolidation of Afghanistan has been progressive, and the settlement of the succession had long been foreseen. It is true that there was a disquieting sign in the desire of the late Ameer to get behind the Government of India. The principal object of the visit to this country of Nasrullah Khan was to secure direct representation of Afghanistan at the Court of St. James's, and it failed; but that failure did not cause Abdurrahman to waver for a moment in his attitude of amity towards this country. His friendliness did not spring from love for us, but from his knowledge that the friendship of Russia was dangerous. We had no cause to feel displeased at that. It was far better that our good relations with Afghanistan should be based on the solid ground of self-interest than upon any unstable feeling of sentiment, and it is in the real value of our friendship to the new Ameer's country that we find, in this time of doubt and change, the brightest hopes for the future of Central Asia.

IT was not, however, in any degree surprising that the death of Abdurrahman should let loose upon the Continent a flood of Anglophobia. We have too many enemies in

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

Germany and France for any opportunity to be allowed to pass without incitements to greater animosity. As to the Russian Press, had not the *Novoe Vremya* and other papers, even before the death of the Ameer became known, in discussing the projected railway from Quetta to Nushki, expatiated again upon "the Russian movement towards the South," and declaimed against the presumed aggression of England? The truth is that Russia has never had a better opportunity than the present of displaying that spirit of generosity and general good feeling in which many recent public utterances have been so rich. It is unfortunate that the South African War should still drag its slow length along, but the Indian Army was never more efficient than now, and the Government of India is ready. Our political agents have been alert, and there was nothing of surprise in the death of our friendly neighbour. The foolish idea expressed by pro-Boer organs of opinion abroad that the death of the Ameer was an interposition of Providence in favour of the Boers was impiously ridiculous. There is nothing more certain than that we shall not withdraw a man from South Africa whose presence is necessary there. Mr. Brodrick's recent testimony that every request of Lord Kitchener's had been answered was gratifying; and, while we prosecute our efforts in the field, we may feel reasonable confidence that the Afghan succession will leave settled conditions behind.

A FORTNIGHT having now elapsed since Sir Redvers Buller's remarkable fighting speech, there has been leisure to review the arguments on both sides. No one ever questioned the loyalty, courage, downrightness, or chivalric spirit of the gallant soldier, or ever doubted that he did what seemed to him best to do in most trying and difficult circumstances. But it is scarcely possible to think of his terrible message without a shudder. It was in the mind of every Englishman during the anxious days of the siege that the fate of South Africa hung upon the defence of Ladysmith. If the place fell, could South Africa itself be retained? There was too much reason to believe that it would be swept entirely out of our power, and if South Africa went, what colony or dependency could feel secure? Ladysmith, in short, was the symbol of dominion, and we opened our papers anxiously every morning dreading to find intelligence of disaster. Now we know that the general in chief command in Natal thought disaster inevitable. Was ever a day so critical as that on which General Buller weighed his message? One thing, at least, we have learned—to value more highly than ever the sturdy resolution of Sir George White and his staff in that terrible situation. Sir Redvers Buller has taken the public into his confidence. He should go a step further, and tell us how it happened that he was unaware of the splendid work achieved by the Army Service Corps in victualling the beleaguered town—the vital element in the whole Natal campaign.

M. ZOLA lately gave us an insight into some things that have been incomprehensible to the English mind. The ordinary Englishman has never been able to understand how it comes to pass that French writers of evident repute, publishing articles that are read both by educated men and the *bourgeoisie*, could describe our distinguished generals as brigands, and our regimental officers as *bourreaux*, *pillards*, Nérons, and the like. It seemed to us to be degrading, and to be introducing the language of the gamin and the absinthe-sotted politician into journalism. Nothing of the kind. It is merely a picturesque vibrating style of high literary merit, informed with profound thought and rich in powerful images. It may even be incitement to murder,

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as in the Czarophobe rhapsody of M. Tailhade, but it is fine literature all the same, and the writer is impugned because of his ability, while worse men are unnoticed because they produce no effect. What is still more strange, though they go courageously to the people, the people do not understand them. Such is the wisdom of M. Zola.

A SOMEWHAT jarring note conflicts with the harmony of Empire in the expressed resolve of the Federated States of Australia to set a bar upon the dusky subjects of the King. An Empire which numbers black and brown and yellow among its children, should lay no burden upon those who are not white. If we cannot admit them everywhere to all our privileges, there is surely no reason why they should not place their feet upon the ladder in places and spheres where they have ability to succeed, and where their success is for the national good. It is against the Lascars employed in mail steamers that the colonists have raised their protest. They will not have them in the boats running under mail contracts. As everyone knows, the Lascar is a most useful person on board the boats of the P. and O. Company, so proved in his utility, indeed, that the Orient-Pacific Company, which long clung to the English fireman, has been obliged to accept him. The result has been completely satisfactory, and the Lascar stands higher in general esteem. Granting that the mercantile marine should be a reserve to the Navy, it can be demonstrated without difficulty that, in the present conditions of the sea service, the banishment of the Oriental would mean the introduction of the foreigner in places where he has not hitherto trod. Which is the better—the Lascar or the Scandinavian, or, it may be, the German, in British ships? The answer is plain to all Englishmen, and we may hope that it will not long be obscured to colonists. To bar the Lascar from this sphere of activity in mail steamers would be a retrograde step indeed, unless his place could be taken by men of British blood.

THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT AT KINSALE.

CONSIDERING that England has never sent abroad so large a force as she has even now in South Africa—and what other Power could have emulated her?—it is hardly surprising that there should be a good many medals to be distributed. In the old days medals were given by favour. They are now bestowed as of right upon all those who have taken part in any serious campaign. It is sometimes said that they are given too freely. We do not think so, for a bit of riband is often regarded as a recompense for a hard-fought campaign, and the man to whom it belongs feels himself entitled to hold himself a head and shoulders taller than his fellows. Our picture shows the presentation of these little bits of silver—so valueless, and yet so valuable—to the men of the Manchester Regiment at Kinsale. This is the headquarters of the 4th Battalion, but the men to whom the medals were given, and who are paraded in the centre of the picture, belonged to the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and, necessarily, had served in South Africa. Certainly no more respected officer could have been found to distribute these rewards than Major-General Sir H. McCalmont, K.C.B., whose Service career of hard work has sufficiently marked out his future. With him was Lieutenant-General V. H. Bowles, who is the colonel of the Manchester Regiment, and altogether the function was invested with all the solemnity and all the brightness which should mark such a gathering. Formality there must be, of course; that is indispensable on parade, and, moreover, it conduces to the conduct of things decently and in order. But everyone was conscious of the joyousness of presenting these medals to seven officers and about sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men. It was a recognition of what the regiment had done at the front, and everyone turned out to recognise the heroism of those who had fought and had been able to return. The parade which we show is a purely military function, but the inhabitants of Kinsale looked upon it in a different light. To them it meant something more than a purely military performance. It was the accredited recognition of the merits of men who had been actually under fire, and it needed only a look round to see that it was in this light that it was regarded by the onlookers.

Photo. Copyright. A PRESENTATION OF MEDALS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE. *Guy.*

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AT AN INDIAN CAMP OF EXERCISE.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

THE commencement of the Indian trooping season must awaken a good many memories among officers "of a certain age," both serving and retired, who can go back to the days of the Indian troop-ships, grand old "naval omnibuses" that they were. One used to have a certain amount of fun aboard them, but there were a good many disagreeables, especially for junior officers, for whom the accommodation in "Pandemonium" was certainly not all that could be desired, and who occasionally found the dual discipline, Naval and Military, a little irksome. As for the men, well, they *were* packed a little close at times, and the tour of the military officer of the watch at midnight round the sentries on the lower troop deck, during the ship's passage through the Red Sea, was a trying duty. But they were notable vessels, and as they ploughed along the Mediterranean, and leisurely steamed through the "Ditch," with the best part of 2,000 souls aboard, of whom two-thirds might have been British fighting men, they gave a very solid idea of England's *rôle* as a Naval and an Asiatic Power. Probably their most serious drawback was their costliness, for it was very nearly impossible to tell what the transport of an officer or man to India actually did amount to, and, if the sum had been worked out with actuarial exactness, taking the original cost of the troopers, and their subsequent repairs, together with Canal and harbour dues, into consideration, the "demnition total" per head might have been rather startling. Under the modern system, of course there is no such uncertainty, and in other ways there are advantages, notably in the matter of not locking up priceless fighting Bluejackets in ships which can only for Navy List purposes be termed "men-of-war."

The present trooping season is specially interesting, owing to the length of time which has elapsed since the Indian reliefs were carried out with regularity and completeness. Exactly what is to be done as regards British regiments whose time in India is up is even now not fully apparent, for questions may yet arise as to the wisdom of sending war-worn corps from South Africa to India in place of those who, in the ordinary course, would be coming home. At the time of writing there seems every chance that the new Ameer of Afghanistan will succeed quietly to his difficult inheritance, but any tendency to Russian intrigue will make it most undesirable that the efficiency of the British garrison of India should be subordinated to our interests in South Africa. Putting this aside, the difficulty as regards the plethora of time-expired men in India has been dealt with by a wise offer of inducements to extend the men's term of service with the colours, the inducements taking the shape either of a substantial bounty, or of a smaller bounty and a short furlough at home.

There are those, the writer among them, who see in this last idea the possible germ of a very important new system.

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION.

The notion of giving a man who has had five or six years' service in India the chance of a short run home, provided he will engage to return and serve on with the colours, is in every way excellent, and it is by no means certain that a modification of this idea would not permit a return to something resembling, yet in all essentials different from, and altogether superior to, the old local service of the John Company. Many of the objections to a local service for India have been swept away, and, coincidently, the difficulties of supplying the British garrison of India from the Regular Army have increased. The drain upon the Home Army is terrific, and when a war like that in South Africa is in progress the requirements simply cannot be properly met. With 7,000 British troops who ought to be in India employed on Imperial service elsewhere, and with the Indian Government sending back as unfit the weedy youngsters which the War Office has been sending out as "British soldiers," the present system can hardly be termed satisfactory. On the other hand, by offering a good rate of pay, and a twelve years' engagement with a six months' furlough after, say, six years, India would soon have a glorious Army at no higher price than she pays now, taking "constant sickness" and other drawbacks into consideration.

The appointment of a commandant of the new Imperial Cadet Corps is an incident of singular importance in the history of the Indian Army. The new corps is intended to provide a means by which the sons of Indian ruling chiefs and noblemen can satisfy their military longings, and qualify for useful military employment under the British Government. There are obvious objections to giving even to native young gentlemen of the highest birth and talents commissions as regimental officers. A major, for instance, who was also a Rajput princeling with a pedigree some centuries long, might not always prove as good a leader for Jack Sepoy as the average British subaltern. But the Imperial Cadet Corps scheme seems unexceptionable, and certainly the Indian Government has made a capital selection in picking out Major Watson, of the Central India Horse, as the first commandant. The writer happens to have been contemporary with Major Watson at Sandhurst, where he gave promise of becoming an excellent horseman. Subsequently, after transference from the Worcestershire to the Central India Horse, he passed through the Staff College, and was recently a D.A.A.G. for Instruction. He saw service at Suakin in 1885, and was mentioned in despatches for his behaviour at the action of Takal. He is the son of General Sir John Watson, V.C., who commanded the Bombay cavalry in the contingent which Lord Beaconsfield brought to Malta in 1878.

Talking of the Central India Horse, that distinguished

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corps looms large among what are known as the local corps of the Indian Army. There are two regiments, one of which is always stationed at Agar, the other at Goona, and the country between the two is a happy hunting ground for the Central India Horse, the British officers of which are among the best and most successful big-game sportsmen in India. There is no doubt, too, that this splendid corps, largely officered as it is by sons and grandsons of well-known Anglo-Indian heroes, exercises an important political influence in this corner of India.

Shortly after these notes appear in print the Viceroy will commence his winter tour, in the course of which he will visit Manipur, several important stations in Burma, and the Andamans. It seems an age since the Manipur Expedition of 1891, so much has happened since then to bring other sections of the Indian borderland into prominence. Lord Curzon will find much to interest him in going over the ground which was traversed by that fine young hero, now Major C. J. W. Grant, who won the V.C. for his spirited conduct on that memorable occasion. It will be remembered that young Grant not only fought like a tiger—to use the language of his men—but displayed singular level-headedness throughout, especially in the matter of bamboozling the insurgents by making himself out to be an officer of high rank, and wearing badges accordingly. From the birth-place of polo the Viceroy goes to the scenes of much former "sumpshuous fightin'," and may possibly even pass by Ling-tun-pen, in the storming of which Kipling's Mulvaney took such a prominent, if not altogether decorous, part. The Andamans, which come later in the tour, will never be dissociated from the tragic assassination of a former Viceroy, Lord Mayo, by a fanatic convict, but it may be regarded as certain that never again will a Port Blair prisoner have another such cruel chance.

The Commander-in-Chief was to leave Simla for Kashmir on October 15, and to reach Rawal Pindi about November 20. In the interim he will inspect the Maharajah's Imperial Service Troops, which have reached a high standard of efficiency, and, if I remember rightly, made themselves useful in connection with both the Hunza-Nagar and Chitral Expeditions. The steady advance of these Imperial Service Troops is a fine legacy of the enlightened rule of Lord Dufferin, before whose time the "armies" kept up by the Native States were a source of considerable trouble and some apprehension. They were also productive of a regrettable want of confidence between the Government of India and the Native Princes, who used to adopt all sorts of curious expedients for collecting odds and ends of war material, which they kept carefully out of sight when any Foreign Office official came their way. Now all is changed, and the participation of the Imperial Service Troops in any campaign in which the Indian Army is largely interested is a matter of course. Those who have an intimate acquaintance with the subject cannot avoid sometimes hoping that one day events will occur to show the value of these splendid auxiliaries in its clearest and brightest light. The war in South Africa produced some notable evidence of Indian loyalty, but it is impossible to realise from anything that has yet taken place what a goodly multitude of swords would leap joyfully from their scabbards were the Native Chiefs of India asked to do their utmost to vindicate their fealty to the British "Raj."

Sir Bindon Blood has taken up the Punjab command, in which no doubt he will be able to introduce some interesting results of his South African experiences. Early next month, moreover, General Smith-Dorrien will assume the Adjutant-Generalship of the Indian Army at Simla, subsequently, no doubt, being present, with Sir A. P. Palmer, the Commander-in-Chief, at the forthcoming manœuvres near Secunderabad in January. General Elliot remains in South Africa, his place as Inspector-General of Cavalry in India being temporarily taken by Major-General W. J. Vousden, who won the V.C. for a certain gallant charge at the head of a handful of Punjab Cavalry in the Afghan War.

A TYPE OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE CORPS.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

THE FIELD HOSPITAL OF THE HYDERABAD 1ST LANCERS.

There are many reasons why the institution of Imperial Service Corps in the different Native States was an exceedingly wise measure. It served to afford an outlet to the warlike aspirations of native nobles, and Lord Curzon has lately gone further on the same lines. The troops thus, as it were, ear-marked for Imperial service are maintained in a high state of efficiency—it is a matter of honour that this should be the case—and some of them have already done good service. Our picture indicates the efficiency of the Field Hospital attached to the Hyderabad Imperial Service 1st Lancers.

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THE RESURRECTION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

IF any actor could impersonate Sherlock Holmes upon the stage, Mr. William Gillette was obviously the man to do it. Mr. Brookfield did it some years ago in a travesty, and was very amusing. But for a serious impersonation the American actor was designated beyond dispute. The famous detective was never flurried, never at a loss—or perhaps one should say, with Mr. Gilbert's gallant sea-captain, "hardly ever." Mr. Gillette is the embodiment of coolness and sagacity. Holmes had a striking inscrutability of feature. Mr. Gillette's face is capable of expressing exactly the right shade of intellectual absorption, of absolute detachment from surroundings, of complete indifference to the emotional sides of things. In "Secret Service" this clever player held the theatre breathless again and again by the intensity and conviction of his playing. In "Too Much Johnson" he showed another side of his talent, and kept you amused the whole evening by the imperturbability of his manner and the quiet humour of his drawling speech. "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum Theatre is another triumph for Mr. Gillette. He has got out of the character of Dr. Conan Doyle's popular creation all that it will yield for the purposes of the stage. So far as a figure which is familiar to us in the printed book, so far as such a figure can be represented in a play, Sherlock Holmes finds in Mr. Gillette an ideal representative. It is not merely that the externals of the part are faithfully reproduced—the trappings and the suits in which our mind's eye sees the detective at work or at leisure, his flowered dressing-gown, his constant pipe, his abstracted air, his marvellous disguises. These are all there, but there is with them something less palpable than the actualities of dress and manner. The spirit of Sherlock has descended upon the player. He re-creates the novelist's creation. It is true that in the process of being born again, Sherlock Holmes is, in the famous phrase of Mrs. Poyser, born slightly different. But this was inevitable. When the play's the thing, your theme must be treated dramatically. Popular drama must include a love affair for the leading man. Therefore Holmes must fall in love. To ensure the required number of thrills, popular drama must have a Titanic villain, as well as a Titanic hero. Therefore Sherlock for the greater part of the piece divides the honours with another—instead of standing out triumphant and alone, as he does in the books, against a background of crimes detected and mysteries dissolved. But, making all needful allowance for the inevitable difficulties of exactly reproducing upon the stage, in the course of a few hours, an atmosphere created by a writer in numerous stories which have had time to produce on the mind their accumulated effect, it must be allowed that the adaptation is far more successful than most of such adventures, and that, if Sherlock Holmes could gain a wider popularity than he enjoys already, the play will certainly confer this added laurel upon him.

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

You will recollect, if you know the records of Sherlock as you should—and, if you do not, you cannot make acquaintance with them in a pleasanter form than the three volumes in a neat case which Messrs. Newnes have just published as a souvenir edition—you will remember that the tale in which Dr. Conan Doyle related the close of the detective's strange eventful history was concerned with the redoubtable Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of crime, the man whose hand and brain controlled a vast organisation devoted to the committing of every variety of offence against Society that the wit of man could conceive. "For years past," Holmes tells Dr. Watson, "I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organising power which for ever stands in the way of the law and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts—forgery cases, robberies, murders—I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally consulted. For years I have endeavoured to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity."

"The Final Problem" tells how this diabolical ex-Professor gradually found himself caught in the toils which Holmes wove around him, how his gang was captured, and how he himself escaped to meet his death on a Swiss mountain-side, over which he fell, dragging with him the great investigator who had brought his career of crime to an end. It was the hardest possible task to spin the meshes that so nearly ensnared him, for Moriarty was in his way as much a genius as Holmes in his. "He has a brain of the first order," Sherlock admitted to his friend. "He sits motionless like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organised. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed—the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organised and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught—never so much as suspected."

It is this episode—the final episode in Sherlock Holmes's career—upon which the play is based. Of course the incidents of the story are embroidered and enlarged and multiplied. But it is in essence the struggle between the beneficent genius of the detective and the evil genius of the Professor that provides the stuff of the drama. This is what good popular drama ought to be—a conflict of wills, a clash of personalities, a duel of two strong characters. With Mr. Gillette to play the hero and Mr. Abingdon, long beloved and nightly hooted by the Adelphi gallery, to give the correct air of sinister malevolence to the villain, the piece was bound to please, and please it undoubtedly does. The mechanism of the scenery is another element in its success; so are the exciting incidents that show us the progress of the deadly struggle between the forces of law and order and the powers of wickedness and vice. Altogether it is an attractive entertainment.

Yet, after all, the play only shows us Sherlock Holmes engaged in one of his many combats with the mysterious and the lurid. It reminds us of the numerous other cases which Dr. Conan Doyle has put on record, and stimulates afresh our interest in the inscrutable detective with the miraculous gift for hunting down criminals and the close power of observation which enable him to bring his hunting to such successful issues. The three volumes just reissued by Messrs. Newnes, of which we have made mention, contain, with the exception of "A Study in Scarlet," all the stories in which Sherlock Holmes figured. They serve these stories up in a charming form—a pretty case, handy volumes, good paper, clear print—just the form in which admirers of Dr. Conan Doyle's hero had for a long time wanted the accounts of his career. They are certain to find numbers of ready purchasers, and so are the issues of the *Strand Magazine* which contain fresh light upon Holmes's achievements. There was general regret when Sherlock Holmes disappeared over the precipice. There will be general satisfaction, we feel sure, at Dr. Conan Doyle's return to the subject on which he wrote so well, and at the compliance of the *Strand Magazine* with the widely-expressed desire for more records of the wonderful man's exploits and cunning.

SEVERAL regiments of Militia volunteered their services for the garrisons of the Mediterranean during the siege of Sebastopol, and thus liberated regiments of the line to proceed to the Crimea. Afterwards Queen Victoria authorised the following corps, whose services were accepted, to bear the word "Mediterranean" on their colours: 3rd Royal Berkshire, 3rd Buffs (East Kent), 3rd and 4th King's Own (Royal Lancaster), 3rd Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, 5th Royal Fusiliers (City of London), 3rd Northamptonshire, 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 3rd and 4th South Staffordshire Regiment, 3rd Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire Regiment), and 3rd Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment). In each case the modern designation of the regiment is given

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THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Devonport—I.

THE unrivalled advantages of Plymouth Sound, and of the Hamoaze, upon which Devonport Dockyard lies, marked out the place long ago as necessarily the situation for a great Naval arsenal, and there is, in fact, scarcely a period of history in which it has not figured with some prominence in our Naval annals. There are those who think that Devonport will yet exceed in Naval importance the dockyard at Portsmouth, and when the Keyham extension works have been brought to completion, Portsmouth may, indeed, remain only *primus inter pares*. With pictures of the modern Devonport Dockyard before us, let us first note a few landmarks in its history. The Naval value of Plymouth—for the dockyard establishment was not known as Devonport until 1824—is indicated as much by the attacks made upon it by enemies as by the preparations that went on there. The French made descents on the place, and in 1339 some freebooters of that nation, making a raid on the coast, succeeded in giving to the flames a number of vessels at the port. Again, in 1377, Jean de Vienne laid Plymouth in ashes, as well as Folkestone, Portsmouth, and Dartmouth. A Spanish force in 1405 seems to have made an attempt upon the port, where a bridge of boats had been built across the river, but the assailants, with their French comrades, were driven back by a heavy fire from the fortifications.

A fort for the defence of Plymouth had been built by Edmund Stafford, Bishop of Exeter, in the reign of Edward III., which was afterwards described by Leland as "a strong castle quadrant, having at each corner a great round tower." The fort in question was on the south of the town, not far from the Barbican. From time to time other defences were added, and in the reign of Elizabeth numerous small forts and batteries were placed to command the harbour, the fort on the Hoe cliffs, demolished upon the building of the citadel in 1670-71, being erected shortly after 1590. These extensive fortifications became necessary owing to the assembly of large fleets at the port, and, doubtless, also the increasing number of vessels built and fitted there. Even as early as 1287 a fleet of 325 vessels assembled at Plymouth for operations against France. Fleets were constantly in the harbour in the time of Edward III., and, in 1355, the Black Prince embarked there. It was in the reign of Elizabeth that Plymouth began to assume its greater importance, and the part it played during the Spanish War is written large in our history. It was associated with Drake, Howard, Raleigh, and all the great seamen of that and of later times, and its history as a port far exceeds the scope of this article.

HOUSE OF THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Characteristic of the fine buildings at Devonport.

The permanent works, however, with the exception of the defences, were few, and the state of Plymouth in those times affords a striking contrast to the Naval establishment of the present day. The late Sir Thomas Byam Martin, thinking of docks, basins, and supplies, remarked that it was extraordinary the place had been so long neglected as a Naval port. Even in the year 1668 the establishment of officers and men was so small that they all lived on board the sheer-hulk at the port, and he had even found letters from James Duke of York directing the colonel commanding the troops at Plymouth to make certain communications to the captains of any of His Majesty's ships arriving at the port. There was at the time only one house in the now extensive town, called the Mill House, standing on Windmill Hill. The admiral recorded the great increase in the value of land at Devonport, and said that all the dockyard, except two acres, belonged to Sir John St. Aubyn, being held on a perpetual lease, subject to a fine every seven years of £500, and a yearly rent of £175. The fine appears to be £534 4s. 6d., and the rent at the rate of fifty shillings an acre.

THE DOCKYARD BASIN.

And site of the original establishment.

From Photos specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

It is believed that Charles II. proposed to establish a dockyard at Plymouth, but little was done until after the Revolution of 1688. In the next year, indeed, Plymouth was first established as a royal dockyard, plans being prepared for works upon the Hamoaze. Land was purchased at Mount Wise, where the house of the Commander-in-Chief now is, and in the adjacent parish of Stoke, and a dock and basin were constructed. The establishment of that day, which was completed in 1693, extended from where the jetty now is at Northcorner to the present camber, and was partly enclosed by a wall on the land side, but the

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enclosure was not finished until 1777, when some additional land was taken in which had been purchased from Sir William Morris. A good deal of ship-building was carried on, but it appears to have been partly in the hands of private builders, and it was not until 1787 that a first-rate, the "Royal Sovereign," was built at the port. The dock of 1693, with the basin, faced the Terrace, of official houses, where the dockyard basin now is, and a new dock was built about 1727, at which date the number of men borne on the books of the establishment was 604.

It is interesting to note that a dockyard chapel, predecessor of the existing edifice built in 1821, had been built near the entrance with an inscription over the doorway, which ran as follows: "In the 11th year of King William III., Anno Domini 1700, this chapel was founded and built by the generous and pious contributions of officers and seamen belonging to a squadron of men-of-war paid off in this yard (after ten years' expensive war with France), being propagated and carried on by the industry and religious endeavour of George St. Lo, Esq., Commissioner of the Yard and Comptroller of the Navy." Other expenditure had become necessary at Plymouth owing to that war, and after the famous action of Torrington, the defences were hastily strengthened, the French fleet then temporarily holding the Channel.

The growing importance of the Navy in the eighteenth century caused improvements to be made at Plymouth Dockyard. One writer said: "The great advantages of a dockyard at this place having been experienced during the several wars since the year 1689, many additions and improvements have therefore been continually made to it, but the most considerable were those in the execution of a plan formed by the Commissioners of the Navy, pursuant to an order from the Admiralty when the Earl of Egmont presided thereat in the year 1764. The original estimate of this plan was £379,170." Dastardly attempts were made upon the yard. Fire broke out simultaneously in five different places in 1770, and there was a considerable fire in 1773, when "Jack the Painter," whose malevolent purposes at Portsmouth I have noticed, set fire to the rope-house. A few years later (1780) great discontent arose among the dockyard hands, much objection being taken to the system of task work, and confusion existed for about three months, with much riotous behaviour, and in the same year the dockyard men expressed their feelings by great rejoicings on the occasion of the acquittal of Admiral Keppel.

One writer described the place in 1789—a year memorable in the history of the dockyard for the visit which George III. with the Queen and Royal Family paid to it, when the new north dock was opened, and received the name of the "Royal Dock." He thus speaks of the place: "About two miles up the River Tamar, which inlet of the sea is distinguished from Cattewater by the name of Hamoaze, and commanded by the castle of St. Nicholas Island, is a wet dock, big enough to

THE INTERIOR OF THE ROPE WALK.

The total length of which is 1,202-ft.

MUTTON COVE OLD BUILDING SLIP.

Now used for the repair of boats.

THE DEVONPORT MASTHOUSE.

Where spars are seen in progress of construction.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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contain five first-rate men-of-war, and a dry dock hewn out of a mine of slate and lined with Portland stone, after the mould of a first-rate man-of-war, the whole forming as complete an arsenal as any belonging to the Government; under the direction and care of a Clerk of the Cheque, a Storekeeper, a master shipwright, a master attendant, a Clerk of Survey, and a Commissioner of Sea Affairs. These docks were built by the late King William III." The dock which the King opened was additional to those referred to, and a further extension commenced in 1798, when a second lease was granted to the Government by Sir William Morris. Some difficulties attended the extension of the yard, and in 1801 the workmen were insubordinate to the instructions received from the Admiralty. By this time the largest war-ships were being constructed at Plymouth. The "Foudroyant," 80, memorable for her association with Nelson, was built there in 1798, from the plans of Henslow, and the "Caledonia," 120, was launched in 1808. Other vessels of the latter number of guns were built at Plymouth in subsequent years—the "St. Vincent," 1815, the "Britannia," 1820, and another "Caledonia," 1830. These facts illustrate the facilities which had been developed at the Western port in the early years of the last century. The launch of the "Royal Adelaide" was a day of note in the history of the dockyard in 1828, when the Duke and Duchess of Clarence visited the establishment. We are told that "an immense concourse of spectators possessed the surrounding hill, and in vessels and boats, to witness the launch, which, together with the serene atmosphere resounding with the martial airs of the different bands in attendance, the magnificence of the launch, and the loud huzzas, afforded an animated scene whilst another of Britain's bulwarks was added to proclain her prowess of the sea."

Shortly after this time important changes took place in the administration of the yard. From its institution up to the year 1832 the command was vested in captains as Commissioners of the Dockyard, but the growth of the business made the system of supervision by the Commissioner, master shipwright, certain assistants, a Clerk of the Cheque, and others, inadequate. The office of Commissioner was therefore abolished, and the establishment, already known as Devonport Dockyard, became a flag officer's command. Great abuses had no doubt existed under the old system. Lord St. Vincent at an earlier date had denounced the prevailing abuses, and had suppressed the perfunctory inspection of the dockyards set on foot by the Navy Board. His campaign against gross corruption, profligate expenditure, and supine negligence had caused him to declare that nothing but a radical sweep in the dockyards could cure the enormous evils and corruptions in them, which led to vast peculation and fraud. The enquiries of the beginning of the century did not, however, bear fruit until after 1830, and many changes were introduced when the Commissioner gave place to the Admiral Superintendent. Devonport Dockyard benefited greatly, and the dockyard officials, then some twelve in number, now exceed thirty, not including those connected with the Keyham Factory. This, again, is an illustration of the gradual evolution of the Naval establishment.

THE SECLUDED TERRACE IN THE YARD.

With the houses of the dockyard officials.

It is unnecessary here to attempt to describe in detail every successive extension or improvement which has taken place. The dockyard now covers an area of seventy acres, exclusive of Keyham, with which it is connected by a tunnel and railway through the hill. The later additions to Devonport Dockyard, as well as the Keyham establishment, will be described in subsequent articles, but in closing this cursory historical survey, it may be interesting to note that, when the Keyham extension has been completed, the dockyard will form a practically continuous line of works for a distance of about four miles, having the building slips at one end and the ordnance depôt at Bull Point, near the Saltash Bridge, at the other.

There will then be four docks and one basin at Devonport, three docks and two basins at Keyham, and three docks and three basins in the Keyham extension, giving not less than ten docks and six basins, with stores, shops, and factories for every necessary purpose.

Devonport Dockyard proper, though now fitted in every respect for the modern Fleet, carries back the mind to the days of the sailing Navy, while Keyham is altogether identified with the steam Navy, and the later additions may be, in a manner, linked with the Navy of the future. Here then we have a great Naval base already fully equipped, and being completed as one of the most important Naval establishments in the Empire. The strategical situation of Plymouth Sound, with the great enclosed tidal water space of the Hamoaze, has caused the efforts of the Admiralty to be largely directed to the improvement of the place.

The magnitude of the building slips, of the various docks, the great basins, and the manufacturing departments, speaks plainly of the greatest Fleet in the world, while the fine collection of old ships' figure-heads, which add distinction to Devonport Dockyard, may serve to remind the visitor of the old Fleet, its predecessor.

THE CHAPEL IN DEVONPORT YARD.

With the engine-house in the foreground.

***From Photos.** specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."*

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. XIII — No. 248.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1901.

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A FORMIDABLE SHIP FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The "Formidable," which has just commissioned for service "up the Straits," is a most powerful battle-ship. She carries a main armament of four 12-in. breech-loaders, and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and can steam at 18 knots. Her sister, the "Implacable," is already on the Mediterranean station, and another sister, the "Irresistible," is undergoing trials at the Nore. A previous "Formidable" flew Rodney's flag at the "Battle of the Saints," when he won his great victory over de Grasse on April 12, 1782.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in December. Orders for this Double Number should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

TOASTS AND TITLES.

THE after-dinner speaker who declared that, ever since public dinners were instituted, "the Navy and the Army have been enthusiastically drunk," had excellent intentions, but expressed them indifferently. Like the Notary in "Macaire," he "inevitably exposed himself to misconception," though his meaning was really clear enough. Whenever Britons meet together in public and indulge in that peculiar form of entertainment known as "toasting," they never forget to honour the forces upon which the safety of the realm and the proud position of their country must largely depend. It used to be "The Army and the Navy." Then it became "The Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces." Later, when people began to recognise the obvious truth—forgotten, perhaps, just because it was so obvious—that the Navy is our first line of defence, the form of the toast became in a great many cases "The Navy, the Army, and the Reserve Forces." Now, it seems about to undergo yet a further change, a change for which there is everything to be said, and against which no good reason can be alleged. At the Mansion House banquet the other day Lord Roberts called special attention to the form in which the Lord Mayor had proposed the toast of the Naval and Military forces of the Empire. Instead of following the usual custom, the chief magistrate of the City asked his guests to drink to the Imperial Forces of the Crown. "It is, indeed," said the Commander-in-Chief, "a very comprehensive formula, that of the Imperial Forces of the Crown." He might have added that it was no more than justice to make it thus comprehensive. The war in South Africa has shown us for the first time soldiers from all parts of the Empire fighting side by side, dying shoulder to shoulder, in defence of the idea which animates every one of His Majesty's truly loyal subjects, from whatever offshoot of the great British World-State they may come. What we for our part must do is to show our brave fellow-citizens from over-sea that we have watched their deeds with pride in our hearts, that we have heard of the losses in their ranks with sincere sorrow, and that we feel in their action a drawing together of the bonds of Empire which shall never, so far as we can help it, be allowed to slacken through misunderstanding or indifference.

It may seem a small thing, this change in the form of proposing a toast. It may strike some of us as a poor, cheap way of putting our gratitude on record. But even a toast at a public dinner may be a symbol of real feeling. We have to live largely by symbols, to make symbols stand for what we could not express without them. The outward and visible sign may seem unworthy of covering a noble sentiment. To "raise our glasses," in the German phrase of which the Emperor William is so fond, is not a very stimulating or ennobling performance. But, until some reformer suggests a more suitable method for use on public occasions, we must use the methods that are close to hand. Short of sending round the hat and making every guest express his enthusiasm and his patriotic ardour in terms of pounds, shillings, or pence, it is difficult to see what plan could be substituted for the harmless necessary toast with advantage to anybody.

There are, of course, dangers that lurk in this habit of ours of making speeches after we have eaten and drunk. Many a man has said more than he meant to say under the influence of a generous vintage. Is it not related of a prominent public man that in a speech at a Glasgow merchants' dinner he declared his readiness to purchase from anyone present a thousand yards of cloth without seeing it, by way of testifying his faith in the probity of the North? And does not the sequel tell how one canny trader took him at his word, and how that public man has ever since worn trousers of the same material? Take another case. Surely Sir Redvers Buller must regret, with all who appreciate his fine qualities as a soldier and a leader of men, that he was led away by excitement and a not unjustifiable anger to make the after-luncheon speech which has had for him such an unfortunate result. We do not, of course, for a moment suggest that his was such a case as that of the public man aforesaid. Indeed, one who was present and heard Sir Redvers speak, and had a long talk with him afterwards, remarked that he never saw anyone make a fighting speech with his temper and every faculty, to all appearance, under such complete control. All the same, we cannot help thinking General Buller would have hesitated to speak as he did if the occasion had been more formal and less unceremonious than a friendly luncheon. He forgot that he was not merely addressing the sympathetic hearers he saw around him. He did not think enough of the effect which his words, set down in cold print, would have upon the millions of newspaper readers throughout the land. With the disputes which led up to this regrettable incident we shall not deal in these pages, nor are we concerned to discuss whether the Government acted wisely or not in taking notice of the breach of discipline of which General Buller beyond question was guilty. But what we do plead for is mutual toleration, and, if possible, silence on this *chose jugée*, this episode which has now reached its conclusion. It would be a very bad thing, both for the Army and for the nation, if the case of Sir Redvers Buller became one of those endless subjects for heated open controversy and acrimonious private discussion which only serve to embitter public life and to introduce fresh elements of discord into the relations between man and man.

No one, we are sure, will be more warmly in favour of the alteration in the form of the time-honoured Naval and Military toast than the Duke of Cornwall, whom we welcome home to-day after his long colonial tour. He has seen for himself the latest manifestations of the Imperial sentiment. He knows not only what the rulers, but what the people, feel about the Empire, in Australia, in New Zealand, in South Africa, in Canada, in Newfoundland, and in all the smaller possessions of the Crown that he has visited. As we said when the Duke started, he went as our messenger to our kinsfolk in these distant quarters of the world. We could not ourselves take them our good wishes and our tribute of affection and respect. The Heir to the Throne served as our representative, our ambassador. He now brings back with him an equal burden of goodwill which our kinsfolk send to us. The Royal tour has been an unqualified success, and the memory of it will linger long. We believe that memory will do much to stimulate loyalty and to foster the Imperial idea in the hearts and minds of Britons throughout the world.

REGIMENTS are rightly fond and proud of their nicknames, for most of them were earned on the battlefield. The Northumberland Fusiliers (the old Fifth Foot) have no fewer than four nicknames. Perhaps the commonest of these is the "Fighting Fifth," which came from the fact that Wellington, after the services of the regiment in the Peninsular War, spoke of it as the "Ever fighting, never failing Fifth." It also earned the title "Old and Bold" for long services and gallant conduct in the field. "Lord Wellington's Body-guard" is another of the sobriquets. This arose out of the constant association of the Fifth with Wellington. The cleanliness and smartness of the regiment won it the name "The Shiners" as long ago as 1770.

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ROYAL TOURS.

THE voyage which the Duke of Cornwall and York has just completed has been a complete success, and there is no doubt that the Colonies have been drawn nearer to the Mother Country by this visit of the Duke and Duchess, whose progress has been closely followed, not only by the Colonials, but also by us at home. Queen Victoria and the King have both shown how much they believed in the good done by Royal visits to distant parts of the Empire. During the late Queen's reign several such visits were made by her sons and grandsons.

During the Russian War the Canadians asked Queen Victoria to visit them. It was, however, considered undesirable that Her Majesty should undergo the fatigue of so long a journey, and the invitation had to be declined. The Canadians then asked the Queen to appoint one of her sons Governor-General of the Dominion, but the Princes were then too young for such a responsible post. However, the Queen promised that when the Prince of Wales was old enough he should visit Canada in her stead. Accordingly, when the King had nearly reached his nineteenth year, the Queen decided that it was time to fulfil the promise, and the Duke of Newcastle was appointed to accompany the young Prince. He left this country on July 9, 1860, and landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of that month. The tour through Canada was one long triumphal procession. From St. John's he went to Halifax, and thence to Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa. The young Prince was taken to see the Niagara Falls before he left, and, in presence of the Royal party and thousands of spectators, Blondin, the famous tight-rope walker, crossed the Falls on a rope, walking on stilts and carrying a man on his back. The Prince left Canadian soil on September 20 to visit the United States, and set sail for home on October 20, arriving at Plymouth on November 15.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK WITH HIS STAFF.

Another tour the King made was to Egypt and the Holy Land with Dean Stanley in 1862. This was the first occasion since the days of Edward I. that the heir to the English throne had visited Palestine. Again in 1869 the King and Queen Alexandra visited Egypt, and went up the Nile. They afterwards visited the Sultan at Constantinople, going thence to the Crimea, where they spent four days and visited the famous battlefields.

Lord Canning, the great Viceroy of India, once told the Prince Consort how desirable it was that the Prince of Wales should, when grown up, visit the Queen's Eastern Empire, but the project did not take shape until 1875. The Prince of Wales left London for India on October 11 of that year, and the Princess accompanied him as far as Calais. The Prince travelled thence to Brindisi to meet his suite, who had journeyed thither in the "Serapis," one of the old large Indian troop-ships, in which the Royal party were to travel to India. Bombay was reached on November 8, and the Prince was received in State by the Governor of Bombay, the Commander-in-Chief, and over seventy Native Princes. Next day the Prince's birthday was kept, with the most gratifying tokens of loyalty. Four busy days were spent at Bombay, on one of which the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new wet docks. From Bombay His Royal Highness went to Poona, where he held a review, and then he visited the Court of the Gaikwar of Baroda. Returning to Bombay, the Royal party embarked again in the "Serapis" for Ceylon, touching at Goa on the way. Thence the journey was continued to Madras and to Calcutta, where Christmas Day was spent. On New Year's Day was held the most important ceremony of the whole tour, namely, a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India. Never had such a gathering been seen in India, the pageant being one of extraordinary splendour. From Calcutta the Prince went by rail to Benares and Lucknow. At the latter place he laid the foundation-stone of a memorial to the natives who fell in the defence of the Residency. Delhi, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Jubbulpore were all visited in turn, and the tour was concluded in March, when the "Serapis" left Bombay for home.

The Duke of Cornwall and York began his travels at even an earlier age than his father, but this was due to the fact that he was learning his profession as a sailor. The Prince of Wales, realising the benefits he had received from travelling, arranged in 1879 that his two sons, who had been for two years in the "Britannia," should go on a tour round the world. They accordingly set out for a three years' cruise in the "Bacchante," visiting in that time the Mediterranean, the West Indies, the Bermudas, St. Vincent, the Falkland Islands, Cape Colony, Australia, Fiji, Shanghai, Singapore, Ceylon, Egypt, and Palestine. In 1889 the late Duke of Clarence, at his father's suggestion, made a tour in Southern India. After visiting the Nizam of Hyderabad he went on to Burma, returning to England, *viâ* Calcutta, in May, 1890.

Another member of the Royal Family who made an extended tour in the pursuit of his profession as a Naval officer was the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who in 1860 visited Cape Colony as Prince Alfred, and again in 1867 and 1870. His visits are commemorated by the fact that more than one local corps in the Colony bears his name.

The Duke of Connaught is well known in India, where he commanded a division in the Bengal Presidency from 1883 to 1885, and was Commander-in-Chief at Bombay from 1886 to 1890. Again, there is the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who stayed in Canada when the Duke was Governor-General from 1878 to 1883.

But no member of our Royal Family, nor, for that matter, of any other Royal House, has ever made such an extended tour as the Duke of Cornwall and York, who is as we write nearing home, and will have landed by the time this paper is published. The Duke and Duchess left our shores on March 16, and have been away some seven and a-half months. The primary object of the journey was the opening of the New Federal Parliament of Australia, but during the tour the Duke and Duchess have visited every one of the great self-governing daughter nations of the Empire, their visits to New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada are not second in importance even to the great function in Australia. It is impossible to estimate too highly the service which the Duke and Duchess have rendered by their tour of the Empire.

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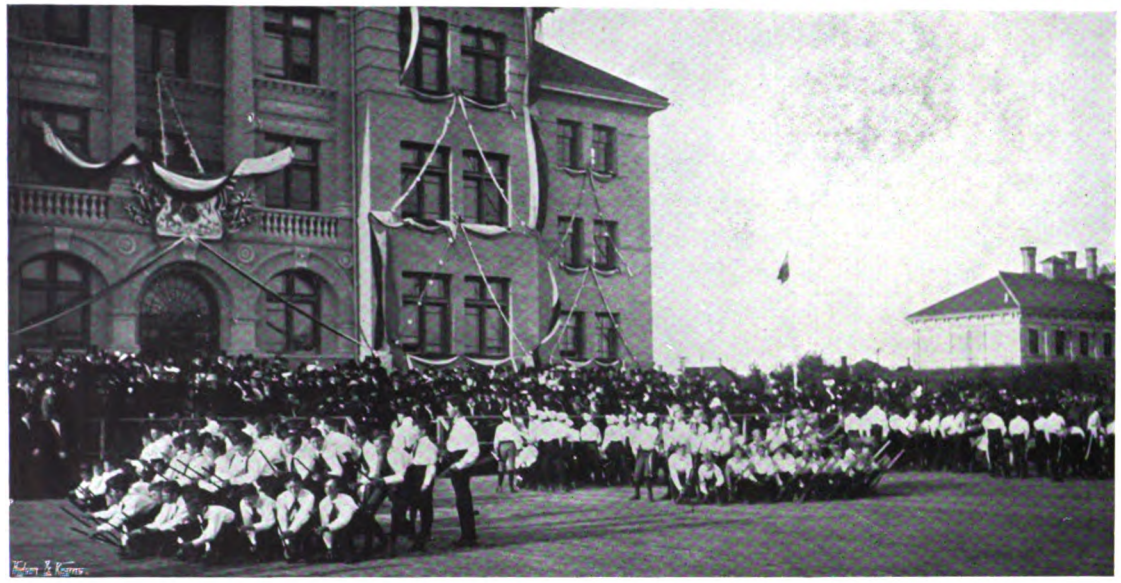
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK IN CANADA.



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PREPARE TO RECEIVE CAVALRY.

School children at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Photo. Copyright. *Topley.*

A POPULAR POLICE CORPS.

The North-West Mounted Police at Regina.

Photo. Copyright. *Topley.*

CITIZENS OF THE EMPIRE.

Parade of Indian tribes at Regina.

Photo. Copyright. *Jones.*

A VISIT TO ADMIRAL BICKFORD.

Leaving the Navel Pier, Esquimalt.

FROM EAST TO WEST AND WEST TO EAST.

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A SENTRY.

ON THE MARCH IN INDIA.

A SENTRY.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

SPEAKING last week of Naval quarrels, I mentioned the Baddiley and Appleton dispute. It is a curious story enough, but a difficult one to tell, for the reason that to make it intelligible it must be recorded in full detail, and then it might very well become tiresome. Looking at it as a whole, one has to come to the conclusion that neither of the men was wholly in the right, but that Baddiley was much more in the right than Appleton. The feat they had to achieve was in itself almost impossible, unless the enemy committed gross mistakes. Some English ships were shut up in Leghorn by a much superior Dutch force, while others were outside. The problem was to unite them without allowing the Hollanders, who were much stronger than either, to crush them in detail. There is no more arduous operation in war than this, and in reality no great discredit attaches to either Baddiley, who was outside, or Appleton, who was inside, for their failure. The Dutch, who were between the two, had only to act with common-sense, and it rested with them to fall upon whichever of the English officers they chose. If the two captains had fallen to scolding one another, no reasonable man would have been severe on them. As it was, each tried to throw all the blame on the other, and only succeeded in showing that while Baddiley did energetically endeavour to do the all but impossible, Appleton was a muddle-headed man whose one merit was personal bravery. It cannot, unfortunately, be said that the crews of either commander shone in that respect. Each had to complain of want of heart and insubordination.

* * * *

The Mathews and Lestock business is a much simpler affair. It happened in the War of the Austrian Succession, and led to an endless string of courts-martial. But a good deal of what came out in them had nothing to do with the dispute between the admirals. Their relations are capable of being put very shortly. Mathews was insolent to Lestock, and Lestock was sulky with Mathews. The latter, who was in command, was a confused-minded man, and his subordinate, who was a mean one, took advantage of technical excuses to leave his superior in the lurch. As the fleet was coming out of Hyères before the battle of Toulon Mathews gave the order to form the line. The ships were foul and the breezes light. Of course the fleet straggled, and Lestock was a long way from the main body. In the evening before the battle Mathews ordered the fleet to lie to, Lestock being then at a distance. On any rational interpretation of the signal, he ought to have come into line with the flag before he lay to, whereas he lay to at once, and was further off than ever next morning. During the battle he took advantage of the fact that the signal was out to form the line, and also to engage, to spend his time in trying to form the line instead of endeavouring to push into action. Whenever, in short, there was an excuse for saying that his orders were contradictory, he chose to endeavour to obey the one which kept him away from his admiral, and out of action.

* * * *

Rodney expressed his belief that Lestock had deliberately betrayed his admiral. The accusation was brought many years afterwards in a note to the "tactics" of Clerk of Eldin, and must be taken for what it is worth. Rodney believed that he had been ill-supported both in the battle with Langara near Cape St. Vincent, and in his action with Guichen to leeward of Martinique. He had become rather fond of making this charge, and in his later days the gout had affected his head. We need not go so far as to suppose that there was actual treason. Lestock's conduct can be explained by mere rancour, and the want of a high sense of professional and patriotic honour. He was delighted to see his superior in a mess, and availed himself of every excuse provided by the muddle-headedness of El Furibondo, as our Minister at Florence, Sir Horace Mann, called Mathews, to make trouble. He forgot, or was too angry ever to give a thought to the fact, that the country suffered by his failure to do his best. The controversy which followed between the two is weary reading. One does not wonder that the country could not see its way through the haze of contradictions and wrangling. To-day it is impossible to sympathise with either party. Lestock was wrong, but Mathews was not right. He was plainly no officer, and showed great weakness, to say nothing more, in allowing the allied French and Spaniards to go off after the battle.

* * * *

As for the courts-martial which followed the acquittal of Lestock and the condemnation of Mathews, they are not much more pleasant to look at than the dispute of the admirals. The officers composing the courts seem to have had no eyes for anything except the mere letter of the law. On any sound principle Lestock was to be condemned for his marked determination to seize every pretext to keep at a distance from his admiral or out of action. Technically there may have been some ground for not actually turning him out of the Service, but to acquit him with honour was absurd. The sentence on Mathews, again, was not much better. He was a stupid man, and timid in command, though personally as brave as Guy of Warwick. The Court-martial could not possibly approve his general management, but it condemned him for standing out of his line to force closer action at a time when the signal for the line was flying. By that decision the Court did its best to fix the slavery of the line of battle on the necks of the officers of the Navy. They turned it from being a means of bringing the ships into action into an end in itself, as if the chief merit of an admiral was to preserve his line. The finding, too, was of doubtful accuracy. When an admiral ordered his fleet to form the line he ordered it to form on his flag-ship. If he bore down on the enemy there was an easy way of keeping the formation. The other ships had only to bear down with him. But this never seems to have occurred to the Court-martial. It simply applied the rule of thumb that the admiral was to keep the same order all through the battle. The said keeping of order appears to have been considered as the be-all and end-all of the art of fighting Naval battles. That you could not get on the enemy if you did keep the line was a consideration which the Court dismissed as irrelevant—or rather would have dismissed if it had ever considered the matter.

* * * *

Dull, brutal, and full of personal malignities as this controversy was, it has a sort of negative value. I cannot recollect anywhere in it an approach to a discussion of the principles of the art of war. The parties do not accuse one another of doing things which were irrational, but only of breaking formal rules. The orthodoxy of the Fighting Instructions is taken for granted. Nowhere does it appear to have suggested itself to anybody that they in themselves were all wrong because they were a mass of hide-bound pedantry. The

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tone and spirit of the writers are very curious to contemplate, and are really most instructive. This is what comes of making a peremptory code of rules for conducting a fight. You kill, or at least you stifle down, the thinking capacity of your officers. In the French Navy, which was even more tyrannised over by the superstition of the line of battle than our own, the stifling process was carried out so effectually that the brains of the officers became fossilised. Happily, there is something in the English character which may be choked for a time but will assert itself sooner or later, and which is incompatible with slavery to cut-and-dried rules. For two generations the British Navy fretted under the Fighting Instructions. It was extremely respectful of authority, and said nothing rude, but it was dimly conscious that its guides were blind. There is something pathetic in the efforts made by Pocock, for instance, to combine the maintenance of the line with effective fighting, and so there is in Rodney's effort to do something effectual and yet to keep the sacrosanct formation in his first encounter with Guichen. In the end, accident helping, the deliverance came. After the battle of Dominica, the Navy began to ask itself, What is the use of the line except as a means of getting at the enemy? and if you can get at him without, why not? Then it rubbed its eyes, and discovered that it had been imposed upon by a nightmare.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE "BRITANNIA" BOAT RACES.

THE TWELVE-OARED CUTTERS.

Starboard Watch wins by a couple of feet.

THE INTER-TERM GIG RACE.

As it appeared halfway through the contest.

Photos. Copyright.

A CHANCE FOR THE LIGHTER LADS.

The pair-oared race for cadets of 5-ft. 3½-in. and under.

"Navy & Army."

IN THE OPEN PAIR-OARED RACE.

Halfway through the race.

IT is inherent in every boy to like sport of all kinds. It is certainly natural to such lads as those from whom the cadets of the "Britannia" are drawn to enter enthusiastically upon the pursuit of all such sport as makes for manliness. The beagles are well supported; athletics in all forms are necessarily prominent; and the boats, whether rowing or sailing, arouse a most appropriate enthusiasm. The recent Cadets' Regatta was fortunate in having fine weather, and perhaps even more fortunate in the quality of the sport which it provided. One likes hard-fought contests in such a case, and there were plenty of them. The most important race—or, at least, the one which arouses the most interest—was the contest in twelve-oared cutters between the starboard and port watches. This was obviously a fight in which every lad in the ship had a personal interest—a fight which must be fought out to the bitter end. In this case the port watch, the holders of the cup, were the heavier and stronger crew. Apparently, however, they lacked either staying power or the capability of making that final spurt which means so much, for after a close race all the way the starboard crew won by a few feet. Naturally, their colleagues of the watch were jubilant, and they had a tremendous reception as they pulled alongside after the race. Not only was the winning crew about 9-lb. per man lighter than the losers, but it had to combat the misfortune that one of its number snapped his oar at the very commencement of the race. The victory is therefore all the more creditable. The inter-term gig race ought, of course, to be won by a fourth-term boat, on the theory that the elder cadets are the stronger. In this case two fourth-term boats competed, and they finished first and second, but the favourite crew, which had won as "new boys," and which had maintained its form, was beaten somewhat easily by the other boat of the same seniority. The pair-oared race for the smaller and lighter lads had six entries, and was won only after a hard struggle, all the boats being close together at the finish. Edwards and Lees, with Leggatt as coxswain, were the winners, but they did not take part in the open pair-oared race, which, with six starters, was won by Cheston and Eddis, with Tower as coxswain. The officers' pair-oared race was another interesting contest, and provoked a good deal of enthusiasm. It was the first time that it was a pair-oared event, and there were six boats. Unfortunately, two were put out of court by a foul at the start, but the remaining four rowed a terrific race, a foot or two in each case being all that separated them at the finish. Lieutenant Chetwode and Dr. Jones were the winning pair, and they well deserved their victory, for it was only in the very last strokes that they managed to get up and to win by a foot. Altogether the regatta this year was as successful as could be desired.

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N.S.W. LANCER.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

N.S.W. LANCER.

BY the time these lines are in print much of the unfortunately justifiable agitation concerning the pay of the Imperial Yeomanry will probably have been allayed by the efforts of the War Office to adjust a very serious condition of affairs. In any case, the matter only comes incidentally within the scope of this department of the paper. The incident in question, however, is of such grave importance that it seems necessary to give it attention, if only in the hope of partially alleviating the mischief that has been done. It appears that among the sufferers by War Office procrastination in the matter of Yeomanry pay was a young Australian, who threw up a good position to join the Australian Bushmen, and who was subsequently transferred to an Imperial Yeomanry battalion as scout. In this capacity he was badly wounded, and came to England, with about £30 owing to him, in order to have an operation performed at a London hospital. He was subsequently reduced to considerable straits, owing to the refusal of the authorities to pay him until his papers arrived from South Africa. Eventually he was rescued by a chance acquaintance, who took this gracious opportunity of repaying kindness extended to himself when friendless in Australia, and he has since left England to take up an appointment in the United States, the £30 being still due to him from the War Office. It goes without saying that his enthusiasm for the Mother Country has hardly been increased by these experiences.

Undoubtedly this is a bad case, a very bad case, and one which is calculated to cause some bitter feeling in a colony in which there is a marked tendency to call a spade a spade, and to extend very small indulgence to such pleas as the War Office is able to put forward in its defence. But it seems to the writer of these notes that he will be better employed in trying to throw a little oil on the troubled waters than in helping to raise a storm of Colonial indignation over what is, no doubt, a very flagrant instance of official ineptitude. Surely our Australian cousins will give us, as a community, credit for being equally annoyed with themselves at an incident so painfully provocative of Colonial resentment. The pretty plain speaking to which the War Office has of late been subjected should be clear proof that not much sympathy is wasted on it, or much approval extended to its methods, by the country at large. Against, then, irritating and, one may hope, isolated errors such as this, the Colonies who have helped us in our hour of need must set the general feeling of gratitude and goodwill towards them, which is becoming a strong and healthy growth in every quarter of the Kingdom.

Incidentally, the occasion induces the writer to repeat his suggestion as to correspondence from Colonial readers. If anyone in the position of this ex-Australian Bushman sends "Imperialist," care of this office, a plain account of his difficulties, we may not be able to adjust them forthwith, but at least they shall have prompt and businesslike attention from one who is qualified by knowledge and experience to give, perhaps, as good advice as is procurable in such circumstances.

The statement that Major-General O'Grady Haly, C.B., D.S.O., has resigned the command of the Canadian Militia is contradicted. On the contrary, the appointment has been extended to December 31, and a further extension is regarded as probable. It may be recalled that General O'Grady Haly, who distinguished himself in Egypt in 1882, and in command of a column in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, was appointed temporarily to his present appointment in July, 1900.

In the matter of Sir Redvers Buller and his critics, the writer of these notes is not in any way interested so far as the actual argument involved is concerned. But it is pleasant, without reference to the pros and cons of a very unfortunate controversy, to see a trooper of Strathcona's Horse manfully sticking up for his leader, on the ground that, at any rate, that leader secured the very sincere admiration and respect of the Colonial troops that served under him: "He won our confidence in the most extraordinary way, and I often heard round the bivouac at night, in answer to enquiry soon after we had got to the front—'Waal, our boss is all right; he's a man, you bet!'" That is what Trooper 636, Strathcona's Horse, has to say, and it is good hearing that these "men from the cold of Dawson and Klondike, from the woods and water of British Columbia, and from the prairie plains of the West" left South Africa filled with true devotion for their General and for the Brigadier, Lord Dundonald, under whose immediate command they served. It needs a very loud storm of criticism to deaden the sound of a clear Colonial voice like that.

One is glad to see that locally there is a very sound appreciation of the services performed by South African Volunteers in connection with the war. The Natal Volunteers who were recently called out to assist in repelling Botha, and have since been permitted to return to their homes, received a most enthusiastic welcome at Pietermaritzburg, and in greeting them Sir Henry McCallum referred in glowing terms to the manner in which they had once more responded to the call of duty. There is no doubt that, as he said, a successful hostile inroad into Natal would now be attended by even more serious outrage and mischief than was committed two years ago, and that, in showing the firm front they did, the Natal Volunteers helped to save the Garden Colony from an immensity of wanton and cruel damage.

Among recent commendations of the behaviour of the Colonial troops in South Africa, the expressions of opinion elicited from Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald by a representative of the *Times of Ceylon*, who "caught" that gallant officer on his way to Australia, is of particular interest. "Fighting Mac's" views on the fighting quality of any body of troops are well worth listening to, and Victoria and New Zealand will probably be distinctly gratified to learn that he considers their contingents the pick of the Colonials. The Canadians, he added, also did splendid service, but they did not "last" like the Australian troopers. The differentiation is interesting, and, perhaps, open to qualification. For the rest, Sir Hector MacDonald had a good deal more to say about the war, according to the printed report, than one would have expected from a soldier who has hitherto been commendably cautious in ventilating his opinions. One would be sorry to see this tendency expanded in the course of his stay in Australia, for if there is one class of Imperial officer which we want to keep out of the Colonies as much as possible it is the talkative general.

A curious and rather significant result of the war is one to which Major-General Sir William Gatacre made allusion at a recent distribution of medals at Ipswich. It appears that a number of the Volunteers belonging to the Service Companies sent out at the beginning of last year, and since brought back to England, are returning to join the South African Constabulary. In many cases, the war must thus have opened out a Colonial career to young men who two years ago had no idea whatever of leaving this country, and a fair proportion of whom, perhaps, were hardly inclined to take even home Volunteering very seriously. There is much in this development calculated to arouse reflection, and reflection, too, of a by no means unpleasant sort. For assuredly it makes for good in the desirable direction of lessening that insularity of which even our Colonial foster-brethren are apt to complain. There is something, too, of give-and-take in the idea that, while South African Volunteers have come forward in an Imperial cause to a far greater extent than could have been justly demanded of them on the mere ground of local defence, our British Volunteers, after a spell of good soldierly work in the field, should again be going out, this time to help in policing South Africa. Of course the duties of the South African Constabulary are at present almost wholly Military, but the time is not far distant, let us hope, when fighting will yield to more peaceful, if no less important, responsibilities.

Some recent particulars which have been received concerning the Yola Expedition in Northern Nigeria point to some exceedingly brisk fighting in front of the contumacious Emir's capital, and the display of some very resolute gallantry on the part of all ranks of the detachment of the West African Frontier Force detailed for the expedition. The Emir had two 9-pounder rifled guns which had been

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presented to him by Lieutenant Mizon, the well-known French "explorer," in 1893, and fired, at 30-yds. range, these did considerable damage. But under the leadership of Colonel Morland, Major McClintock, and Captains Rose, Baker, and Mayne, the Haussas behaved splendidly, and captured palace, mosque, and guns in rattling style. It is specially added that Sergeant-Major Daniels did excellent work with a Maxim gun, no fewer than fifteen of the detachment under him being wounded. These out-of-the-way "scrimmages" are apt to be lost sight of during the progress of a great war, but they are none the less very real achievements, and full of solid importance from the Imperial standpoint.

This seems a particularly appropriate part of the paper in which to refer to that interesting and important enterprise of Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, the "Citizen's Atlas." The latter is now being issued in fortnightly parts, at 6d. net per part, and is to be completed in 26 parts. The 156 maps are beautifully executed, and for general purposes, as well as for the specific purpose of following the letterpress of these two pages, nothing better could be desired, or obtained, at double the price.

SOLDIERS' MEMORIALS IN NEWCASTLE, NATAL.

MEMORIALS of soldiers fallen in the war are often suggested at home, but in the far-off scenes of their service some, both of use and beauty, already exist where their comrades are cheered by them, and from them their friends may take comfort as marks of true sympathy.

There are two of this sort in Newcastle, Natal—a Memorial Soldiers' Institute, and a monument to the memory of those whose remains lie in the cemetery. The latter is the gift of Mr. Alexander J. Forbes-Leith, of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, whose grief at the loss of his only son, a lieutenant in the Royal Dragoons, while on active service near Newcastle, found expression in kind thought and tender sympathy for others like himself, whose dear ones, after fighting for their country, are laid to rest in the same burying ground.

Photo. Copyright. *Treadway.*

A MONUMENT IN NEWCASTLE CEMETERY.

To the memory of those who died for King and Country.

The monument is of white Carrara marble, the figure of an angel, raised upon a pediment 8-ft. high, in the act of moving—passing over the soldiers' graves that lie, all together, in front, scattering upon them flowers of peace from an abundant store carried on one arm, while a bright and tender expression has been given to the face by the sculptor. Facing the long rows of nearly 150 graves, over ground gently sloping down to the north, with Majuba and Laing's Nek on the horizon, the monument is both "a thing of beauty" as a memorial of the dead, and also a st..king testimony to the true sympathy and kindly thought of the living. Another proof of this is the despatch to the relatives of every man commemorated of a large photograph of the memorial, which is being carried out also at the suggestion and cost of Mr. Forbes-Leith.

The Soldiers' Institute owes its origin to the efforts made a year ago by the Senior Chaplain to the Forces, Natal (the Rev. W. B. Dowding), to provide rest and comfort for the garrison and troops passing through Newcastle.

With the consent of the General Officer Commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade (Brigadier-General Burn-Murdoch) two marquees were set up in the centre of the town at the end of October, 1900—one as a refreshment-room in which men could get hot tea and cocoa and good warm meals; the other for papers and books, and for writing letters home, writing materials being given to the men. A piano, looted by the Boers when in occupation of the town, but left behind in their hurried retreat, provided music for "sing-songs," and the marquees were soon crowded to discomfort, cheap suppers and small comforts having been provided at cost price in November and December to the amount of £150.

The unused materials for an iron building 50-ft. by 25-ft. were then borrowed, and early in the new year (January 22) the men were using it. But it was a mere iron shell, unlined and unadorned, and there was no money to complete it.

In February it was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Leith, who at once determined to make it into such a memorial to their son as would bring comfort and health to his comrades in arms. They therefore offered to bear all the cost (£300) of completing it (wood-lining, painting, furnishing, etc.), as well as of laying out and planting the site kindly given by the Newcastle Town Council. The building was henceforth to bear the name of their son (Percy Forbes-Leith Memorial Soldiers' Institute), and a brass tablet to his memory was put up over the main entrance on the inside.

On April 17, the work being completed, the Institute was formally handed over to the G.O.C. Natal District (Sir Henry Hildyard, K.C.B.), and by him put in charge of the Brigadier-General in Newcastle. By his wish Mr. Dowding continued to manage it as he had done from the beginning. It has now a reputation from Durban to Pretoria, and further still. Letters come addressed to the Soldiers' Institute from all parts of South Africa, even from far-off Mafeking and Rhodesia, for men who will call for them there.

In this way the memory of a young and promising officer has been preserved in the midst of men who (to use the words inscribed upon the brass tablet) are "zealously doing their duty to King and country" in the very garrison in which he served and died.

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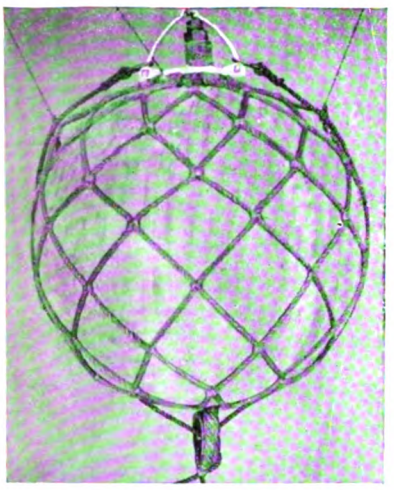


A RUBBER BALLOON BUOY.

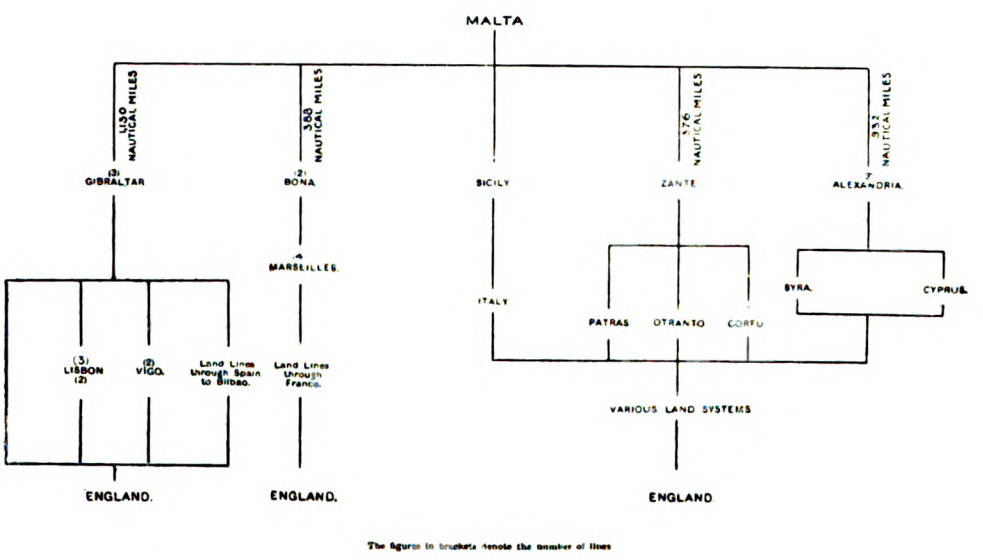
SUBMARINE CABLES IN WAR.

A Network of British Cables Beneficial to Commerce Over the Surface of the World.

By CARLYON BELLAIRS.

SOME GRAPNELS AND ANCHORS.

THE policy pursued by Great Britain in regard to cable matters, has been to spread such a network of cables beneficial to commerce over the surface of the world as to give us certainty of communication, in spite of accidents to any particular cable. It cannot be said that this policy of a multiplicity of cables has been consciously pursued with a view to providing for strategical requirements, and yet the result has been the same, viz., to give us a reasonable probability of being able to communicate with our most important colonies and coaling stations in war. Some of these routes would be lost in the event of war, such as the two routes from Malta to Bona if we were at war with France, but in that case there would still be eight other routes going from Malta to British territory or to neutral countries like Spain, Portugal, and Greece. Malta, in fact, forms a good example of the results of the policy of providing alternative routes, which I show below in the form of a graphical diagram. We see that it would require eight separate cuttings for France to completely isolate Malta. It is a task which a Power in command of the sea could accomplish with time on her side, but it is one which most men would acknowledge to be in the highest degree difficult to accomplish in face of an active mobile British force. In all such cases, admirals, like generals, make a rough estimate of the probabilities of success and the effect on the war if the operations are successful; and hence determine whether the efforts of the vessels employed can be better utilised in other directions, such as in the attack of commerce. Without venturing into the field of controversy, it may be safely said that in the case of Malta, at any rate, with its numerous means of communication, the French would not think it worth while to essay the task of isolating the island from telegraphic communication.



THE EXAMPLE OF MALTA, ILLUSTRATING THE ADVANTAGE OF POSSESSING ALTERNATIVE ROUTES OF TELEGRAPHIC CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH ENGLAND.

As I am on the subject of the telegraph in war, I may mention in reference to the cables going to neutral countries, that some authorities and the United States Government hold to the view that cables going from a belligerent's coast to that of a neutral cannot be cut except in the belligerent's territorial waters; and that cables between two neutral territories are absolutely inviolable. Here, again, most men might reach a common platform of agreement if they take the historical view that *strong* maritime nations will, if it is worth their while, override the rights of neutrals and international law. If the means of communication are numerous, it is probably the case that a weak maritime nation would not strain her diplomatic relations, with the United States for example, by venturing to cut one line of communication which happens to go to United States territory, when she knows that there are other routes still left intact.

The net result of our policy of a multiplicity of cables to all the great commercial centres has been that, in the words of the French Budget Commission of 1896, "a telegram dispatched from any point of the globe cannot reach Europe excepting over the network of English cable." Of course, this is not absolutely true to-day, as there is a direct French cable from Brest to Cape Cod, forming the longest single span in the world, and there is a German cable to the Azores and thence to New York. There are roughly 185,000 nautical miles of cable in use, and probably 75 per cent. of the total is British. The importance of this from a strategical point of view lies in the fact that it enables us to censor during war the communications of the world, as has been done at Aden during the South African War.

Each succeeding year, multiplying as it does the number of cables, makes a policy of cable cutting in war one of doubtful expediency. With the exception of some successes on the part of Germany in the Franco-German War, the power in command of the sea has been the only one to cut cables. Even with the advantage of command of the sea it may often be of doubtful expediency. It cannot be said that the United States did more than waste a great deal of effort and resources through attempts to isolate the communications of Cuba. In many cases it might be best to leave a cable intact, in order to take the end on board when blockading. The selected base may be on the enemy's coast, and it would not be a difficult matter to junction a fresh length on to the enemy's cable or to relay a section of the cable in order to bring it to the base. In the case of such a cable going to a neutral territory, it may happen that previous agreements prevent the neutral owners passing the messages, and this actually did happen in the case of the Manilla to Hong Kong Cable, the end of which Admiral Dewey took on board, but the owners were bound by their agreement not to take his messages. In such cases strategical requirements will have to be met from the stores of cable we have accumulated during peace. It is impossible to forecast what these strategical demands will be. We only know that if the network of commercial cables is sufficiently widespread, and organisation provides the means ready to hand to lay a fresh cable, only a short period should elapse before the British admiral has it brought up to a selected position near his blockading base.

I do not wish it to be inferred from anything said here that a telegraph cable is essential at the point at which fleets may be acting. Under many circumstances in war the surest way to paralyse an enemy's action is to shroud the movements of one's own ships in the most absolute secrecy. This was done by our China Squadron during the height of the Port Arthur crisis,

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when the Russians did not dare to move owing to the uncertainty as to the position of this squadron.

It is almost impossible to avoid all controversial points in dealing with submarine cable questions, for the cable itself is a new factor that is only just celebrating its jubilee. There are some who contend that cipher messages can be unravelled, and therefore it is dangerous to pass telegrams over neutral territory. I take it that to guard against this danger we require to alter the cipher from time to time, and that if we have safety for even six weeks we obtain all we are likely to require in Naval warfare. There is another school whose contention is that in following the direct shipping routes we take our cables too much over shallow ground, where it is inferred that they are easier to cut. This school advocates laying numerous alternative deep-sea cables. Its opponents retort, that with proper resources for cutting cables, an enemy bent on cutting would prefer to select a deep-sea cable out of sight of land and out of the track of shipping for its operations. A break is much harder to repair in deep water, especially if the ends are towed apart. If the deep-water cable follows an unfrequented route and is cut, the operation gives an opponent's cruiser the trouble of looking after the repairing ships, and so takes her away from the defence of commerce. The mention of repairing ships suggests another question requiring careful attention, but here it is sufficient to indicate the danger of these vessels being transferred to neutral flags. This happened to the only submarine cable vessel the Americans possessed prior to the outbreak of the American-Spanish War.

It seems likely that prudent statesmen will adopt the compromise which they may deem best suited to existing conditions and probable emergencies. Refusing to be bound by any cry for all-British or deep-sea cables, they will consider each proposed cable on its merits. Taking into consideration the limited amount of cable in the world, which results from the paucity of the supply of gutta-percha in the Malay States, they will endeavour to vary existing routes so as to supply cables along shipping routes lacking direct communication. Such a route is the All-British Cape to Australia Cable at present being laid down. This touches at Keeling Island, and if we could take a cable from Colombo to Keeling Island on the one side, and Colombo to Aden on the other, we should have direct communication along the whole of the route followed by the Australian mail steamers. Another popular project is a Pacific cable from Canada to Australia, but the exact route is a matter of controversy. In the meantime, the United States is busying itself with considering projects for direct communication with the Philippines, *viâ* San Francisco and Hawaii. The difficulty always is the small output of cable, which, owing to the scarcity of gutta-percha, probably amounts to only 18,000 nautical miles per annum. It is, however, satisfactory to contemplate our virtual monopoly of its manufacture, and to read of the practical advantages of our position such as during the Peking crisis, when Germany and Russia had to come to a British company to connect Port Arthur and Kiao-chau to the British company's cable system. The strength of our position is due to the past policy of fostering a system of British-owned cables, spread like a net all over the world, and constituting a monopoly which has grown stronger and stronger with each succeeding year. While that network was incomplete, and consisted of a few cables liable to be cut or to break down at any moment, the system was naturally a dangerous one to rely on in war. Now that it has been multiplied many times over, we may safely rely on being able to freely communicate, especially during that period immediately preceding war, when the telegraph may be expected to confer its greatest benefits from a strategical point of view. The British public should not forget that every commercial transaction between one colony or dependency and another begins and ends with a message along a submarine cable.

Photo. Copyright. *Hands*

ADEN FROM THE LAND SIDE.

An important Eastern telegraph station.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE ARRIVING AT LI KUNG TAU FROM TAKU AND SHANGHAI DURING THE RECENT TROUBLE IN CHINA.

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A NOVEL CRICKET MATCH AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

"MARRIED" *versus* "SINGLE."

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Miss Brown (scorer), Miss Darnell, Lieut. Fisher, R.M.A., Mrs. Fraser, Capt. Gason, Mr. Lawrence Gordon, Lieut. Giles, R.I.R., Lieut. Hallowes, R.N., Mr. Frank Austin, and Lieut. Northcote, R.B. Second row: Capt Austin, R.A., Mrs. Shine, Miss Lawrence Gordon, Gen. Sir Baker Russell (Commanding Southern District, umpire), Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Rich, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Haswell, and Capt. Shine, R.M.L.I. Front row: Miss Bloxome, Miss Isherwood, Miss Uniacke, Miss Russell, and Miss E. Isherwood.

As a rule ladies do not play cricket, as a man understands the game. Their business in hybrid matches is to look pretty, as, of course, they always do, and to miss as many catches as possible. In the recent match between "Married" and "Single" at Portsmouth they do not appear to have fulfilled this function, or why did one young lady score forty-four runs? Moreover, it is a little funny to find that on the married side there were two ladies each of whom was described as "Miss." Presumably this must have been nearly their last appearance under that title. Or ought they to have been simply described as "sub."?

FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE.

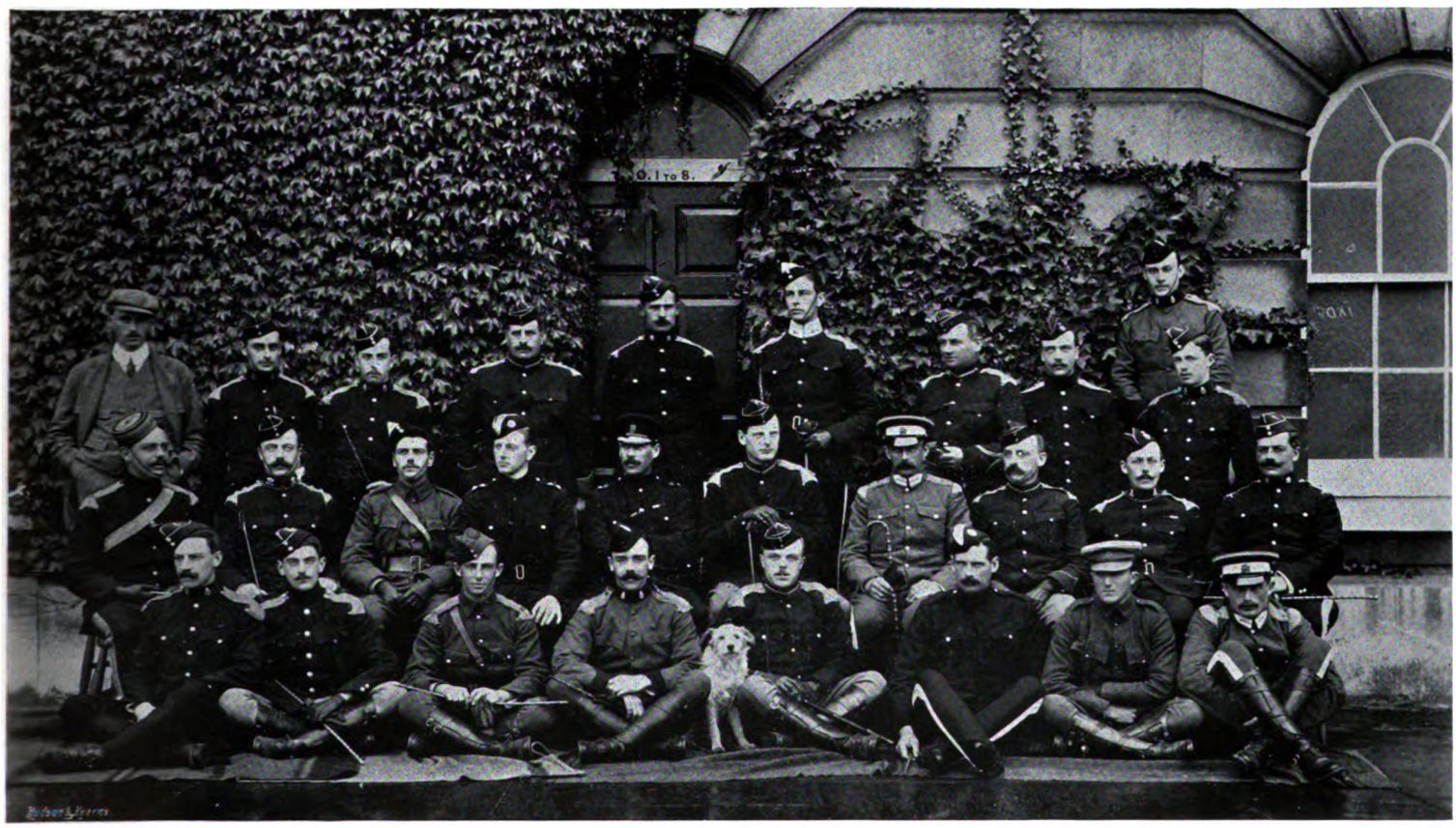

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT ALDERSHOT.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Second Lieut. Henry Gennys, Second Lieut. Shirley S. Gunnis, Second Lieut. G. Percival Heywood, Second Lieut. A. Collinson, Second Lieut. E. Richardson Cox, Second Lieut. E. Larken, Capt. A. H. Elwes, Lieut. McCreigh Thornhill, Second Lieut. Sidney L. Bucknill, and Second Lieut. C. R. Campbell. Second row: Second Lieut. W. C. Gardner, Capt. Curley, Second Lieut. M. N. Wright, Capt. W. M. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Hon. J. E. Lindley, commandant, Maj. C. D. Seymour, Capt. J. I. D. Nicholl, Lieut. C. D. Spurrell, Lieut. Brian Mollov, and Lieut. Lord Ludlow. Front row: Second Lieut. B. Burnett, Second Lieut. C. B. Greenhill, Second Lieut. Arthur Mirrlee, Second Lieut. F. M. C. Cobb, Lieut. B. Keppel, Second Lieut. W. P. Jeffcock, Capt. T. H. Morris, and Lieut. Moore Glynon.

Our picture, with its background of that clinging American creeper adhering to the wall, is surely a pretty one. Work is very serious at "The Shot" in these days, and the class of officers here portrayed is the first "school" of the Imperial Yeomanry. Various regiments are represented in the group of some thirty officers, and the training which Aldershot gives must necessarily make them more efficient in their various units. Let it be noted that a large number of the officers under training wear the South African medal, and have thus given a guarantee that they have had practical experience of work under fire.

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IN A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

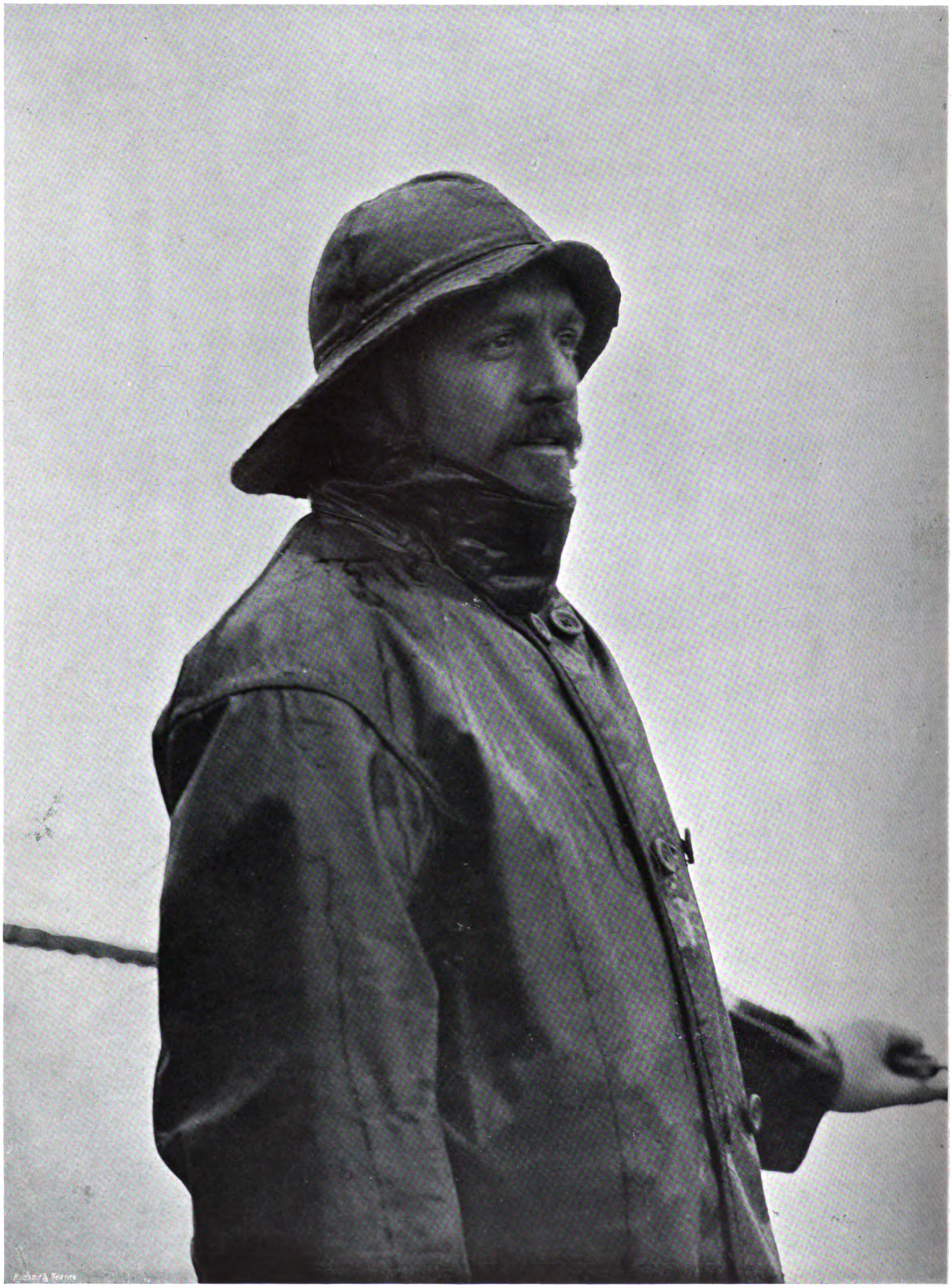

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Look-out work afloat is always calculated to make heavy demands on a man's nerve and alertness. Often the safety of the ship depends on the look-out—and he cannot help being conscious of the fact. In a destroyer, with its high speed, the intentness is necessarily enormously increased, and the nerve strain in time of war will be something terrible. Happily the British seaman is almost unconscious of the fact that he possesses any nerves. Certainly the look-out in our picture does not appear to be conscious that any single thing could possibly upset his equanimity.

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GETTING READY FOR THE PARK.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

A LITTLE BIT O' PIPECLAY.

The value of a perambulator—and its occupant—as an aid to the flirtation between Jenny the nursemaid and Trooper Atkins of the Life Guards is well known, though the mothers of perambulating infants do not always recognise it. When, however, things are approaching a certain definite point, Mr. Atkins recognises the necessity of making his appearance as spick and span as may be, and every bit of lace is polished, every portion of white leather carefully pipeclayed. Our picture shows the love-lorn swain carefully engaged in preparing his adornment. After all, it is just like the birds.

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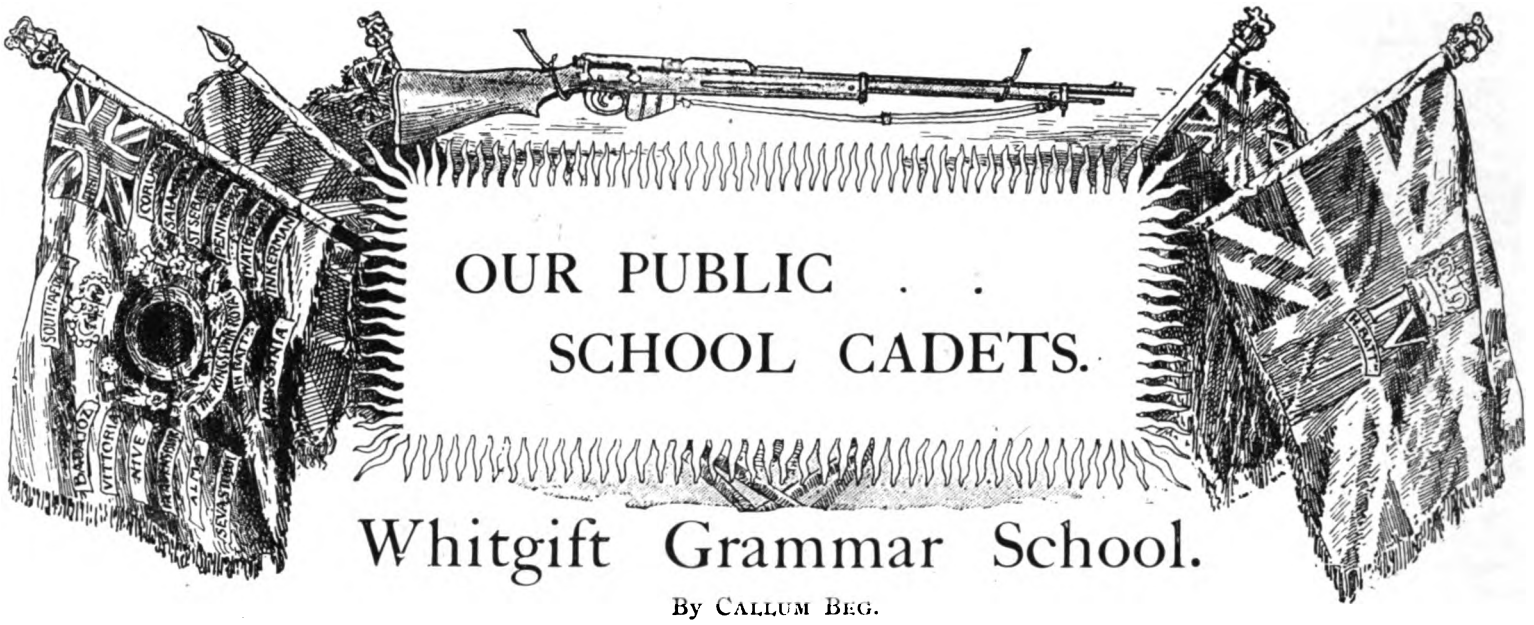

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS.

Whitgift Grammar School.

By CALLUM BEG.

TO Captain O'Callaghan, formerly adjutant of the 2nd Surrey Rifles, and later an officer of the 1st V.B. "The Queen's," belongs the chief credit of having formed the Whitgift Cadet Corps. The first steps towards forming the corps were commenced in 1874, but the organisation was not completed until a year later. The idea was favoured by the head-master, and hearty support was also given by the late Colonel Mosse Robinson. The corps was attached to the 1st V.B. "The Queen's," then the 2nd Surrey Rifles. Lieutenant H. A. Hebb was the first commanding officer, and was followed by Captain Rowlatt in 1876, who held command until 1884. From that year until 1892 the officer commanding was Captain Collins, and from 1892 until 1897 Lieutenants Chillingworth and De la Mare were in charge of the cadets. Lieutenant Cheyne commanded from 1897 till 1899, and was in the latter year succeeded by Lieutenant A. T. Smith, the present commanding officer. Several of the officers mentioned served in the 1st V.B. "The Queen's," and Captain De la Mare commanded the Volunteer Service Company sent out to join "The Queen's" in South Africa. Indeed, fifty per cent. of the officers, not to mention a large proportion of the rank and file, of the 1st V.B. "The Queen's" are old cadets. Of all the commanding officers, Lieutenant Cheyne perhaps did more than any other to make the corps what it is, and he was in the midst of carrying out many needed reforms when death abruptly terminated his usefulness. Others, however, took up the work, and the present commanding officer has proved himself a worthy successor.

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LIEUTENANT A. T. SMITH.

Officer Commanding Whitgift Cadet Corps.

Writing of Lieutenant Cheyne, a prominent member of the Whitgift Grammar School Cadet Corps says: "When he took over the command the corps was dressed in an antiquated uniform—forage cap, much-padded tunic, and useless shoulder-belt. This he soon changed (though, unfortunately, he did not live to see the corps properly equipped) to field-service cap, serge jacket with patch pockets, waist-belt and ammunition-pouch, leggings, water-bottle and haversack, with overcoat for cold weather." Since then there has been added to the uniform of each cadet a cape for field days, etc., carried rolled, and attached to the belt.

It was not only in the domain of dress that Lieutenant Cheyne made his influence felt. Previous to his taking over command the corps had never taken part in a field day, review, or inspection, excepting the annual inspection of the battalion to which it is attached, but ere long this state of things was changed. The same year as he became commanding officer the corps was present at the review of cadet corps by her late Majesty at Windsor, and the following year a detachment attended the Public Schools Field Day. Since the last-mentioned event the corps has been represented at all such functions, and has several times been commended when taking part in public schools field days.

The present strength of the corps is 104 of all ranks, viz., 1 officer, 1 colour-sergeant, 2 buglers, and 100 rank and file. Drills take place regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and there are numerous special drills in addition. Several route marches and field days with the battalion (1st V.B. "The Queen's") and with neighbouring schools are held during the year. Those in conjunction with other schools are especially popular with the cadets, who take a keen interest in their work, and turn out very smartly.

The corps is well supported by Colonel Fearn and the officers of the battalion, many of whom, as we have said, are old cadets. When a cadet corps is appreciated and encouraged by the adult corps with which it is associated the result is sure to be satisfactory, and in almost every case the cadet corps finds an appreciable number of recruits for the battalion. All are not so situated that they can on leaving school join the 1st V.B. "The Queen's," but by no means a few join one or other of the London corps, especially the London Rifle Brigade. Others, of course, adopt the Army as a profession, and of these some fifty or more are now serving or have served in South Africa.

As regards musketry the corps is somewhat handicapped, being a day school only, and on account of the early age at which the boys usually leave school. The range, too, situated

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at Woldingham, a journey of twenty minutes from Croydon, is not sufficiently near the headquarters to admit of the cadets having very extensive musketry practice. A scheme is on foot, however, to build a miniature range in the school grounds, and if it is successfully carried out it will result, no doubt, in increased musketry efficiency. During the summer term the boys shoot twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, at the range, and during the spring term shooting at the Morris-tube range is carried out on the same days of the week. Despite disadvantageous circumstances, the corps may be said to have held its own in musketry with other public schools.

Until 1886 there was great rivalry in shooting between Dulwich and Whitgift. Matches were arranged annually, and Whitgift had won seven times out of ten. The following year (1887) it was found impossible to arrange a match, and since then the matches have fallen through.

It was in 1877 that the school first shot at Wimbledon for the Cadet Trophy, and on this occasion it secured second place. In 1879 teams entered both for the Trophy and Ashburton Shield, and J. Hayne, firing with a Snider rifle, captured the Spencer Cup with a score of 81. F. L. Banks won the same distinction ten years later with a score of 33, firing with the Martini-Henry rifle. W. C. Bullock, too, would have won the Cup in 1885, for he made 31, the highest score, but was unfortunate enough to place a bull's-eye on the wrong target. The school has also been three times second and twice third for the Trophy, as well as having secured second place for the Spencer Cup at two different meetings of the National Rifle Association.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Corpl. Hay. Lance-Corpl. Coleridge. Lance-Corpl. Sparrow. Corpl. Hodgson. Lance-Corpl. Silvert. Lance-Corpl. Fuller. Corpl. Martin. Corpl. Newcomb. Sergt. Mason. Col.-Sergt. Herold. Sergt.-Maj. Fillingham (Instructor). Sergt. Johnston. Sergt. Becker.

[*The Rossall Cade's were dealt with on September 21, Sherborne on October 5, and Eastbourne on October 19.*]

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A FULL MUSTER.

Whitgift Grammar School Cadets on Parade.

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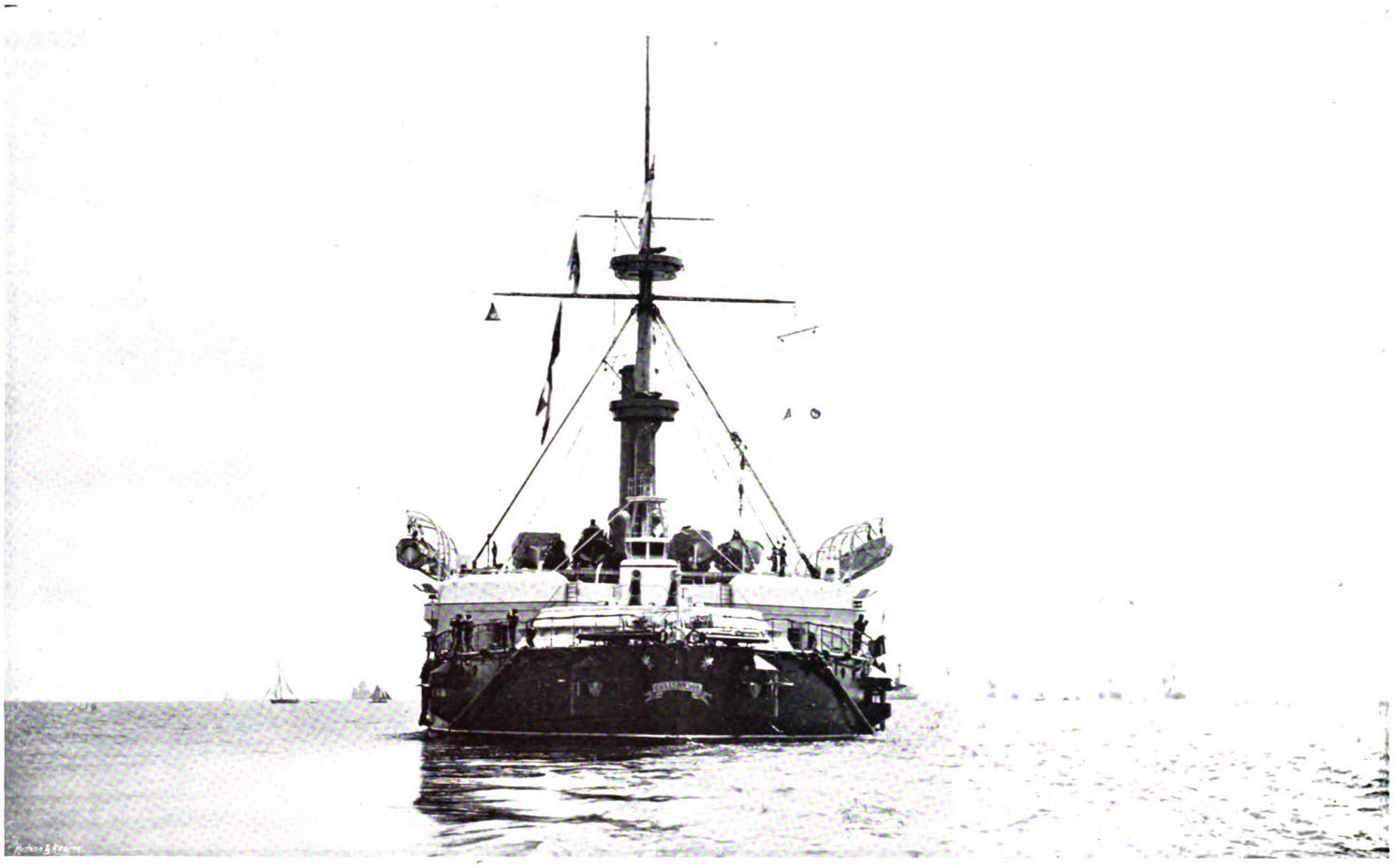
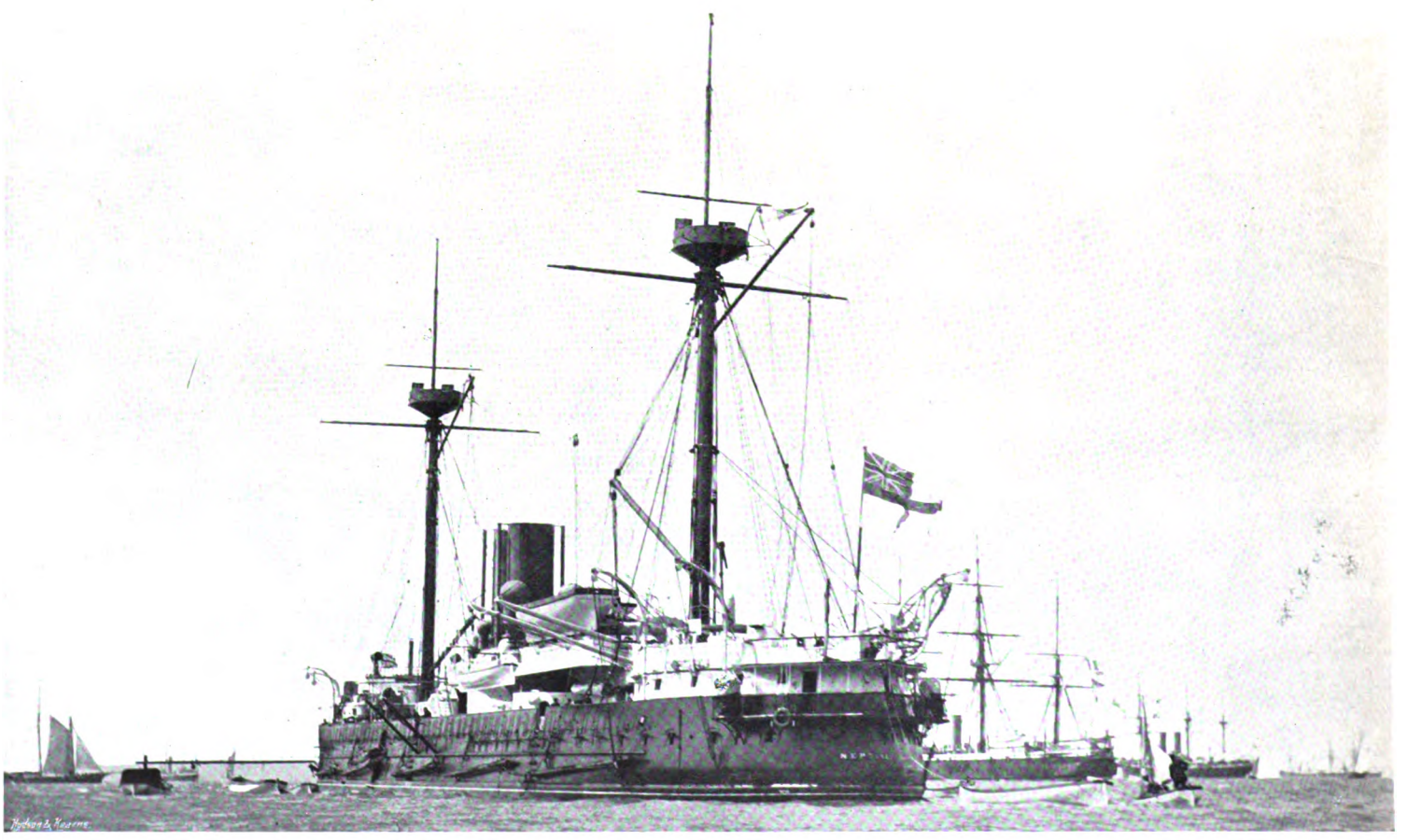
SIGNIFICANT NAVAL TYPES.



THE BANTRY COASTGUARD-SHIP.

The "Collingwood" going ahead on a summer sea.



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NEVER LIKELY TO BE SENT TO SEA AGAIN.

The old "Neptune"—an early battle-ship.

Naval construction proceeds rapidly nowadays, and the ships of even a few years ago are quite unfit in armament or in protection for their crews to meet the most recent vessels. The *Admiral* class, of which the "Collingwood" is an example, is on the downward grade. Until reconstructed some think it has little fighting value. And yet the ships were the best of their day, and that day was not so long ago. The defect of the "Collingwood" is her deficiency of protection for her secondary armament. The "Neptune" is an older ship, and was bought into the Navy after being the "Independencia." She is really a relic of the past. The two ships are suggestive of the importance of modern types.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

THE return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York from their eventful and memorable journey suggests the thought that a tour through the British Empire is the right school for rulers and kings. To the enthusiasm which has marked the royal progress these pages have many times borne witness, and gratification at the lustrous success which has attended it is in the mind of every man. Upon the Duke himself this journey must leave a lasting memory, and its labours must confer a rich guerdon of knowledge and experience. He has met, indeed, with all sorts and conditions of men in an Empire spread throughout the globe, of which the world has never seen the like, and which has in it the makings of many kingdoms, yet greater than Cæsar's Empire knew. He has lived the life of many countries and climes, contrasting the conditions of the East and the West, of the old and the new, of the rich and the poor. He has seen young and thriving colonies, full of the vigour of existence, and presenting boundless possibilities of development. He has found them all loyal to the throne which it will be his weighty task, in the order of nature, at some distant day to fill. For a king to know his subjects is the first step to his popularity, and a great strengthening of his throne, "broad-based upon the people's will." Never have such opportunities fallen to any prince before, and the Duke of Cornwall and York has truly made the most of them. He has earned and has deserved golden opinions, and the Duchess has been idolised by people whose love her sweetness and grace have won. The illustrious pair had already their place in the hearts of people at home, and a right royal welcome is theirs, fitly distinguished by a great manifestation of maritime power.

LAST Monday the Colonial Club did a timely honour to Sir George Clarke, the new Governor of Victoria, by entertaining him at dinner at the St. Ermin's Hotel. The gallant officer, coming, like so many eminent soldiers, from the corps of Royal Engineers, has the qualities of a statesman, and is a level-headed thinker upon all Colonial and Imperial problems. Few men have a sounder grasp of the question of Imperial Defence, and no one has ever set forth better the right functions and mutual relations of the sea and land Services. As a practical soldier of much experience, Sir George Clarke many years ago made his mark by his well-known book on fortifications. He has done excellent service at Woolwich, and the improvements he has effected in gun mountings are of tried efficiency. In a larger sphere he has written with luminous precision upon the defence of the Empire, and is chief among the soldiers who, with a just balance, have assigned the right place to the Navy. Upon such matters he has displayed great knowledge with convincing arguments, and has long been strengthening his intimate acquaintance with Colonial interests and developments. The Colonial Club has rarely entertained a guest standing higher in public esteem. Victoria has been fortunate in its Governors, and Sir George Clarke is a worthy successor to Lord Brassey. The good wishes of both Services will follow him to his new and exalted sphere of work.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S action in entertaining a coloured man at the White House has revealed the old antagonism of feeling as still existing between the North and the South, and has shown once more the old line of cleavage. The President could not be unaware of the result of his action. He did it deliberately, either with the intention of discovering the strength of feeling in the South upon this vexed racial question, or of defeating the inevitable opposition. In either case, he has reversed the policy of Mr. McKinley, in whose time the status of the negro was allowed to slumber. Even Mr. Roosevelt's friends are inclined to say that the question should still be allowed to rest, and that it was inopportune on the part of a new President to take any step which might arouse deep-seated prejudice. There has been a very violent expression of opinion in the South, though against Mr. Booker T. Washington himself, a man of culture and great ability, there can be no objection, a fact which is held to have demonstrated that the patronising of negroes may even be a danger for the coloured population of the United States. In the progressive North there are those who proclaim the equal rights of man, although even there the question of practical expediency has been raised; but the South is solid against anything which may tend to lift the black man to the level of his white brother. In that quarter, at least, Mr. Roosevelt, while showing his strong and independent qualities, has earned a measure of unpopularity which did not fall to his predecessor.

ON COASTGUARD DUTY.

THE political decay of Turkey must preoccupy more and more the minds of those who have the peace of Eastern Europe at heart. There are excellent materials in the Ottoman race, and Turkey has shown herself capable, under German tutelage, of creating a strong and well-equipped Army. But the paralysis at the heart of the Sultan's dominions, and the contempt which is displayed for his authority in the distant parts of his empire, deprive administration of all power, and the growth of outrage, the organisation of rapine, and the spread of lawlessness are evil portents for the future. The condition of Western Macedonia—where the anarchy and turbulence of the Albanians are as great a danger to the defenceless Christian population as is the truculent conduct of the Kurds towards the Armenians—continues to be an open sore. Taxes are not collected, brigandage is a recognised right, and the people exist under what is practically a reign of terror. Meanwhile Abdul Hamid lives in an atmosphere of jealous suspicion, and values in his entourage nothing so much as an aptitude for espionage. It is believed that the officers of State fear to incur his displeasure by reporting unpleasant facts to him. His desire to centralise administration in himself has weakened the mechanism of government. Officials are alienated, but are studious in their efforts to please the tyrant, and, though they recognise the dangers, seem powerless to avert them. With undoubted astuteness, the Sultan has succeeded in destroying all cohesion amongst them. Can we wonder, then, that paralysis should be creeping over the whole body of the Ottoman Empire?

ABSOLUTE unanimity on the part of the Russian Press in demanding that the death of Abdurrahman should be used as political capital, and that the Afghanistan of Habibullah should be no buffer-State, but strictly subject to Russian influence, indicates that these organs of opinion cannot always be taken as representing official views. It would be idle to deny that dangers exist, and that the peaceful accession of the new Ameer is no sure guarantee that his dominion will remain undisturbed. The danger, however, is perhaps as much internal as external, and the plain speaking and unmistakable desires of the Russian papers can scarcely fail to be a warning to the Ameer of the direction in which danger lies. Yet there are too many in Europe eager to take advantage of any British weakness to permit us to relax our vigilance, and the temptations to cupidity are manifest. What is the use of Ishak Khan if he cannot be made a pawn in an anti-English game? Why not make Koweit the price of Russian abstention from the affairs of a country in which she has not the shadow of a right to intervene? Could any time be more propitious for diplomatic work than the present? Why reject the goods the gods provide? The death of the late Ameer is the Russian opportunity, and coincides most happily with our South African embarrassment; and has not M. de Maartens, Russian representative at the Peace Conference, and warm friend of the Boers, been received by President Roosevelt? Such utterances are warnings to us, and the "strong man armed" must be our example. Happily, the Russian Government has not yet conspicuously thrown in its lot with the Anglophobes.

THE Sicilian murder trial, wherein Raffaele Palizzolo is indicted for the deaths of Francesco Miceli and Emanuele Notarbartolo, brings into prominence once more the terrorism exercised by such secret societies as the

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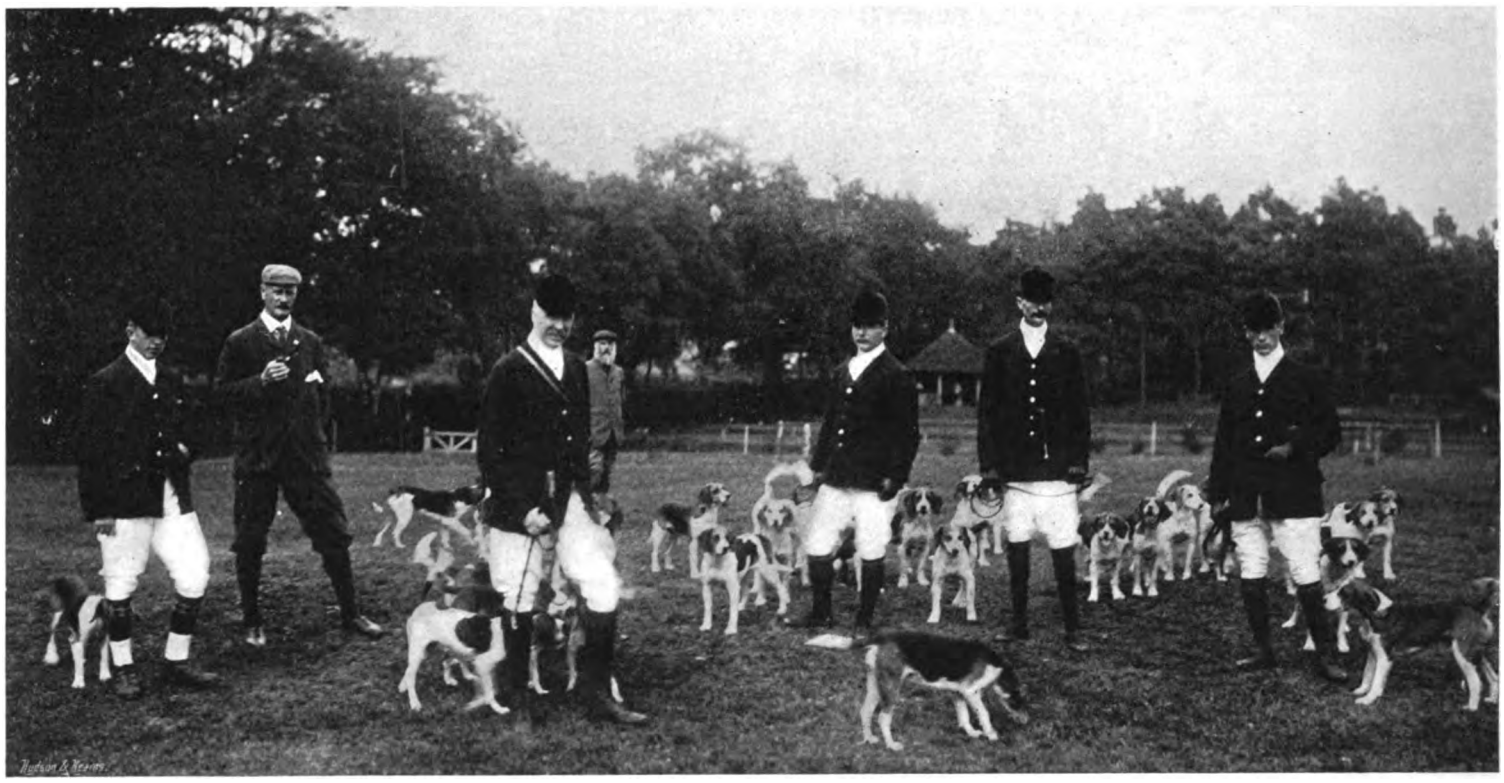
Camorra and the Mafia. The insidious character of the hidden organisation, which links the willing and unwilling—the latter the tools and victims of the former—in opposition to the institutions and guarantees of organised society through the force of a gloomy terrorism, brings home to us that we should be thankful that we possess sturdier spirits than are to be found in some Southern lands. To escape from the toils of this compelling force seems impossible. Men are done to death, as there is good reason to believe, at the bidding of an eager adventurer, but the doers of the deed—driven to its accomplishment, in all probability, by fear for their own lives—are hidden by the menace of the Mafia. The legal officials are met at every step by the barrier set up by the obscurantist society, and years elapse before the evidence can be got ready, and even then 500 witnesses may fail to secure a conviction. It is an instance of the danger of a secret organisation making for lawlessness, and eluding the strongest efforts of the Italian courts to break it up. The great mass of Italian public opinion, and the better elements in Sicilian society, are strongly opposed to this nefarious system, but, like the old Vehmgericht, it will long defy the strongest efforts, and is far more elusive in its character. Such organisations existing in Italy are a constant danger to the State, since a few political adventurers, deep in their counsels, may use them as political and revolutionary engines, while the blows of the law fall ineffective where no object remains to strike. The Italians should have all our sympathy in their efforts to undermine and destroy this dangerous force.

THE ALDERSHOT DISTRICT BEAGLES.

THERE is perhaps no form of the chase so essentially "sporting," in the best sense of the word, as hare-hunting with beagles, and it is one that from time immemorial has held a high place amongst English sports. More than one of our large English public schools keeps its pack, and no small percentage of the officers of our Army had their sporting instincts first developed by following their school beagles. The Aldershot District Beagles, which form the subject of our illustration taken at the opening meet of the season, have just passed their seventeenth anniversary, for they were first started at a meeting of officers belonging to the South Camp, held under the presidency of Major-General Lyons, C.B., on October 13, 1884. The Hunt was, in fact, exclusively the South Camp Hunt, and the original subscribers were General Lyons and staff, the regiments of the brigade, comprising the 1st King's Own (Royal Lancaster), the 2nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), and the 2nd Duke of Edinburgh's (Wiltshire), the Commissariat and Transport (as the Army Service Corps was then called), the Army Medical Department (now the R.A.M.C.), and the Royal Engineers. The first Master was Lieutenant Rooke, 1st Wiltshire Regiment; six and a-half couples of beagles were purchased; a contract was entered into for building kennels at Thorn Hill. Thus the South Camp Beagles became an accomplished fact. In the summer of 1885 the pack was increased by the purchase of ten couples of hounds, and in 1888 Eli Cranston, who had gained his experience during many years with Mr. Dubourg, Master of the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, was appointed kennelman. He has proved an excellent man at his work, has been a most useful servant to the Hunt, and his connection with the beagles has continued to this day. About this time there was a strong feeling at Aldershot that the beagles, instead of being a South Camp institution, should become a divisional one, and at a meeting held in the spring of 1889, and presided over by Sir Evelyn Wood, it was unanimously decided "That the South Camp Beagles should be taken over by the Division as a divisional pack." The move was distinctly a good one, for it not only placed the Hunt on a firmer basis, but also greatly lessened the tax on individuals and units of the South Camp.

In 1895 the new kennels were erected at Ively Farm, the present home of the Hunt, and a huntsman's cottage is given by the War Office at a nominal rent. A little fresh blood is introduced every season, and to-day the pack consists of sixteen couples of hounds, with a few puppies coming on. The good quality of the hounds is testified to by the fact that at the Peterborough Show of 1898 the first prize in the class for packs which have never shown before was won by the Aldershot District Beagles, with two unentered hounds, Bangle and Bridesmaid, both of whom were bred at the kennels.

The pack, which is, of course, maintained entirely by the regiments and corps of the command, is managed by a committee of representatives of each of the subscribing battalions and corps, the present president being Major-General Brook, C.B., commanding the First Infantry Brigade. Regiments and corps subscribe £1 a month, and there are besides individual subscribers. A most generous patron of, and subscriber to, the Hunt is General Sir Redvers Buller, as, indeed, also is Lady Audrey Buller. The meets take place twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the usual hour being 2 p.m. The ground hunted over is the property of the War Department, though occasionally the pack goes farther afield by permission of neighbouring landowners and farmers. Of late Eli Cranston has virtually hunted the pack, but in former times it was hunted by the Masters. The present Master is Colonel Gethin, who commands the 3rd Manchesters. The present whips are Captains Beales and Laurence, and Messrs. Hoare, Scarlett, and Skipwith. The secretary is Colonel Ward, A.P.D., whose services to the Hunt that affords so much pleasure and healthy exercise to the garrison it would be hard to over-estimate.



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READY FOR "BRER HARE."

A meet of the Aldershot District Beagles

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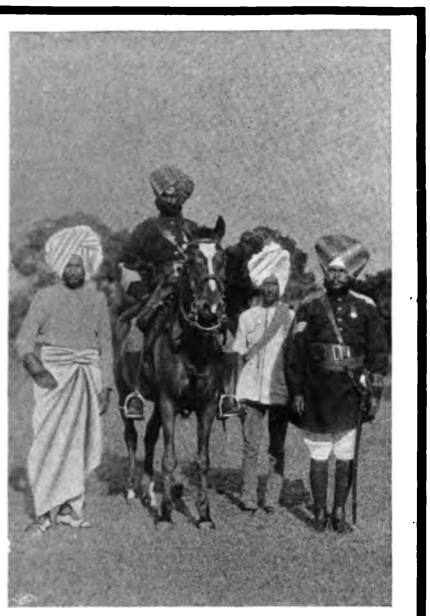


1st BOMBAY LANCERS.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A RUNNING RECORD OF MILITARY LIFE AND INCIDENT IN THE "SHINY EAST."

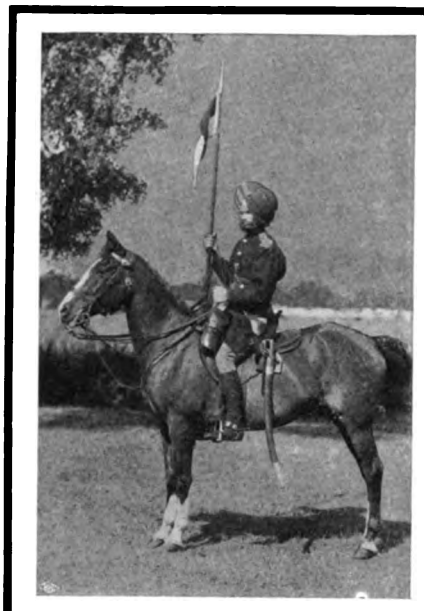
By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

FROM various quarters have come the most reassuring advices concerning the succession of Habibullah to the late Abdurrahman as Ameer of Afghanistan. Coupled with highly satisfactory despatches from St. Petersburg as to Russian non-interference, the account of the steps taken by the new Ameer to ensure his popularity among the "kittle cattle" whom he reckons as subjects, allays for the time being any particular anxiety, and for the future we must simply hope for the best. For possible military contingencies we are reasonably well prepared, especially as, if the very worst happened, we should not have to make any very comprehensive move in any tremendous hurry. A Russian occupation of Herat would mean, no doubt, a British occupation of Candahar and Jellalabad, but after that stage had been reached we should probably be able to make two moves to Russia's one. For the present, moreover, it seems unlikely that Russia will take any action, except as the result of internal disturbances in Afghanistan, of which we may be very sure that the Government of India will receive quite as early information as the Government of the Czar.

Putting such eventualities aside, I think that the readers of these notes may be interested by an excerpt from Sir Thomas Holdich's very important and most readable book, "The Indian Borderland," with reference to the manœuvring capacity of the Afghan Army. Sir Thomas was present in 1895 at a review of about 4,000 of the late Ameer's troops, who executed a number of movements to the sound of the bugle with commendable precision. One manœuvre was surprisingly effective, and consisted in the sudden and almost magical disappearance of the whole parade. "There was no apparent means of gaining cover. So far as we could see from our half-mile point of vantage, the flat spaces between the terrace revetments were all of the uniform pattern—dry, bereft of vegetation, and open. The whole parade was one unbroken space of open unirrigated ground. But at one instant it was swarming with troops, and the rest it was miraculously empty. How did they do it?" Sir Thomas Holdich had seen a similar manœuvre executed by a horde of rabble Afghan soldiery in front of a cavalry charge. The cavalry charged over ground that had but just before been alive with men, only to find nothing left of the foe. But in that case there were cracks and fissures here and there. If there were cracks and fissures at the above review, Sir Thomas —no mean observer—found it impossible to detect them at a distance.

An Anglo-Indian officer writing recently to the *Times* has made a singularly interesting suggestion as to a system of Imperial Transport, which he thinks might be maintained in India, and drawn upon as Imperial exigencies might dictate. India certainly affords a suitable breeding and collecting ground for the transport animals in ordinary use, and it is a convenient centre so far as South Africa, the Far East, and even Egypt are concerned. A million down and half a million annually would not be too much to pay for the formation and maintenance of an efficient transport train, which would go far towards supplying the transport requirements of any ordinary expedition. Lastly, there is no question that in India they understand the handling of Army transport perhaps better than it is understood anywhere else in the world. Among the Imperial Service Troops, for instance, there are two splendid transport corps, one of which, that maintained by the state of Jeypur, is perfectly equipped and quite wonderfully trained. It consists of 400 carts, 1,000 ponies, and 650 men.

But there are serious difficulties in the way of any such scheme, difficulties which the Indian Government, which has for years found the transport problem a most vexatious one, would be the first to recognise. Not the least would be the temptation, in any serious local trouble, to ask permission to use the Imperial Transport. Such permission could hardly be refused by the home military authorities, in view of what India has done for them in the past, but, in the event of Imperial complications, the complaisance might be bitterly regretted. It is much to be feared, moreover, that the Treasury would never agree to an expenditure of the size suggested on an organisation largely beyond home control, preferring to take the risks of largely increased cost and diminished efficiency resulting from the purchase of transport in a hurry when it is needed. Of course this is very wrong and regrettable, but there are excuses to be found in the impressive figures with which one has to deal when the cost of maintaining a really adequate transport system is considered. Few could probably say offhand how many transport animals, for instance, were required for the Tirah Expedition, in which only about 25,000 fighting men were engaged. I find from my notes that the total number was about 74,000, of which 45,000 were mules. On anything like this scale the up-keep of sufficient transport for operations of respectable size would surely cost a good deal more than half a million a year.



1st BOMBAY LANCERS.

Some interesting changes are being made in the uniforms of the Native Army in the Punjab and Bengal commands, the serge blouse having been authorised for wear by the rank and file, while Native officers are to wear tunics in future instead of Zouave jackets. Any change calculated to accentuate the distinction between Native officers and the non-commissioned ranks is to be welcomed, for undoubtedly the present system is open to some objections, more especially in the infantry. In the Native cavalry the Native officer is generally a real Native gentleman, and one with whom the British officer can, within limits, foregather on terms of frank and pleasant comradeship. But in the infantry he is often of much the same stamp as the man of the company, and off duty may at times be seen associating with the latter a good deal more freely than would be desirable if the British officers of the regiment did not constitute a wholly separate body. The more the idea of officership is maintained the better for discipline, and the more serviceable will the Native officer be as a link between the British officers and the Native lines, over the interior economy of which they cannot possibly have the same control as an officer has over that of a British company in barracks.

The winter camps of exercise are being arranged in the four great Indian commands, perhaps the most noteworthy being that which will be held at Secunderabad in January, and at which the Commander-in-Chief will be present. These camps are highly important features of soldiering in India, and tend to an efficiency which it is, practically speaking, impossible to secure at home without vast special expenditure in the way of "manœuvres." In the first place, the tracts of ground available for tactical operations are enormous, and difficulties regarding enclosures and crops are nearly non-existent. Another highly important advantage lies in the facilities given for working British and Native troops in combination, a process almost invariably attended with the happiest results. For, as a rule, the feeling between Thomas Atkins and Jack Sepoy is excellent, and when they work or fight in co-operation there is always an exhibition of healthy emulation on both sides.

In this connection it has been well remarked that the despatch of the Indian troops to China has served at least one important and, withal, very gratifying purpose. It has, so it is reported, given the Native Army a yet higher opinion of their British fighting comrades, inasmuch as the former has been able to compare the latter with the soldiers of several Continental Armies. Jack Sepoy is now more firmly than ever convinced that there is no sahib like an English sahib, a conviction which is worth more to us as an Asiastic

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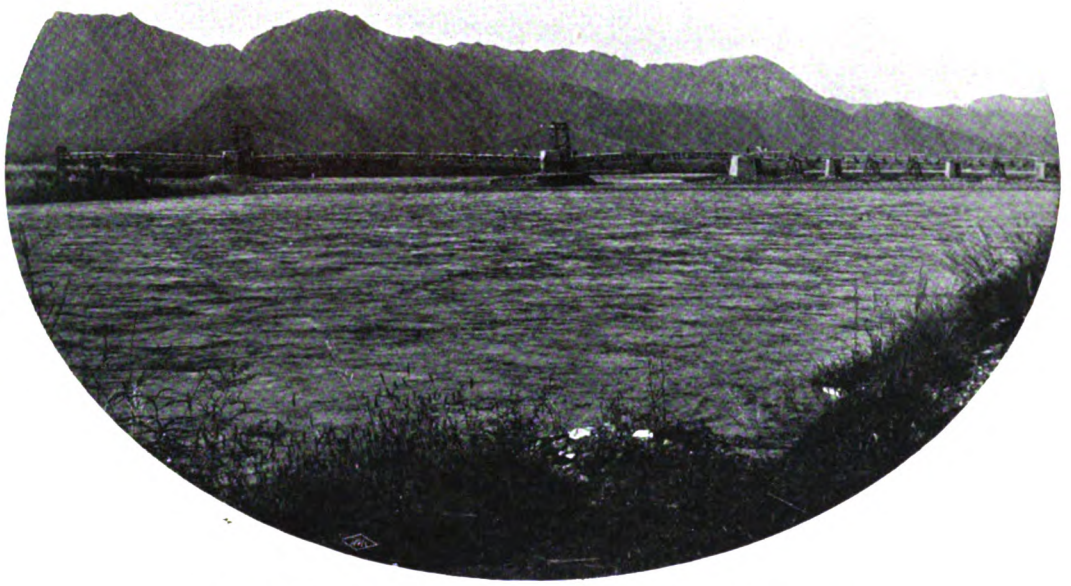
Power than many squadrons, battalions, and batteries. The mixed babble of the bazaars, fed by vague rumours and wildly fabricated yarns, may, in the past, on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle, have surrounded the soldiery of one foreign Power in particular with a mysterious halo in the eyes of the King's Indian subjects, but the China trouble has changed all that so far as the Native troops engaged in it are concerned, and these, we may sure, will not be long in communicating their impressions.

A good deal of unrest seems still to be prevailing among the Waziris, and one cannot help thinking that the time has come for again taking order, more particularly with the Mahsud clan of this powerful and troublesome tribe. Perhaps the authorities are waiting for the formation of the new Frontier Province, which comes into official existence next week, although military operations on a considerable scale would scarcely constitute a satisfactory opening chapter of the Province's history. Still, business is business, and if the Waziris cannot be brought to their senses by blockade, they ought to be given the same sort of treatment as that which has proved so successful in the case of the Afridis. The process would be troublesome; of that there can be no shadow of doubt, for the Waziris have probably a large number of good rifles among them now, and would certainly not surrender them without stubborn fighting, in which we should have heavy losses to put up with. But our prestige seems to demand strong measures in this direction, and at no distant date these may be forthcoming.

The recent death of Major-General F. C. Cotton is a serious reminder of the many civil benefits which military officers have conferred upon India. General Cotton, who formerly belonged to the Madras Engineers, was an enthusiast on the subject of irrigation, and did much of practical utility in this direction when employed in the Public Works Department in Madras. He was a veritable link with the past, having been born in 1807. He retired in 1860.

THE CHITRAL RELIEFS.

PEOPLE have almost forgotten the Chitral Campaign of 1895. No great fuss was made about it at the time, for the mind of the nation was fixed on a larger expedition, and it has since been obscured by the current of events in South Africa. This particular campaign does not stand alone in this respect. The subjugation of Ashanti, which was so well carried out by Sir James Willcocks, would have loomed large in popular estimation if it had not been for the engrossing nature of the fighting in South Africa; and it is an ordinary historical fact that one struggle—even one incident—on which public attention is focussed obscures, for the time being, the due appreciation of every other event. The "man in the street," of whom we hear so much nowadays, is incapable of taking any interest in more than one thing at a time. The Chitral Campaign, however, which was carried out by Sir Robert Low, was a brilliant feat of arms, and the gallant and devoted defence of Chitral itself is a thrilling story. It was intended to evacuate the place after relieving the besieged British Resident, but Lord Salisbury's Government came into power before this could be effected, and it was decided that two Native regiments should remain in Chitral, while a Native brigade should also be stationed on the Malakand. This, however, necessitates the periodical despatch of reliefs, whose route through the extremely rugged and mountainous country is not an easy one, even when there is no foe to encounter as there was six years ago. As to the wisdom of retaining Chitral under British sway instead of British influence, there can be no doubt whatever, as the strategical importance of the place is great, while the Chitralis, who are an impulsive folk, have readily acquiesced in what is practically British rule.



A VIEW OF THE CHAKDARA BRIDGE.

Looking west down the Swat River.

In the approaching reliefs the 2nd Gurkhas will take the place of the 42nd Gurkhas. It may be possible eventually to dispense with a British garrison and to rely altogether on local Militia.

Our pictures show the bridge across the Swat River at Chakdara, and the massive fort at the same place. This is some little distance from Chitral itself, but is on the road to it, and it was in this neighbourhood that Sir Robert Low, who now holds the Bombay command, forced the passage of the Swat in 1895 by means of a brilliant engagement.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE FORT WHICH GUARDS THE RIVER.

This picture shows the southern front.

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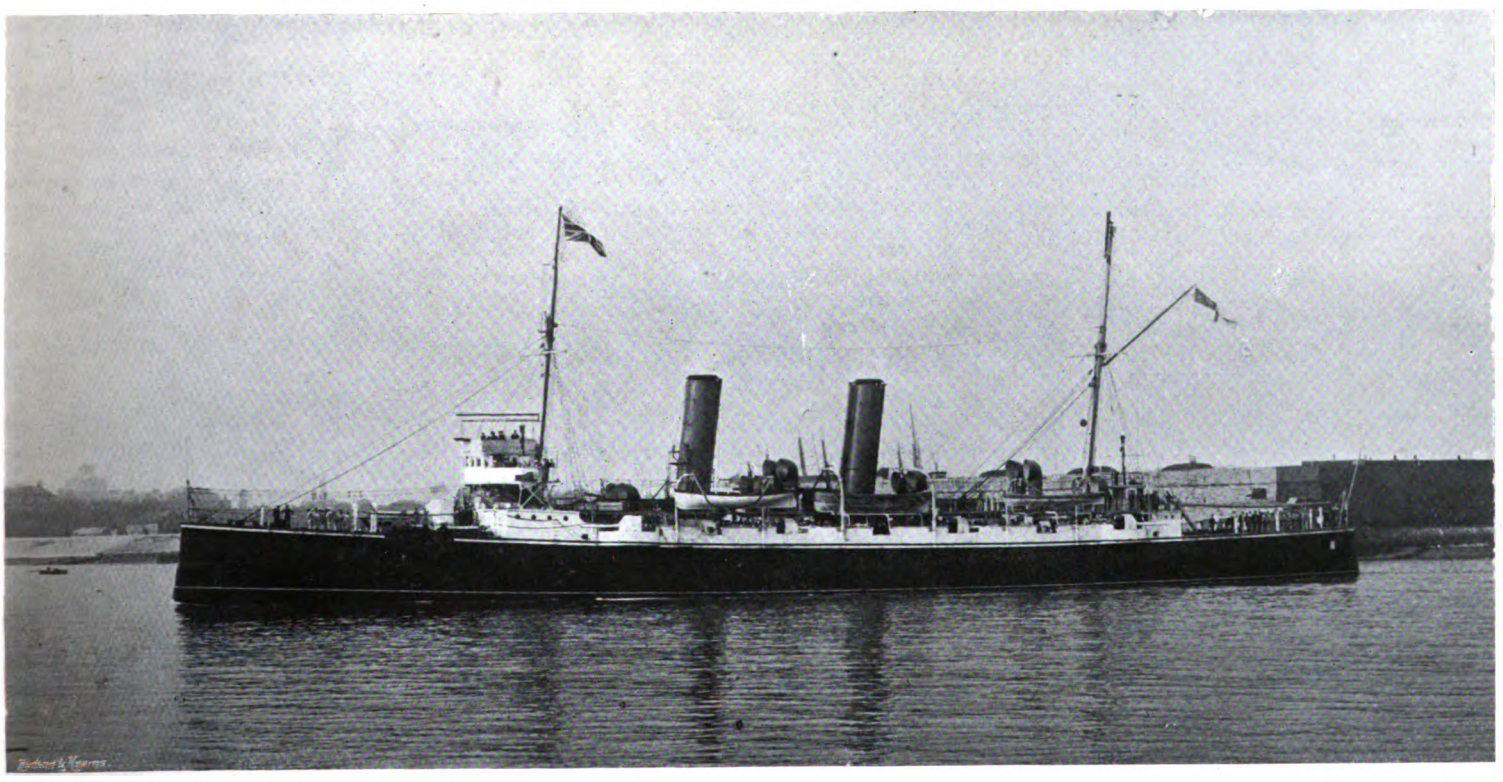
ON HER WAY TO THE EAST INDIES.

CAPTAIN F. S. PELHAM AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "FOX."

Beginning at the back row and reading from left to right the names are: A. Hill (Assistant Engineer), Lieut. F. C. Vaughan, W. Wray (Gunner), W. Pilworth (Carpenter), D. Ogilvie (Gunner), R. Quick (Gunner T.), Lieut. R. M. Knight (and "Venus"), Rev. R. G. Sadleir, Lieut. S. Radcliffe, Capt. F. S. Pelham, J. Green (Staff Paymaster), Lieut. S. Way, P. Shrubsole (Assistant Engineer), Sub.-Lieut. J. Barker, H. Gaisford (Chief Engineer), and R. Young (Assistant Paymaster).



Photos. Copyright. *Russell*

THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "FOX."

Just commissioned for service on the East Indies Station.

The "Fox" relieves the "Marathon" in the East Indies, and the strength of the squadron will be distinctly increased. The "Marathon" is of 2,950 tons, and carries a complement of 218 men, while the "Fox" displaces 4,360 tons and has a crew of 318 men. She is also better protected, and far more satisfactorily armed. The 6-in. guns in the "Marathon" are "converted," while the two in the "Fox" are real 6-in. quick-firers, and she carries, moreover, eight 4·7-in. guns as well as nine smaller weapons. On her trial she did 19 knots for eight hours at natural draught, and, as our picture shows, she is a very pretty-looking craft. So good a ship, with a popular captain and good officers to back him, is certain to have a satisfactory commission.

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THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Devonport—II.

ONE great difficulty had to be surmounted at the Western dockyard. Owing to its situation on the peninsula between the Hamoaze and Stonehouse Pool, and to the fact that it is enclosed by Devonport town and the high ground of the park in its rear, having a hill also at one end of the establishment and Mount Wise—with the signal station, batteries, and Port Admiral's house—at the other, the dockyard was forbidden by Nature to expand. But Art conquers Nature, and the railway and foot-passenger tunnel through the hill on the north side open a connection with the great basins and docks at Keyham, and with the vast extension works which are still in progress there. The two dockyards are, in fact, practically one, and the young sister of the old establishment shall be described in the next article.

But Devonport, though it cannot be territorially enlarged, does not stand still. It has shared in the advances made under the programme for adapting the ports to the needs of the modern Fleet. These Naval bases had not kept in line with the marvellous development of the floating material of the Navy, and the necessity of making every preparation for the rapid mobilisation of the Fleet, as well as for its increase, has caused some very important work to be undertaken at Devonport. The Sound has been dredged, and the Vanguard and Cremill Shoals and the Rubble Bank have been removed, something like one million tons of material having been taken away. This great undertaking was as much for the advantage of Keyham as of Devonport itself, and dredging is still going on in the neighbourhood of Brunel's famous bridge at Saltash over the river Tamar. All this was work obviously essential if the facilities of the port were to be increased, and docks and berthing arrangements have kept pace with the improvement.

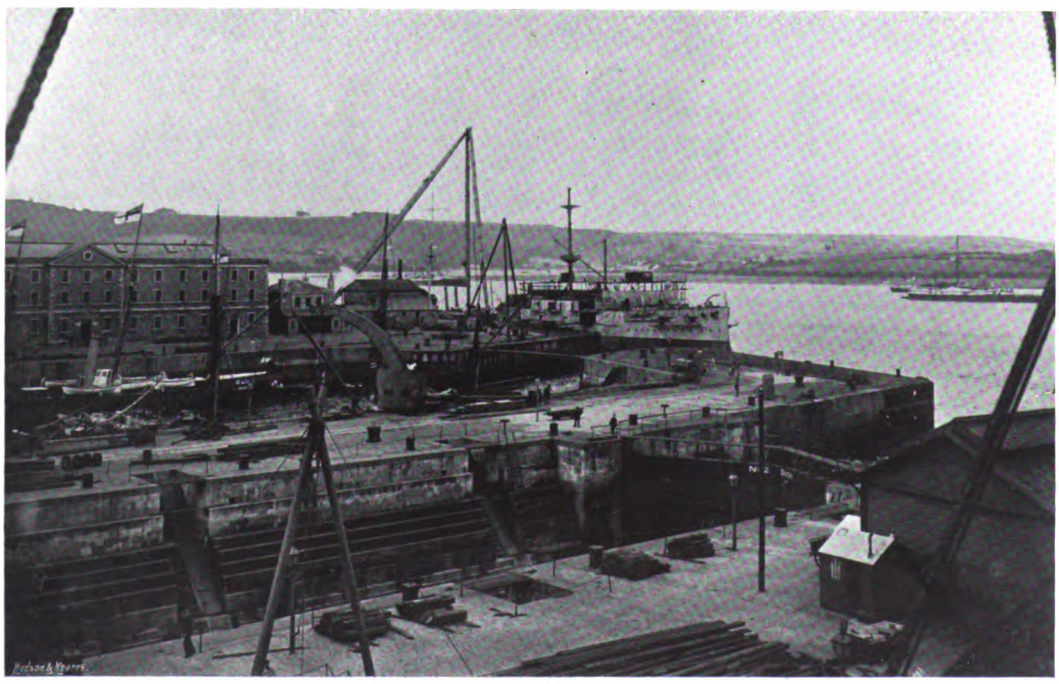
The Devonport jetties have been extended, and No. 2 dock has been enlarged so that it may accommodate battle-ships. The improvement of No. 1 jetty is a recent work. Huge sheer-legs, working up to 100 tons and tested to 150 tons, have been erected, so that the heaviest weights can be lifted and transferred to their places in ships brought alongside. The filling up of the old mast pond on the south side of the yard has given additional space, a new smithery and workshops are to be begun, and a splendid building slip of fine masonry for large cruisers is being completed near the south end of the establishment. One of the old building slips, formerly housed in, has been converted into an open slip, and thereon was constructed Devonport's first battle-ship, the

THE MAIN GATEWAY OF THE DOCKYARD.
Bearing the Crown and Cypher of George III.

"Ocean." Two other adjacent building slips still retain their roofs, which were designed by Mr. Perring when he was Clerk of the Cheque at the yard. It is interesting to recall the fact that the last wooden 120-gun ship built at Devonport was the "St. George," in 1840, and that three ships of 101 guns, the "Conqueror," "Donegal," and "Gibraltar," were built there shortly after the Russian War. The port now undertakes the largest building work in steel. The "Implacable" was constructed there, and the "Bulwark" and "Montagu" are now completing there afloat. The "Queen" (15,000 tons) is also well advanced on the southernmost of the completed slips, next to that still in hand, and Devonport is to construct one of the new ships of the "King Edward VII." class (16,500 tons), which will be the largest war-ships afloat.

It is to fit the yard more fully for undertaking with success business of such importance that the new workshops are to be erected, and the yard will presently lack nothing to its completeness. Moreover, the compactness of the arrangements, the workshops being closely adjacent to the building slips and to the places where ships are berthed for completion, enables the operations to be conducted with facility, rapidity, and economy. The long ranges of shops and stores, the extent and modern character of the appliances for every class of work, the magnitude of the steam and hydraulic machinery, the huge cranes lifting colossal weights as easily as an elephant would lift an apple, the busy crowds of men, and the order and regularity with which their labours are conducted, all bespeak the efficiency of a great Naval arsenal. Indeed, the visitor to Devonport is speedily stimulated to lively curiosity and roused to admiration by the exceeding interest and importance of the things he sees there.

With these preliminaries, a description of the general arrangements of the yard, of which the history was sketched in the last article, may be made. The main gateway is reached from Fore Street—the most important artery of Devonport—and is a plain structure, in its character very much like some gateways at other Naval yards. On the right is the dockyard chapel, with the headquarters of the dockyard police. A way,



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCKS AND HAMOAZE.
With a first-class battle-ship completing afloat.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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pleasantly shadowed by trees, which lend a welcome touch of green in the spring-time, leads from the gate down to the terrace of official houses, and is adorned by the presence of certain of the fine figure-heads in which Devonport yard is rich. The elevated terrace of houses, wherein the chief officers of the dockyard dwell, has the office of the Admiral Superintendent at its further end, and overlooks the busy establishment, though it is secluded by a line of trees, and withal is a very pleasant place to live in. Formerly the chief officials lived in Plymouth and Devonport. It may here be remarked that the various buildings in the yard are all of excellent character, and that in this matter Devonport outshines some of its sister establishments.

The terrace and the residence of the Admiral Superintendent (now Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Jackson) are the fount of authority and direction in the establishment, and a walk along the shadowy way, from which fine flights of steps lead downward to the basin and docks, is an excellent introduction to the busier scenes of Devonport Yard. Continuing his course to the southward, the stranger is soon in the midst of the great buildings in which much various work goes on. Here are the rope-house, the boat-house, the mould loft—where ships are "laid-off" upon the floor before they can be "laid down" on the slips—the long rows of forges in the smithery, the machine and boiler shops, and many other factories of important character. On the left rises the height of Mount Wise, commanding the Hamoaze, Millbrook Creek, and the passage to the wider waters of Plymouth Sound, while the building slips and docks extend to the right along a splendid frontage lined with granite, considerably over 1,000-yds. in length. From this place many marvels of ship-building may be surveyed.

Near the southern end of the yard is the fine new building slip which has been alluded to, with three others, two of them still crested by the huge roofs of the late Mr. Perring, whereof one has an area of some 6,000 square yards. Here also is the eminence known as Bunker's Hill, or the King's Hill, which has remained, notwithstanding the great changes in the establishment, in honour of George III., who from this elevated point looked over his Western arsenal.

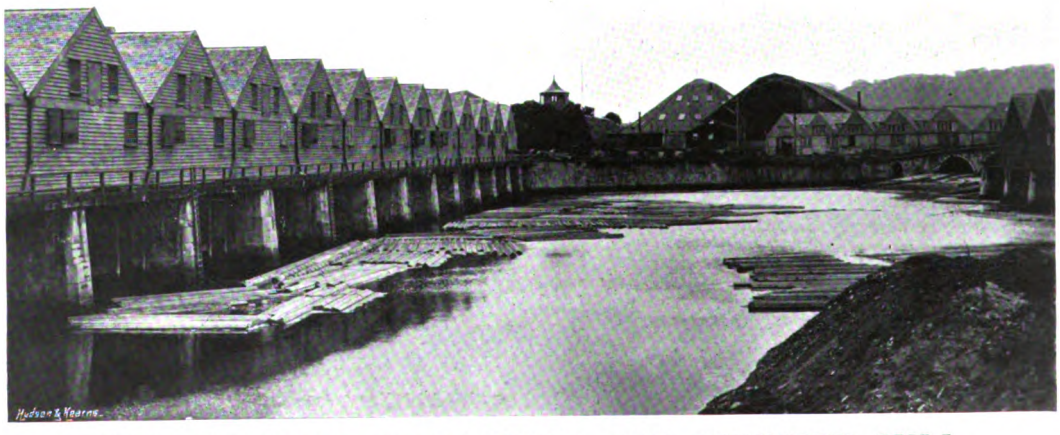
We may now in our northward progress cross the camber to where the huge new sheer-legs stand, and the occasions are few on which some great battle-ship or cruiser is not lying alongside advancing to completion. Heavy slabs of armour plate, ready for the ship's sides or turrets, and great guns for her armament, may often be seen here, and to go on board and examine such a ship in successive stages of advancement is certainly a revelation of wonderful interest. Now we reach the basin, which lies below the terrace of official houses, and which was constructed in the time of William III. A century ago it opened to the Hamoaze with a fairway of 70-ft., but it has now been greatly enlarged, and bears little resemblance to the basin of William. Opening into it is a dock which is rarely unoccupied, and the

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCKYARD BUILDINGS.

Which compare very favourably with those at other yards.

THE AVENUE LEADING TO THE MAIN GATE.

With some of the figure-heads in which the yard is rich.



THE EASTERN MAST POND AND BUNKER'S HILL.

From which eminence George III. surveyed the dockyard, 1780.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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quays surrounding the basin are scenes of incessant activity. In a northerly direction from it lie three other docks, of which the middle one was that constructed in 1789, and opened by George III. and Queen Charlotte. It has since been much enlarged. Extensive workshops and offices are close by the docks, and parallel with the most southern one are other large buildings, including the rigging-house, where some very interesting figure-heads are preserved.

With the northernmost dock we reach the northern end of Devonport Yard, and in leaving it may ascend to the main gate by which we entered. In this survey, however, we shall remain within the precincts. From south to north runs the railway, by which materials are distributed to the docks and storehouses, and by which the workmen are conveyed. In its northern progress it passes through the long tunnel to Keyham, over which is the old gun wharf, and it is through this tunnel we must pass in imagination for our inspection of the neighbouring establishment. It is an artery of the utmost importance, and one of the many facilities with which the dockyard has been provided.

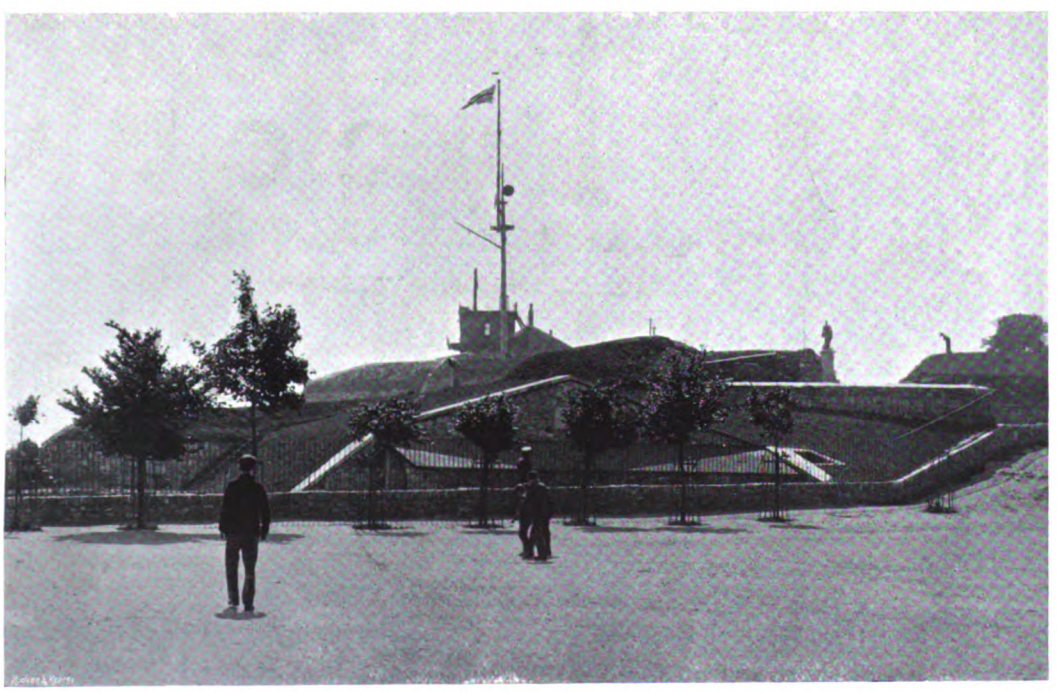
THE HOUSE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

On the dominating height of Mount Wise.

A survey of Devonport Dockyard suggests a contrast between the new and the old. The energetic builders of wooden ships of various rates at Plymouth, as the place was then called, 150 years ago—who constructed those wooden walls which braved the battle and the breeze—had no conception of the huge leviathans which are constructed there in these days. The "Royal Oak," a third-rate of 1769, the "Duke," a second-rate of 1776, and the "Royal Sovereign," a first-rate of 1787, were pygmies compared with the "Implacable," the "Bulwark," the "Montagu," and the "Queen," or their still greater successors. It has followed, of course, that a great and momentous change has taken place in the dockyard, and that the stupendous character springing from modern necessities has usurped the place and banished the spirit of the old. Some dangers that existed in former times scarcely exist now. The efficient arrangement for the extinction of fire has removed what once was an ever-present peril. Certain conflagrations which occurred long ago at Devonport were alluded to in the last article, but the subject is one of many-sided interest, and some incidents shall be recorded here. A particularly destructive fire occurred in July, 1761, in which 500 tons of cordage and vast quantities of hemp were consumed. In 1770 the famous fire broke out in many places simultaneously, which bore clear evidence of a nefarious attempt at destruction, and three years later occurred that burning of the rope-house which was the work of "Jack the Painter," the same scoundrel who did such evil things at Portsmouth. In 1794 there was a fire that might have been serious through the burning of a 36-gun ship which had been captured from the French. She took fire off the dockyard, but was cut adrift and floated on a mudbank. The "Amphion" frigate blew up at Devonport in September, 1797, and 200 lives were lost. Fires also occurred in March, 1813, and September, 1840, in which latter month the "Minden" and "Talavera" were destroyed, together with the Adelaide Gallery containing a valuable collection of interesting remains. Even in 1894 a fire broke out in one of the large stores south of the docks, the origin of which was never satisfactorily explained. The tale of fire at nearly all our dockyards is a notable one; but happily at Devonport, as at Portsmouth, a very efficient service exists for dealing with outbreaks, which is but a part of the general efficiency that is plainly written upon the face of every part of the establishment.

Another way in which we may measure the change that has passed over the face of Devonport Dockyard is by the number of men employed there. There have, of course, been fluctuations at all the yards, but it is interesting to note that at the beginning of the eighteenth century the number of shipwrights in all the Royal establishments was less than 2,000. In 1727 Devonport had 210 workmen of the class, and 100 labourers, with caulkers, oakum boys, a pitch-heater, sail-makers, riggers, and others, making a total staff of 600. In 1896 those employed in the establishment numbered nearly 4,000, and the staff has since risen to about 7,000. Here, then, is an indication of a very great increase. There is evidence of great progress in the advancement of work at the yard. The "Ocean," laid down on February 15, 1897, was sixteen and a-half months on the slip, and was not completed until February 20, 1900. Here Devonport did not, indeed, rival the achievement made in the case of the "Majestic" and "Magnificent" elsewhere, but it must be remembered that this was the first modern battle-ship to be built in the yard, and that the non-delivery of material caused much delay. Now the greatest difficulties have been overcome, and rapid progress is being made with the later ships.

It remains only to add that Captain Robert N. Ommanney is Staff Captain at the yard and King's Harbourmaster of the Hamoaze, that H. R. Champness, Esq., is the Chief Constructor, Robert Mayston, Esq., R.N., the Chief Engineer, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. R. Kenyon, R.E., the Superintending Engineer, these being the principal officers of Devonport Dockyard. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the efficiency of the work there depends also upon a large staff of officers acting with them.



THE FLAGSTAFF AT MOUNT WISE.

The signalling station for the Naval establishments.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 249.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1901.

Photo Copyright. *Russell.*

THE HOME-COMING OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

Our illustration depicts the meeting at Portsmouth of their Majesties the King and Queen with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, after their Royal Highnesses' seven and a-half months' tour round the Empire. The children of the Duke and Duchess were also at Portsmouth to welcome their parents. The departure for London was the occasion for a great display of loyalty from the people of Portsmouth. At Victoria the King and his son were greeted by his Ministers, by the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, by the Agents-General of the Colonies, by the Mayor of Westminster, and then in the streets of the metropolis by their loyal lieges.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XII. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in December. Orders for this Double Number should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

The Militia and the Ballot.

IF in these days our official responsible governors decline to govern, there is no lack of irresponsible, unofficial persons all ready to tell us what we must do to be saved. The seat of government is vacant, and there is a crowd of busybodies and fanatics, as well as a few sensible men, eager to climb up into it. A proverb informs us that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but again there is an even more familiar adage which says that too many cooks spoil the broth. It is lucky, at all events, that we cannot take everyone's advice. Too much government would be rather worse than no government at all, and most of those who are preaching our duty to us from hastily improvised pulpits, in the columns of the newspapers, and in pamphlets issued under titles admirably calculated to make one's flesh creep, would, if they had their way, apply remedies that would be worse than the diseases they are intended to cure. Still, we ought to be truly thankful to the patriotic citizens who devote their time and their intelligence to settling the affairs of the nation in print. Even when their suggestions are futile, they serve to teach useful lessons. A doctor, though he may not be able to tell a dyspeptic what to eat and drink, can generally tell him what to avoid. In the same way our reformers frequently convince us that certain courses are studiously to be shunned, by the simple process of putting down all the arguments in favour of such courses and failing altogether to persuade us of their cogency. If they cannot indicate to us how to get out of our difficulties, they show us at any rate how not to do it.

Such thoughts are prompted at this moment by the manifesto of the Administrative Reform Association in the November *Nineteenth Century* on the subject of the Militia ballot. The high-sounding title of this association almost paralyses criticism. "Who am I," the plain man asks himself, "that I should pit my single mind against the collective wisdom of a body with a name like this?" But was it not Matthew Arnold who said that we in England had a fatal fondness for "the grand name without the grand thing"? Can this be a case in point? Well, the views of the Administrative Reform Association on the Militia ballot certainly suggest very little grandeur of conception or even soundness of logic. To begin with, the view has been urged over and over again during the last few years, notably by the Earl of Wemyss, that the old Militia Act should be put in force. This Act provides that every able-bodied man in the country under the age of thirty shall be liable to serve in the ancient constitutional defence levy. Lots have to be drawn, and all those upon whom the lot falls must do duty for the rest. The system of balloting is open to many objections, to begin with. The element of chance is resented in serious matters by sensible people, so far as it can be avoided. It would be much better to train every young man to bear arms for a certain period, and not to introduce a system by which some would be taken and the others left.

This, however, is a detail. The great objection to putting in force the Militia Act is that it would give us something quite other than the particular thing we want. The Militia is a home defence force. It cannot be sent out of the country save with its own consent. Now we have shown over and over again in these pages that our need is for an Army which shall be ready to go to any quarter of the globe. The defence of our shores is the Navy's business. We cannot be certain, but we have every reason to hope and believe, that the Navy is in a fit state to take this business in hand whenever it shall be necessary. We have quite enough men under arms in this country, and always shall have, as things go at present, to repel a casual raid. That is all we require so far as guarding the British coasts is concerned. Now, what the Militia ballot would give us is an enormous Army we do not want in this country, and which could not be made available for service out of the country without the separate consent of every individual officer and private in its ranks. No doubt we should be able to rely upon securing this consent in a great number of cases, but the combination of the regular and the volunteer systems is awkward; and, further, it cannot very well be expected that Militiamen will be so ready to go abroad again after their experiences in South Africa during the present war. If the Administrative Reform Association are anxious to see the Militia taking its place once more as an important part of our military organisation, they should agitate not for the revival of the old Militia Act, but for the passing of a new measure which would make all British subjects liable to military service, over seas as well as at home. We do not think they would get the country to agree to such a Bill, but their position would at any rate be logical.

What they had better do, then, on the whole, if we may venture to offer counsel, is to take up a practical Militia grievance, and urge that the Militia should be treated with more consideration than has been recently shown to it, not only in South Africa, but in England. In the early stages of the war numbers of Militia battalions were deprived of their smartest officers, who were taken to fill gaps in regular battalions. Then when the Militia battalions came to volunteer for foreign service themselves, they were blamed for not being well officered! In South Africa they were given uninteresting, unexciting work to do; treated as if they were merely hewers of wood and drawers of water compared with the regulars and the special service volunteers; slighted and overlooked in numbers of ways. There is, indeed, a very sore feeling among the Militia at the position in which the war has placed it. Consequently, the recruiting returns are becoming worse and worse. For many years past the Militia has been diminishing in numbers at the rate of about a thousand men a year. Now the rate of decrease has risen to a much larger figure. This is a serious matter for the Regular Army as well as for the Militia itself, because one object of the Militia is to provide as individual recruits for the Army men who have found soldiering to their taste at the annual Militia trainings. If we want the rate of decrease to drop, or to see recruits once more coming forward readily to join the Militia, we must take steps to attract them, not to put them off by snubs and cold neglect.

MOUSTACHES were worn by infantry in India many years before they were permitted by the Queen's Regulations. The infantry of the old John Company's Army started the practice. In January, 1852, the Commander-in-Chief in Bombay issued the order (the first of its kind): "With a view to establishing uniformity of appearance between the European and Native ranks in regiments of the Native Army, the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to direct that moustachios be worn by all European commissioned and non-commissioned officers actually serving with Native corps, of whatever branch of the Service." Commenting on this, the *Bombay Times* of the date said, "Nothing gave the Affghauns in the late war so decided a feeling of contempt for their European opponents as their cleanly-shaven faces, and the prejudice is, we believe, almost universal in the North-West." Within a few months the Bengal Army followed suit, and then the Madras Army.

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THE HOME-COMING OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

THE "OPHIR" ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH.

The loyal people at Portsmouth and Gosport welcomed the Royal tourists with a spontaneous, tumultuous rejoicing.

Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

Going on board the "Ophir" to meet their parents.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

THE RETURN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

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THE HOME-COMING OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

OVER THE LINE OF ROUTE.

Major-General Sir Henry Trotter makes a final inspection of the arrangements.

LOOKING UP ST. JAMES'S STREET.

The decorations through Clubland were specially chaste and appropriate.

HIS MAJESTY SALUTES.

From Victoria Station onwards the Royal cortège was vociferously cheered by loyal crowds.

THE KING'S GUARD.

The military spectacle in front of Marlborough House was a veritable kaleidoscope of colour.

From Photos specially taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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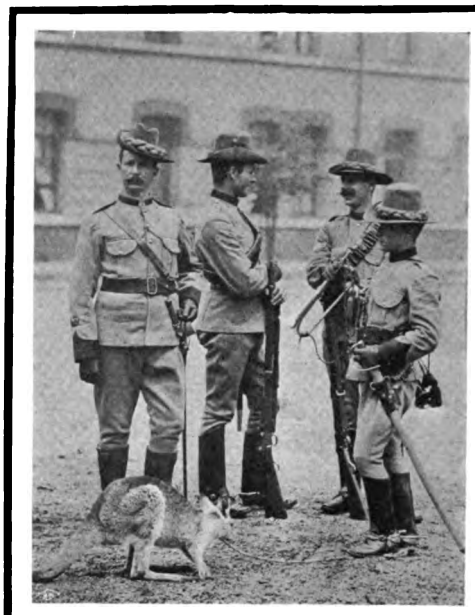
VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.



SOME "NON-COMS." WITH PET.

THE King's Birthday will be celebrated throughout the Colonies, and more especially, perhaps, in those which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have visited in their epoch-making tour, with singularly warm feelings of loyal and thoughtful regard. In part these, of course, belong to the noble inheritance which Queen Victoria left to her successor, an inheritance the greatest glory of which is that it is so utterly indefinable by any process of material measurement, and which rests on a boundless, bottomless sea of personal devotion. But the Colonies realise to the full that in King Edward they have a ruler who to them is even more than his mother's son—notable and comprehensive though that title, in this case, is. His Majesty's interest in Britain beyond the Seas has been coeval with his own development as a thinking man, and in countless ways his shrewd perception of Colonial sentiments and aspirations has been exhibited, apart from striking manifestations of Royal affability and goodwill. The British Empire has never until now had a true King of Greater Britain, and now that one occupies the throne with such peculiar claims not only to the loyalty, but also to the affectionate personal respect, of his Colonial subjects, it goes without saying that his birthday will be honoured, even as that of Queen Victoria was honoured, from Gibraltar to Ceylon, from Australia to the Cape, from New Zealand to Hong Kong, from Vancouver to Quebec. Not only wherever there is a British gun will the regulation salute be thundered forth, not only wherever a British mast or flagstaff stands against the sky will it have its flag flying to mark the day, but in millions of hearts one moment at least of the day will be devoted to the sentiment, finding nowhere a truer origin than in Colonial loyalty and love, "God Save the King!"

It is a happy omen for the month in which the anniversary of the King's Birthday falls, that it should be marked by a singularly interesting and pleasing development of the participation of the Colonies in the South African War. There were those who did not scruple to suggest that the warlike enthusiasm of the Colonies would not last, that it was a mere flash in the pan, and that the powder of Colonial loyalty to the Imperial idea was not so dry as it seemed to be. That prediction has been wholly falsified by the splendid alacrity which Australia in particular has shown in the matter of sending reinforcements to make up for war wastage and returned contingents. To the proposition that, however well the spirit of the Colonies might be maintained, the Colonial troops themselves would soon grow sick of a tedious and monotonous guerilla warfare, another sort of answer has been forthcoming. So many members of the Colonial corps which have served in South Africa have actually applied to be allowed to re-enlist in the Imperial Yeomanry, that special regulations have been issued on the subject, and it is hoped that it will be possible to form separate troops and squadrons of such re-enlisted Colonials.

This is something more than satisfactory. It indicates, we may be sure, a feeling quite apart from the mere lust of fighting, which some went so far as to say was a preponderating element in the Colonial rally to the Imperial standard at the commencement of the war. It may also be fairly regarded as supplementary to the strong and abiding Colonial resolution to see Great Britain "through" to the end of this unhappy business. It means, surely, in addition to all that, that the Colonials have experienced some actual satisfaction in fighting side by side with the Imperial troops, have learnt to regard them as true comrades, and are now willing to enter Imperial corps with their eyes wide open to every possible disadvantage which might result to them individually from starting afresh among strangers and under officers unused to the Colonial character. This compliment to the Home Army—for, rightly taken, it *is* a compliment—is more sincere in view of one very serious incident of the war, which has had a more or less happy ending, and to which only a passing allusion need be made here, and that merely by way of pointing a fairly obvious moral. The three Australian troopers who were condemned to death, the sentence being afterwards commuted to a long term of imprisonment, for mutinous conduct towards Brigadier-General Beatson, have been released, the proceedings of the Court-martial having been quashed. Incidentally, it is pleasant to reflect that the episode in question has apparently had no effect whatever upon the general good feeling existing between the Imperial and Colonial troops, a distinction, by the way, which is unfortunate, but which is generally made by the Colonies themselves. At the same time one cannot help expressing a hope that the termination of a most regrettable occurrence, the precise circumstances of which there is no occasion to recall, will not be misconstrued by our gallant Colonial helpers, and that the Colonial Press will join with us in trying to forget that such a "difference of opinion" between a very gallant and distinguished officer and his men ever took place.

Australia has been helping the Empire not only in South Africa, but in China, and in a manner, too, which might easily have been overlooked. It appears that in connection with the operations in China the Indian Government bought large quantities of stores from Australia, and has recently taken steps—to complain?—no, very far from that; in fact, to express its warm satisfaction with the quality of the stores supplied, and with the efficiency of the inspection exercised by the Export Departments of New South Wales and Victoria. There is something a little fresh in the idea of Australia supplying stores to be eaten by Indian troops in China, and the freshness of the notion does not seem to be its only recommendation by any means.

Following on the appointment of an Inspector-General of the Forces in West Africa, a sensible attepmt is being made to systematise the armed bodies in British East and Central Africa also. The appointment of Colonel Manning, Indian Staff Corps, as Inspector-General of the various forces in these regions, in which Uganda and Somaliland are specifically included, is a step in the right direction, as this officer, in addition to considerable service in Burma and on the North-West Frontier, has been most honourably connected with the military development of Central Africa, and has commanded several important expeditions in those parts. The idea of these new appointments appears to be that the officers holding them should have their headquarters in London, but should make an annual tour round the military stations lying within their "spheres of influence." This is an excellent notion, as not only does it give the War, Foreign, and Colonial Offices the advantage of being able to confer with men who are thoroughly in touch with the remote regions covered, and who are full of up-to-date experience and knowledge of local requirements, but the system will also serve as a most useful link between the forces concerned and the home authorities. There is always a natural tendency on the part of local corps tucked away in some out-of-the-way corner to fall into free-and-easy ways, which are detrimental to zeal and efficiency, if not to discipline. But an annual visit from an inspecting officer who has just come out from, and is forthwith returning to, Pall Mall or Whitehall, as the case may be, will do much to make British officers in charge of such detachments feel their "splendid isolation" less acutely than they might otherwise do.

The Governor-General of Canada very recently unveiled

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a mural tablet in St. Bartholomew's Church, Ottawa, to the memory of three Ottawa soldiers who were killed at Paardeberg. In doing so, Lord Minto expressed the hope that the bright example of these young men might be an incentive of true loyalty to God and country, and it goes without saying that the words found a ready echo in the minds of his audience. But they should have a wider range than that, for, especially in regard to the gallant conduct of the Canadians at Paardeberg, we of the old country can never forget how the Dominion has worked with us, and bled for us, in South Africa. One could wish that in the case of such memorials there could be some arrangement by which Imperialists in Great Britain might have the chance of contributing unostentatiously towards the commemoration of brave deeds done, and sacrifices endured, by Colonial soldiers and their families. At least the Colonies may be sure that any suggestion of the sort which assumed a concrete form would certainly meet with a prompt and willing response in this country, and that NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, for one, would gladly do its best to further any such proposition.

The *Canadian Military Gazette* makes special allusion to the fact that in the great review at Quebec before the Duke of Cornwall and York a company of cadets from the Royal Military College, Kingston, took part, and attracted much favourable notice. The Royal Military College, Kingston, which has often received attention in these pages, is, to some extent, the Sandhurst of Canada, and has, as is well known, given a number of gallant and distinguished officers to the Imperial Army. But not a few graduates of the College prefer to remain in the Dominion, and numbers of them subsequently hold local Militia commissions. The leading instructors at the College are supplied by the Imperial Service, and recently among them was Captain Lee, R.A., now M.P. for Fareham, Hants, who is making a name for himself as an outspoken and independent critic of our military system from the standpoint of exceptional foreign and Colonial experience.

A QUESTION OF CROPS.

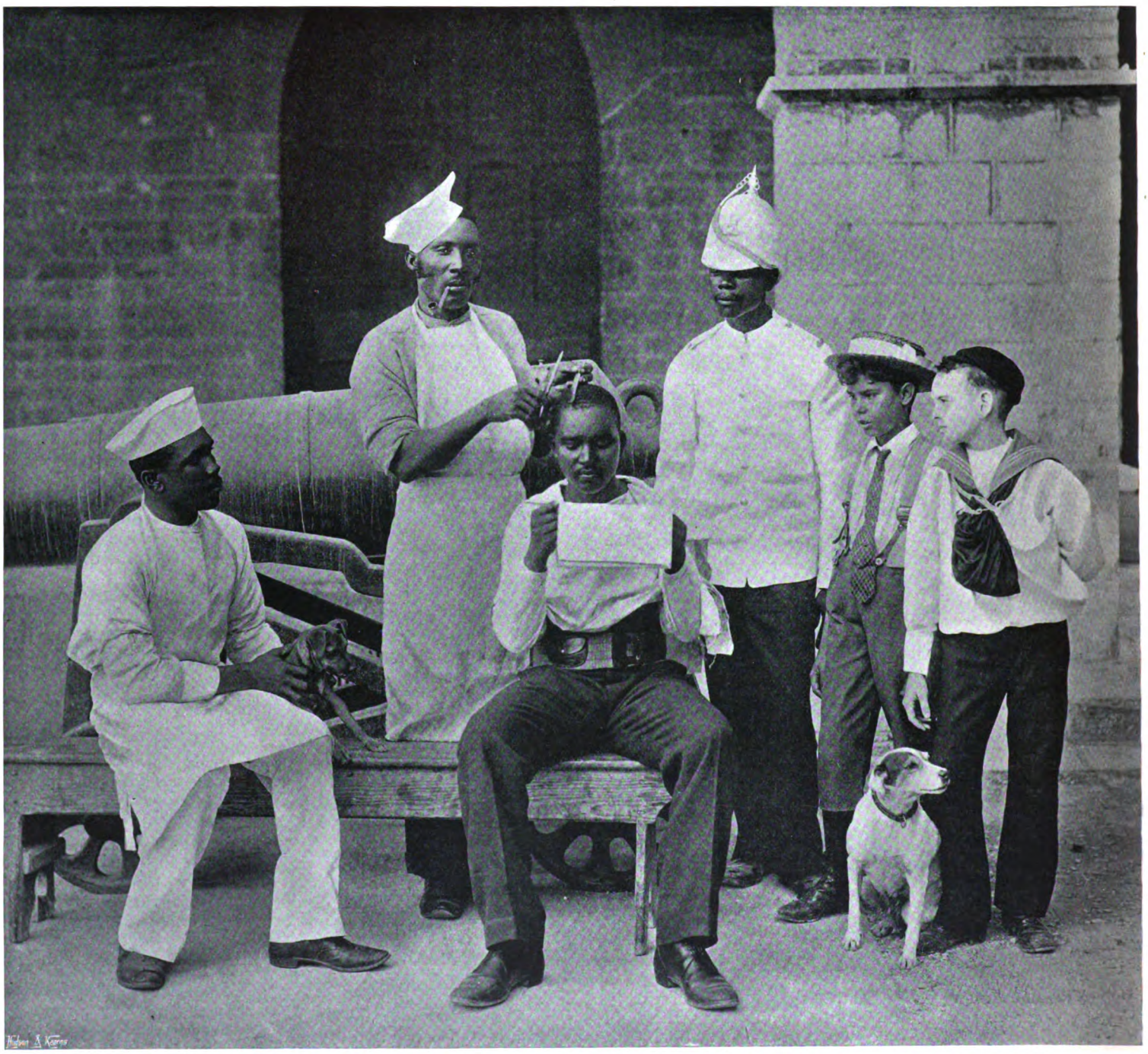

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE TRINIDAD POLICE FORCE.

The composition of the Trinidad Police Force is sufficiently indicated by the countenances of the barber and of the man who is being cropped, as well as by the appearance of the onlookers. It is an exceedingly valuable force, raised entirely from the inhabitants of the island. Trinidad occupies a peculiar position, as it is the most southern of the semi-circle of West India Islands, and lies just off the coast of South America. In Elizabethan days it was a place to make for as a halting spot on the road to raids further west, and there can be no question as to its strategical value. Meantime, it is a British possession, and our picture shows how British rule smooths away difficulties and amalgamates all races in usefulness for the Empire. The Trinidad Police do exceedingly good service, and they are to all intents and purposes a military force upon whom the most complete reliance could be placed if the necessity should arise.

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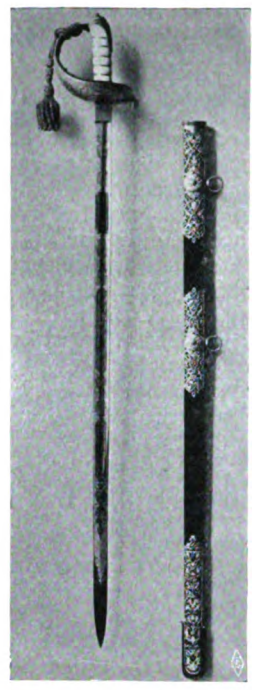
A FLEET AT STEAM TACTICS.



A SWORD OF HONOUR FOR THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

ALTHOUGH no greater military ceremony, other than a Royal salute, greets King Edward's Birthday, it is the occasion for the voice of universal congratulation on the part of His Majesty's subjects, more especially as it is the first celebration of the day since His Majesty ascended the throne. As Prince of Wales, he had already for many years borne many of the burdens of sovereignty. Though young as a King, he is old in his knowledge of State affairs, and in speech and act he has ever displayed a prescience and discretion that have been admirable. His sympathy with all classes of his people brought him instant popularity when he attained to Royal rule. There is something of genial cordiality and heartiness in the King's manner that are typically English. His love of field sports and of the turf is that of many of his countrymen. His deep interest in social science and in the welfare of the labouring classes has long been known. His liking for art and music has many times been displayed, and, if he cannot give his whole heart to such things, his real interest in their progress is manifest. It may be said, indeed, that there is no department of public or intellectual life which King Edward has not done much to encourage and advance. All these good qualities of head and heart have endeared him to his subjects, who at this time cry "God save the King!" with loyal thankfulness that Heaven has given them a ruler ripe in the knowledge of his duties and enjoying the full confidence of his people.

FAR different is the case with the young King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., whose coming of age next year promises to be the occasion of some trouble in that land. If the Royal boy should possess such qualities as would fit him to be a leader of men, if he should possess such strength as is in the Kaiser, all will be well with his country; but if he should display no more than youthful inexperience, the opportunity will come for many to use his weakness for their own ends. The Queen Regent has been very popular in the Peninsula, and the chivalric Spanish people have gladly been subject to the rule of that excellent woman. But as the time draws near for the accession to power of her son the rumour grows of dangers ahead. General Weyler's obscure utterances a fortnight ago were very significant of what may come. There have been rumours as to his intention to assume a dictatorship. It is much in consonance with Spanish traditions that a prominent soldier should adopt such a *rôle*, but it is not pleasant to think of General Weyler—strong man though he be—seizing in some measure the reins of power. He has declared that nobody dreams of a dictatorship, but that dictators arise from circumstances. What are the circumstances he anticipates? He has never harboured the idea of becoming dictator. Yet if the circumstances of the country were grave, he says, he would do his duty as a politician and a soldier. It is assumed, therefore, that revolutionary movements are on foot, and that a dictatorship may be necessary. General Weyler promises to defend the institutions and the Parliament, and therein he has our good wishes. Well would it be for Spain if Alfonso XIII. possessed the experience and capacity of Edward VII., and if Spanish institutions were a guarantee for the security of the Crown.

MANY recent circumstances have drawn attention to the land over which His Highness Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz rules, and to the personality of that interesting potentate. The visit to this country of his envoys, and of Kaid Maclean, the excellent Scotch gentleman who has so large a part in the counsels of Morocco, is still fresh in the public mind. We are therefore glad to illustrate a sword of great beauty and admirable workmanship which the Wilkinson Sword Company has just made for the Sultan. Exquisite skill and loving care were ever bestowed by the old craftsmen upon weapons of offence, and this splendid example would surely compare well with any of them. The blade is quite straight, as in the swords of our officers of Life Guards, and is elaborately adorned in blue and gold. The hilt is of steel, with an Arabesque design encrusted with 22-carat gold, while the handle is of ivory, the lining of green velvet, and the sword-knot of gold bullion. The sheath is of green velvet, with three massive 18-carat gold mounts of original design, pierced and chased. The value of the sword is about £500.

THE Duke of Cornwall and York has now been welcomed home again, but the memory of his journey will not soon fade from the minds of our English kinsmen in the daughter lands he has visited. Among all the places at which he sojourned, perhaps none exceed in interest the ultimate points of his tour upon the North American continent. Vancouver and Victoria are excellent examples of the growth of our Western cities. A few years ago the former was a heap of charred remains, with few inhabitants left, but to-day it is a thriving city of 27,000 people, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, rapidly becoming a great naval and commercial port, its streets dignified by solid and attractive buildings, and filled with a throng of energetic and enterprising people. Behind it lies a country of extraordinary richness, and before it the pathway to the populous places of the East. Its gold-bearing rivers, its immense forests, its streams filled with fish, and its magnificent pastures, where countless cattle are raised and fed, its smiling orchards and its extensive cornfields, all make Vancouver the distributing centre of a rapidly-increasing community. The city of Victoria, upon Vancouver Island, at the mouth of Georgia Straits, views Vancouver as a possible rival, but they grow together, and each benefits by the prosperity of the other. The people of Victoria, which is the capital and seat of the provincial government, are intensely British, as they testified when the Duke and Duchess were there. The place has grown enormously, and it lies in a most charming situation, with very beautiful surroundings. The climate is excellent, and Victoria is like an English city. The two places are our most important cities in the West, and they rival in richness and promise any others in the Empire.

THE voyage through the Yang-tse gorges of the gun-boat "Woodcock," built by Messrs. Thornycroft at Chiswick in floatable sections, and put together at Shanghai, appears to have demonstrated the fact that the problem of devising a regular, fast, and safe trade route between the lower valleys of the Yang-tse and the fertile regions of Sze-chuan must be sought for in a railway. The Yang-tse might not be an impossible route for a line, but if the cost were not prohibitive, a vast deal of rock cutting which would have to be done, with some large bridges and many small ones, would make the outlay very considerable. Perhaps by a détour some difficulties might be avoided. A formidable obstacle exists in the great barrier of mountains which divides the two regions through which the Yang-tse cleaves its way, though a considerable volume of river traffic passes the rapids with infinite labour and at considerable peril. It speaks much for the excellent qualities of the "Woodcock" that she was able to navigate the gorges from I-chang to Chung-king, for the preceding ship which made the attempt, the German steamer "Sui-hsiang," had been totally wrecked

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on the Kung-ling rapid. The "Woodcock" found the river in a favourable condition, but trading ships carrying large cargoes would run much risk, and could scarcely make the business pay. There is great difficulty in ascending in the liability of being swung round by the swirls which have to be passed through at each rapid, and a danger of collision also with descending junks. But the risks are even greater in coming down the river, owing to submerged rocks at places where the channel is narrow. The ship must go fast in order that she may better answer her helm, and the danger of colliding with junks, dozens of which pass each rapid every day, is very great. The perils of the water-way seem to suggest that a railway is the right solution of the very important question of communication with the rich region beyond the gorges, but doubtless the engineering difficulties will be thoroughly investigated before the river is given up.

OUR German friends are very angry whenever the example they set in 1870 is urged in justification of our proceedings in South Africa in this present year. Nevertheless, the student can certainly find in the treatment of the *Franc-tireurs* a parallel for everything that we have done. It is singular that, while the Germans revile us for seeking justification in their "barbarity" in France, the French Nationalists are themselves denouncing us as "assassins." The truth is, that war is its own justification. Whatever can be done to hasten its end is merciful, and it cannot be proved against us that we have done anything contrary to justice in this matter. We have, in fact, too long hesitated to take inevitable steps, and the probability is that if we had acted earlier with some severity, hostilities would have been ended ere now. Evidently Mr. Kruger has still money to spare for stimulating a Press campaign against us; but nothing that either he or the Continental Press may say must cause us for a moment to waver in our resolution to push hostilities *à outrance* with the object of bringing the war to an end.

IT was unfortunate for Sir Redvers Buller that his removal from his command gave the pro-Boer party the opportunity of taking up his cause as a means of attacking the Government. In that matter everyone will condole with the gallant and unfortunate soldier. The case is exactly parallel with the action of the French Nationalists when Major Marchand returned from Fashoda. They succeeded in making him a pawn in their nefarious game, and from that moment the good man was discredited. He had done a creditable thing at the bidding of his Government, and deserved honour, but to honour him when he was in the hands of the Nationalists was impossible. Sir Redvers Buller will not be besmirched by the action of the pro-Boers. His loyalty is too well tried to suffer from their endeavour, but that they should have been able to use his case is certainly unfortunate. Amid the various opinions expressed in regard to the gallant officer, there is universal sympathy with him, and unstinted admiration for the services he has rendered to the Empire. It is curious to reflect that, but for his unfortunate speech, we might presently have heard Mr. Brodrick justifying his appointment to the First Army Corps by laudation of the very man so recently officially discredited.

COLONEL J. BIDDULPH deserves great credit for having vindicated the military character of Stringer Lawrence, whom he entitles the "Father of the Indian Army," in an admirable biography published by John Murray. Most people know the good soldier's name, but his achievements have been overshadowed by the more brilliant exploits of Clive. Yet it may be doubted if Clive would have risen as he did, had not Lawrence given him the opportunity. It was the older man who recognised the genius of the younger, and Clive, to his credit, never hesitated to honour his patron. In the operations at Trichinopoly and Madras, which culminated in the expulsion of the French, Lawrence worked wonders. Every French soldier whom he met in the field—D'Auteuil, Law, De Kerjean, Astruc, Brenier, Maissin, and Lally—retired defeated from the combat or was compelled to yield himself a prisoner. Moreover, as Commander-in-Chief of the Company's forces, Stringer Lawrence truly laid the foundations of the Indian Army, and Colonel Biddulph has done an excellent thing in giving us a biography of the excellent soldier.

A DERELICT DOCKYARD.

Buckler's Hard, on the Exe, once the ship-building yards of Henry Adams, and where many of our finest vessels, including Nelson's "Agamemnon," were built during the French wars between 1743 and 1812.

TWO miles from Beaulieu and six miles from Lymington, where the Exe River winds seaward picturesquely, with its shores overhung by low woods, the outskirts of the New Forest, is located a derelict quay, known as Buckler's Hard. The place boasts a romantic history. By letters patent of June 22, 1722, George I. granted to John, second and last Duke of Montagu, the Hampshire magnate of the day, the islands of St. Lucia and St. Vincent in the West Indies, and appointed him Governor and General thereof. Whereupon his Grace conceived the bold enterprise of creating a monopoly in the sugar-refining industry. With this object in view he appointed a Deputy Governor, and sent him out with seven ships, containing settlers and their families, to develop the sugar-cane plantations, while he himself proceeded to found a new seaport town at Buckler's Hard, which was to have exclusive rights of trade with his West Indian Islands, and which, being within the liberties of Beaulieu, would share in all the privileges belonging to the Cinque Ports. He declared, in fact, that in Buckler's Hard he would eventually possess a port rivalling in importance that of Bristol itself. Unfortunately, upon the arrival of the ducal expedition the British men-of-war on the station would not sufficiently support the enterprise, and the French, having landed troops unopposed, compelled Montagu's traders to vacate the islands within seven days' time. This misunderstanding cost the Duke £40,000; and while preparing for a second attempt he let Buckler's Hard, together with the workmen's cottages, store sheds, etc., which he had erected, to the famous Naval ship-builder, Henry Adams. The opportunity, however, for making another grab at his nominal West Indian possessions never presented itself. In 1749 the Duke died, and his successor had not his enthusiasm for the project. Finally, in 1763, the declaration of peace put an end to the hopes of a West Indian trade, and so fell through all plans of the great seaport at Buckler's Hard. Meanwhile, Henry Adams had greatly developed his ship-building yards there. Between the years 1743 and 1812 many famous ships of war were launched in this picturesque creek, some pierced for as many as fifty, or sixty-four, and one, the "Illustrious," carrying seventy-four, guns. The last-named bore the brunt of the severe fighting in Admiral Hotham's action off Genoa, March 8, 1795. Her crew lost twenty killed and seventy wounded, and the "Illustrious" herself was so mauled that a few days later, a gale springing up, she was run ashore near Leghorn, and set on fire and destroyed. Other famous Buckler's Hard battle-ships were the "Agamemnon," "Euryalus," and "Swiftsure," which fought at Trafalgar. The fact may be recalled that Nelson long commanded the first-named.

Photo. Copyright. Archer.

BUCKLER'S HARD.

Once prosperous ship-building yards.

When peace was signed in 1812 Buckler's Hard, which had given so many fine ships to the Royal Navy during its most glorious era, ceased to be a dockyard. The ship-building yards have long since disappeared, and the anchorage is occupied by one or two small sailing yachts or fishing-boats, in lieu of the stately fifty and sixty-four gun battle-ships which sailed thence to thrash the King's enemies.

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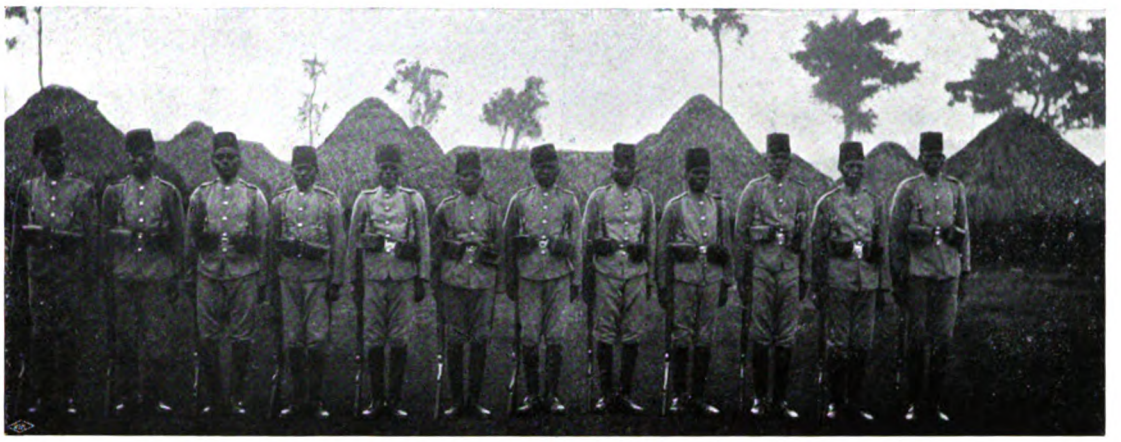
DECLINED WITH THANKS.
A Masai dwarf presents himself for enlistment



AFTER TWO MONTHS.
East Africa Rifle recruits, some of the tallest of them being Masai.

THE MASAI AS A SOLDIER.

(ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOS. SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.")

ONE of the clearest claims which Great Britain has to the enjoyment of Empire in the fullest sense of the word lies in the undoubted fact that she stands positively alone in her magnificent capacity for gathering native races into the skirts of her Army, and making not only good, but willing and loyal, soldiers of them. Not once, but scores of times, has this notable national characteristic been demonstrated to an extent undreamed of in the case of any other nation. To take very familiar instances, we have had few more gallant and determined enemies than the Sikhs and the Gurkhas, and to-day we have no more loyal and generally trustworthy troops than those recruited from these warlike races. Less than four years ago it became necessary for us to read the turbulent Afridi a serious lesson. By the latest accounts this troublesome borderer is gladly accepting military service with us, and is likely to prove a most valuable addition to the Gurkha and the Sikh in connection with Indian mountain warfare. Further East we have formed a fine battalion of Chinese at Wei-hai-Wei, and even the difficult and uncertain-tempered Malay makes a capital soldier under European officers.

Our success in Asia in this interesting direction has been fully equalled by what we have accomplished in West and East and Central Africa. On the West Coast we have formed splendid military constabularies out of the Hausas, on the East we have utilised the warlike Soudanese, and in Central Africa we have recently incorporated the Yaos and Atongas into our regular forces. With the unfortunate exception of the Soudanese mutineers in Uganda, these troops have done excellent service, and in the Sierra Leone rising even the liberated slaves and sons of slaves, who necessarily form a considerable portion of the West African Regiment, acquitted themselves famously a few months after enlistment. A yet more recent and striking example, of which we have given copious and instructive illustration in these pages, has been the case of the Somalis employed in the recent expedition against the Mad Mullah. The fact that that expedition was composed entirely of Somalis who had been enlisted, equipped, and trained by British officers in the short space of two or three months, was a truly marvellous proof of the extraordinary grip which British military service has upon apparently "hopeless" native races.

But in all the calculations even of experts as to the tribes upon which we might hope to draw for native soldiers, there has been one race upon which it was felt to be mere vanity and vexation of spirit to count. This was the formidable nation of Masai, which for years has enjoyed a most evil reputation for ferocity and uncompromising antagonism to anything approaching civilisation. Masailand is difficult to define with any accuracy, but may be broadly located as lying between Mombasa on the coast and the Victoria Nyanza Lake in the interior. Of the bloodthirstiness of the Masai countless tales have been told, and Mr. Rider Haggard has given a notable account of an attempted Masai raid in one of his most popular novels.

When the idea of the Uganda Railway was first mooted in Parliament some ten years ago, one of the chief objections brought forward was the risk which the surveying parties would incur of being attacked by the Masai, and the large standing force which it would be necessary to maintain in order to guard the completed railway from this redoubtable tribe. Sir William Harcourt even went so far as to declare his conviction that every hundred yards along the line it would be necessary to have armed platelayers, as no sooner would the line be laid than the Masai would use every endeavour to pull it up again.

The Devil, however, sometimes turns out to be not quite so black as he is painted, and so it happened in this case. The dreaded Masai did not prove anything like so hostile to the railway as was expected, and, as a matter of fact, only one solitary white man has so far met his death at their hands, and in that case the victim's own temerity was largely to blame.

But it is not only in connection with railway construction that the Masai have fallen into line with the wave of British Imperial expansion. As our pictures show, they have been so greatly impressed with the advantages of British military service that they have conceived the happy idea of enlisting in not inconsiderable numbers in the East Africa Rifles, which, at the time our correspondent, to whom we are indebted for these most interesting illustrations, wrote, had nearly a hundred Masai in its ranks. Of added importance is the fact that these former turbulent and still potentially ferocious savages are "shaping" remarkably well, and

KIT INSPECTION PARADE.
The Masai is very proud of his kit, and is seldom deficient.

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displaying unexpected willingness to adapt themselves to their new and, one would think, highly uncongenial environment.

Our pictures more or less explain themselves, but a few words of incidental comment may not be out of place. The portrait of the dwarf has a special interest, because the little man was very much in earnest in seeking to be enlisted, and distinctly annoyed at not being "taken on." It seems a pity that such a bright and willing warrior should have had to be rejected for want of a few dozen inches; but rules are rules, and the contrast between this imp and some of his longer brethren who may be seen on the flank of the line of recruits would have been needlessly severe. The picture showing Masai soldiers having their kits inspected affords a pleasant example of the humanising effect of clothes. The pride which the Masai shows in the possession of garments is no doubt compounded of rather mixed sentiments, which it is a thousand pities Carlyle had no opportunity of discussing in "Sartor Resartus," but none the less it is a trait which must be exceedingly gratifying to his British officers. For it is quite possible for deficiencies in a soldier's kit to give nearly as much trouble in East Africa as they do when they occur in an English barrack-room.

RUDIMENTS OF DRILL AND MUSKETRY.

Masai recruits at the goose-step and learning to shoot.

The picture entitled "The First Step Towards Equipment" needs a little explanation. When the Masai would-be recruit comes in from his native village—a circular collection of four-foot high wattle and mud huts—his hair is ornately arranged in a fine but stumpy pigtail which falls a foot down his back, and is thickly plastered with a mixture of red earth and grease. Such a *coiffure* can hardly be termed serviceable, and before the recruit can be given the proud satisfaction of calling himself a British soldier, he must sacrifice his pigtail in the manner depicted here.

With reference to the picture showing Masai and other East African recruits at drill and musketry, it is worthy of especial note that the Masai make very good shots, and that they are treated on a footing nearly of equality even by the Soudanese soldiers, who regard themselves, not without reason, as very superior fighting men indeed.

A certain amount of difficulty is experienced as regards Masai soldiers in the matter of diet. In his native village the Masai lives solely upon milk, meat, and blood. Simple as it is, this *régime* cannot be guaranteed at every station to which the East Africa Rifles are liable to be sent, and there was some question whether the Masai would consent to adapt his demands to the supply. This apprehension has been happily removed. "The Masai soldiers," writes our correspondent, "readily eat rice and sweet potatoes, or, in fact, whatever they can get." From meat and blood to rice and sweet potatoes seems a long and sudden drop, but it all tends to show that this anxiety on the part of the Masai to become a soldier of a respectable and even civilised type rests upon a very solid basis of genuine military ardour.

But, after all, the best proof of the pudding is in the eating, and since our correspondent sent us these pictures reports have been received tending to show that the Masai not only makes a promising recruit, but that he has already proved himself a valuable auxiliary in the field, and may be confidently looked to as likely to become on a campaign the African equivalent of the best sort of Asiatic fighting soldier. In a recent issue of the *London Gazette* were published despatches containing a report of the expedition undertaken last autumn against the Wa Nandi, whose country is adjacent to that of the Masai. The Nandi had been giving much trouble by committing just those outrages in connection with the Uganda Railway from which the Masai have so virtuously abstained, and very strong measures became necessary.

A force of 105 Indian and 268 local troops was accordingly concentrated for a punitive expedition. But it was not until the arrival of auxiliaries, in the shape of 300 Masai and other spearmen, that really effective results were obtained. In the operations which followed the Masai behaved splendidly, being generally, by reason of their superior mobility, well ahead of their own columns, and consequently bearing the brunt of the fighting. Colonel Evatt, in his despatch, speaks of the conduct of these Masai auxiliaries as "exemplary." In the whole range of the English language he could probably not have found a term more foreign to the idea of the Masai which prevailed a decade back. Let us earnestly hope that these interesting new subjects of Great Britain will continue to live up to their latter-day character. The spread of the British Empire in this region is splendidly satisfactory, and is likely to continue so. But it might have been subject to serious drawbacks if, in addition to brave but scanty British forces, we had not been able to count upon these fighting "friendlies."

THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS EQUIPMENT.

A Masai recruit in the hands of the regimental barber

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THE RECENT RUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A.—THE COMMANDER OF THE EASTERN ARMY—GENERAL ADAMOVITCH FACES US, WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. B.—THE FAMED COSSACK RIDERS—A LITTLE IRREGULAR, BUT GOOD FIGHTERS. C.—ON THE WAY TO THE OUTPOSTS—A RUSSIAN GENERAL STARTING TO MAKE THE NECESSARY INSPECTION. D.—THE HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY—A GUN DETACHMENT READY TO LOAD. E.—FODDER FOR FIGHTERS—THE TRANSPORT ON THE MARCH. F.—ACROSS A BIT OF LEVEL GROUND—ONE OF THE NEW HEAVY FIELD GUNS EN ROUTE. G.—LIGHTLY BUILT AND LIGHTLY FURNISHED—A TWO-WHEELED KITCHEN WAGGON FOR CAVALRY. H.—COOKING FOR THE INFANTRY—A KITCHEN WAGGON THAT WILL PROBABLY BE ADOPTED.

The Manœuvres in Russia this year were of exceptional interest, and on a more extended scale than usual, while the importance of them centred largely in the fact that the opposing generals, Adamovitch and Meiendorf, were allowed what was practically a free hand. The Manœuvres were noticeable also for the number of experiments which were tried. A new heavy field gun was brought into use—two of our pictures deal with it—and seems to have served its purpose. This is one of the results of the South African War, from which foreigners are ready to tell us that they have learned nothing. But soldiers cannot live on fighting, and other experiments related to kitchen waggons for cooking, both for cavalry and infantry, are fully illustrated in our pictures.

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NAVAL BASES

By CARLYON

Photo. Copyright.

A PANORAMA OF KINGSTOWN

With the British North American and

WHAT are the precise values of an arsenal and a base? This is a question that occurs to one again and again in connection with the Mediterranean. The late Sir Geoffrey Hornby attached the greatest importance to developing our bases in the Mediterranean. There is a school which goes so far as to hold a fleet to be powerless without a well equipped and fortified base. In Hong Kong I found myself one of an insignificant minority in maintaining that Dewey should do very well without one, and that he ought to find all he required, save replenishment stores, on the enemy's coast. He was far beyond his bases in the United States, yet when war broke out he took one at Manila, and sent home urgent requests for ammunition. In the same way, on June 7, 1898, the United States Navy occupied Guantanomo, in Cuba, a proceeding to more purpose than all the futile bombardments with which they had busied themselves in the previous months. It would, of course, have been more convenient for America if Manila had been near San Francisco, and Cadiz nearer to New York. War, however, is never waged without difficulties, and a vessel styled a battle-ship is in reality no battle-ship if she is dependent on a fortified arsenal within easy steaming distance. The British Navy has always extemporised its bases so as to be near the enemy's fleets, and in the light of this historical knowledge Naval officers read with amusement the effusions which tell us of "the dangerous proximity" of Bizerta to Malta. It has ever been the policy of this country to choose bases within striking distance of an enemy's fleet, and offering shelter, as well as ingress and egress for the fleet, its scouts, and mercantile auxiliaries. When we watched Toulon, Port Mahon was not used because the narrow harbour did not offer easy navigation to sailing ships. So Maddalena was selected by Nelson, and as he so disliked the system of weakening his fleet through the necessities of vessels provisioning and watering in reliefs taking about six days, besides the uncertain journey backwards and forwards, he took his whole fleet away. His blockade was therefore not so efficient as that of Cornwallis at Brest, and the French Fleet escaped with a considerable start in its favour.

It has long been held that the sea will not tolerate two masters. One navy retires into the security of its harbours, behind fortifications, while the other blockades at sea, or, if the fleets are equal, the issue is very shortly decided by fighting. Obviously, the policy for the weaker one is to develop fortified bases to protect its fleet, and of the stronger one to develop its reserves so as to relieve its blockading fleet.

The advantage which Russia, France, and Italy derive from their great arsenals in the Mediterranean, backed by continents and railway systems, are similar in kind to those conferred in old days by our American colonies on us. In the words of Burke, "America was once, indeed, a great strength to this nation in opportunity of ports, in ships, in provisions, in men." The dependence of ships on bases backed by continents is now much greater, owing to engineering invention and the necessities of coal. Amongst all the nations in the Mediterannean, England is the only one possessing bases which are absolutely dependent for the whole of their supplies on transmarine communications. It has therefore been the wise policy of the British Governments to develop the home ports, and to provide for reinforcing the Mediterranean rather than foster stunted ports which cannot, in the nature of things, do their work so efficiently and well as the home ports. Whatever may be done to ports unbacked by continental territory, we know we cannot hope to compete with ports that do not suffer from these conditions.

The essence of fleet life is mobility, and the sole *raison d'être* of a base is to give extension to that mobility. To attain command of the sea, a fleet has to paralyse the mobility of its opponent, and if that opponent retires under the protection of an arsenal the object is partly attained. If by retaining a port, after the fleet can no longer hold its own, we are under the necessity of relieving it, we impose shackles on the mobility of the fleet and the base had much better never have existed. So Gibraltar hampered the British Fleet in the War of American Independence from the necessities of relieving it three times. There is no prospect, however, of this being thoroughly understood by the public. They are rather apt to talk like the writer on Gibraltar in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (edition 1856), who gave a lengthy account of the great siege and omitted even to mention that fleets of transports escorted by fifteen to thirty-four battle-ships had relieved the garrison three times in three years. The attitude of the people concerning any scheme for the restitution of Gibraltar to Spain would be that in Lord Townsend's time (1729), when he wrote to Mr. Poyntz, "I am afraid that the bare mention of a proposal which carried the most distant appearance of laying England under an obligation of ever parting with that place would be sufficient to put the whole nation in a flame." Were the cult of the base a reasonably true one, Napoleon must have attained command of the sea in 1803, when, except for Naples, he practically held sway over nearly all the Mediterranean shores. Even to-day the French hold the greatest extent of coast line, and any British ship passing through the Eastern Basin of the Mediterranean is within ten hours' distance at 20 knots from some point of their coasts. It is precisely because of the necessities of defending these coasts and maintaining a superiority against Italy, that the French Navy is mainly concentrated in the Mediterranean. I am afraid the cult of the base has acted disastrously on British policy. We have always been prowling round Cyprus for a base ever since Lord Beaconsfield's idea of a *place d'armes* was abandoned, or entertaining false hopes of turning Gibraltar into a great arsenal The net result of Cyprus has been the equivalent loss of a battle-ship in expenditure. I think there was a time when Cyprus was to be the key to the dominion of the world, much as Napoleon described Constantinople to be. I can only be thankful that we have never been bitten so severely with the cult of the base as the French, for the unfortunate Minister of Marine has had to look round Corsica for a new naval base because the Chamber insisted on voting him the

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AND THEIR USE.

BELLAIRS.

Wilson.

HARBOUR, ST. VINCENT, W.I.

West Indian Squadron lying at anchor

money for one against his own wishes! I know that it is said that these bases become formidable through the torpedo craft operating from them. In the same sense Cuba was very formidable in 1822, owing to the pirates who used to wait in parts inaccessible to ships of war "until winds or currents had driven the military shipping off the coast and then fall on the hapless merchant vessel."

The Admiralty were forced in 1822 to send small craft to root the pirates out, and the risks became too great for the pirates. So with the torpedo craft of the French, destroyers ought to be sent to the Mediterranean in sufficient numbers to make it too hot for them.

The fortified bases of the French may then, for a time, succeed in fulfilling their sole function of delaying capture, and therefore extending the period of the small crafts mobility. In no case, however, does the existence of a fortified Bizerta, Tunis, or Ajaccio become a factor of any importance in winning command of the sea, for this can only be attained by battle-ships. In every single modern action, except Lissa, the victors fought some days journey from their bases, and the defeated only a few hours. Thus the Japanese were four days journey in the only fleet action fought with the Chinese, and the Americans even further off at Manila and Santiago. Lissa will hardly be cited against my contention, since the defeat was due to the Italian Admiral wasting his time and resources in a futile bombardment of an Austrian base instead of attending to the Austrian Fleet. Persano and the Italian Government would never have done anything so stupid if they had not been the victims of the cult of the base. They argued about Lissa much as Seeley, in "The Expansion of England," did about Malta and Mauritius. "Malta," Seeley tells us, "of the last French War was the key of Egypt, and Egypt the the key of India," and, therefore, "by the retention of Malta we did effectually and once for all ward off this attack, yet we did not know ourselves how successful we had been." Of Mauritius he says: "It was by the conquest of the island, and its retention at the peace by England, that the Hundred Years War of England and France for the New World came to an end." One cannot but feel the thought that if this sort of teaching is to go on in England we shall have to yield our primacy to Germany. There they have emancipated themselves from the timid and pedantic thought which exercises such a baneful influence on British policy. I cannot do better than quote Admiral Werner of the Imperial German Navy in this connection: "The prestige of Great Britain would be shattered so soon as she lost her supremacy at sea, as her very means of existence would be called in question. The tie which binds England to her Colonies becomes looser or stronger in proportion as her Naval supremacy is either threatened or appears impregnable. . . . In war time every island must have free communication with the Mother Country or they will fall a prey to whoever commands the sea. In the case of islands which have been fortified it must also be borne in mind that, if captured, their weapons will be turned against their former owners. It is not too much to say, therefore, that the strategical value of an island depends upon the extent to which its owners hold supremacy in the surrounding seas."

Bearing in mind our axiom that the use of a base is solely to give extension of mobility to the fleet, either in time or space, the offensive power of the Russian Black Sea Fleet cannot be reckoned very highly. A watching Fleet off the Dardanelles would paralyse all its efforts. It cannot, even with the virtual possession of Constantinople, ever hope to combine with the Baltic Fleet. Its coal supply will not allow it to proceed to Toulon at speed, and it is only there, in alliance with France, that it can gain that extension in mobility as regards space, by having bunkers replenished, and as regards time, if the combined fleets are too weak to face the British, through the protection of the fortifications of Toulon. Equal protection as regards time is conferred by evasion, and if an attempt is made to foil it the side practising it has the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy is losing equal mobility in space through emptying her coal bunkers. Such evasion, however, though possible in practice for a period of about ten days, if the vessels have not been watched from the outset, is of no value, except to delay an action until reinforcements can arrive. The obvious policy for us is, therefore, to maintain a Mediterranean Fleet capable of watching its opponents, and offering battle to either of the two strongest when separated. We can then avail ourselves to the full of the knowledge of the wretched coal supply of the French and Russian battle-ships, and the fact that the distance from Plymouth to Gibraltar is only 1,054 miles, and keep a reinforcing squadron at home as ready for war at all times as the great resources of the home ports will allow it to be. The position of Italy with reference to a war with France and a reinforcement from the distant German ports is more difficult, though in this case again the wretched coal supply of the French battle-ships makes the blockade of Spezzia, Maddalena, and other Italian ports exceedingly difficult. It is of Maddalena that Nelson wrote in a way that has laid him open to misconstruction again and again. "Sardinia," he wrote, in 1804, "is the most important port in the Mediterranean; it covers Naples, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, and all the Turkish dominions; it blockades Toulon. *The wind which would carry a French fleet to the westward is fair from Sardinia, and Maddalena is the most important station on this most important island.*" And again he wrote: "God knows, if we could possess one island—Sardinia—we should want neither Malta nor any other; this, which is the finest island in the Mediterranean, possesses harbours fit for arsenals, and of a capacity to hold our Navy *within twenty-four hours' sail of Toulon.*" It is because the quotations have an appearance of telling against my argument that I have italicised the important parts, which show that the value of Maddalena in Nelson's eyes was the fact that it did, what I contend is the sole function of a base, viz., give extension to the mobility of the fleet. Frequently the mobility of the fleet is best increased by reinforcements, and those who think with me will apply that argument to the extraordinary proposal to spend twenty millions, or the equivalent of twenty battle-ships, on an eastern harbour for Gibraltar.

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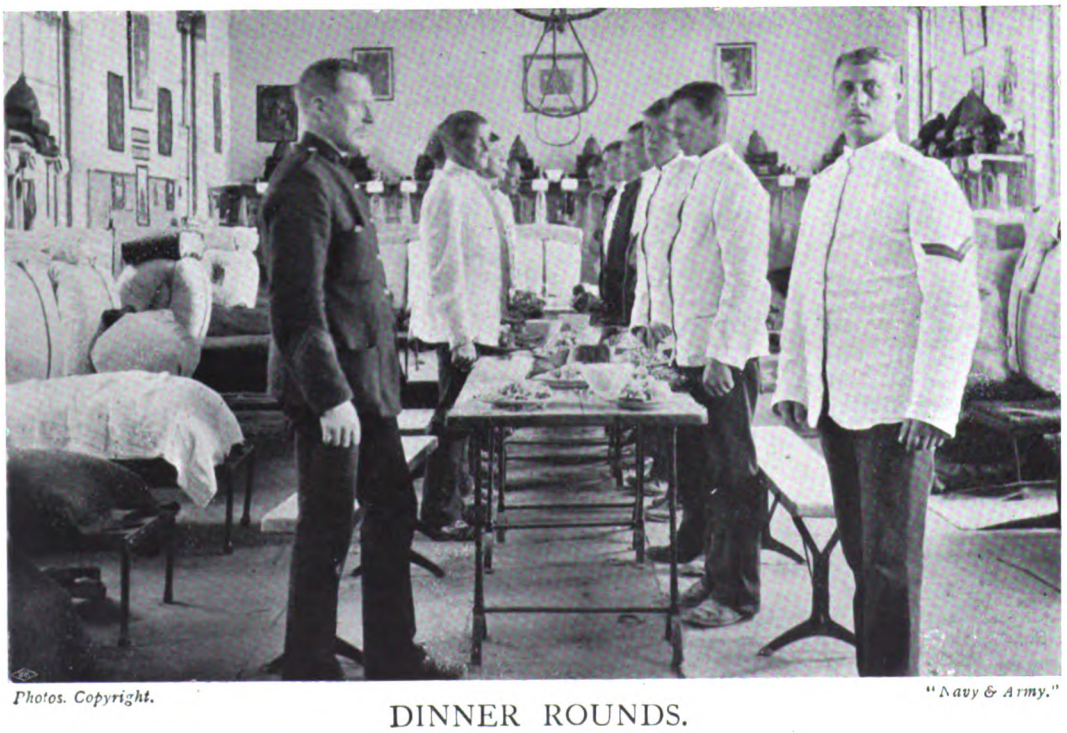
THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER.

MAKING A SOLDIER OF HIM.

Issuing a "free kit."

THE GUARD-ROOM.

A place of exceeding interest to recruits.



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DINNER ROUNDS.

"Attention! Any complaints?"

ON the morning after joining the Headquarters of the regiment in which he has elected to serve, the recruit receives his "free kit." No single article of his civilian clothing is he permitted to retain, except perhaps his handkerchief, if he has one. The "free kit" includes a complete outfit of every article which he will require for life in barracks, and embraces not only boots, socks, shirt, but also brushes with which to clean them.

During the first day in barracks no duty is required of him, and he can pass the remainder of the morning in his barrack-room, where the scrupulous cleanliness and neatness has, it is to be hoped, an immediate effect upon him, for at "dinner rounds" he must be properly dressed when the room is called to attention for the orderly officer's visit, and the superintendent of the room takes care that men conduct themselves properly at meals. For his dinner he gets ¾-lb. of meat and 1-lb. of bread. A story which, although it cannot claim originality, is perhaps new to non-Service readers, may be told in connection with the meat ration, which, being repeated on the second day of an Irishman's service, evoked the remark, "What! mate again! Be jabers, what diet!"

After dinner the recruit receives his first lesson in cleaning his straps, for this is the time at which those men who wish to be free in the evening do their "soldiering," as it is called. This means the cleaning of white buff belts, and is a matter requiring much care, since the least dirt in a pipeclay pot spoils their colour, a bad sponge makes them streaky, while the least touch of a greasy finger means an hour's work if an extra parade is to be avoided. There is no doubt that much of the time spent on "soldiering" is wasted, since it does not lead to knowledge which can be of use in warfare; still, a well-turned-out man is almost always a good soldier.

The first ambition of a recruit is to be "guard orderly." When the guard parades the cleanest and smartest soldier is selected for this duty, so recruits are anxious to learn the pipeclay lore which reposes in the heads and hands of the "old soldiers," but usually it remains there unless the recruit can employ means to extract it or turn it to his own advantage. Still, if he behaves with modesty, and displays a thirst for knowledge, he will generally find a chum willing to let him into the mysteries of soldier life. But to return to "guard orderly." He takes off his valise, and the men in his room, who are always proud of having produced so distinguished a soldier, assist him to look his best. His duties are light, and consist chiefly in delivering messages from the orderly-room, either in the barracks, or, better still, those which require him to show himself in the town. After midday he is usually free, and instead of passing the day on "sentry-go," with hard boards for his bed at night, he is free to use the canteen and to sleep in his barrack-room.

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A POLYLOGUE.

By THE PADRE.

PLACE—*Halifax, Nova Scotia.*
DATE—*The early seventies of the last century.*
SEASON—*Summer.*
TIME—*Commencing* 9.30 *p.m.*
SCENE—*Quarter-deck of the "Imbecility."*
OCCASION—*Ball given by Captain and Officers.*
PRESENT—*All the Halifax world and its wife.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HECTOR REDTAPE, K.C.B., Commanding in British North America (*shaking hands with Admiral*): 'Pon my word, most successful! Decorations first-rate. Lady Redtape delighted—eh, my dear? and so am I—so am I. Makes one young again!

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JUPITER TONENS, K.C.M.G.: That's right. You'll dance, of course. Opening set of Lancers coming off directly.

SIR H. R.: Oh! certainly, if Lady Tonens will put up with an old fellow who has forgotten his steps. Ah, my dear lady, this is superb! Really beautiful scene. Pleasure of the Lancers with you? 'Gad, my dear Admiral, your officers always do everything so well; I could envy you your billet.

SIR J. T.: No, you don't, my dear Redtape! You are here for a good three years longer, while I shall be cultivating turnips in a month or so; and then, alas for the envied Sir Jupiter Tonens! Well, every dog has his day; but I wish I was a pup again, like one of these youngsters.

(*Band strikes up. The General offers his arm to the Lady Admiral.*)

MRS. DEPUTY-COMMISSARY-GENERAL TRIMMINGS (*stout and indignant*): Really, Colonel, this is disgraceful! The eight couples are made up for the State Lancers, and we are both left out. Mrs. Cheeker's husband is only a major, and she is in it. What's the good of seniority, I should like to know?

DEPUTY-COMMISSARY-GENERAL TRIMMINGS (*touched on a sore point*): More dignified course to take no notice, my dear. Come and have some tea, and don't let us even be seen looking on. The Service is rotten to the core; but there's a day coming when our departmentwill ——.

(*They disappear below, for refreshment in the ward-room.*)

MRS. CHEEKER: There, that tiresome affair is over! How I do hate figuring in a solemn opening function, with all the old dowagers and big-wigs!

LIEUTENANT FRISK, R.N.: Their only innings. Don't grudge it to them. Now please hand over your card.

MRS. C.: No! you don't want to waste your time and energies on an elderly person like me. Here, let me introduce you to my sister. Miss Filly—Mr. Frisk. She'll be more in your line; flappers and that sort of thing, you know.

LIEUT. F.: Delighted, I'm sure. But you must not throw me over in this way! Surely I may have both pleasures. (*Bows to younger lady, and scribbles his name in various places on their cards.*)

MISS FILLY (*privately to her sister*): Tell me, Jack (*Mrs. Cheeker's name is Jaquita*), what on earth did you mean by "flappers"?

MRS. C.: Flappers are little ducks, my innocent.

MISS F.: And you are a wicked old goose, and I hate you, and that smirking boy, too!

MRS. C.: Boy! Oh, profane young woman, he's a full-blown lieutenant, and ranks with—let me see, I do believe it's a major, like my dear old man, or a captain at any rate. And he waltzes like an angel in trousers.

MISS F.: Well, he hasn't got a moustache, anyhow!

LATER

MR. GRUBBER (*Midshipman, ætatis seventeen, but looks three years younger*): Pheugh! the pace was killing, wasn't it? I'm like that woman in the book—what is it? Oh! "Vicar of Wakefield"—who said she was "all in a muck of a sweat."

MISS HAKE (*sixteen, his partner, daughter of local legislator*): Oh, my, Mr. Grubber! How very, very vulgar! You shouldn't quote such horrid books.

MR. G.: Horrid books! Bless you, it's a pukka moral sort of thing, and they make you translate it into French at your exams. Come and have some grub. There's cup and sandwiches and light fixings until supper. I've been down half-a-dozen times already. Don't you wish you were made of india-rubber, or had a lot of tum-tums like a camel?

MISS H.: Now really, Mr. Grubber, you're quite too dreadful for anything! Mother will be spying out for me.

MR. G.: Oh, bother your mother! Come along.

STILL LATER.

MISS GUSHINGTON: Oh! Major Cheeker, isn't it quite too lovely? The moonlight on the harbour, and the little boats, and these flags, and the dear little fish, and everything! (*Stands entranced before a really clever imitation rockery abaft the mainmast, with real water coming down over it into a real pool below, with real goldfish swimming about.*)

MAJOR CHEEKER: The frogs are good, aren't they? Mouths filled with shot and sewn up to keep them from hopping about. Capital idea, isn't it?

MISS G.: No, indeed! I think it's wicked. But they do look sweetly interesting.

MAJOR C.: That's your sex all over! Call men brutes for shooting "poor dear gulls," and wear the wings in their hats! Talk of the "beautiful noble horse," and drive it in a beastly bearing-rein to keep its head up! Miss Gushington, I once believed in Woman.

MISS G.: And don't you now, dear Major Cheeker?

MAJOR C.: No, Miss Gushington. I am married.

MISS G.: O-o-o-oh!

MR. GRUBBER (*to his bosom friend, Mr. Midshipman Hopper, about his own age and size, prone to stutter*): Bet you don't!

MR. HOPPER: B—bet I do!

MR. G.: Done with you for a bob!

MR. H.: D—done!

MR. G.: Honour bright, you don't tell her why?

MR. H.: You d—d—duffer! Of course not. (*Goes up to Mrs. Deputy Commissary-General Trimmings, who is pervading creation with dignity and crimson silk.*) Pup—pup—pleasure of a dance with you?

(*Mrs. Trimmings looks more than slightly astonished, but, to the winning of Mr. Hopper's bet, condescendingly assents. She weighs some fifteen stone, and, as her partner afterwards declares, is "hard to steer and a caution to tow." After a couple of turns and many collisions they halt by mutual consent.*)

MR. H. (*looking up into her face with a languishing expression*): Bub—bub—beastly slow work, this! Let's gug—gug—go and spoon on the poop.

MRS. TRIMMINGS (*shocked and severely*): I never flirt with little boys. I wonder they let you come on board without your nurse.

MR. H. (*furiously angry and stuttering wildly*): Tha—that's j—j—just what I war—war—want YOU to be; my nur—nur—nurse *pro tem.?*

(*And, unfortunately for Mrs. Trimmings, the colloquy is overheard.*)

JUST BEFORE SUPPER.

(*Row of chaperones of various uncertain ages and gorgeous plumage sitting on sofa.*)

MRS. ALPHA: Scandalous, the way that Filly girl is carrying on with Mr. Frisk!

MRS. BETA: What can you expect? Her sister is just as bad.

MRS. GAMMA: I've no patience with the way girls are brought up nowadays. I should like to see my Maria sitting in corners with a young man!

MRS. BETA (*in whisper to Mrs. Alpha*): So she would. Poor Maria! If she could only get the "young man," she'd flirt with him in church.

MRS. ALPHA: Oh, fie! But do look at Mrs. Crosstrees. How these Navy women dress. Just see what she's got on.

MRS. BETA: Or, rather, what she's not got on. I wonder how such fearfully scraggy women can expose their shoulders in this way!

MRS. ALPHA: My husband was suggesting just now that she would make what he called a "stunning" Bones for our regimental Christy Minstrels.

MRS. BETA: It's my turn now to say "Oh, fie!"

MRS. GAMMA (*wearily*): Is anyone ever coming to take us into supper? I verily believe all these young minxes will go in before us.

(*Left sitting.*)

SUPPER IN THE SHIP'S WAIST.

(*The "Imbecility" has a waist and open decks. Flowers, Marines, plate, lights, also food, ad lib.*)

MISS FILLY: No, really, Mr. Frisk! no more champagne.

LIEUTENANT FRISK: Just half a glass. Quite a lady's

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wine; wouldn't hurt a fly. Mind, you are engaged for half-a-dozen dances to me after supper.

MISS F.: I'm sure I am not. But, oh dear! I've lost my card. What shall I do?

LIEUT. FRISK: Dance the whole lot with me, and we'll dodge all the other fellows. I know a lovely little nook in the Admiral's cabin.

MRS. CHEEKER (*from opposite side of table, addressing herself to no one in particular*): Who knows anything about smirking boys?

COLONEL MANIKIDS (*sitting next to her*): I know something about smacking 'em.

(*Miss Filly colours, and looks viciously at her sister.*)

MAJOR CHEEKER (*at another part of table*): Met any of your Yankee sisters, Miss Gushington? They are here in swarms.

MISS GUSHINGTON: Oh, dear! yes. They are quite too awful for anything.

MAJOR C.: Great fun, though! I asked the tall one there with the pince-nez to dance a while ago, and she said, "Well! I don't mind if I do take the creases out of my knees." She took them out of mine, I know.

MISS G.: Oh! how could she?

THE ADMIRAL: Ladies and gentlemen! Good old custom; must keep it up in Her Majesty's Flag-ship. I give you "The Queen!"

CHORUS OF COMPANY (*on their hind legs*): The Queen! God bless her!

(*Dispersion. Mr. Frisk disappears with Miss Filly.*)

THE SMALL HOURS.

(*Most of guests departed. The "lovely little nook" in Admiral's cabin.*)

MRS. CHEEKER (*reprovingly and almost cross*): Really, Mr. Frisk, this is too bad! Lucy, you must come away at once. I have been hunting you everywhere. No, Mr. Frisk, we are not walking, and you must not think of coming with us. My husband will be so angry if we don't go directly.

AN HOUR LATER, IN MISS FILLY'S BEDROOM.

MRS. CHEEKER: Now, Lucy, what have you got to say for yourself? Dancing perpetually with the same man, and shirking all your real partners. Captain Bore came to me furious; and Mr. Soft told me a long tale, how he was engaged to you for two waltzes, and you kept out of his way for the first, and coolly denied the second.

MISS FILLY: Don't be unkind, Jack! He is so nice.

MRS. C.: Who—Mr. Soft?

MISS F.: No! Mr. Frisk; and you know you said he dances like an angel.

MRS. C.: And you called him a smirking boy.

MISS F.: And I really lost my card—I did, indeed.

MRS. C.: But they didn't lose theirs. Well—hum—he has got a father, my guileless cherub, and his father has got lots of tin, I believe. And I'll forgive you this time, but don't do it again.

SAME HOUR, ON BOARD THE "IMBECILITY."

LIEUTENANT FRISK (*in pyjama uniform, about to turn in. Looks at a small gilt-edged card, printed in gold letters, which he has taken from his pocket*): Useful theft. All's fair in war—and love. Do believe I'm spoons on that girl. If anything ever comes of to-night's work, I'll have this thing mounted and framed, and hang it up in my family mansion.

* * *

And so it came to pass in due course of time, as anyone may see for himself if he calls on Commander and Mrs. Frisk at Nautical House, Southsea.

THE ST. HELENS ENGINEERS.

Photo. Copyright. *Willis-Jones, Rhyl.*

SOME OFFICERS OF THE 2ND LANCASHIRE ROYAL ENGINEERS (VOLUNTEERS).

THE St. Helens Engineers, while in camp at Rhyl recently, were visited by Colonel Ross, R.E., C.R.E. Liverpool, who attended for the purpose of inspecting the engineering work. The men constructed redoubts, shelter trenches, obstacles of various kinds, high and low wire entanglements, and erected trestle bridges, sheers, derricks, tripods, etc. A competition was also got up—each company detailed off a sapper to make a shelter-trench 3-ft. by 3-ft. by 9-ft. (making 81 cubic feet) to see who could do the work in the quickest time, in the presence of the C.R.E. The winner excavated the 81 cubic feet in 1-hr. 23-min., the second man doing it in 1-hr. 28-min. The official time for the work was four hours. The C.R.E. expressed himself as very well pleased with the spirit prevailing among the men and the amount of work which they had carried out.

The annual inspection of the corps was held by Colonel D. W. Savage, D.R.E. North-Western District, who inspected the dress and equipment of the men and witnessed the march past, performed under the commanding officer, Colonel J. D. Murray. The companies were afterwards drilled by the captains and subalterns.

Before leaving Colonel Savage expressed his satisfaction at the progress made by the corps. He said, with regard to the work and the camp, "I think you enjoy the proud distinction of being the only fortress corps of Engineers to be able to hold its annual inspection in camp. I am very much pleased indeed with the result of my inspection, and I shall speak very favourably of this corps, which is well drilled, smart, and clean. I must say now that as an engineer corps you are second to none in the North-Western District.

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A TYPICAL FORT ON THE NORTH-WEST INDIAN FRONTIER.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE commemoration of the Sovereign's Birthday is always carried out with special fervour by regiments on foreign service, and in India the anniversary naturally acquires something of added significance from a wish that the impressiveness of the occasion may appeal as strongly as possible to all sections of the Native community. So far as the Native Army is concerned, it is almost needless to explain that no particular effort in this direction is needed. Not only loyalty to the Throne, but also a keen appreciation of the Royal personality, is a heritage which the Native soldier shares proudly, and with a clear notion of his right to do so, with his white comrade. In the case of our late beloved Queen Victoria it may be that to the untutored Native recruit the fountain-head of all British military honour may have seemed a rather shadowy entity. But sepoys of a little service and experience had a very distinct idea of the sublimity of the Queen's position, and this idea was naturally fostered by the tales told by the Native officers who from time to time have visited this country. Talking of those Native officers, by the way, reminds me that when the first organised visits were made, some eighteen or twenty years ago, the early results were hardly encouraging. The Native officers brought back such amazing stories of the Queen and her surroundings, and of England generally, that they were simply classed as amazing liars, and for a time were utterly disbelieved. It was only when others brought precisely the same tales, and "sahibs" vigorously asserted their absolute veracity, that some of these "pioneers" were permitted to regain the esteem which they had forfeited by their prodigious narratives.

Reverting to the feeling with which Royalty is regarded by the Native Army, it goes without saying that King Edward enjoys, in a sense, a special personal popularity, arising from his notable tour through India in the cold weather of 1875-76. That visit, to quote a historian, evoked a passionate burst of loyalty never before known in the annals of British India. "The Feudatory Chiefs and ruling houses of India began to feel for the first time that they were incorporated into the Empire of the British Queen." Beyond that, the Native Army was intensely gratified by the presence of the Queen's son, and many a grey-haired old pensioner to-day recalls, we may be sure, with garrulous pride the glorious fact that he himself has seen, perhaps even presented his sword-hilt to be touched by, the present King of England and Kaisar-i-Hind.

In Simla Queen Victoria's Birthday used to be celebrated by a Viceregal Ball of very great splendour, towards the expense of which there was a special Budget allotment of £800, so great was the importance very rightly attached to the function for other than purely social reasons. These magnificent Birthday Balls were remarkable for the extraordinary diversity of uniforms, of which there was, perhaps, a greater variety than could be seen at any other gathering in the world. The scarlet and gold lotus leaves of the Viceroy's Personal Staff, the scores of heavily-braided tunics of British and Native cavalry officers, the blue of the Artillery, the green of the Rifles, the plaids of the Highlanders, the Court dress worn by some of the civilian officials, the gorgeous robes of the Native Princes, combined to form an almost bewildering kaleidoscope of changing colours.

Presumably there will be a Birthday Ball given later at Calcutta, where such gatherings are a good deal larger, but hardly more brilliant, than they are when held among the deodars of the summer capital. The Viceroy ought by this time to have settled well down to his winter tour, the outline of which I have given in a previous set of notes. I suppose Lord Curzon is travelling in "light marching order," as a good deal of the regular Viceregal camp equipage is quite unsuited for journeying in Manipur and Upper Burma, and there is no special need to impress the small chieftains of those parts with the silver state howdahs and other paraphernalia which the Government of India maintains, and very wisely, for ceremonial purposes. A Viceregal camp, it need hardly be said, is a tremendous affair, and nothing approaching it is ever seen in this country. The Commander-in-Chief in India has also a grand camp equipage kept up for him, which he uses whenever his tour lies across a tract of country where tents are necessary and the chief members of the Headquarters Staff have to accompany him with their offices. I myself had charge of the "flying camp" of the late Sir Donald Stewart in 1883-84 during a tour through Bundelkund, and it was certainly a most interesting experience.

Some idea of the size of the camp may be gathered from the fact that my transport included 49 elephants, some 200 camels, and a number of country carts, while I had also at my disposal a little army of *khalassis*, who are specially expert at everything connected with pitching and striking tents. The camp was double, that is to say while one camp was standing another was being pitched a march ahead, so that the Chief and his party had merely to ride from one comfortable set of tents to another. The business of constructing this mushroom town night after night was rather an elaborate and onerous one. Each of the Chief's two big tents had three rooms, and his separate camp included kitchen tents, servants' tents, and even stable tents, which are a rare luxury. The dining tent formed a fair load for about three elephants, and the flagstaff alone had three or four coolies told off to carry it.

It must not be supposed that the Commander-in-Chief always travels in such state as this. But the Government of India is fully alive to the necessity of upholding the position of the "Jung-i-Lat Sahib," or "Lord of Battles," as he is called, and, next to the Viceroy himself, he enjoys a notable prestige, almost invariably heightened by his personal distinction as a great and gallant leader.

The influence of the war in South Africa upon the Indian Army has, indeed, been serious and far-reaching, and in some directions the accompaniments have been gravely unsatisfactory. The question of the Boer prisoners is now beginning to be discussed with impatience, as these unwelcome visitors are beginning to "interfere with business." For example, it had been arranged that the troops moving down from the hill stations near Simla were to be exercised *en route* in hill-

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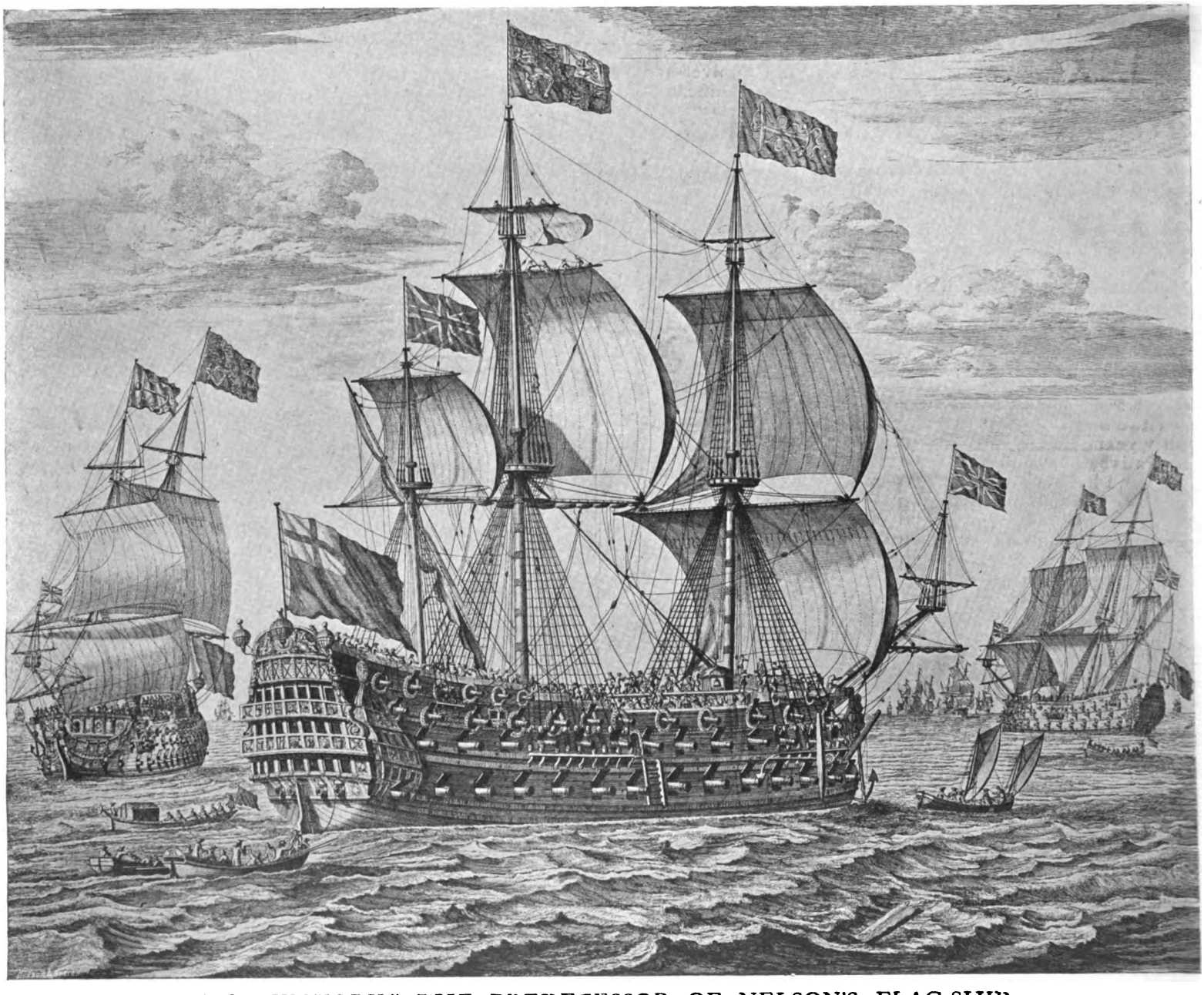
fighting, a class of training to which extreme importance is at last being attached by the Indian authorities. But the arrangements have been thrown out of gear by the necessity of providing a guard for the Boer prisoners at Umballa, half a British battalion having to be employed on this uncongenial duty instead of going through a most instructive course of manœuvres. Later on will arise the problem how to dispose of the prisoners during the hot weather, a distinct objection being evinced in India to the idea of sending these prisoners to the hill stations set apart for British troops while the latter swelter in the plains. Altogether the Indian Army has plenty of reason to complain of the war and its *sequelæ*.

But it does *not* complain, however, at any rate in any audible fashion. On the contrary, we have the leading Indian paper suggesting that, now the Indian troops are returning from China, more Staff Corps officers might be spared to swell the little band which Lord Kitchener has under his orders, and of which he has made excellent use. It is calculated that another 100 officers could easily be spared from the Native cavalry, a truly generous idea, and one the realisation of which would mean a good deal to the irregular and other mounted corps in South Africa, since these are not too well provided with the right kind of officers.

At the same time it cannot be too strongly impressed, more especially, perhaps, upon the home public, that this is not at all the time to encourage that plan of robbing Peter to pay Paul which has been a favourite expedient with our War Office for several generations past. The Indian Army may be in a high state of efficiency, its officers may be not only "just the sort of men for South Africa," but also bursting with anxiety to distinguish themselves outside Indian limits. But we must be very careful lest this growing tendency to regard India as a handy friend from whom we can borrow troops and officers to almost any amount transgresses a certain safe limit. In this matter of British officers of Native cavalry, especially, we cannot be too careful, for it is not on all fours with that of borrowing whole British regiments which can be replaced, if necessary, at short notice by others from the Mediterranean. A captain of a Native cavalry corps is a very important factor in the training and general efficiency of that corps, and when, in spite of seeming tranquillity, the atmosphere is charged with electrical possibilities, it seems an unwise policy to allow over 100 British officers to be away from their Native regiments on service with which India is wholly unconnected.

India should take warning in this respect from the Home Army, which has suffered more than most folks know from the encouragement given of later years to the extra regimental employment of officers. It cannot be too often repeated that the backbone of an Army is not its War Office, nor its staff officers, but its regimental system, and when a good regimental system, such as we had in England once, and such as India still has, is tampered with, by constantly taking away regimental officers from regimental work, evil results are sure to follow. Regimental duty with a Native regiment may be tedious, irksome, and monotonous, but the welfare of the Indian Army depends a good deal more upon its due performance than upon giving Native cavalry officers the chance of leading Colonial corps to glory in guerilla warfare in South Africa.

IN THE DAYS OF OAK AND HEMP.



THE "VICTORY," THE PREDECESSOR OF NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP.

This illustration of the 100-gun ship "Victory" of 1737 is particularly interesting, as showing many of the notable changes in rig and armament by which she differed from the "Victory" which we all know at Portsmouth, and of which a picture appeared in a recent number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. This "Victory" was lost in the Channel under very distressing circumstances in 1744.

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HOW A SHIP IS PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

The officer of the after-turret on the look-out.

ALL our men-of-war are practically ready to fight an action at a few hours' notice. Still there are a great many preparations to be made which are necessary before the ship could be considered to be in the most favourable condition for war.

Preparing for battle is quite a different thing from clearing for action. The former would take place at the outbreak of war, and is a condition of things which would last till the war was over. The latter is only done in the event of an actual action being imminent. Preparing for battle is only carried out occasionally, and never as completely as would be the case in wartime.

Clearing for action is very often a preliminary to general quarters, and is made an exercise sometimes as often as once a week.

The scheme of preparing for battle is the subject of much thought on the part of all the officers concerned, and most elaborate plans are worked out. The details are confidential, of course, nor would they interest the readers of this article were they published in full. The broad principles of these plans are plain common-sense, like everything else in the Navy.

What would actually happen on board a ship to-morrow if war were declared would be after the following fashion. If we looked at the entry in the ship's log of that date we should simply find a few remarks something like the following:

"8.30 a.m.—War declared against 'Tonga-tabu' (or any other maritime nation).

"9.0 a.m.—Divisions. Prayers

"Hands employed as requisite. Preparing ship for battle.

"12.0 noon.

"4.0 p.m.—Hands employed as in forenoon."

This, being translated, might be described as follows. Directly divisions and prayers were over the chief boatswain's mate, who is the commander's factotum, and is at his heels all day, received the order to pipe "Clear lower deck—everybody aft." Instantly there was a rush, and the hands came running aft to fall in by their "parts of the ship" on the quarter-deck. After they were mustered and reported present by the proper officer, the commander went below to acquaint the captain. Presently the latter came on deck, and a great silence fell upon the 700 and odd men waiting there for the official confirmation of the news that had already been passed from mouth to mouth earlier in the day. He did not say much this clean-shaved, young-looking, hard-faced man—they never do in real life, speechifying not being part of the sailor-man's education—but the little he did say was very much to the point. "I have sent for the ship's company," he might say, "to tell you officially what you have all of you already heard from private sources—that is, that His Majesty's Government have declared war upon Tonga-tabu"—here a faint murmur of satisfaction ran round the decks. "We may have to fight to-morrow, possibly even to-day, so turn to at once and let us get the ship ready for any emergency. Carry on, Captain Thompson." This last to the commander.

The men were excited and eager, of course, but there was nothing like a demonstration of any sort. But they stood and listened, a shade more earnestly than was their wont, perhaps, as the commander reminded them of what had to be done and how to do it. All this took, perhaps, a quarter of an hour; then came the order, repeated with zest by every boatswain's mate and call-boy in the ship, "Prepare ship for battle!"

Instantly the silence and restraint were relaxed. The men plunged eagerly into the excitement of action after the restraint of the last half-hour. They rushed at their work like demons, every man to his own special job, and for ten minutes the ship seemed like Pandemonium. But the disorder and confusion were only apparent, not real. Out of the chaos of sweating men and whizzing ropes, the ring of iron on iron, and the clatter of the boat hoist engines, out of the shouts of the officers and the shrill pipe of the bo'sun's whistles, there grew order and methodical work. Only a landsman would have appreciated the wonder or marvelled at the magic of it. It was just the Navy, the ordinary Navy, at its best. Ten thousand things to do and a thousand willing hands to do them, backed by the cool brain that organised the whole, and held in check by the strict habit of discipline.

There the "special painting party," armed with pots of neutral-coloured paint—wet canvas colour, as it is technically known—covering with furious brush the smart paintwork, the shining "bright-work," the glittering chases of the 6-in. guns. From stem to stern, masts, funnels, bridges, and upper works of all sorts, everything above water, in fact, grows into one dull monotone of colour. In an hour or two, who would recognise in the grim grey shape the spick-and-span battleship of yesterday?

[We may mention here that the Admiralty intend in future to have all ships painted either black or grey, so that the necessity for much of this work will be obviated.]

Aloft the top-men are busy securing the masts and yards with extra lashings and tackles, and sending down everything that can be dispensed with.

The "booms," as that part of the upper deck is called where the boats are stowed, are cleared of everything movable that is not absolutely essential. Spare spars, wood, planks, and carpenter's lumber of all sorts are taken on the quarter-deck and thrown overboard. Ventilators and the more important deck fixtures not actually required are stowed

Photos. Copyright. *'Navy & Army.'*

A BATTLE-SHIP GOING INTO ACTION.

Prepared for battle with her starboard guns engaged.

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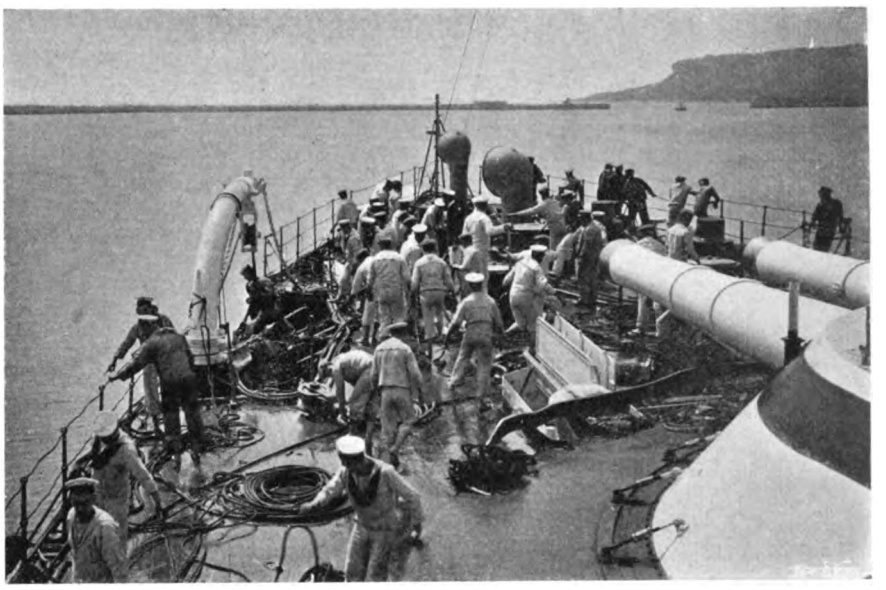
below as far as possible, and everything there is not room for follows the wood lumber over the side.

Down below a place is being prepared for the wounded; officers' cabins are dismantled, drinking tanks filled, and sand got up and put ready in buckets for sprinkling over the decks. In the magazine passages, shot and shell ready, racks are filled, and cartridges placed handy in the magazines ready to whip up. The torpedo men test their pistols and charge their torpedoes with air ready for firing. The lamp trimmer places his candle lanterns in position in case of the electric light machinery breaking down, for the depths of a battle-ship are like the pit of Tophet if the lighting arrangements fail.

At last all the superfluous gear is got rid of, stowed away or thrown overboard, and the captain goes his rounds below. He sees personally that every steering position is connected up, and that the system of communications is as perfect as possible. He sees all the guns and torpedoes tried, that all the arrangements in case of fire are complete, and that the spare parts for the guns are ready to hand. Yes, every man to his own special job, and the captain to them all. For much, of course, he must trust to his officers, but the most important things receive his personal attention.



CLEARING FOR ACTION ON THE FO'CASTLE.

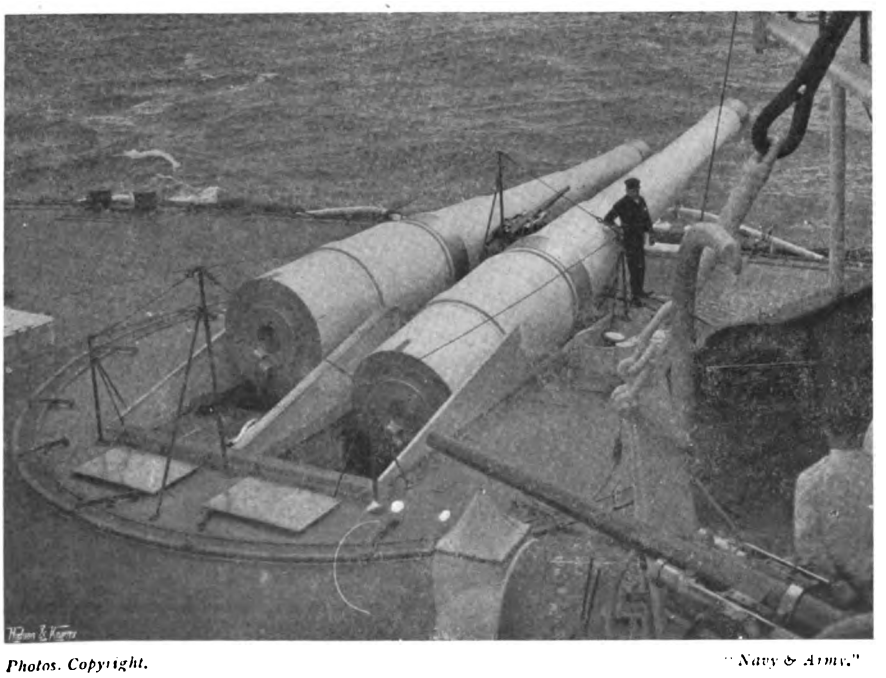
Down all rails, staunchions, cat-davits, hatchway covers, and ventilators.

The signalmen, under the signal boatswain, have left their usual position on the after-bridge and their flags, signal books, and semaphores—a portion of them, at any rate—have been moved to the fore shelter deck outside the fore conning-tower. Signalling in action is a matter of much speculation. It is quite probable that, after the first few signals made, after the enemy appear in sight and the hail of projectiles begins, signalling will be entirely abandoned, and the continuity and success of the tactics exercised will depend very much on the understanding existing between the admiral and his captains. Single flags may, perhaps, be hoisted, each flag meaning an important manœuvre; but even with so simple a code as this it is more than likely that in the din and smoke of the battle it will be impossible to make or receive signals of any sort. No one who has not actually been there can realise what the turmoil of action might be under modern conditions. Even Naval men rarely hear more than one or two guns at most being fired at the same time, and they never hear an enemy's shells bursting about their ears as well. Occasionally, for experimental purposes a ship is ordered to fire as if in action; the "Majestic" pounding the "Belleisle" was an example lately. In these cases articulate speech is impossible. The elaborate system of bugles, bells, voice-pipes, and telephones becomes in an instant useless, each man, or each gun's crew, being an isolated unit fighting a vague enemy. In spite of smokeless powder, in spite of drill and discipline, the glimpses snatched through gun-ports amid the smoke of bursting shells can be but momentary, and orders or bugle calls will pass unnoticed and unheard.

THE QUARTER-DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION.

Getting a cable ready for towing a disabled ship.

In the "Majestic," on the occasion mentioned above, though the time the firing was to last was known to a second, and messengers, buglers, and bells were all specially stationed to stop it, yet when the moment came nothing was heard of any of them, and the one-sided fight raged for several minutes after the order to "Cease fire" was given from the conning-tower; and this, mind you, without any hostile high explosive shells shivering the ship and stunning the senses with their detonation and fumes. The imagination fails when it tries to portray the sea-fight of to-day; it will be something so tremendous in the way of wholesale destruction that even its historians will find themselves hard put to it to find words that shall give an adequate conception of it. Certainly we shall not attempt it here. Our ship is cleared for action; everything that might possibly obstruct the gun-fire has been cleared away; everything movable has been secured; everything that a shell might splinter has been lashed about with rope as far as possible. Nothing is left to do now but man the guns and fight them, when the moment comes, in a manner worthy of the best traditions of our Navy. Let them scoff who will, or shake their heads solemnly at the decadence of the modern seaman. It has yet to be proved that the twentieth century sailor has lost any of those attributes which have gained for him so enviable a notoriety throughout the world. The ink is yet wet on the scroll of fame that points the record of his valour. Since when, too, has the sobriquet of "handy-man" been his?



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AFTER-BARBETTE GUNS READY FOR BUSINESS.

Getting the sights on with the right gun.

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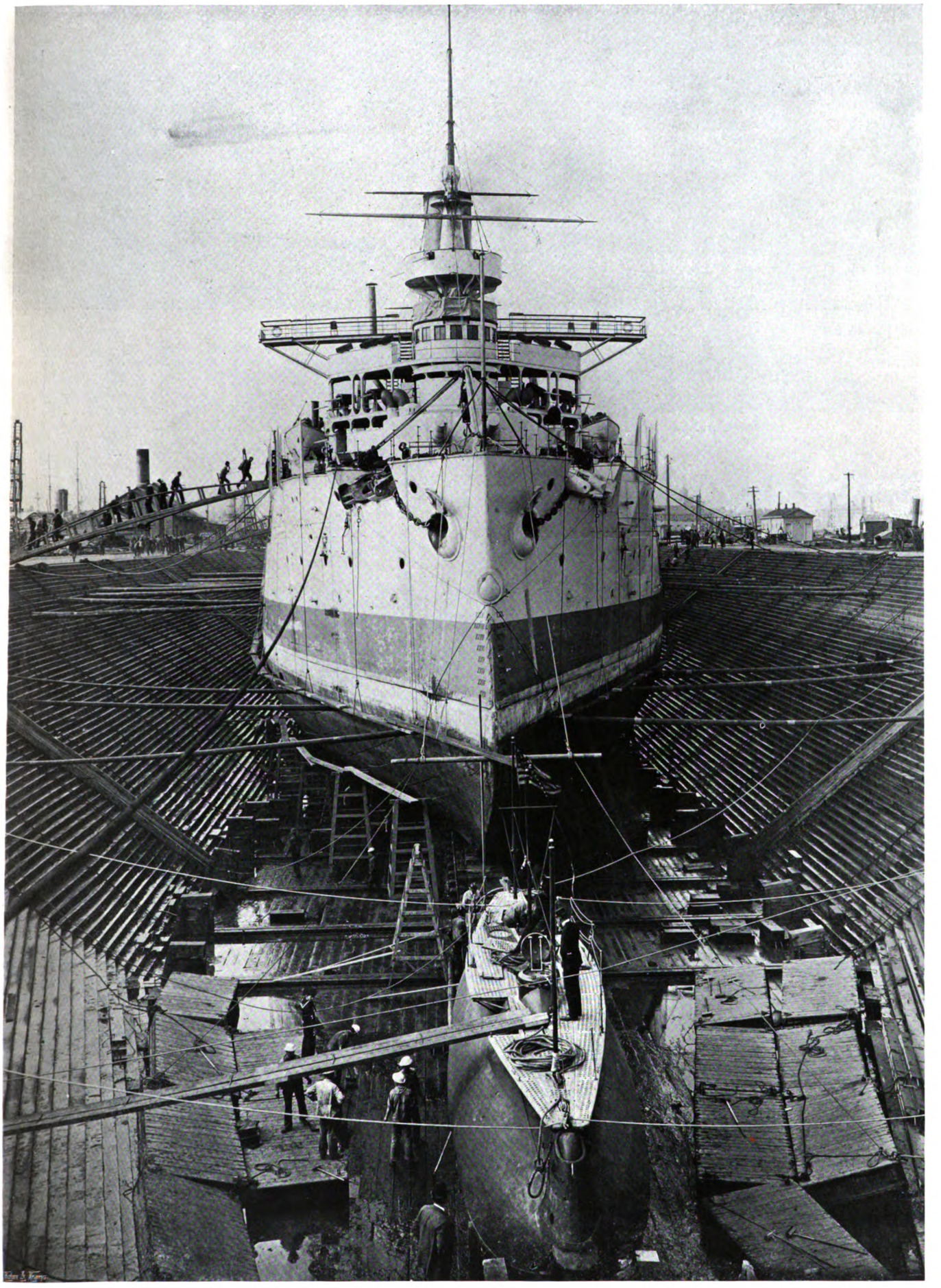

Photo Copyright. *E. Muller.*

EXTREMES MEET IN CRAMP'S SHIP-BUILDING YARD, PHILADELPHIA.

Not often are seen in such close juxtaposition two forces such as these. The "Retvisan" is a 12,700 ton battle-ship built in America for Russia. Under her bows in the dock lies one of the American submarines, whose bulk is only 120 tons. The battle-ship is 374-ft. long, the submarine 64-ft. The one bristles with guns, from small quick-firers to four 12-in. monsters; the other has a single torpedo tube. The one can steam at 19 knots, the other but crawl at 8; and yet it is conceivable that in certain circumstances the big battle-ship might find in the submarine a frightsome and deadly foe.

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From a Photo. specially taken for WAR-SHIPS IN THE RIVER TAMAR. *"Navy & Army Illustrated"*

The first-class cruiser "Niobe" and hulks off the Keyham Yard.

THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Keyham.

THE creation of a steam factory for the Royal Navy was the necessary consequence of the introduction of steam machinery, and the Keyham Yard is, indeed, closely identified with the modern Fleet. "Sailing-ships are unfit for active service," was the official announcement made in the year 1859. Already, in 1842, the steam frigate "Firebrand," of 400 horse-power, had appeared, and in the next year came the first steam-propelled Royal yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," also of 400 horse-power. The "Penelope" and the steam frigate "Retribution" followed, and in 1845 came the steam frigate "Terrible," of 800 horse-power. The year that followed saw the commencement of the Keyham factory, as an important addition to the Devonport Yard. Lord Auckland was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, and from that time forward active work went on, which has given us the Keyham Yard as it exists to-day. The establishment covers some seventy-five acres of land, and, lying to the north of the Devonport Yard, may be approached from it by the dockyard railway, to which allusion has already been made. The work was carried out in excellent style, and the buildings are of solid and commodious character, while the gateway in the Saltash Road is a fine and imposing structure. The facilities for docking and berthing ships are excellent, but will be more than doubled when the Extension Works, presently to be described, are brought to completion. Then, indeed, the Keyham establishment will be a truly magnificent and a vitally essential part of our Naval equipment.

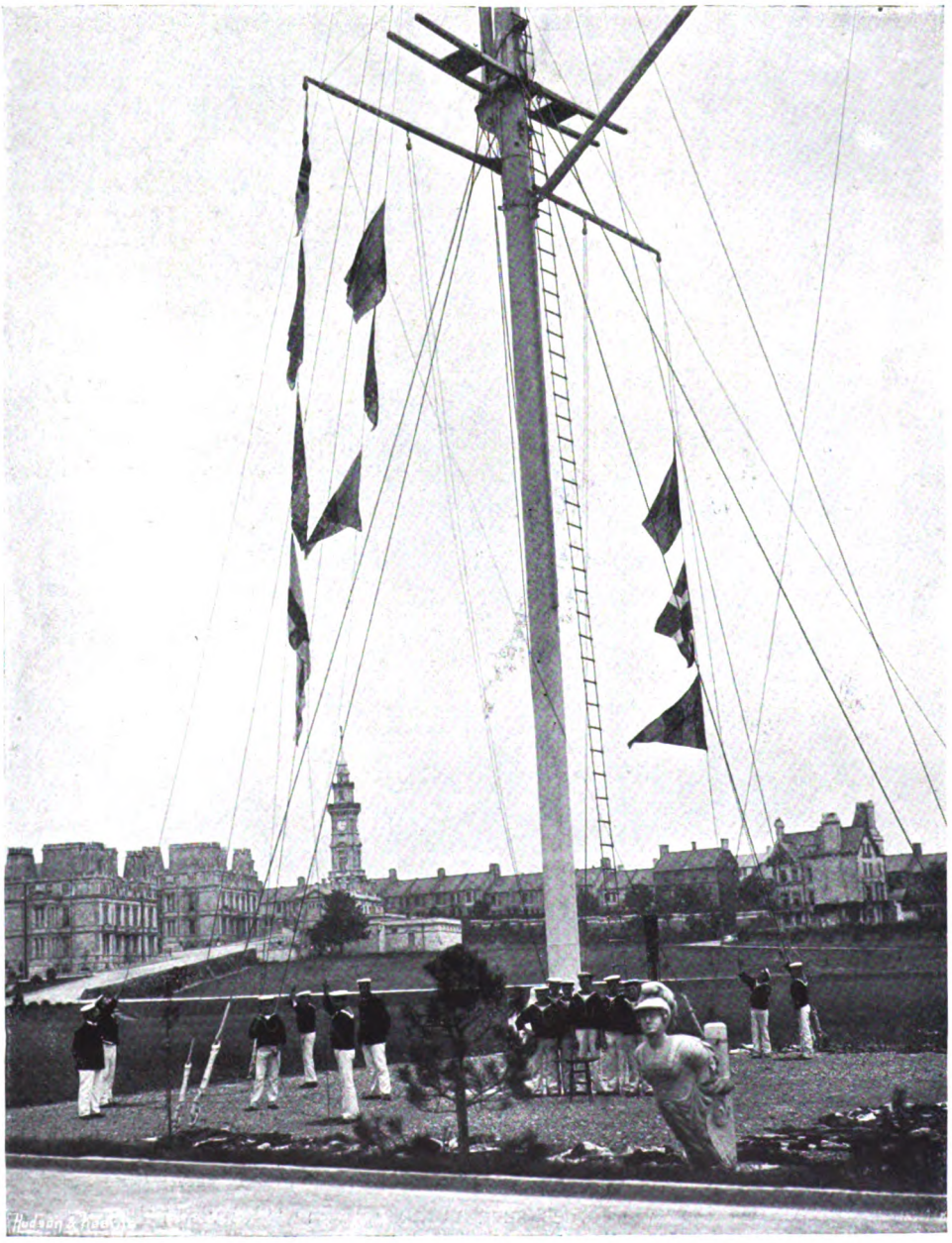

Photo. Copyright. THE NAVAL BARRACKS AT KEYHAM. *Crockett.*

Where accommodation is to be provided for 2,000 officers and men.

Keyham as it now exists has two large basins, of which the southernmost covers thirty-six acres, and here vessels completing or under repair may always be seen. From the south basin, three large docks are entered, of which the largest, 418-ft. long, is known as the Queen's, because the "Queen" was the first vessel to enter it. The two other docks are mostly employed for cruisers and smaller vessels. Around the docks and basins lie all the workshops necessary for the operations conducted at the yard. Here a great deal of engine-building is carried on, and machinery repairs are always in

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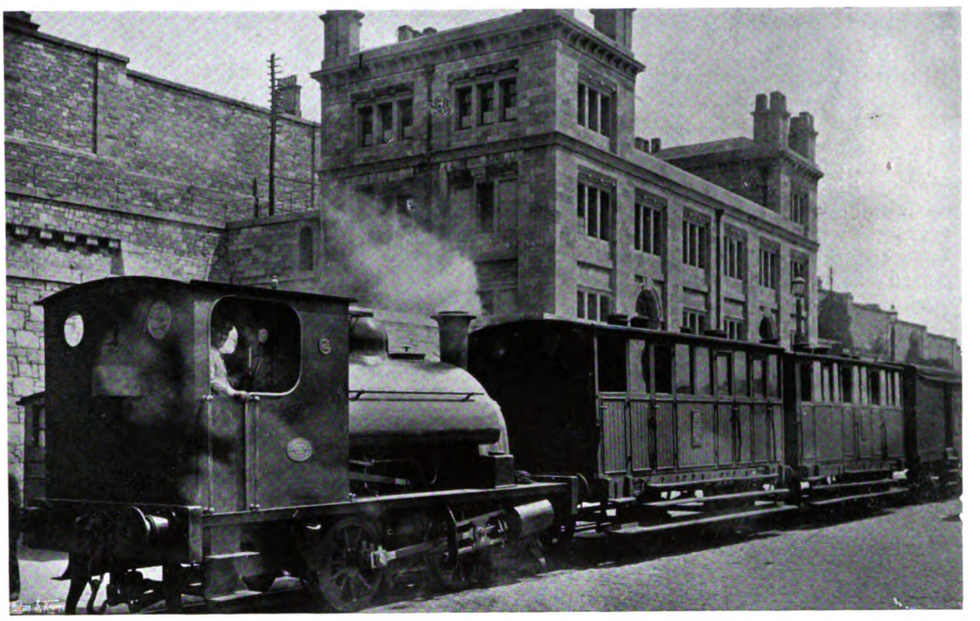
progress. There are a smithery with powerful steam hammer and great furnaces, brass and iron foundries, pattern and machinery shops, plate-flanging works, an erecting shop, and a turnery, and many other establishments of the greatest mechanical efficiency. Electricity has now taken its place alongside steam, and the operations of the establishment have been extended accordingly. It will illustrate the completeness of the mechanical equipment of the yard if I say that in the present establishment there are three pairs of huge sheer-legs, tested respectively for a lifting capacity of 120, 60, and 50 tons, as well as two cranes of 40 tons, two of 30 tons, and very many smaller. The entrances to the docks and basins are secured by iron caissons, each of which cost about £4,500, and a sliding caisson for the division of a dock is illustrated with this article. The shops and stores are built about a quadrangle, and two huge chimney stacks, each about 180-ft. high, indicate the presence of a great factory at that spot. Amazing, indeed, is the extent and variety of the work carried on there.

Keyham, moreover, is the head-quarters of Naval engineering, and at the Royal Naval Engineers' College, which has been fully described in these pages, student engineers pass four or five years, doing a great deal of instructional work in the yard. Thus, with them, theory and practice go forward together, and excellent is the result. The growth of the educational establishment called for recent enlargement, and a new wing of the college was begun in 1895, and completed early in 1897.

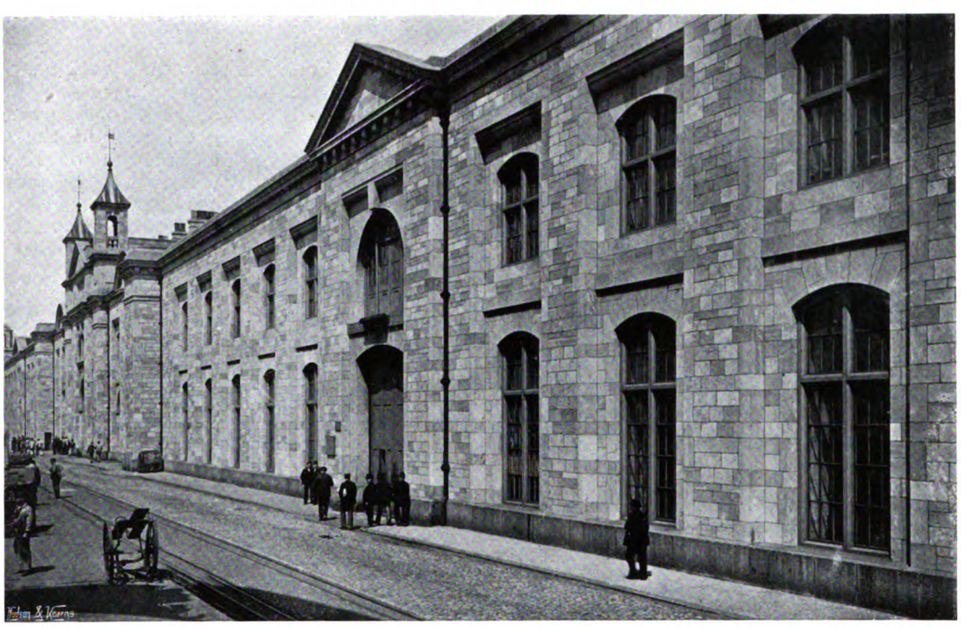
The growing necessities of the Fleet have made Keyham Yard also, with its two basins and its three docks and all its factories, quite inadequate for the demands of the present day. It was recognised about the year 1894 that something must be done to bring up the Naval establishments to the level of the floating strength of the Fleet, and a great scheme was embodied in the Naval Works Act of 1895, in which the Keyham Extension holds a large place. For a rapid mobilisation of the Fleet, the Admiralty saw that it was necessary to add to the basin accommodation and to the coaling facilities. More docks were required, because only one first-class battle-ship could be docked in the yard, and the entrance to that dock was extremely inconvenient at certain times. A plan was therefore laid down for taking in a large area on the north side of the present establishment, in the direction of the Saltash bridge across the River Tamar. There was to be an additional basin area of forty-one acres, with three new graving docks and a coaling jetty.

It was estimated that the cost of the work would be £1,920,000, and some contracts were entered into in 1895-96. This original estimate was calculated upon the approximate base of an outline plan made before the borings and other data had been secured, and before the plans and sections were ready which were necessary for framing a definite estimate. In effect, the original estimate was increased to £3,175,000, and it was stated that the works would probably



THE USEFUL DOCKYARD TRAIN.

Communicating between Devonport and Keyham.



THE KEYHAM STEAM FACTORY.

The headquarters of engineering under the Admiralty.

OLD AND NEW IN THE KEYHAM BASIN.

The "Calypso" and a modern second-class cruiser.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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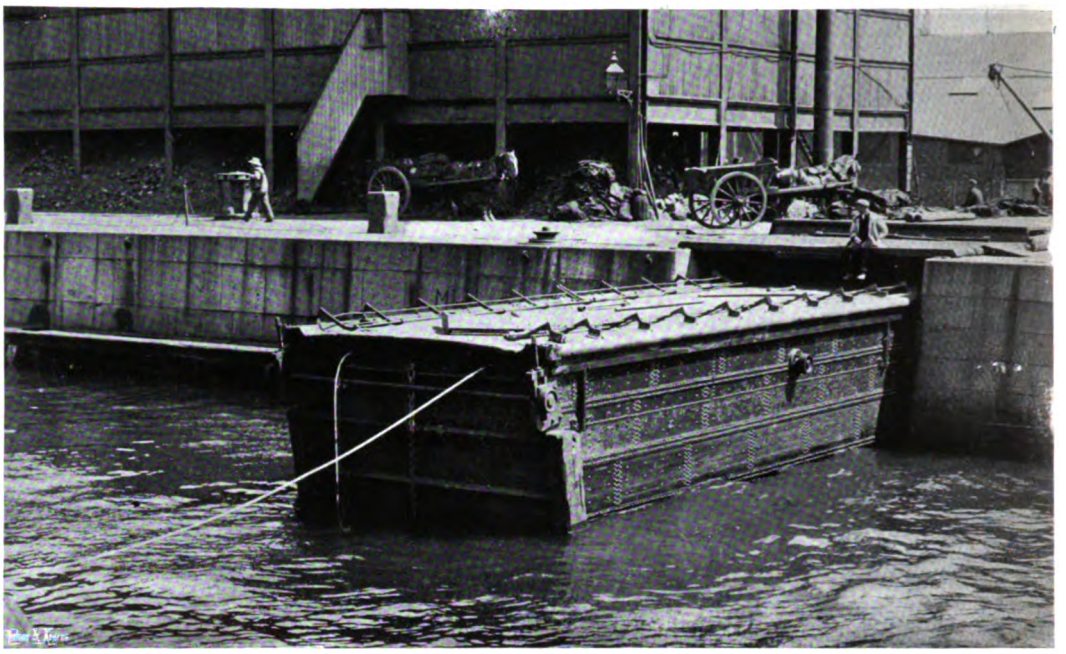
be concluded in the year 1903-4. The funds which had been made available enabled the borings and other preliminary operations to be commenced, by which the depth and nature of the rock were ascertained.

The original plan was also in some degree modified. There is to be a tidal basin, 1,550-ft. long by 1,000-ft. wide, with an area of 35½ acres, as well as a spacious closed basin and three graving docks (Nos. 4, 5, and 6), and an entrance lock admitting the docking of large ships in case of need. In the modified plan the size both of the tidal basin and of No. 5 dock has been increased, and a greater depth of water is now provided over the sills and entrances and alongside the wharf walls. These changes have been thought necessary owing to the increased size of ships, and they caused an addition of about £820,000, while a sum of £175,000 was devoted to lifting and other machinery of permanent character.

When the Keyham Extension is complete, the united Devonport and Keyham Yard will have five principal basins of large size, and ten docks, of which four are in the older establishment. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance and value of such a Naval base in that fine strategical situation. The tidal basin when complete will accommodate the whole Channel Squadron, and in the immediate neighbourhood will be every requirement for the repair and refitting of the largest ships in His Majesty's Navy. At the present time the outer wall has been carried far forward, especially towards the south end, where it is little below the level of the coping. The east and south walls of the tidal basin and the south arm at the entrances have been completed, and the closed basin is well advanced, the east wall and a large part of the west wall being completed, while the mud has been excavated and preparation made for a caisson camber at the entrance. The great entrance lock is also in an advanced state, the west wall being up to the coping for a length of 300-ft., and the remainder of the wall not much below it. No. 4 graving dock is almost ready, for the side and end walls have been finished, the excavating work is done, and the concreting under the floor is practically out of hand. In the case of No. 5 dock the excavation is nearly complete, and the building work has been begun, while No. 6 dock has made good progress in the matter of excavation. These facts will suggest to the reader how vast is the undertaking, and how great will be the triumph when all is ready. Indeed the completion of Keyham will be a work in every way comparable in importance to that of the extension works at Gibraltar, of which so much has been heard, and we may be quite sure that in any future war the resources of the Western port will play a very great part indeed. The inauguration of the Naval Works Act which provided for the Keyham Extension was one of the most important events in the administration of Lord Goschen at the Admiralty.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared: On the Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford, September 7 and 14; the Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport, September 21; the Royal William Yard, Stonehouse, Plymouth, September 28; Portsmouth Dockyard, October 5, 12, and 19; Devonport Dockyard, October 26 and November 2.*]



From a photo. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

A SLIDING CAISSON.

Used for the division or closing of a dock.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

The establishment in which student engineers for the Navy are trained.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 250.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1901.

Photo Copyright. *Symonds.*

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BALDWIN WALKER, BART., C.M.G.

Sir Baldwin Wake Walker, who lately hauled down his flag as second in command of the Reserve Squadron during its autumn cruise, is an officer of varied experience. He was commander of the "Northumberland" in the Egyptian War of 1882, for which he wears the medal and the Khedive's bronze star. He is also a Pasha of the Ottoman Empire. In 1893 he was made a C.M.G. for his services as senior Naval officer engaged in the protection of the Newfoundland Fisheries, and from 1895 to 1898 he was Assistant-Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other Bookstalls.*

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued on December 7. Orders for this Double Number (price One Shilling) should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

The Shadow of the Bill.

"THERE is nothing," said Mr. Disraeli in his early days, "like a fall in Consols to bring the blood of our good people of England into order." If this be still true, and there is no reason to query its application, our blood ought to be in the best of order at the present time. The price of Consols is a rough-and-ready test of our national credit and position. A few years ago they stood at 114. Last week they went down to close upon 91. There is no doubt that the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the chief cause of the drop in the market. "The City" is easily alarmed. Your financier is a very nervous creature all over the world. A whisper in St. Petersburg has been known to depress all the markets in Europe, and a rumour started by a hungry penny-a-liner in Fleet Street or on the Boulevards may, in a period of panic, have as much effect upon prices as a pitched battle or an Emperor's decease. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's talk about fresh taxation was bound to frighten the City, perhaps not without good reason. The country is feeling the pinch of war expenditure in many ways. You cannot eat your cake and have it. Nor can we send out of the country a million and a-half sterling a week and have the same amount of money as we had before to invest or to spend. If we borrow more funds to carry on the war with, we must borrow in a less favourable market. The last issue of Consols was at 94¼. We could not issue them now at more than 91¼. This means that the nation would pay interest on every £91 10s. it receives as if that sum were £100. It is the sort of transaction which is familiar to young gentlemen (and old gentlemen too) who have outrun the constable. Such borrowing is, in fact, the refuge of the stony-broke who support those "unconscionable rogues," the money-lenders, and submit to usury with rueful countenances. But it is a kind of finance that has very serious disadvantages, whether for individuals or for communities; and yet the only alternative to it is, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach frankly told the country last week, fresh taxation.

Now where is this fresh taxation to come from? Hardly from incomes; not from death-duties, which are as high as can well be expected; scarcely from further screwing up of the duties on tea or wines, or the excise on beer or spirits. No; the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to take a wider view of the possibilities of money-raising for national needs. Are we so bound to the letter of Free Trade that customs duties upon foreign goods must be altogether ruled out? This is not a journal which undertakes to discuss questions of party politics, either from one side or from the other. So far as the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has any politics, its views are simple. It seeks to find out and to recommend whatever measures will be of service to the Empire as a whole; whatever reforms will make our Imperial administration more efficient, our rule more beneficent, the British name respected and worthy of its great traditions. If we approach this question, then, it is in no party spirit, with no desire to persuade anyone that Codlin is the friend, not Short. Our sole concern is with Imperial needs, and with the measures we must take to meet them. And so, having made this declaration of the faith that is in us, we ask whether it is impossible to gather an increase of revenue from a tariff upon imports from abroad, such as every other country in Europe has in force against our manufactures and our food supplies?

No one who has studied the economic history of last century will deny that the spirit of Free Trade has been a blessing to Great Britain. But for many years past voices have been heard suggesting that we kept too closely to the principle. The very name of Free Trade has upon most people an effect like that which the word Mesopotamia exercised upon the old lady famed in anecdote. Just as the Jews of the first century of the Christian era were inclined to forget that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, so are we in danger of forgetting that man was not created for the sole purpose of being a Free Trader. Free Trade was, after all, designed to benefit mankind, and not to be a weight around men's necks. If we refuse in a time of severe financial pressure to consider proposals for adding to our revenue by taxing articles supplied to us by foreign nations, simply on the ground that such a course would be contrary to Free Trade principles, then Free Trade will be a weight about our necks. Call the proposals objectionable, if you will, for the reason that they will send up the prices of various commodities and articles in general use. Call them impolitic if you believe that other nations would raise their tariffs against our manufactures, and further depress our industries. But do not merely denounce them as "unsound" or refer to them gloomily as "the thin end of the wedge." For that is mere shibboleth, not argument at all.

There is no doubt that a tariff imposing, say, ten per cent. upon foreign manufactures, and a smaller percentage upon foodstuffs from abroad, would bring in an addition to revenue which would be most useful to us at a time when we have large extra expenses to meet. Nor is there any doubt that it would be received with favour in our Colonies, whose produce would, of course, be admitted free. We have often said that the most satisfactory arrangement of the Imperial Defence problem would be for Great Britain to continue to defray the cost of the Navy, and for each portion of the Empire to provide a land force for itself. Here are the means to hand of paying for the Navy, and at the same time binding the Colonies closer to us by bonds of business and interest as well as by ties of sentiment and imagination. In the minds of many men who are working out for themselves the difficult questions which arise whenever we think of Imperial Unity and Imperial Defence, these two matters lie very close together. The war has brought the Colonies into closer touch with the Mother Country than they have ever been before. It has sent a thrill of kinship round the world to trouble the blood of all over whom the Union Jack floats. It has made the way straight, as it has never yet been straight, for a welding together of the British possessions throughout the globe into an ordered and an organised World-State. Who knows but that the war-bill may be the means of carrying us a step further on the path that now lies open? Who can say that the solution of our difficulty in footing that bill may not give us something like that Imperial Customs Union of which we have talked so long? The iron is hot in the fire. It only needs a strong hand to lay it on the anvil, a determined stroke with the hammer to beat it into shape.

THE commanding abilities of Sir William White, and the unfailing zeal which he has ever displayed in the public service, have won for him an unrivalled position in the regard and confidence of the country. His retirement from the important offices of Assistant-Controller of the Navy and Director of Naval Construction has evoked an expression of proportionate national regret. To be practically responsible for the design and character of every ship in the Royal Navy, to direct the operations of the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors, and to act on occasions as Controller of the Navy, constituted a very burdensome charge, and must have imposed a most severe strain upon one who has borne it so long. It was known that Sir William White had experienced signs of failing health, and no one, therefore, was surprised at his decision to resign. The finding of a capable successor must be a matter of the utmost difficulty. Sir William White has given us, in design and constructive features, the magnificent fleet which now exists—a monumental achievement indeed. There has been inevitable improvement in the qualities of ships, but at every period he took advantage of all scientific progress and gave us the best. The conspicuous merit of his designs was appreciated all over the world, and wherever ships are built the trace of his hand will be found. The loyalty of character which caused him to accept responsibility for the acts of subordinate officials, has even lately entitled him to still greater public regard, and every good wish follows him in his enforced retirement. (*See portrait on page* 196.)

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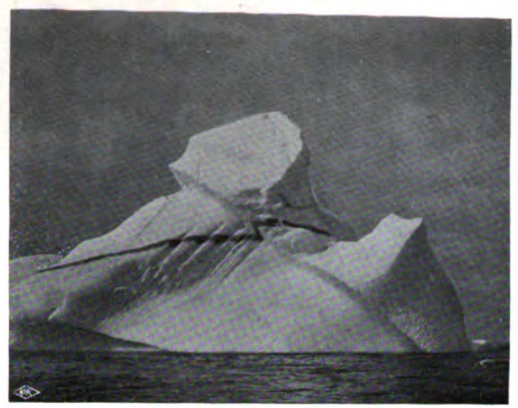
THE HOME-COMING OF THE SAILOR PRINCE.

Photo. *Symonds.*
CAPTAIN ROSSLYN E. WEMYSS, R.N.
Late Commander of the "Ophir."



IN MID ATLANTIC, MIDNIGHT,
October 25, 1901.

THE "OPHIR'S" RETURN TO THE MOTHERLAND.

Photo. *Symonds.*
COMM. A. L. WINSLOE, R.N., M.V.O.
Commanding the Cruiser Squadron.

Photo. Copyright. *A. Debenham.*

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S ARRIVAL AT SPITHEAD.

November 1, 1901, will be a red-letter day in our calendar, for it saw brought to a triumphant close a Royal progress such as the world had never before witnessed, and one which will be historic in British annals Despite weather conditions, and these were not altogether inappropriate to the occasion, the welcome home by the King of his son, and the reception by the Fleet of their Comrade, lacked nothing in warmth of welcome or magnificence of pageantry. In our picture the Channel Squadron are in columns of divisions, the "Victoria and Albert" is just emerging from the head of the lines, whilst in the centre, halfway down the lines, the white-hulled vessel is the historic "Ophir."

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SOME MEN OF NOTE.

REAR-ADMIRAL BURGES WATSON, C.V.O.
Who succeeds Lord Charles Beresford in the Mediterranean.

SIR W. H. WHITE, K.C.B.
The Retiring Director of Naval Construction.

REAR-ADMIRAL J. LACON HAMMET.
Appointed Superintendent of Malta Dockyard.

THE fortunes of war and the changes of politics are continually bringing men prominently before the public, and portraits of several notable sailors and soldiers are pictured on this page, of whom one has fallen gallantly in battle. Rear-Admiral Hammet, who has been selected for the important post of Superintendent of our great Mediterranean dockyard, succeeding Admiral Burges Watson, is an officer of much experience and good service, well fitted for that appointment. Entering the Navy in 1862, he very soon saw active service in the expedition under Commodore Oliver Jones to Tang Yung, Poting, and Outricgpoi, near Swatow, in China, and was slightly wounded. He was commander of the "Minotaur" during the Egyptian War of 1882, and wears the Egyptian medal, the Khedive's bronze star, and the Medjidieh 3rd Class, and the Royal Humane Society's medal has been awarded to him. After reaching flag rank he acted as second in command of the Reserve Fleet in the manœuvres of 1900, and is a popular officer evidently marked out for important service.

Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, who succeeds Lord Charles Beresford as second in command in the Mediterranean, entered the Service two years before Admiral Hammet. He has held several important commands and posts, his last being that of Superintendent of Malta Dockyard, and he became Aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria in 1898, and a Commander of the Victorian Order in the following year. His promotion to flag rank was in 1899. He was Admiral Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard at a time when the excellent administration of that important establishment attracted much notice.

Another of our portraits is of a foreign officer whose name has lately been much in the newspapers. In England Rear-Admiral Caillard of the French Navy was little known before he was appointed to command the squadron lately sent to the Eastern Mediterranean to exact reparation from the Turks. He is, nevertheless, an officer who promises to come forward very much, for he has done good work in the French Mediterranean Squadron, and is understood to have won the high commendation of Admiral Fournier, which is a thing evidently highly valued in France. Born in 1846, he entered the French Service in 1862, and became a captain in 1890, and his progress has since been rapid. When it was decided to appoint a third flag officer to the Mediterranean Squadron, Admiral Caillard was selected to command the division of cruisers, and has since assiduously devoted himself to cruiser tactics. The action taken by the Admiral is likely to leave an important mark upon European politics.

REAR-ADMIRAL CAILLARD.
Commanding the French squadron in the Levant.

A melancholy interest attaches to one of our military portraits. The death of Colonel Benson was a very great loss to the British Army. The gallant officer, who was an old Harrovian, rendered most brilliant service up to the very day of his death. His work latterly consisted largely of night marches under the most trying circumstances, and it was he who captured the Carolina commando. He was a man fit for anything, and his zealous and energetic character was united with a kindliness of manner that made him universally beloved, while his military abilities were of the first order. We can ill spare such men. He commenced his South African service with Lord Methuen, and was in the action at Magersfontein. Afterwards he became one of the most trusted of Lord Kitchener's lieutenants. In him the Service has lost a most gallant, capable, and successful commander.

Colonel Von Donop is the hero of the tremendous attack made on October 24 by Kemp and Delarey, when, under Lord Methuen's orders, he was moving from Zeerust to the east. Kemp, with Van Heerden and Oosterhuijsen, the last-named of whom was mortally wounded, suddenly rushed the left flank, while Delarey and Steenkamp attacked the rear-guard and the guns. The attack was of a desperate character, but was brilliantly repulsed by Colonel Von Donop's well-led column.

It is unnecessary to say much about Sir Ian Hamilton. His qualities and services are well known. He has lately done excellent work at the War Office as Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, and he will be warmly welcomed by the army in South Africa.

THE LATE COLONEL G. E. BENSON.
Killed in the engagement near Brakenlaagte

COLONEL S. B. VON DONOP, R.A.
Who defeated Kemp and Delarey at Wilgenboomspruit.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B.
Appointed Chief of the Staff to Lord Kitchener.

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A JAPANESE NAVAL CAPTAIN.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

A GERMAN NAVAL LIEUTENANT.

ABOUT, and for some time after, the middle of the eighteenth century we can find not infrequent mention of the wish of His Majesty that there may be no more courts-martial and quarrels among or between his Naval and Military officers. It was a very proper desire, but was not to be speedily gratified. The Seven Years' War was honourably free from these scandals. The court-martial on Byng was indeed a great event in our history, but it was a terrible tragedy, and not a mere squabble. Pocock had trouble with his captains in the East Indies, and the story is of high interest as illustrating the principles of war, or rather the opinions then held concerning those principles. But here again there is no question of quarrels among officers, but of the vigorous efforts of a superior to enforce the best possible execution of duty among his subordinates. Progress, as we know to our cost, is rarely continuous. There are ever intervals of pause or of retrogression. One came to the country between 1763 and 1778, and the Navy, which is but a part of the country, fell back also for a time. Corruption, which had been abated, but not eradicated, by the administration of the Duke of Bedford, raised its head in the dockyards as high as ever, while among the officers there was a distinct fall from the high level of spirit shown in the Seven Years' War. Therefore the new struggle which began in 1778 started, naturally enough, with one of the very worst of all Naval quarrels.

* * * *

The famous Keppel and Palliser dispute excited the nation to fury at that time, and has led to differences of opinion among Naval authorities in our own. Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, for instance, cannot wholly agree with the views of Sir Byam Martin on the merits of the case. Yet I think that on a statement of the bare facts it is not impossible to arrive at a tolerably confident conclusion which shall not be purely arbitrary. The quarrel, as is well known, arose out of the battle of Ushant on July 27, 1778. To go into the movements of the fleets would lead us too far, and is not necessary. It is enough to remind the reader that though the British fleet was slightly superior, we won no marked success; that after we had passed the French on opposite tacks, our line fell into disorder; and that the action could not be renewed. Keppel returned to Plymouth disappointed and angry. In his public letter he blamed nobody, and even praised his subordinates Palliser and Harland by name for courage. But we know from the correspondence of Hood that from July 31, when the fleet returned to Plymouth, there were unpleasant stories of dissensions among the higher officers. From a letter of Jervis's, published in Keppel's Life, we know that the admiral and his friends threw the blame of the failure to beat the French fairly on Palliser. But for the intervention of officious persons who played the ugly part of makebate, of whom I sadly fear that Jervis was one, and not the least malicious, the trouble might have blown over. But there were too many mischief-makers interested in causing a scandal to allow the trouble to be avoided. The Press went to work, and soon contrived to blow up a great flame. It had only too good an opportunity.

* * * *

The relations of the two admirals must be borne in mind in order to understand the wretched wrangle which ensued. Sir Hugh Palliser had been, with Constantine Phipps Lord Mulgrave, Naval representative of Sandwich, the First Lord in the House of Commons. Both were on the Board, and it was their duty to meet the well-founded criticisms of the Opposition. Palliser did his share of the work by arrogant and laconic denials of patent facts. Keppel, on the other hand, belonged to one of the great Whig or Revolution Families, then in opposition to the King's Servants. Burke, who wrote of him in after years with ardent affection, acknowledges that his character was by nature a wild stock of pride. He had been imposed on the Admiralty as Commander of the Western Squadron by his popularity in the country. It was founded on his really gallant services as a subordinate in the previous war, and in 1778 he had the field to himself. Hawke, Saunders, and Pocock were dead or in retirement, Rodney was as yet little known, and Hood had apparently been shelved as Commissioner of the Dockyard at Portsmouth. Keppel therefore came forward as the necessary man forced on an unwilling and incapable Ministry. It is perfectly obvious that he was in what Carlyle called a state of preternatural suspicion. He really thought that Sandwich wished him to be defeated in order to discredit the Opposition, and was fully prepared to think that Palliser had been sent out to spoil his chance of a victory. "Man," says the Spanish proverb, "is fire and the woman is tow. There comes along the Devil and he blows." In this case it was the Press which played the part of the enemy of mankind—as its manner is, according to its critics.

* * * *

Each section of the newspapers—the Ministerial and the Opposition—was resolved to show that its man was the real author of the glorious victory. When the country began to be dimly aware that there had been no victory, and less than no glory, then each was determined to show that the other man was responsible for the failure. On October 15 the *Morning Intelligencer* made a malignant attack on Palliser, who thereupon called upon the admiral to publish a contradiction. It was technically a most unreasonable demand, for Keppel could not be made responsible for what was said by a newspaper. As a matter of fact, these things would not have been said if the Opposition chiefs had not wished them to be said. But the Ministerial papers had been at the same work with similar encouragement. Palliser's proper course was to have taken no notice, or to have asked for an enquiry into his conduct. He did neither, but took the foolish course of answering the *Morning Intelligencer*. The result, of course, was an angry confused dispute, in which charges of cowardice, treason, and what not were savagely bandied to and fro. In the natural development of things of this kind, the squabbling in the Press found its way into Parliament. On December 2, and in the course of a debate on the Navy Estimates, Keppel made a speech which removed the last chance of an honourable settlement. To me at least it is most discreditable to the admiral. With a pinchbeck air of magnanimity he makes a parade of unwillingness to bring charges, and at the same time he insinuates many so clearly that they could not be misunderstood. It is in fact a very characteristic specimen of the rhetoric of a Parliamentary flouter and jeerer who wishes to injure an opponent, but also desires not to be pinned down to the necessity of making and supporting a definite charge. There is far less about it of the wild stock of pride—for a proud man speaks out manfully or holds his peace—than of the acrid stock of spite.

* * * *

On the whole, the proper course for Palliser would have been to give his superior a sound Parliamentary dressing, and let the matter drop. The customs of the time would have justified him in resigning his command, putting on a plain coat, and sending Keppel a challenge. He took, and was encouraged or allowed to take, the monstrous course of bringing his superior to a court-martial. It would be impossible to go into the trial and its successor, Palliser's own court-martial, here. For the present, at least, we can only sum up the story so far, and extract the warning it contains. It may almost be put in the words of Sir W. Napier when he said of Don Gregorio de la Cuesta, that he was honest as between his country and its enemies, but that between his country and his own passions he was not honest. All parties concerned were brave men who had done good service, and yet their conduct on both sides was thoroughly bad. Keppel manifestly desired to have it believed in the country that the Ministry wished to see him defeated in order to discredit the Opposition, and that Palliser had acted as their instrument. The Ministry, again, were fully prepared to ruin the discipline of the Navy if only they could destroy the Whig admiral at the same time. Which of the sides most richly deserved to be put under the nearest pump is a question hardly worth deciding. There was so very little to choose between them.

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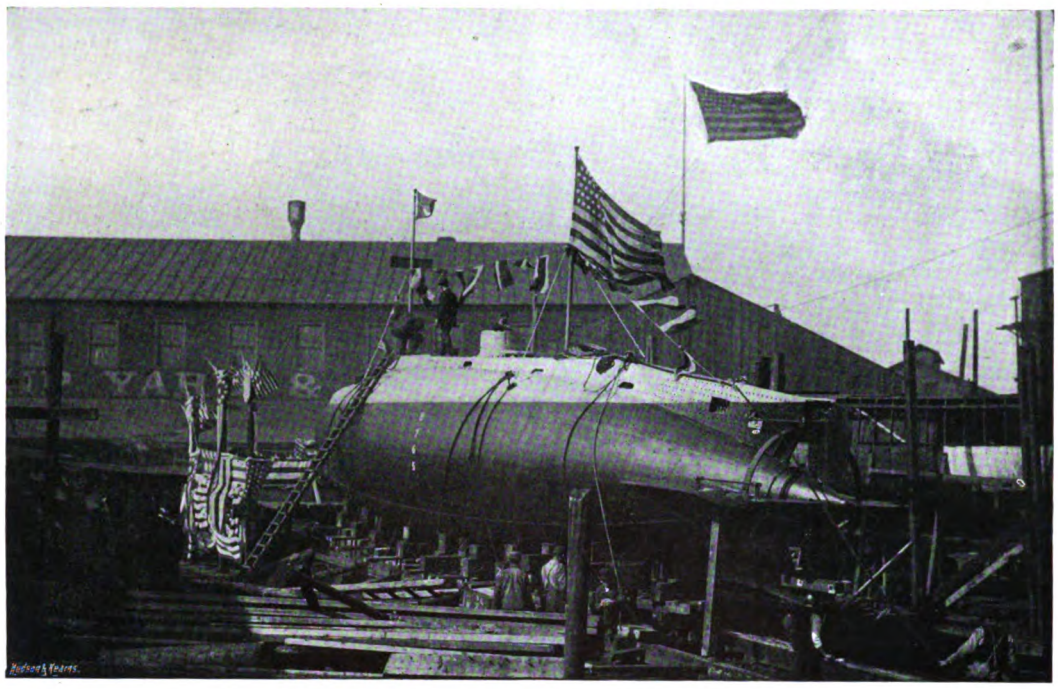
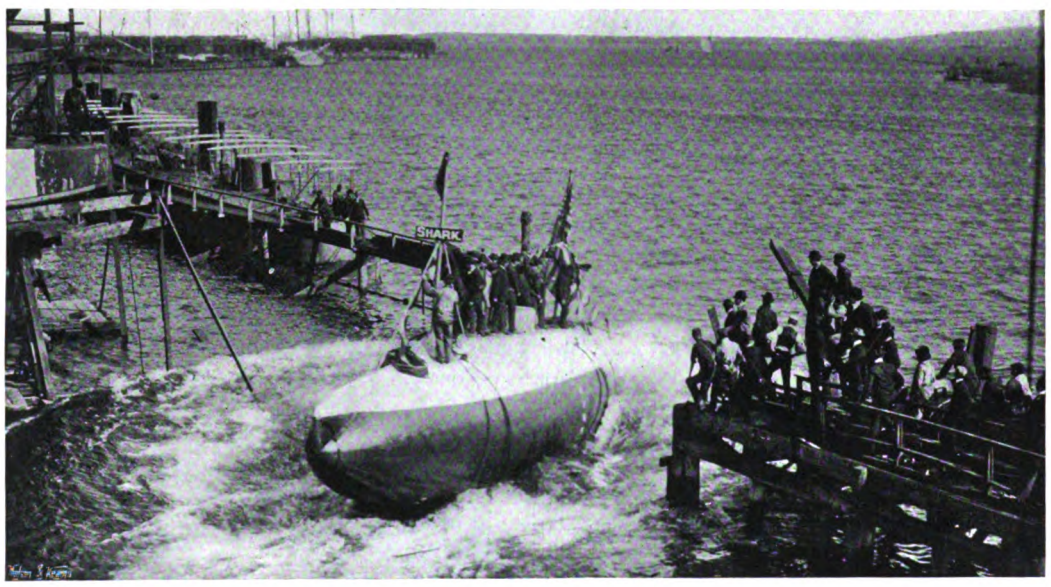
THE LAUNCH OF A SUBMARINE.



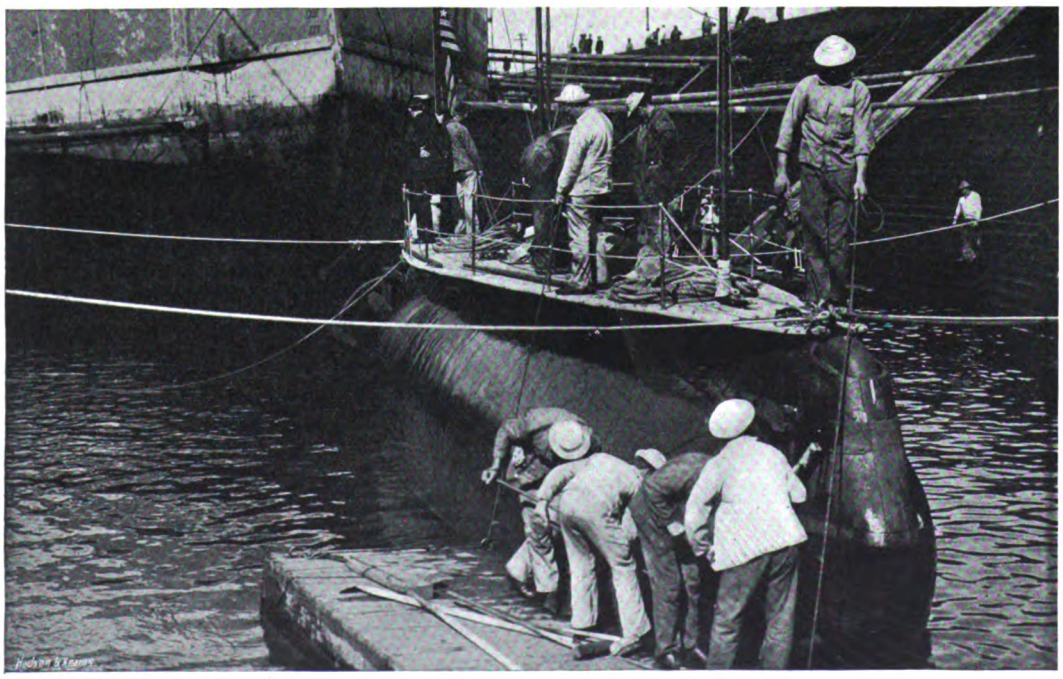
ON THE STOCKS.

The new Holland submarine torpedo-boat "Shark."



A LUCKY LAUNCH.

The "Shark" takes the water after a bright christening ceremony.



Photos Copyright. *Levick.*

PREPARING FOR TRIAL.

A Holland submarine in dock.

IF any member of the genus shark happened to meet this very recent addition to the United States Navy under water—and such a *rencontre* is distinctly possible — it would be difficult to decide which is the uglier of the two. But if the matter were to come to blows, there is very little doubt that the Holland torpedo-boat "Shark" would make very short work of its living antagonist. For the great fish, formidable as he is, stops short of using his dorsal fin as a conning-tower, and of expectorating from his ugly mouth a torpedo which will sink a 15,000-ton battle-ship.

Readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED know all about submarine boats, and are well aware that the Holland type—which is that adopted by our Navy—is about 60-ft. long, with a beam of about 12-ft., and 120 tons displacement. There is also scarcely need to recall the fact that these boats have both gasoline and electric motors, and can make eight knots speed when submerged, enough air being carried for a forty hours' submarine run. Still, we are apt to forget these details, especially as there are several other submarine boats in use, and there is the chance of getting the figures mixed.

The "Shark" is the fifth of a set of six boats which have been ordered by the United States Navy from the Holland Company. These boats are able, it is said, not only to discharge the ordinary Whitehead torpedo, such as is used by surface torpedo-boats, but also to throw to a distance of a mile or so an aerial torpedo by means of a specially constructed air gun. Herein appears to be indicated a serious innovation in the way of attacking forts on a sea front. A properly constructed and heavily armed fort is a very hard nut for even a big battle-ship to crack. But if a submarine like the "Shark" could creep up within easy range, coming to the surface for a minute or so in order to launch an aerial torpedo with 100-lb. of gun-cotton in it at the fort, and then disappearing, the balance of comfort and safety would probably lie on the side of the "innards" of the "Shark."

Submarine boats have yet to be tested in warfare before any definite opinion can be pronounced on their utility. They are subject to many disadvantages, among which are to be reckoned the difficulty of seeing without being seen and the serious discomfort, not to speak of mental strain, to which the crew of any of these queer vessels is subjected. For life in a submarine is even worse than it is in a surface torpedo-boat.

The "Shark" was launched at Elizabethport, New Jersey, and the function passed off very satisfactorily, although there was a slightly anxious moment when the boat struck the muddy bottom before floating free. The "Shark" was christened by Miss Wainwright, daughter of Commander Richard Wainwright, who is now the Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and who was in command of the "Gloucester" when she sank the "Pluton" and "Furor" at the battle of Santiago.

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THE NEW SOUTH WALES CAVALRY.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

THE VICTORIAN FIELD ARTILLERY.

NOW that "the tumult and the shouting" which so naturally surrounded the home-coming of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are dying away, it is well to reflect seriously on the future as well as the immediate advantages which the Empire may reasonably hope to derive from this memorable tour. Up to a certain point, it is generally safe, and always comforting, to generalise on such subjects, to "talk at large" about abstract benefits, and to expatiate warmly upon what ought to happen, even if, as a matter of fact, there is no earthly chance of its ever coming to pass in this generation, at any rate. But Naval and Military interests are not matters to which what an old writer happily called "glittering and sounding generalities" can be at all satisfactorily applied. To speak plainly, if the armed strength of the British Empire is to derive any real improvement from the Royal tour, so tactfully as well as brilliantly accomplished, that result will not be arrived at by merely going into reminiscent raptures over the grand outbursts of loyal welcome, the visits to spots of historic interest, the notable reviews, the presentations of war medals, and all the other functions which have gone to make up this pleasant chapter in our Imperial annals. We must, both as a nation and as an Empire, go further than that, and use the tour not as an end, but as a means to an end, making it, in fact, not only the basis of a better understanding between the Mother Country and the Colonies, but also the starting-point of really practical and business-like negotiations for putting our united forces on a better footing.

The subject was admirably handled in outline by the Canadian correspondent of the *Times* a short time back. This writer pointed out how in Canada regiment after regiment had marched past their Royal Highnesses—and those regiments might have been multiplied—"all of precisely the same material as the men who fought at Paardeberg, or those who saved the guns at Komati River." But while everything stamped these regiments as possible and potential factors in the defence of the Empire, one thing was lacking, namely, the statesmanship which organises them to this end. "The officers who led them, men tried on many a battlefield, many of them decorated for able service, have no part in the chain of promotion which gives encouragement in the Imperial Service. They are not even held responsible for the defence of their own country at points most liable to attack, such as Halifax and Esquimalt. The wave of enthusiasm which carried them to South Africa is allowed to subside without any serious attempt being made to organise that enthusiasm into a permanent national force ready to act in any emergency."

The correspondent quoted has hopes that their Royal Highnesses will have been so deeply impressed with what they saw that they will endeavour to quicken the imagination of self-centred and self-satisfied authorities, military and political, in this country, and so prepare the way for genuine progress in a new groove. But the position in this respect of the Duke and Duchess is not altogether easy, and, while there can be no doubt that their gracious influence in such a desirable direction as that indicated would be gladly exercised, it is a little questionable whether it would suffice to break down the walls of prejudice and ignorance with which part at least of the officialdom connected with the Colonies is surrounded. If anything practical is to be done, it must, one fears, be done by more prosaic means, though, of course, if the Duke will lend to the movement his personal encouragement as a Royal officer of both the fighting Services, such support cannot fail to have the greatest value.

Speaking personally, the writer of these notes, who may at least claim to have studied the subject long and carefully, believes that the initiative in such a matter should be taken by the Colonial Secretary, and taken strongly on broad Imperial grounds, such as would at once push any petty personal or departmental opposition aside. The War Office has quite enough on its hands without attempting to father any such project, nor can it be said at this moment to be basking in the sun of public confidence. The Colonies themselves can hardly approach such a subject without thinking rather more of their own particular partialities and requirements than of those of other Colonies. The Admiralty, while, of course, its voice in the great Naval question which dominates the whole argument must be supreme, cannot be expected to comprehend the many purely Military questions which arise in connection with Antipodean and Canadian volunteering. But the Colonial Secretary could, with the utmost propriety, convene an Imperial Commission on which the Navy, the Army, and each self-governing Colony would be worthily represented, and the whole *modus operandi* of which should be on much broader lines than that of any Colonial Defence Committee hitherto organised or even conceived. Such a commission could hardly prove abortive, and the results might, in all probability would, be of such a substantial and far-reaching character that no further effort in the same direction would be needed for many years to come, the Empire standing in the meantime "four-square to all the winds that blow," and a yet fuller, broader significance being attached to our Imperial watchword, "One Flag, one Fleet, one Throne!"

From the above proposition to the speech made by Sir George Clarke, the new Governor of Victoria, at the farewell dinner given to him by the Colonial Club, is an easy step. Indeed, there is much in what Sir George so wisely and earnestly put forward that is on precisely the same level as the ground occupied by the Canadian correspondent of the *Times*. The war, said Sir George, has taught us, apart from the object-lesson it gave of Imperial unity, that we need now to reorganise our vast resources so that we may be ready in time of war. These resources are so vast, so distributed over the world, that if they are only organised they can be rendered so valuable for war that we need never fear war, but can go on peacefully developing our territories and settling the social problems before us. There is the true ring of Imperial statesmanship about this fine utterance, which incidentally makes those who love the Army reflect with some bitterness that Victoria's gain is its own serious loss. What a chairman, too, Sir George Clarke would have made of an Imperial Commission on the Forces, not the Defence, of Britain Beyond the Seas.

An interesting but somewhat difficult question has been raised by a communication from a "Late Non-Commissioned Officer, South African Mounted Field Forces," who asks, on behalf of the many ex-Colonial Volunteers now in London, if there is any society or institution willing to assist them—if of good character—in obtaining employment. This correspondent states that after their term of service had expired he and his comrades were offered indulgence passages home in the transports, and many, having aged relatives, would now prefer to remain in the old country if they could obtain employment. The "Soldiers' Help Society and other kindred institutions" do not, he says, extend assistance to ex-members of Colonial corps, nor can we blame them for giving preference to men of the Home Army, of whom there will soon be at least three or four seeking employment for every vacancy that presents itself.

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At the same time, there must be not a few employers who might be glad to avail themselves of such special qualifications as a fair proportion of these ex-Colonial troopers probably possess. The case might, perhaps, to some extent be met by action on the part of the Agents of the various Colonies concerned. These could easily open a register for ex-Colonials who have served in the war and are anxious to obtain employment in this country, and a few advertisements in the leading papers would show employers where they could put their hands on men of the right sort with, perhaps, special skill in the management of horses, or with other marked recommendations.

The recent visit of Lord Milner to Natal has been followed by gratifying reports of a revival of trade in that colony, the history of which for the past two and a-quarter years has been sufficiently sensational to entitle it to a period of prolonged rest and prosperity. There seems little chance that the Garden Colony will suffer any further disturbances, as, while marauding commandos might find in it scope for mischief and wanton injury, it would now almost certainly constitute a trap for even a powerful and extraordinarily mobile force. The Natalians have largely themselves to thank for the good days that seem to be returning, for, as we have had occasion to mention several times previously, they have shown excellent grit from the first, and the Natal Carbineers and the Imperial Light Horse, which were originally a Natal product, were very early manifestations of the intention of South African colonists not to let the Regulars do all their fighting for them.

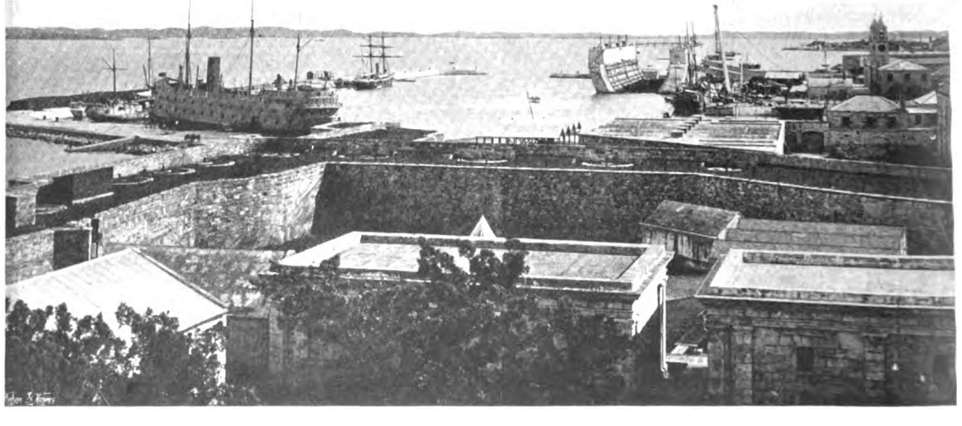
A future opportunity will be taken to discuss in these notes the development of two highly important provinces of which the annual reports have just been issued, to wit, the Central Africa Protectorate, and North-Eastern Rhodesia, which was constituted only a couple of years ago, and includes a large area north of the Zambesi. There are immense potentialities, military and political, as well as commercial, about these great territories, which at present must remain largely obscured by the war. But when the war does come to an end, Central Africa and North-Eastern Rhodesia will serve a variety of purposes, besides, perhaps, indicating a variety of fresh requirements. Happily for the British Empire there always seem to be at hand, in the uncomfortable transition states through which these new colonies have to pass, the right men in the right place, who, undisturbed by outside influences, go on manfully doing the work that lies to their hand, and winning the respect, if not the love, of the natives by sheer single-mindedness and honest endeavour.

THE BERMUDAS.

THE accompanying views give a good idea of the low and lonely archipelago that forms Great Britain's strongest island fortress in the North Atlantic. The islands—there are 100 of them, though they cover in aggregate only 12,000 acres—are composed of brown coral sand, and are surrounded by a growing, living reef of coral. The great value of this natural fortress as a British Naval station, defended by its extensive barrier of reef and rocks, with only one or two intricate channels, arises from its situation. In 32° 15′ N. latitude and 64° 51′ W. longitude, the Bermudas occupy, commercially and politically, a singularly commanding position. The principal islands are five in number. In Main Island is situated the town of Hamilton, the present seat of government, comprising a Governor-General, General Digby Barker, K.C.B., assisted by an executive council of six members appointed by the Crown, and legislative council of nine members also appointed by the Crown, and a representative House of Assembly of thirty-six members. St. George's—the island next in importance—contains the picturesque town of the same name, and a land-locked harbour, which is protected by strong batteries. The Bermudas form a regular rendezvous for the British North Atlantic Squadron, and Ireland Island is entirely occupied by His Majesty's dockyard, victualling establishments, and magazines. Here also is the celebrated Bermuda floating dock, 381-ft. long and 124-ft. in breadth. It was built in England, and towed out in 1869, at which date it was thought a remarkable engineering achievement. Boaz and Watford Islands contain the military depôts and garrisons, the strength of the Imperial forces stationed there averaging 3,647. It would be difficult to find anything more beautiful than the waters laving this coral-reefed archipelago, inasmuch as the varied tints of blue and green are believed to be quite unique.

THE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE.

Ireland Island, Bermuda.



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THE CAMBER, SHOWING FLOATING DOCK.

Magazine in the foreground.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE WEST SOMERSETSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Capt. A. G. Barrett, Second Lieut. A. J. Muntz, Capt. A. M. Myburgh, Lieut. and Adjt. F. N. Q. Shuldham, Vet. Capt Elder, Maj. W. H. Nicol, and Second Lieut. C. B. Greenhill. Sitting: Captain W. Broderick-Cloete, Maj. H. T. Daniel, Col. W. Barrett, Surgeon-Lieut.-Col. S. Farrant, and Maj. H. W. Harris.

WEST SOMERSETSHIRE YEOMANRY.

IT is the proud tradition among the Somersetshire Yeomen that their ancestors formed a large section of the Army with which Alfred the Great invaded Wiltshire, and stemmed the tide of Danish aggression just 1,000 years ago; for the Saxon King had recruited his forces in the fair West of England. From those far-distant days to the present the Somerset Yeomen have ever proved themselves quick to respond to the call to arms in times of emergency, though on one occasion at least their martial ardour was ill-timed, if not misguided, namely, when they rallied round the standard of the Duke of Monmouth, and were branded as rebels after the bloody field of Sedgemoor. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, while the French invasion scare was at its height, practically every important town in the country raised fencible corps, recruited in the town and neighbouring district; and it is worthy of note that most of these corps belonged to the mounted arm, being what were then termed Light Horse Volunteers. The existence of a regiment of West Somersetshire Yeomanry, however, dates from the year 1800, when such was formed under the colonelcy of Lord Somerville of Fitzhead Court, Taunton. The regiment bears number 33 in order of precedence among Yeomanry regiments, but this does not imply that the western division of Somersetshire was dilatory in joining the movement. The majority of our Yeomanry regiments were raised between the years 1794 and 1801, so that the proverbial handkerchief may be said to cover the birthdays of the lot. The early history of the West Somersets does not present any remarkable incidents, though from 1816 to 1829 troops were perpetually being called out to aid the civil power. In 1829 the Government underwent one of its periodical fits of cheeseparing

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THE MODERN METHOD.

Skirmishers in extended order.

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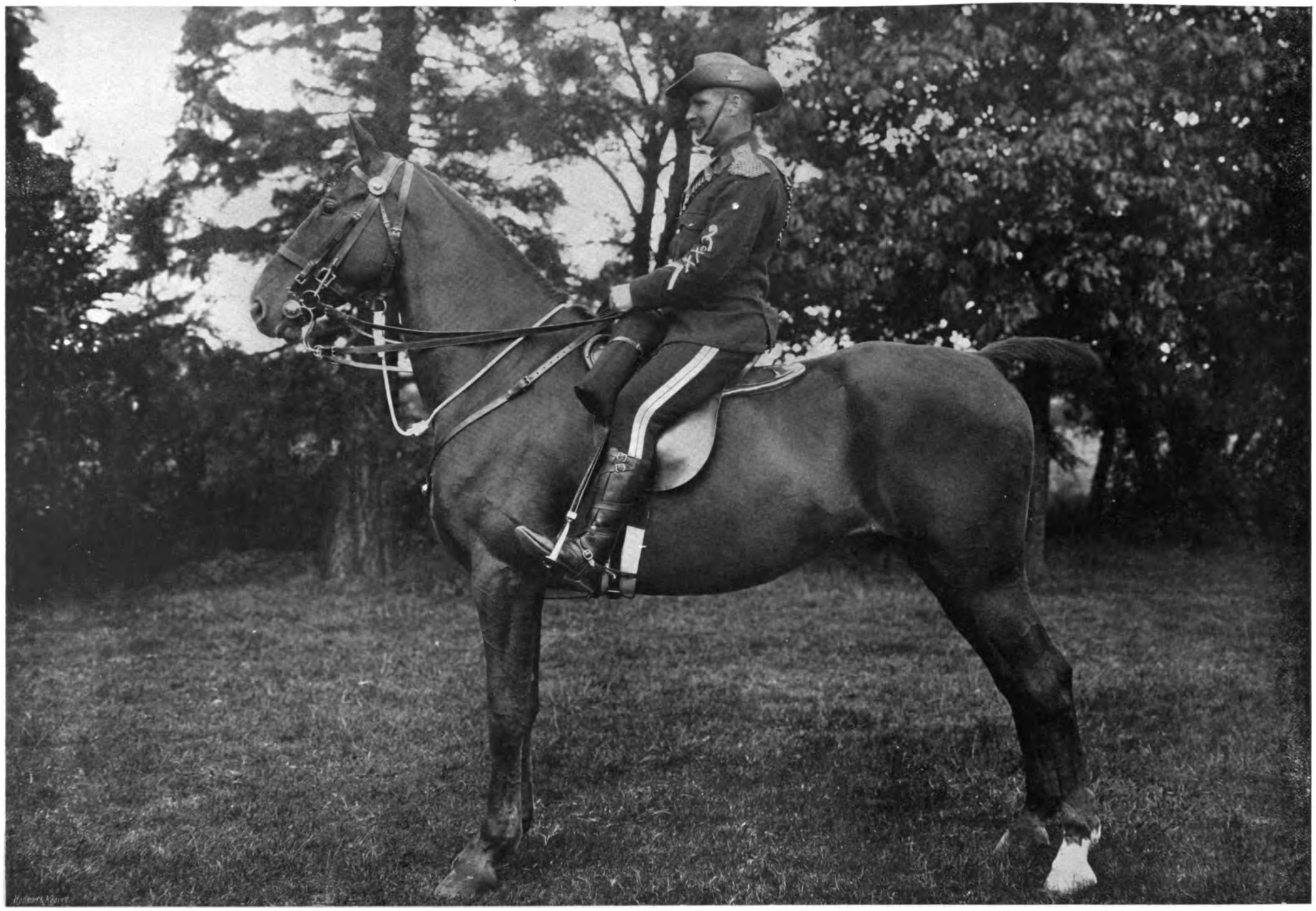
A TYPE OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND YEOMANRY CAVALRY.



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WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST MAN AND HORSE.

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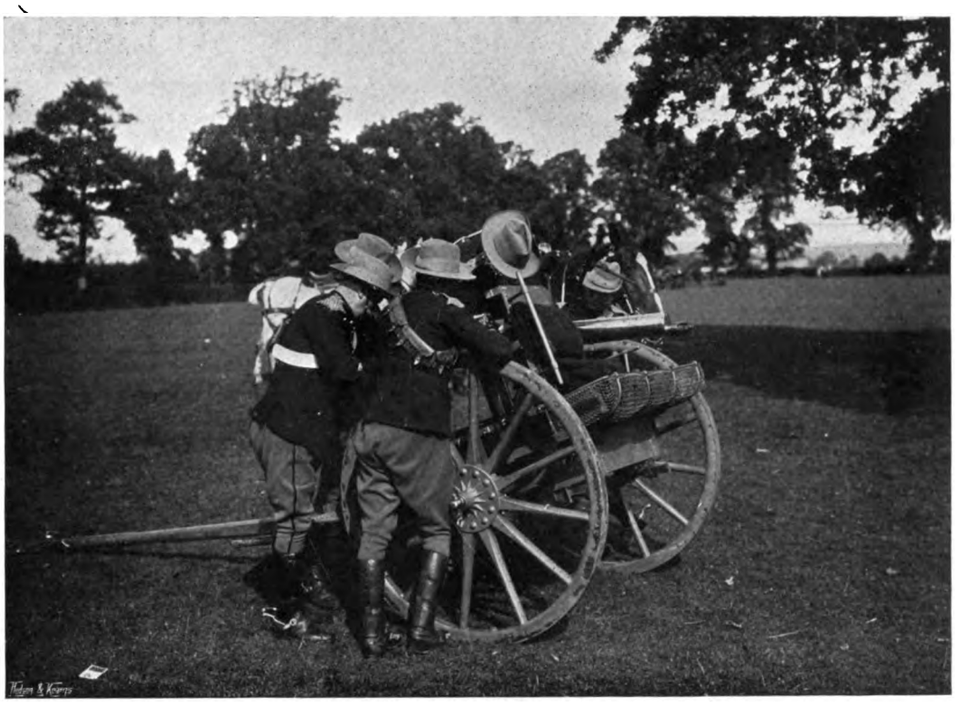
economy, and, after casting about for a subject on which to operate, pitched upon the West Somersetshire Yeomanry as a corps that need no longer be included in the armed strength. Evidently this gratuitous measure was soon found to have been a mistake, for the extinction of the regiment endured for only two years. In March, 1831, the West Somerset Yeomanry were re-enrolled amidst great local enthusiasm, banqueting, and speech-making. In 1840 the headquarters were located at Bridgewater, and six years later the Yeomen made their last appearance in aid of the civil power. This was at Taunton, but the occasion did not arise from labour troubles, for they were called upon to suppress a fierce faction fight in connection with a political election. In 1854 the veteran Colonel Tynte retired from the command, after a quarter of a century's service, and at about the same time the uniform was changed, blossoming forth into Light Dragoon splendours. The regiment now requested that its headquarters might be changed to a more convenient centre at Taunton, but the authorities did not concede to its wishes until many years later. When Light Dragoons disappeared from the Army List, the West Somersets were converted into Hussars, their uniform again changing to and remaining until the impending modifications consequent upon the new title—"Imperial Yeomanry"—blue, facings scarlet, red busby-bag, and white plume.

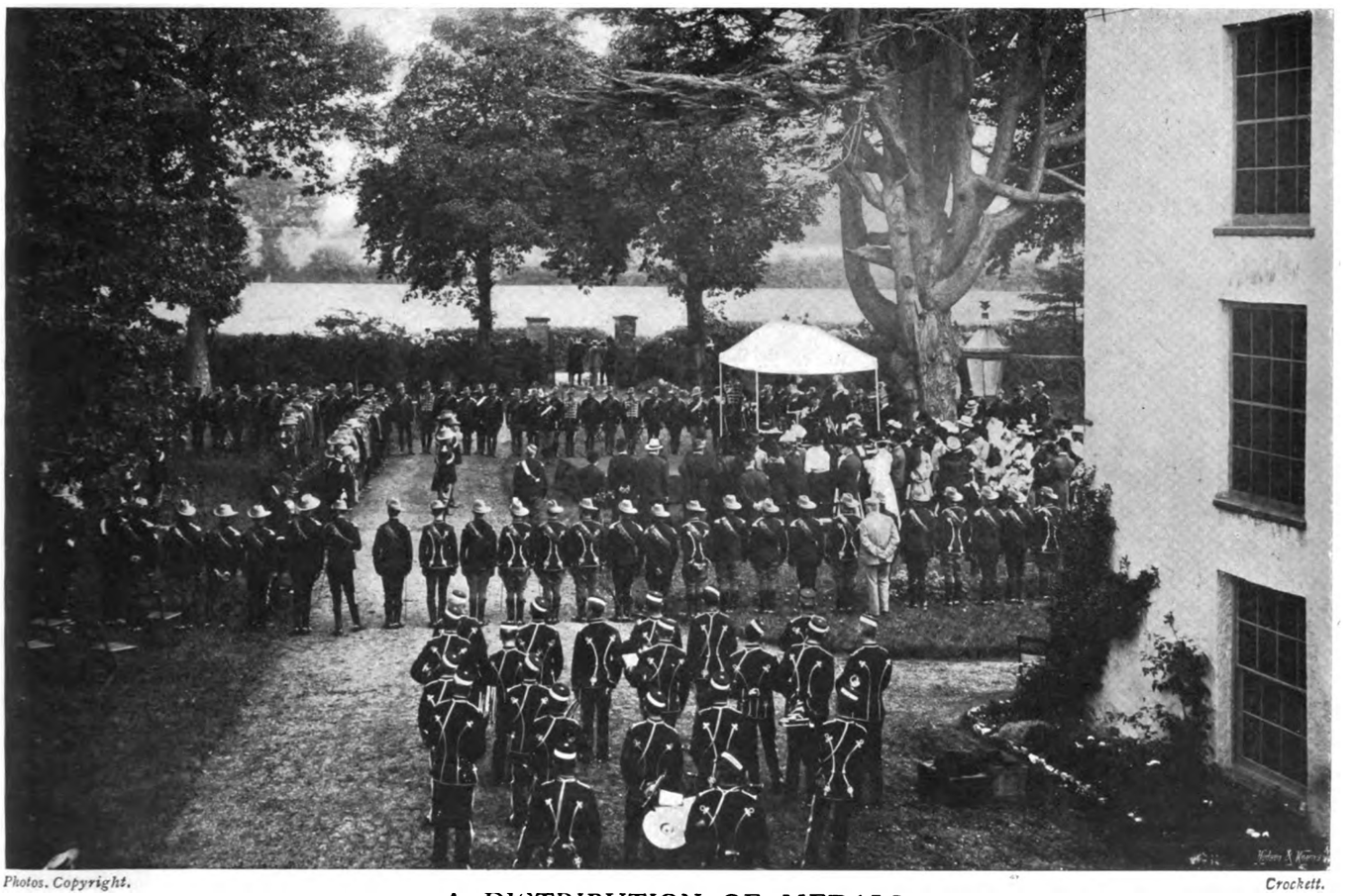


USEFUL TO STEM A RUSH.

Trouble with the lead-pumper.

For service in South Africa, West Somersetshire supplied the 25th Company of Imperial Yeomanry, and perhaps very few companies saw more real warfare than did the Somersetshire men. Soon after they arrived in South Africa they were asked to march to Springfontein under General Rundle, and under him they engaged De Wet. They then marched to the relief of Wepener, and joined the Commander-in-Chief, with whom they served for some time. While at Pretoria the company lost the services of its distinguished and able commander, Colonel Helyar, who had seen much service in India. At a later date the company had to deplore the death of a most promising young officer in Lieutenant Stanley, who fell shot through the heart in a brilliant little victory over the enemy. Many of the rank and file also gave their lives for Queen and country, either by bullet or disease.

From time immemorial the West Somersetshire Yeomanry have performed their annual training at Orchard Portman, Taunton. This year the training, which took place in September and lasted eighteen days, was not under canvas, but the drills, manœuvres, and inspection took place at the time-honoured rendezvous. The training period was also made the occasion of the presentation of war medals to the Yeomen who have returned from the front. The ceremony was performed by Lord Cork and Orrery, K.P., the Lord Lieutenant of the county, before a distinguished gathering.



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A DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.

To Yeomen who have returned from the front.

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ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND.

Photo. Copyright. **Gregory.**

HIGHLANDERS ALL.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have a brilliant record. The 1st Battalion—the old 91st Foot—is now serving in South Africa, and there it has worthily maintained its reputation in defence of the Empire. It is not the first time that it has seen South African service, for among its honours are "Cape of Good Hope, 1806," and "South Africa, 1846-47, 1851-52-53, 1879." The battalion, therefore, is no stranger to South African work, and it is, as it were, carrying on an old tradition. "Ne obliviscaris" within the wreath of myrtle is sufficient to induce most men to remember Vimiera, Corunna, Nivelle, Orthes, Alma, Balaclava, Sebastopol, and Lucknow, which are among the regiment's honours. We have omitted some of the minor ones, but this is surely a large enough record for a single battalion. The "Princess Louise's" Regiment has a great past and a great reputation to live up to, but it has shown that it is quite capable of doing it.

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A LESSON OVER THE SIGNAL BOOK.

One of the first things that every youngster has to learn is the method in which signals are to be made and flags are to be hoisted. For the moment we are dealing only with flag signalling. Each flag has to be hoisted as a bundle which is only opened when it reaches its destination on mast or spar. Then the gay colours in their combinations show and their meaning is read. Our picture shows lads at work, learning how to bend on flags, and read the signals and their significat on with the aid of the official book.

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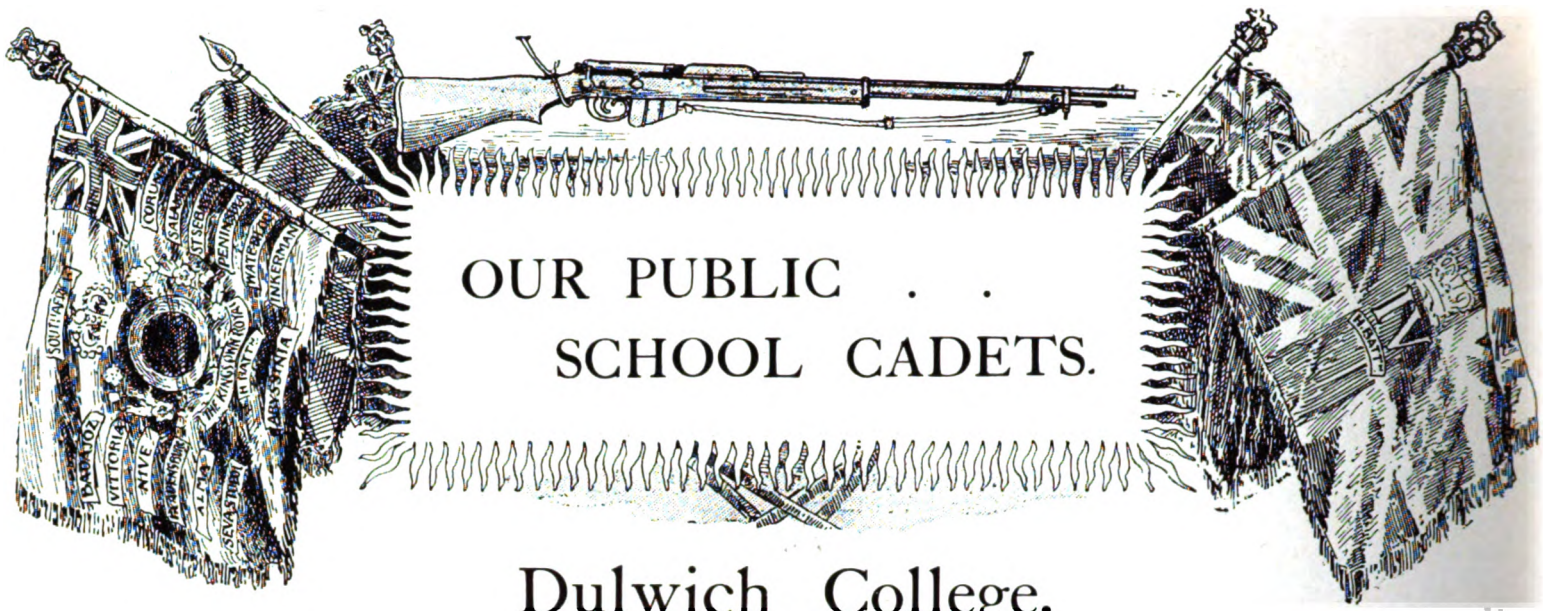

Dulwich College.

By CALLUM BEG.

THIS corps was founded in 1878 by the Rev. C. G. Gull, now head-master of the Grocers' Company's School, Hackney. Under his leadership it very soon became a proficient body, numbering about a hundred members. Until 1884 he continued to exercise his influence over the cadets, to whom he was known as a tactful officer, and one who was thoroughly conversant with his work. In that year the Rev. G. C. Allen, now head-master of Cranleigh, took the command, which he held until 1893, when the Rev. E. G. Ashwin succeeded him.

There was no further change in the command until 1895, when the present commanding officer, Captain W. R. Leake, took the place of the Rev. E. G. Ashwin. At this time the cadets numbered only about fifty of all ranks, but under his able command the numbers have increased steadily to 330, and of these all but thirty attended the last annual inspection by Colonel Phillips.

The corps, which is attached to the 1st Surrey Volunteer Rifle Corps, is purely a "cadet" corps; that is to say, none of the members are "enrolled" as adult Volunteers. It consists of four companies, one of which is composed of boys between twelve and fourteen and a-half years of age. These latter are armed with carbines, the remainder of the companies with Lee-Metford rifles, but unfortunately the supply of arms is not equal to the strength of the corps.

The signallers are a feature of the Dulwich Cadet Corps, and they have distinguished themselves in camp by winning the Semaphore Competition. The band, too, is of

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THE OFFICERS AND STAFF.

Sergt.-Maj. W. Fletcher. *Lieut. J. Douglas.* *Bandmaster Russell.* *Sergt. C. Walter.*
Lieut. Kittermaster. *Capt. W. R. M. Leake* *Lieut. E. A. Price.*

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THE BAND OF THE DULWICH COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Bandsmen Shand, Roberts, Thompson, Formoy, Pirrie, and Ashwin. Second row: Bandsmen Jacob, Parrett, Smeddle, White, Shaw, Gibson, Lough, Wicksteed, Gullick, Quartermaster J. Douglas, and Bandsman Howlett. Third row: Bandsmen Tredgold, Cable, Casswall, Band Sergts. Wallace, Ransford, Lisser, Wright, White, Bandmaster Russell, Sergts. Doulton, Knox, Coleman, and Grieve. Front row: Bandsmen Hide, Tudsbery, Shire, Noyce, Weston, and Wray.

no mean order. It is under Bandmaster Russell, who is assisted by Mr. Doulton, to whom, indeed, is due the greater part of the credit for making the band what it now is.

For the encouragement of all-round efficiency there are a number of section competitions for shields presented by old boys. One of these is the Stewart Memorial Shield, given

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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF ALL RANKS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lance-Corpl. Roberts, Anderson, Bridger, and Purves. Second row: Lance-Corpl. Marshall, Lance-Corpl. Wellborne, Lance-Corpl. Grant, Rice, Oxley, Edsall, Dawson, Foster, Stack, Rodwell, Wright, and Corpl. Farquharson. Third row: Lance-Corpl. Mannering, Corpl. Orgill, Rance, Lance-Corpl. Mannering, Lance-Corpl. Croal, Corpl. Krabbe, Kemp, Northcote, Sergt. Ransford, Salmon, Webb-Bowen, Corpl. Dowson, Bridger, Hall, Betham, Ambler, and Wood. Fourth row—Seated: Corpl. Cheston, Fowler, Sergt. Sherlock, Morton, Phelps, Christison, Col.-Sergt. Hale, Sergt. Flannery, Teesdale, Cribb, Corpl. Marshall, Corpl. Skinner, Corpl. Butler, and Hodder. Sitting on ground: Sergt. Beames, Lance-Corpl. Pulverman, Sergt. Redpath, Lance-Corpl. Boniface, Sergt. Hogg, Lance-Corpl. Barefoot, Corpl. Tocque, Lance-Corpl. France, Lance-Corpl. Marshall, Lance-Corpl. Wilton, Sergt. Blaikie, and Corpl. Gregory.

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for manœuvre by an old boy in memory of his brother, who, like so many more of our old Public School boys, fell at Spion Kop. The sections are formed from the different sides in the school, the classical side finding three sections.

As regards shooting, Dulwich has a record of which it may well be proud. Soon after the formation of the corps it won the Cadet Trophy, and the Ashburton Shield was captured by the school in 1886. The following year the Spencer Cup was won by H. Carpmael, and two years running G. H. Hindley tied for it. A few years later Burmester—who is now at the front—firing for the Ashburton Shield, scored a "possible" at 500-yds. In 1900 the school was particularly fortunate, for it captured not only the Ashburton Shield, but the Spencer Cup as well, a double success which was due to the ability of E. V. Carpmael, a cousin of the winner of the Spencer Cup in 1887.

The veterans, under Captain D. M. Stuart, Royal Scots Fusiliers, have once won the Veterans' Shield. This year the school, represented practically by a new "eight," secured eighth place. On this occasion the best shot, H. Clark (who had on the previous day, when shooting for the Fry Competition, scored 65 out of a possible 70), made a "possible" at 500-yds. Captain Stuart is well known as a "crack" shot throughout the Army, and can handle the match rifle as well as the Service weapon to some purpose. He is a member of the Scottish Eight, and holds the appointment of District Inspector of Musketry in the Scottish District.

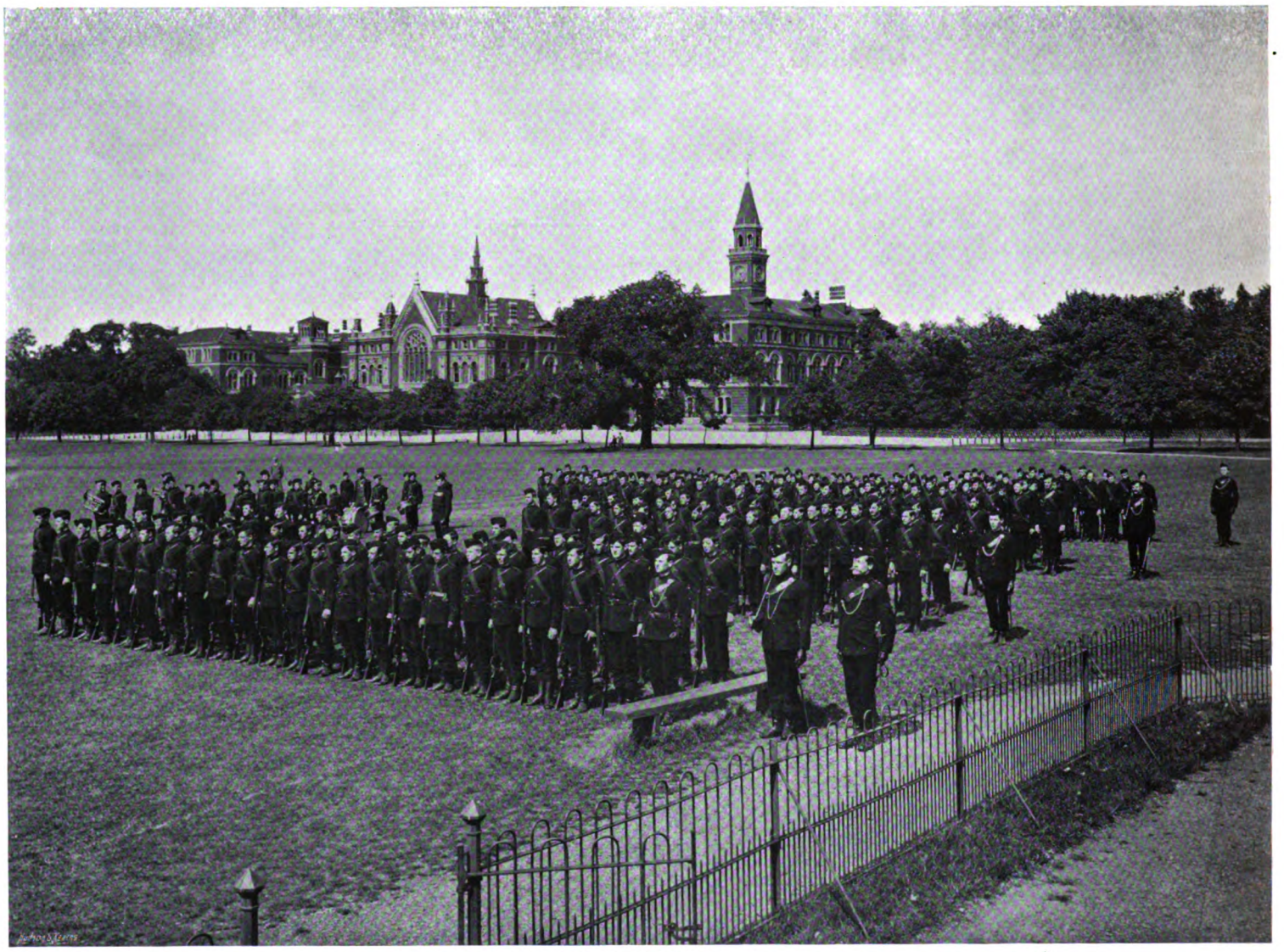
For the last seven years Dulwich has been represented at the Annual Public Schools Camp at Aldershot. Last year there were present 88 of all ranks, and this year the numbers rose to 97. In short, the corps can justly claim to rank high among the Public School Cadet Corps, for it is not only in musketry that it holds its own, but whenever there is work to be done of a military nature, be it a field day or a camp, the Dulwich Cadets yield to none in their eagerness to perform their part in a creditable manner, as becomes so distinguished a cadet corps.

The advantages enjoyed by the members of a cadet corps such as Dulwich can hardly be over-rated. They are always in touch with the metropolitan corps, and are thus given many opportunities of engaging in exercises not practised by the average country corps. The Volunteers in and around the metropolis are generally far in advance of their provincial comrades in almost every branch of a Volunteer's training. Not that corps in the country are less eager to attain to a high state of efficiency, but they are seldom able, owing to the various units of a battalion being scattered over a large area, to bring the corps together as a whole.

What applies to adult Volunteers for the most part also applies to cadets, and thus a junior corps is benefited by being attached to, or associated with, an enrolled body of Volunteers the companies of which are in close touch. The Dulwich boys can, for instance, attend such field days as those held on Wimbledon Common and in the surrounding neighbourhood, in which all arms join, and in this way they are enabled to see something of what is known as "combined tactics." As a rule, too, we find that in and around London Volunteers are greatly interested in the junior comrades attached to them, and regard the boy soldiers as comrades in every sense of the word. This is easily accounted for when it is remembered that in almost every case one or more of the cadet officers hold commissions in the associated adult corps. Where the officers lead the men naturally follow, and thus through all ranks there runs the same kindly feeling, calculated to encourage the cadets, and to cause them on leaving school to join one of the senior companies.

We cannot conclude without paying a tribute to Sergeant-Major Fletcher, late of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, who, in conjunction with Captain Leake, has spared no pains in trying to bring his young comrades up to as striking a degree of smartness as is to be found in the ranks of his old regiment.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, Haileybury on July 20, Cheltenham on August 3, Stonyhurst on August 17, Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September 7, Rossall on September 21, Sherborne on October 5, Eastbourne on October 19, and Whitgift Grammar School on November 2.*]



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IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.

The Dulwich College Cadet Corps on parade.

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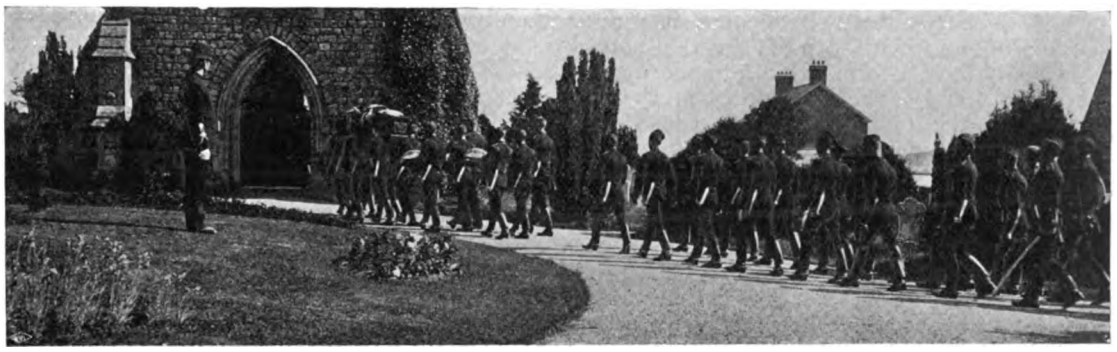
THE "COMUS."



A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

IN erecting and forming the great memorial to Queen Victoria which is to dignify the frontage of Buckingham Palace a fine opportunity presents itself. Mr. Aston Webb's accepted design and the work of Mr. Brock promise to be excellent, but it is to be hoped that the further idea of the first-named gentleman may yet be executed. He has provided for a magnificent thoroughfare right through from the Mall by Spring Gardens to Charing Cross, and the effect would certainly be splendid. In the metropolis of a great Empire like ours there should be some place in which national and imperial achievements, by the craft of the sculptor and architect, by portrait and emblem, may be given visible form, so that they may stand evermore both as exemplars and memorials. We want something analogous to the "Siegesallee" in Berlin, not, indeed, only to glorify military triumph, but to express, by art and symbol, the triumphs of peace also. Mr. Webb proposes that statues shall adorn the Mall, with monuments representing our colonies and dependencies, and the plan might be extended until, in the course of years, the great way connecting the Sovereign's metropolitan palace with the heart of the metropolis itself becomes a truly imperial avenue. The hands of great architects and sculptors should preside over such a creation. The statues should not stand in plaintive solitude, but each should have architectural support, and be accompanied by busts of men associated with their subjects' work, and behind the gleaming marble a dark hedge of yew might be employed with fine effect. The opportunity is too good to be lost, and, however much of the plan may be carried out in connection with the Queen Victoria Memorial, the whole design in its broad lines should be finally determined.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has been inspired as much by her own goodness of heart as by the example of our late lamented ruler in her plan of making a Christmas present to the soldiers in South Africa, who deserve so well of their country. All the world knows how the boxes of chocolate presented by Queen Victoria were valued by their fortunate recipients, but the pipes of briar, silver mounted, each with the crown and Queen Alexandra's monogram, will be treasured even more. While smoking these friendly pipes many a tale will pass of the good deeds done for King and country, and many an old soldier in future years will treasure such a present, telling his children and his children's children those wondrous stories of high emprise, heroic achievement, and hardship suffered which will ever entrance the ears of eager youth. Her Majesty's anxiety is to make some little personal present to the men, and she could not have chosen a happier vehicle for the expression of her kindly intention. Even now people at home do not fully realise how great are the hardships of campaigning in that country. The burden borne is not only of material suffering; it involves separation from those who are near and dear, with the constant thought that the longed-for meeting may never occur, and, therefore, like Queen Alexandra, we should all think kindly and practically of the men who are fighting at the front. The wintry weather should remind us that it will not be long before we are called upon to provide comforts for the soldiers in South Africa again, and those who have leisure should begin in good time their preparations to assist.

COLONEL BENSON'S death in the desperate action at Brakenlaagte, with many gallant comrades, was a great loss to the army in South Africa. The column which had been under his command since about the middle of April had killed or taken by capture or surrender about 600 Boers, with 500 rifles, 700 waggons and Cape carts, 67,000 rounds of ammunition, nearly 13,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, and nearly 1,800 horses. Over 200 prisoners were captured in the night marches which have made the column famous. For six weeks it operated in the Carolina-Ermelo district, making not less than eight such marches, varying in length from twenty-two to thirty-five miles each. The most successful night march of the gallant force was on the evening of September 16, when not a man in the column rode less than forty-two miles to surprise a Boer laager, afterwards fighting an action and making enormous captures, while fifty miles was the achievement of some of the pursuing parties. "Colonel Benson, as the men were lounging about," said the correspondent who described the incidents, "walked amongst them, saying to each a kind and encouraging word; and there was not a man present who would not have risen, and, if the horses had been fit, gone through the whole weary and awful march again, so pleasing a personality has the colonel, and so much do the men love him." This was probably the record march of the whole campaign, and it is sad to think that the good soldier can lead and encourage his companions no more. Warm congratulations came from Lord Kitchener upon that success, and were, indeed, well merited. Colonel Wools-Sampson, the enterprising chief of intelligence with the column, whose name has been prominent since the very beginning of the war, did much to make the achievement possible.

THAT the Devonians should honour Sir Redvers Buller is the most natural thing in the world, and the sentiment does them honour. For such a sturdy, honest, downright gallant and loyal Englishman not to be popular would be unexampled, and there is a county patriotism in Devonshire that made an outburst of public feeling inevitable. This is altogether different from the assumed grievances and specious sympathy of the pro-Boers, who are attempting still to use Sir Redvers Buller's case for their own purposes. The men of Devonshire have so many good seamen and soldiers to be proud of that it is not surprising to find them anxious to include the General in their roll of heroes. Nevertheless, it is plain to everybody that they made a mistake in the particular plan they adopted. They could not make a public demonstration without placing Sir Redvers Buller in a false position. He is, himself, the last man in the world to resist the action of the chiefs of the Army, acting under the authority of the King, but the Devonians, by their expressed censure of the authorities, would have seriously compromised him. Better counsels have prevailed, and the leaders of county society have shrunk from taking part. They, too, were placed in a wrong position by being made to seem to act an unfavourable part towards Sir Redvers Buller. The intention to express public sympathy and indignation was, in fact, a tactical mistake, and, as Lord Iddesleigh said, would have rendered the Devonians themselves liable to be misunderstood. Better inspired is the proposal to make some permanent memorial of Sir Redvers Buller's long and honourable services to his country.

GENERAL VOYRON, by his recent action in publishing his letters to Count von Waldersee, has certainly set back the hands of the clock more than some of his countrymen imagined, and the *rapprochement* between France and Germany has suffered in consequence. Those who know the inwardness of the international relations in China have been aware that the French general from the very beginning regarded it as part of his mission to observe an attitude of independence, and that there was a spice of sarcasm in his correspondence with Count von Waldersee. The truth is that, if it were not for the lost provinces Frenchmen

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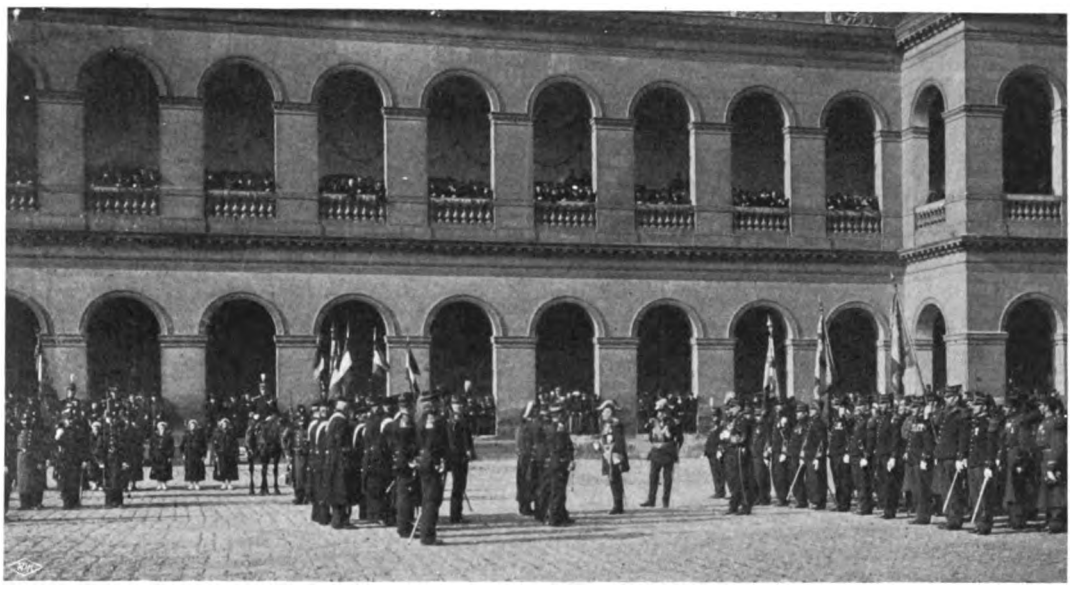
would enthusiastically welcome an understanding with Germany, and with Russia in the bond, we should undoubtedly have a formidable alliance against England. But the Reichsland is the bitter sediment that makes it impossible to drink the loving cup with the Teuton, and General Voyron's attitude was that of the majority of his countrymen, who will neither forget nor forgive the rankling sore of 1870. The community of interests against England, of which some Frenchmen and many Germans have dreamed, vanishes, when it is brought to the touch of practice, by the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. The bitterness is, indeed, far less than it was, but not for another generation at least will the seizure of the Rhine provinces be forgiven. Therefore, even if no further causes of bitterness arise, the day is yet far distant on which the two Powers shall make common cause against England. The public flouting of Germany by a French general is quite a significant incident.

IT is always comfortable to think that we are somewhat better off than our neighbours. In this country, at least, we do not suffer from some of the things that are a scandal in other lands. London is well governed, though there are complaints enough, but New York presents a sad spectacle from several points of view. The Hon. Frank Moss, who was formerly a Police Commissioner in that city, has lately written an account of police corruption in the *North American Review*, which is a revelation of shame. He says that the corruption in the city is so wide and deep-seated that it has become a national danger, since it enables abuses to exist which corrupt youth and spread moral pestilence. The fact is not seriously denied, and Mr. Moss describes it as a criminal condition, and does not shrink from laying the responsibility upon one or more public officials. Hundreds of gambling houses have perfect immunity, and it is alleged that they pay immense sums of money for their unholy privilege. Disorderly houses are tolerated, and "many gilded amusement palaces are nothing but exchanges for vice." Highwaymen and pickpockets flourish. "Pocket-book, flim-flam, green goods swindlers, and others are numerous, and find many victims. There is a general accusation that the activity of these crooks is due to the friendliness of the police or to the powers that control the police." Mr. Moss gives a revolting account of some of the abuses which are allowed to exist, and he declares that the hand of the blackmailer and the extortioner is at work. "All believe it—know it. One business man told me he didn't believe the Prætorian guard could have held its own with the New York Police Force." The indictment is a very serious one, and the example of New York is being copied in other cities, and Mr. Moss is right in saying that it is in the cities that the true greatness of a country is won or lost in the essential characteristics of the people.

ECHOES OF WAR FROM THE FAR EAST.

DESPITE the fact of the 'cute, if rather unsportsmanlike, incidents attending the capture of the famous Filipino guerilla leader, Aguinaldo, the war—the "forgotten war," as American journalists term it—in Uncle Sam's new colony appears to be burning as brightly as ever. It is an older war than our never-ending South African Campaign. For over two years the United States Government has been compelled to maintain 60,000 troops in the islands, and within the last few weeks has been promulgated the military expert's announcement that fully another 70,000 men will be required, if the rebellion, or, rather, "rising *en masse*"—for the Filipinos do not admit that they have ever been conquered, even by the Spaniards—is to be stamped out within measurable time. Since the reception of this disconcerting intelligence our Transatlantic cousins have considerably toned down their sweeping criticisms relative to our failure to bring matters to a head in the conquered South African Republics. The Filipino is nothing like so redoubtable an antagonist as the Boer, but he is very harassing. His favourite *modus operandi* is to wait until an American column has entrenched itself, whereupon he digs trenches opposite, and snipes the outposts nightly. His numbers fluctuate from day to day, many returning to their villages after a few days of active service, others continually resuming their places in the trenches.



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Returning the China battle flags to the Invalides.

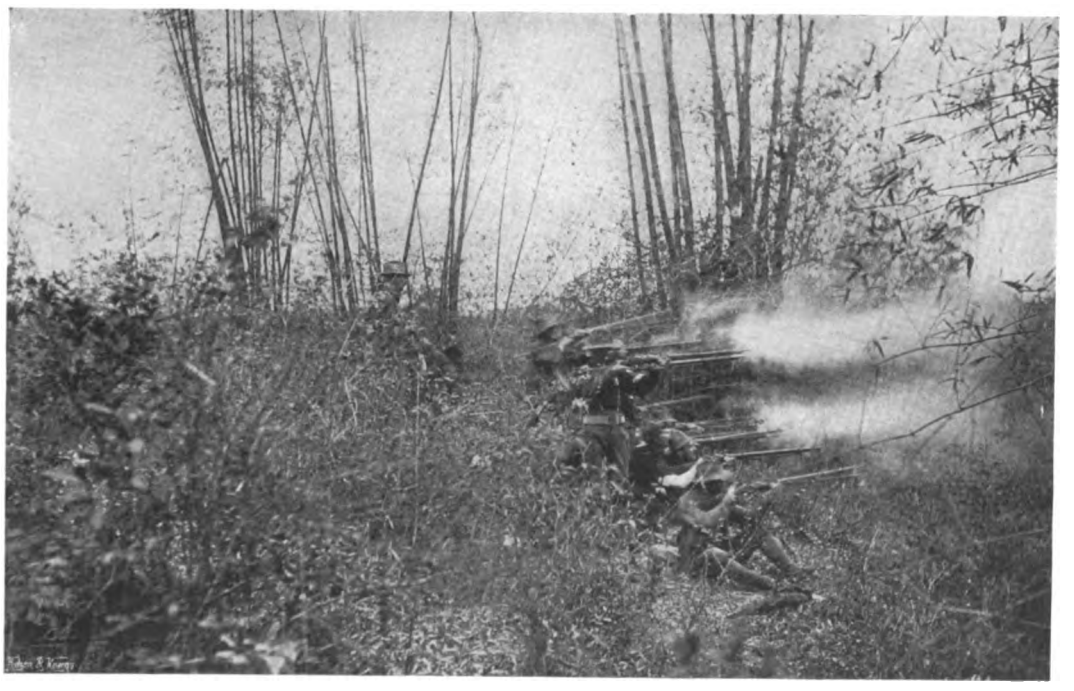

Photo. Copyright. THE AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINES. *Rockett.*

A fight in the jungle

The Hôtel des Invalides—undoubtedly the most architecturally beautiful and splendidly-equipped military pensioners' establishment in the world—has just been enriched by the two colours carried by the French Expeditionary Corps in China. A deputation of officers and men were sent to Marseilles to fetch these flags, together with that of the last Madagascar Expedition, the deputation being officially welcomed on their return to Paris on October 29 by the Military Governor of the city. On the following day the function depicted in the accompanying illustration took place. There were present the new Military Governor of Paris, General Faure-Biguet, accompanied by Generals Voyron, Carette, and Plagnol. Deputations from each of the corps which took part in the Madagascar and China Expeditions presented the flags, according to tradition, and the four generals, bareheaded, passed before them. General Voyron then distributed decorations, and the group of veterans carried the flags to the museum.

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OFFICER, THE JINA LANCERS.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

OFFICER, THE ULWAR LANCERS.

THE inauguration of the new Frontier Province, apart from the happy association of the event with the King's Birthday, will have been accompanied in the minds of most Anglo-Indians with a good many personal, and not a few historical, reflections. The annals of the Indian frontiers are simply packed with tales of gallantry, of devotion, of endurance, of simple, unfailing soldierliness, which have never been published, and are never likely to be, and of which one must be content to catch the mere echo in Kipling's stirring verse and prose, or in the modest biography of some fine old Frontier fighter. Twenty years ago there was a humorous description of the "Piffer," as an officer of the Punjab Frontier Force is affectionately called, to the effect that he "wore strange clothes, lived in the wilds, and imagined himself in a chronic state of active service." As a matter of hard fact, the last part of the definition was not very far from the mark, for in those days, at any rate, the Punjab Frontier Force was much more constantly engaged in work, which, if not precisely "active service," was an excellent imitation of it, than most folks, even in India, were aware. Raids of all sorts and sizes were everlastingly taking place, and it was the "Piffer" officer who, in nine cases out of ten, had to dash forth at the head of a handful of troopers, and either recover the lost cattle, or smite the raiders and the *participes criminis*. This strenuous activity, of which only a perfectly organised and splendidly efficient force could have been capable, was naturally fostered by larger expeditions and by a succession of notable commandants. To, perhaps, the finest of these last Lord Dufferin posthumously, and very happily, gave the historic title of "Lord Warden of the Marches," which is just what the commandant of the Punjab Frontier Force used to be in the old days.

The creation of this new Province, formed out of the four trans-frontier provinces of the Punjab, takes us yet further back to the great Indian soldier-statesman with whose name the Land of the Five Rivers is immortally linked, John, afterwards Lord Lawrence, first the saviour, and in due course the ruler, of British India. Without going into the merits and demerits of that frontier policy of "masterly inactivity" which he so strongly advocated, it is pleasant here to recall John Lawrence as one of the first to impress the wild tribes of what was then little more than borderland with a sense of British integrity and justice. Those were the days of a patriarchal rule which only survives to-day in scattered instances, and Lawrence, stern and vigorous as he was, was greatly esteemed as a sure arbiter on the most simple domestic differences. Even when he became Viceroy he was still remembered in this connection, as my father, Talboys Wheeler, recalls in his "Short History of India." My father was in the Foreign Secretariat during Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty, and on one occasion was a good deal puzzled at the entry of a small deputation of hairy tribesmen who had walked down to Calcutta from some remote Punjab village. It appeared that this tremendous journey was the result of a local squabble over a cow, upon which it was felt that no one but "Jan Larrens" could satisfactorily adjudicate.

Turning from this picture of old times to the Frontier policy of the present, it may be briefly explained for the benefit of home readers that the districts which form the new Province are Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan, with the tribal country beyond their limits, and the former political agencies of Dir, Swat, Chitral, the Khaibar, the Kuram, Tochi, and Wana, all names which should be pictorially familiar to readers of this journal. But, of course, the main idea of the change is not a mere slicing off of a certain number of districts from the Punjab. It means that henceforth the new Frontier policy will be vested not in the provincial Government of the Punjab, but in the Supreme Government of India, thus avoiding a good deal of delay and friction in dealing with the many and various frontier tribes. There is not space, nor is there need, to enter more fully into the subject here. But it may be incidentally mentioned that the idea is not a new one, and that if it had not been for the Afghan War Lord Roberts would have been the first officer in charge of a similar Frontier Province—though not by any means such an extensive one—in the days when Lord Lytton was Viceroy.

The celebration of the King's Birthday, and the inauguration of a new Province, immensely important as they are, will soon be at least partially obscured by the preparations for the various ceremonies to be observed in connection with, first, the Coronation, and, secondly, the proclamation of the King as Emperor of India. With regard to the former it has lately been announced that large and representative detachments of Indian troops are to be present at the ceremony in London, and that a contingent of Imperial Service Troops under Sir Partab Singh will also be brought over to lend additional colour to a truly gorgeous and soul-stirring scene. The announcement has a special significance in view of Sir Partab Singh's great services and popularity. This fine officer is often confounded with the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. Colonel Maharajah Sir Partab Singh of Jodhpur is the uncle of the present ruling Maharajah of Marwar, of which State Jodhpur is the capital. It is to him we are chiefly indebted for the two fine regiments of Jodhpur Lancers which are the *crême de la crême* of the Imperial Service Troops. Splendid horsemen and swordsmen, these are ideal light cavalry, composed entirely of Rhator Rajputs, who for centuries have been among the very best fighting men of Central India. Among the scores of different types of soldier assembled to do honour to the Coronation of King Edward VII., there will be none more loyal, and not many more brilliantly serviceable, after their kind, than the Jodhpur Lancers under their noble leader, Sir Partab Singh.

The proclamation of the King as Emperor of India is likely to take place at Delhi in December, 1902, or January, 1903, and already a committee of civilians and officers is at work reporting on suitable camps. The ceremony is to be on a scale of great magnificence, and a wistful suggestion has been thrown out to the effect that wild enthusiasm would be created by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, who might, it is urged, subsequently make a tour through India. Probably their Royal Highnesses will be glad of a little well-earned rest before seriously considering this far-reaching proposition. But in the meantime the Proclamation will be eagerly looked forward to as a spectacle likely in some respects to surpass the Coronation itself. For efforts will inevitably be made to outshine even the great Delhi Durbar, held on the historic "Ridge," at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaisar-i-Hind on New Year's Day, 1877, a function the variegated splendour of which will not be easily forgotten.

The *Pioneer* has been discussing, with the ability and knowledge it always displays in dealing with Service subjects, the question of an improved lance for the Native Army of India, the troopers of which are of unrivalled dexterity in handling this effective weapon. The main consideration is portability, for it is obvious that a light cavalryman, such as the average Native trooper must always be, should have a very light lance if he is to carry it as a supplement to a rifle

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and at least 200 rounds of ammunition. The non-jointed lance is apt to be a nuisance when working through woods, and the jointed lance has so far not proved altogether satisfactory. Talking of jointed lances, by the way, I believe I am right in saying that this contrivance was first introduced, into India at any rate, by the present Commander-in-Chief, Sir A. P. Palmer, when he was serving in the 10th Bengal Lancers. That his idea, at least, was sound is shown by the suggestion that what is now wanted is merely an improved joint which will not be a source of weakness to the shaft, and which will have a simple interlocking action enabling the weapon to be brought into use in a few seconds. The matter appears to be one in which home inventors might usefully interest themselves.

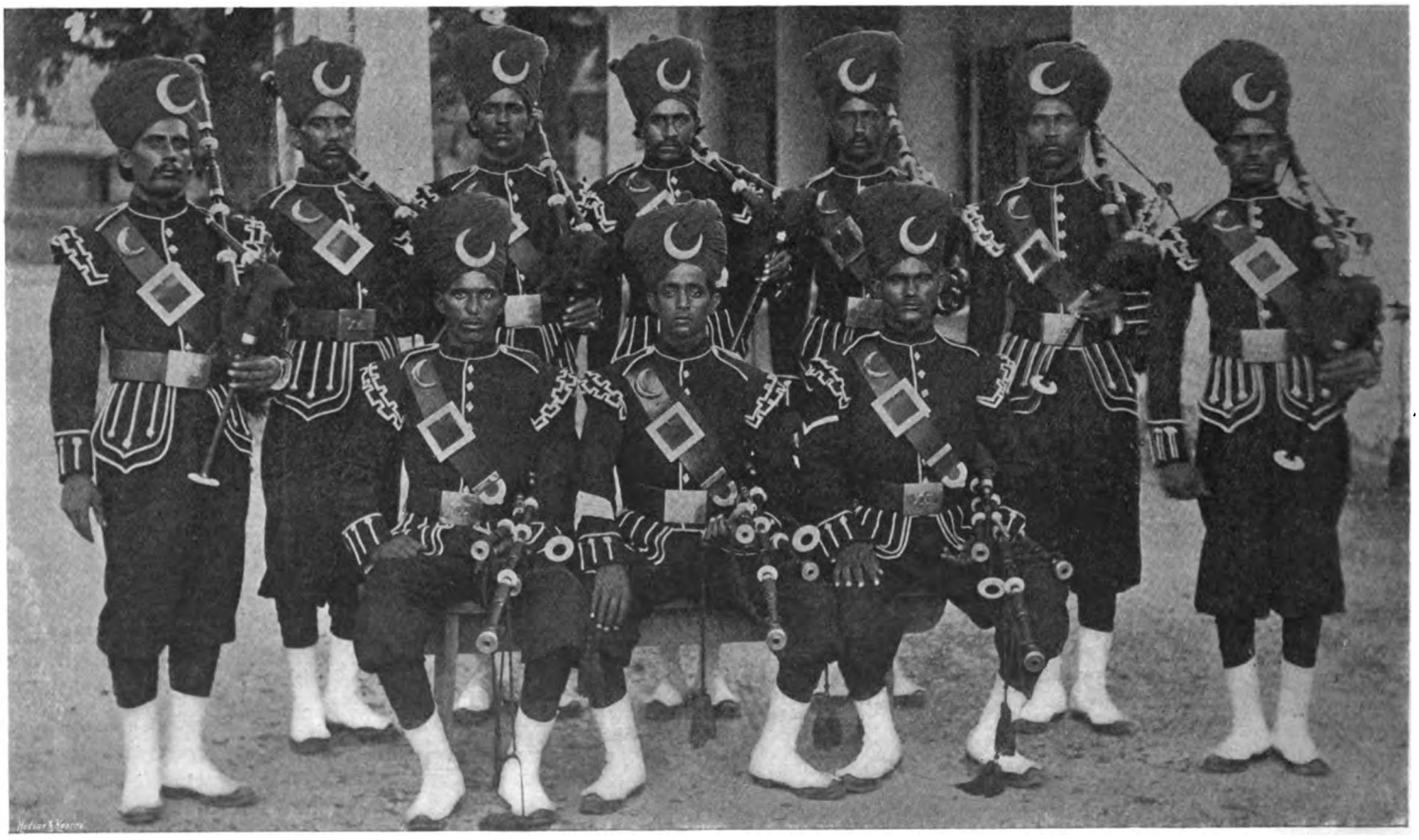
The subject of Native cavalry weapons reminds me that about twenty years ago the Native officers of cavalry corps used to have pistols issued to them, by which they were supposed to set great store. A friend of mine, himself a cavalry officer of distinction, had his doubts on this point, as the weapons were heavy, old-fashioned, and hardly to be classed as serviceable. Accordingly, he interrogated a Native cavalry officer, diplomatically suggesting that the pistols were esteemed as occasionally useful in a hand-to-hand combat. The Native officer smilingly assented, but hastened to explain that no sane man ever thought of firing his pistol in action. But as a *missile* it was perfect, and a smartly hurled pistol would often empty a saddle in the most satisfactory fashion.

Not long after this appears in print the Queen's Bays and the 7th Hussars should be embarking for India, and they will carry with them many good wishes from Anglo-Indians of this and of the last generation. It is pleasant to recall the fact that these two fine regiments fought side by side in the Mutiny, both having been present at the Relief of Lucknow, and in the subsequent Oude and Trans-Gogra operations. Turning up my "Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny," by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C., I find an interesting reference to the charge of the Bays at Ishmaelgunge (the actual site of the battle of Chinhut, with which the siege of the Residency began) on March 6, 1858. Outram's column had struck the Fyzabad road, and had come in view of a body of the enemy's cavalry, who turned tail, but were hotly pursued, especially by the Bays, who showed tremendous eagerness to get their baptism of fire. The pursuit brought our cavalry into broken ground, close to the enemy's infantry posts, and caused some loss, particularly to the Bays, who were leading, and whose major, Percy Smyth, was killed. The 7th Hussars also repeatedly distinguished themselves, one of their most brilliant achievements being a fine charge, in company with the 1st Punjab Cavalry, at Bankee, in Oude, where the rebels were driven headlong into and across the Raptee. The occasion is remarkable, as, to quote General Innes, "with this episode in the last day of December, 1858, ended the long-sustained war in Oude, and with the birth of 1859 peace was restored to the land."

LEAL AND STEADFAST—THE LOYAL PURBIYAS.

THERE are two ways of reducing a recalcitrant frontier tribe to order, the one by a punitive expedition, the other by a rigorous blockade. It is this latter system which is now being enforced against the Mahsud Waziris, and one of the regiments employed on the work is the 17th Bengal Infantry, which only the other day had the misfortune to have one of its patrols ambushed with a somewhat heavy loss. When the Mutiny burst over India the Bengal Army, to which the revolt was practically confined, was composed for the most part of down country Hindoos and Mahomedans, and some few corps remained loyal, and still figure in the Bengal Army List. The 17th, though not one of these, is akin to them, for it was originally raised towards the close of the Mutiny as the "Loyal Purbiyas," from those who had remained "nimakh halal," *i.e.*, "true to their salt." Composed entirely of Hindustani Mahomedans, the regimental centre is Benares, the Mecca of Hindooism. The uniform is scarlet with white facings and blue puggaree, and, like many others, the regiment has adopted Highland pipes as its war music. Besides serving throughout the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, the 17th saw service in the Soudan in 1885, and suffered heavily at Tofrek, better known to "the man in the street" as MacNeill's Zariba. The 17th Bengal Infantry is now having its first spell of frontier work since the Afghan War, for it had not the luck to be called out for Sir William Lockhart's Tirah Campaign in 1897; and though the blockade of the Mahsud Waziris can scarcely be called a campaign, yet, as the incident previously referred to shows, it can include some pretty tough fighting. The Mahsud Waziris occupy the country of the Gomal Pass, which is almost as big a trade route as the Khyber and Bolan, and it was an escort to a road party working near this pass, that was caught in an ambush by the truculent tribesmen.

LIEUTENANT T. E. MADDEN, I.S.C.
Adjutant, the 17th (the Loyal) Regiment of Bengal Infantry.



PIPERS OF "THE LOYAL" REGIMENT.

The Pipers wear the Highland doublet in lieu of the tunic

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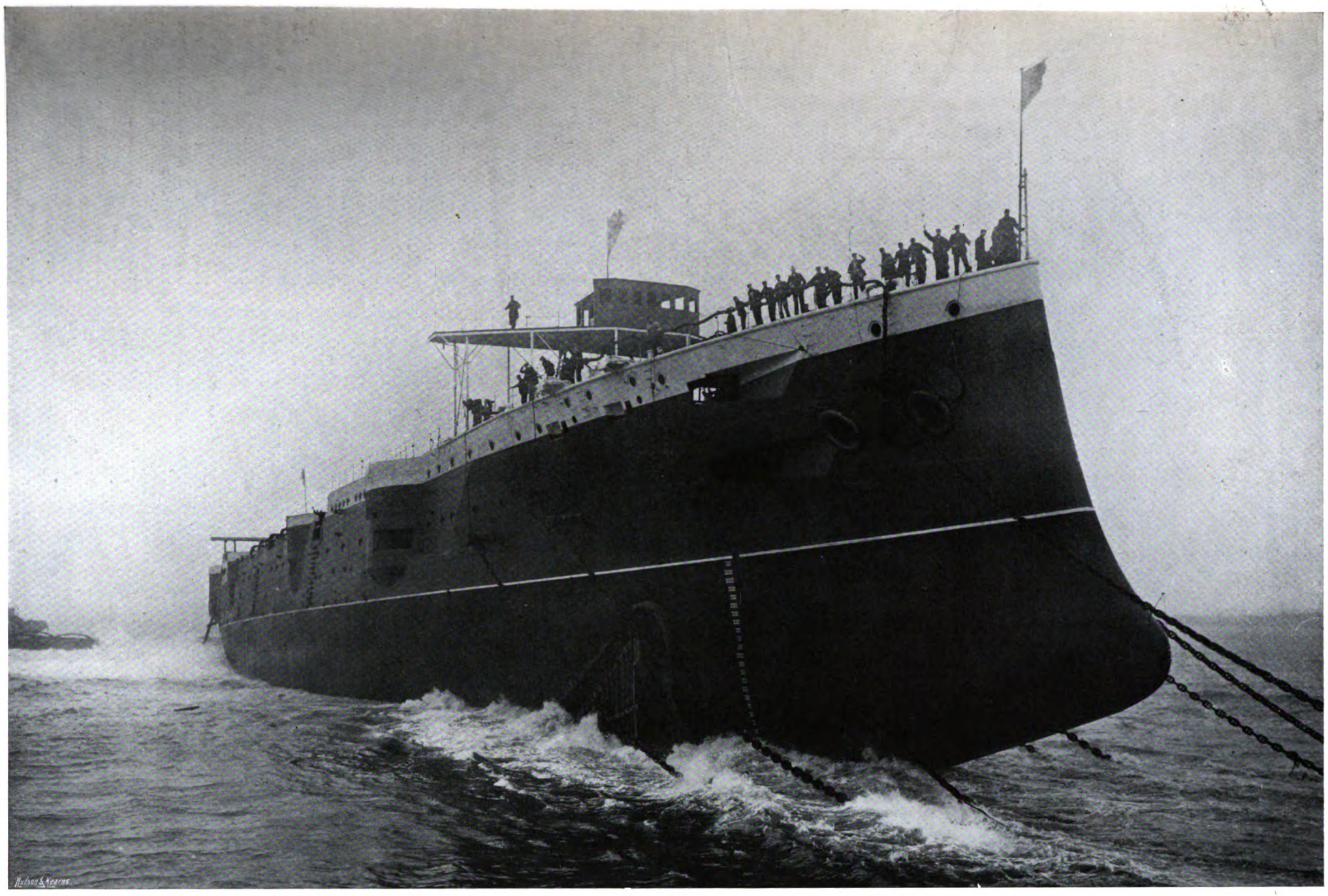

THE LAUNCH OF A LEVIATHAN CRUISER.

The "King Alfred," recently launched from the works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim at Barrow-in-Furness, worthily commemorates the founding of Britain's sea-power by the great Saxon monarch who died a thousand years ago. A shade less in displacement than the "Terrible" and "Powerful," she is more than their equal in protection, and much more powerful. Her dimensions are: Length, 500-ft.; beam, 71-ft.; and displacement, 14,100 tons. She will carry two 28-ton guns and of quick-firers sixteen 6-in., and fourteen 12-pounders, and she is to steam 23 knots. She has three sisters, the "Drake," "Leviathan," and "Good Hope."

From a Photo. kindly lent by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

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THE MAIN GATE OF THE DOCKYARD.

The ultimate limit of dockyard authority.

THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

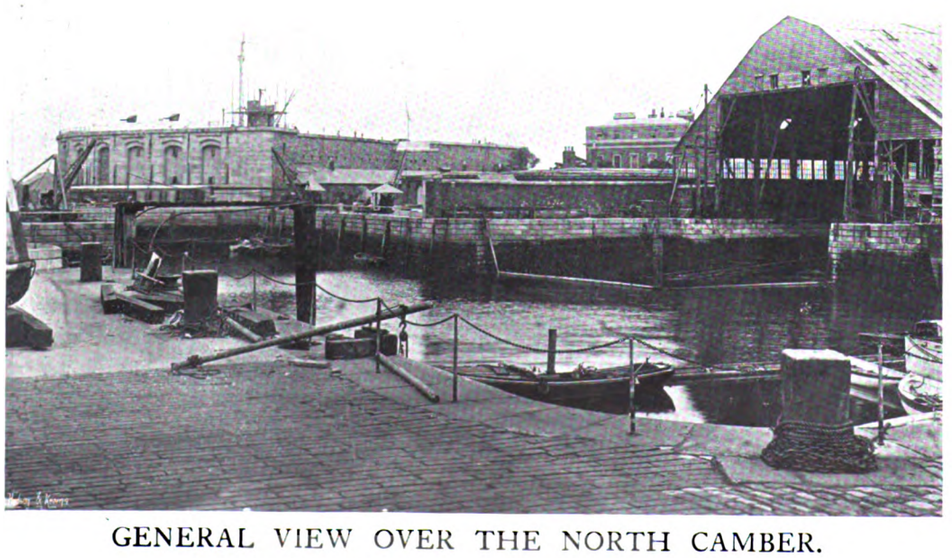
By JOHN LEYLAND.

Sheerness.—I.

SHEERNESS DOCKYARD does not rival either in its importance or its strategic situation the Naval establishments which I have so far dealt with, although there was a time when the Thames and the Medway held a greater place in our Naval organisation than even Portsmouth or Plymouth. The yard was established in the reign of Charles II. as an adjunct to the Chatham establishment, and it remained under the inspection of the Commissioner of the latter yard until 1796. As a completed modern Naval establishment it can scarcely be said to belong to a period earlier than about the year 1823. Its efficiency in building, docking, and general constructive and repairing facilities belongs to comparatively recent times, and presents a marked contrast to its state in earlier days. Yet the situation of Sheerness marked it out long ago as of great importance. It was not only an outpost of the Medway, but a position from which the Thames might receive protection, and the Nore command has always held a great place in our Naval annals from the time when the Dutch Wars gave that part of our coast new and larger importance, for Chatham and Sheerness together formed the nearest base for fleets assembled in the Downs. In ancient times the estuary of the Thames and Medway had attracted the enterprise of invading tribesmen, and the misty morasses and sandy flats which existed where now are the docks and storehouses depicted witnessed the incursions both of Saxons and Danes. In much later times Sheerness was associated with two events which cast their shadows upon certain striking pages of Naval history. It was the scene of the memorable onslaught of the Dutch in 1667, and it was here that the Mutiny of the Nore, in 1797, had its origin and its end.

There is a passage in Pepys's Diary, under the date of August 3, 1665, two years before the Dutch attack, which seems to mark the practical origin of the establishment. "To Sheernesse, where we walked up and down, laying out the ground to be taken in for a yard to lay provisions for cleaning and repairing of ships; and a most proper place it is for the purpose." Some doubt exists as to what Naval facilities existed at this north-western point of the Isle of Sheppey at the time, but they were almost certainly of small importance. Probably the swampy land had already been drained, some works with this purpose having been undertaken even as early as the reign of Edward III., but it could only have been a desolate region at the best. That it was used by the Elizabethan seamen is well known.

After the battle of Gravelines, in which the last great blow had been struck at the Spanish Armada, many ships assembled at Sheerness, where a terrible epidemic broke out. The men died like flies, and the ships were in such a state that they seemed to call for immediate overhauling and refitting. It was therefore decided to reduce the fleet to a hundred sail, and Drake and Hawkins hurried down to Sheerness to carry out the orders, only to discover that the disease had spread, and that the mortality was appalling. It is quite clear, however, that Sheerness was in their time merely an outpost of Chatham. When the New Armada was being



GENERAL VIEW OVER THE NORTH CAMBER.

Showing Garrison Point and the Admiral's House.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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prepared, orders for the safeguarding of the Medway were issued, under which a ketch was to ride without Sheerness, and, on sight of any enemy's vessel, was to give intelligence to an "Aid" riding within Sheerness, which was thereupon to prepare to meet the enemy, and to fire three guns as a warning, so that other vessels might give the alarm all the way up to Chatham.

We are, therefore, evidently justified in regarding 1665 as the year in which the old Sheerness Yard practically began. There was apprehension that the Dutch might attack the place, and a clamour that fortifications were needed. We learn that Pepys, in the next year, "spent some time discoursing of business, among others arguing with the Commissioner about his proposing to lay out so much money upon Sheerness, unless it be to the slighting of Chatham Yard, for it is a much better place than Chatham." But things were not well done at that time, and the Diarist, on October 28, 1666, referring to the "Diamond" heeling over when she was being careened at Sheerness, speaks of it as a further mark "of the method all the King's work is now done in." In February, 1667, the King and the Duke of York visited the place to make arrangements for defence. Little, however, seems to have been done, for Sheerness fell an easy prey. In June of the same year Van Ghent, detached by De Ruyter, entered the Medway, while Captains Van Brakel, Magnussen, and Du Bois bombarded Sheerness Fort, then in an unfinished condition, and the renegade Colonel Dolman landed with soldiers and seamen and, within an hour and a-half, compelled the defenders, under Sir Edward Spragge, to evacuate the place and retreat up the river to a battery near Gillingham, nearly opposite Upnor Castle. The tale of the capture of Sheerness and the burning of our fleet in the Medway has been told by many pens, and is the most striking episode in the history of our Eastern naval ports. A carving of the Royal Arms of Charles from the stern of the "Royal Charles," which was captured on that occasion, and became the flag-ship of De Ruyter, is now in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam. "To Whitehall," writes Pepys, in the month following the Dutch attack, "and, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King (whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour) come upon the garden; with him two or three idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemaine, led by Bab May; at which I was surprised, having but newly heard stories of the King and her being parted for ever."

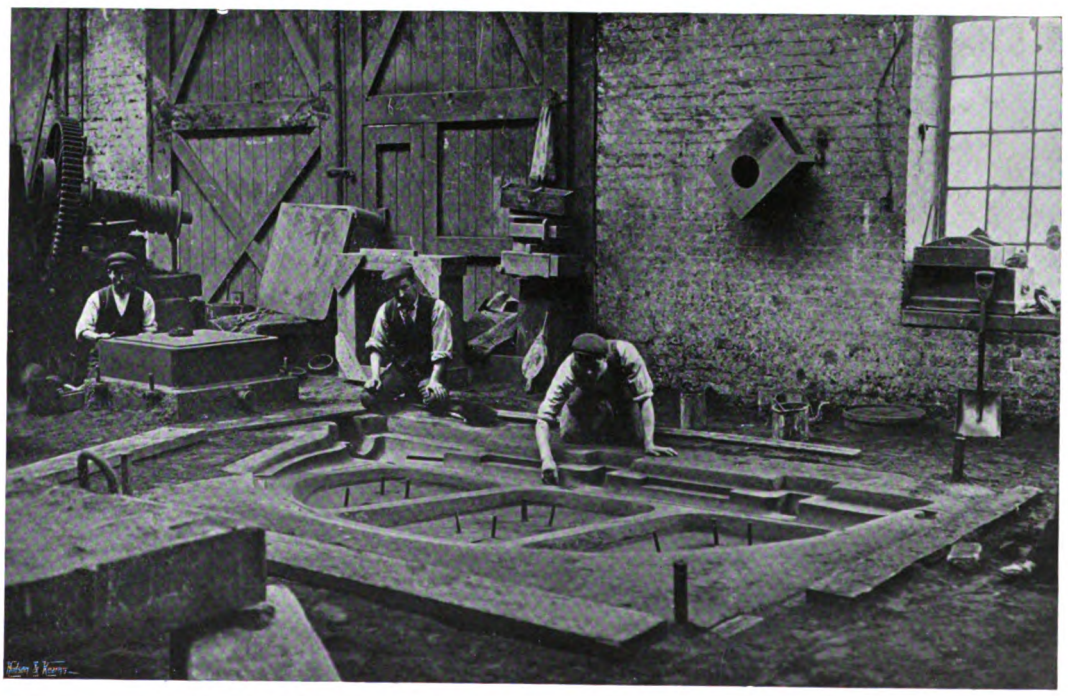
Not much seems to be known of the growth of Sheerness in the times that immediately followed the Dutch wars, but the fortifications were undoubtedly strengthened, and towards the end of the eighteenth century there seem to have been two docks and a dry dock with other works. Engravings of Sheerness and Chatham Yards, which were published in 1738 and 1739, show the former to have had somewhat extensive fortifica-

AN INGENIOUS MODEL OF SHEERNESS DOCKYARD.

Wherein the position of all buildings and docks is shown.

DOCKYARD TERRACE AND ITS SHADED LAWN.

The residences of principal officers of the yard.



AN INTERESTING SCENE IN THE FOUNDRY.

Finishing the mould of a 25-cwt. rudder piece.

From Photos specially taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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tions, and that some ship-building and repairing work was in progress. It was long, however, before the river front was protected by a continuous wall of masonry, the docks being approached through a "gut-way." The growth of the place is indicated by the fact that the Government, in 1782, went to considerable cost in providing a supply of fresh water by sinking a deep well.

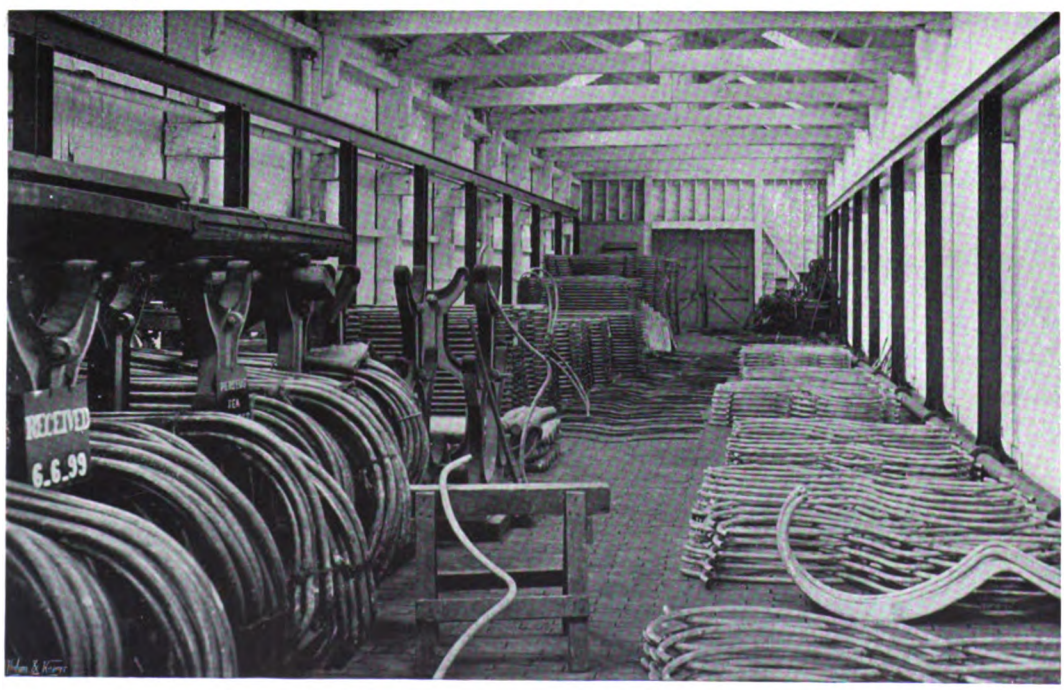
In the period of the Great War fleets often lay in the mouth of the Medway, and thus it was that the second dark page in the history of Sheerness came to be written. Vice-Admiral Charles Buckner was Commander-in-Chief at the Nore when the mutineers of 1797 presented their demands. They were refused, and when the Admiral gave Parker and his associates ten minutes in which to make up their minds regarding the ultimatum of the Admiralty, they went into harbour in their boats, seized the gun-boats which lay there, and took them out to the Nore, each boat defiantly firing a shot at the Sheerness Fort as she passed by, while the delegates declared "that nothing could be settled until three of the Board of Admiralty came down to Sheerness." The mutineers thereupon hauled down the flag of Admiral Buckner in the "Sandwich," and hoisted instead the red flag of mutiny, obliging every ship then lying near Sheerness to drop down to the Nore, where the mutinous fleet was assembled. Some members of the Board of Admiralty went down to Sheerness and attempted to reason with the delegates in the house of the Commissioner, but the men were more insolent than ever, and it was manifest that they were in relations with the French, and that the most desperate of them contemplated the idea of carrying some ships into Brest. A more honest spirit, however, generally prevailed, and soon the terrible mutiny was quelled. There were sanguinary struggles in some of the ships, which took refuge in the Thames or under the guns of Sheerness, and on June 13 a disposition to submit was shown. On the next day the "Sandwich" came up to Sheerness, and Admiral Buckner, sending some soldiers on board, effected the arrest of Parker. Many of the chiefs of the mutiny suffered, and the ringleader was condemned by court-martial on board the "Sandwich" at Sheerness on June 22, and his execution took place some days later in the same ship. Thus Sheerness, which witnessed the outbreak of the great mutiny, saw also its collapse. The place had been brought into telegraphic communication with the Admiralty by means of semaphore stations about a year before. The main line from the Admiralty to the east was to Deal, for communication with the ships in the Downs, with intermediate stations at West Square, New Cross, Shooter's Hill, Swanscombe, Gadshill, Callum Hill, Beacon Hill, Shottenden, Barham Down, and Bettishanger, and there was a branch from Beacon Hill to Sheerness, with intermediate posts at Tong and Barrow Hill. This, again, is an indication of the growing importance of the port and of the increased facilities of that important time. Yet the establishments were still upon a restricted scale, and it would appear that the men and some of the officers employed in the yard lived in hulks lying in the stream.

LOOKING OVER THE DOCKYARD BASIN.

The large covered building slip in the background.

It was in the beginning of the last century that the Admiralty took in hand seriously the work of extending the Naval establishments. There was still a great deal of marsh about the place, and it has been estimated that piles to the number of about a million were sunk to enable the foundations of the new buildings to be laid. It is to this period that the main gate and several other houses and edifices at Sheerness belong. They have a family likeness to the buildings erected at other yards. The same necessities, and the taste and experience of those concerned in the design, led to this similarity of character. Ten years were devoted to the creation of Sheerness as a modern establishment. Sir George Rennie was the engineer employed, while Mr. Hole, civil architect of the Admiralty, made designs for the buildings, which cost £969,326, while the outlay upon engineering works is said to have been £1,616,757, thus bringing up the total cost to a sum of £2,586,083, in addition to which the high brick enclosing wall cost about £50,000. The first pile was driven on December 23, 1813, and in the next year Robert Viscount Melville, then First Lord of the Admiralty, visited Sheerness to lay the foundation-stone of the yard, the Commissioner at the yard then being Captain William Granville Lobb, who was succeeded, in 1814, by Captain the Hon. Courtenay Boyle, who held the post until 1822, and thus presided over the work at Sheerness almost until its completion. The new works were opened for public service on September 23, 1823, which, as I have said, may be regarded as the beginning of the history of Sheerness as a modern Naval establishment.

Sheerness Dockyard, as it was then formed, has remained unchanged in its principal lines since that date, although the introduction of steam, and the substitution of iron and steel for wood in ship-building, have necessarily involved the erection of new shops, extensive work upon the docks and buildings, and the addition of much machinery, which I shall have an opportunity of describing with some fulness in another article.



CONVOLUTED PIPES IN THE STORES.

Tubes ready for use in water-tube boilers.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared: Sept.* 7, 14, 21, 28; *Oct.* 5, 12, 19, 26; *Nov.* 2 *and* 9.]

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII—No. 251.] *SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1901.*

Photo. Copyright. *Byrne, Richmond.*

SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S.

The retiring Director of Naval Construction has rendered truly magnificent service to the Navy and the Empire, and his resignation of office owing to ill health has called forth an expression of universal sympathy and regret. It has been a giant's task to create for us, as the designer of our war-ships, the colossal fleet which exists to-day, and Sir William White will ever be remembered as one of the greatest of Naval architects. His has been a brilliant and successful career, and his good work has won for him the gratitude of his countrymen.

[We owe apologies to Sir William White and to Sir James Williamson, Director of Dockyards, another eminent Admiralty official, for the unaccountable error into which our printer lately fell in placing a portrait of the latter over the name of the former.]

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued on December 7. Orders for this Double Number (price One Shilling) should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) as soon as possible, to avoid disappointment.*

The League of Old Age.

THE United States are enjoying a rare experience. The Presidents of Republics are, as a rule, respectable nonentities. Men of striking character or of commanding powers have too many settled and vested interests against them. The man who gets himself elected President is usually the man who has nothing particular either to his credit or to his discredit. The French method of election shows clearly in action the process of weeding out the strong men. Under the American system the weeding out is accomplished before the various parties decide upon their candidates. But the result is the same in either case. The elected are the men who have neither pasts nor futures. A Republican President, in short, is nearly always a mediocrity; a man of ordinary intelligence, of pleasant manners; a man who is only too ready to tread the usual path of office and has no fancy at all for innovations or for impressing his individuality upon the high office which he holds. By an accident the United States find themselves with a President quite out of the ordinary run of Presidents. President Roosevelt is not only young in years for his great position. There is, as Bacon wrote in discoursing upon Youth and Age, "a youth in thoughts as well as in ages," and the new President has this youthfulness of mind as one of his marked characteristics. The Americans, or such of them as are office-seekers, jobbers, and busybodies, have already found this out and made their moans over the discovery.

The President does not suffer fools gladly. He is impatient of bores. He will not lower his voice to that pitch at which place-hunters like to prefer their petitions. He is quick to grasp the purport of a visit, and declines to lend a willing ear to long, unnecessary explanations. He behaves, in fact, more like a man of business than an officer of State. The official mind is shocked accordingly. Circumlocution and formality are dear to the official mind all over the world: to cast off ceremony and to go straight to the point is in its estimation not only ill-bred, but ill-calculated to enhance the dignity of office. Further, the President has declared that he intends to select for positions in the public service the best men, without considering which party they belong to. Such a dangerous principle as this, openly avowed, was bound to win him the hostility of place-hunters and party "bosses," and they have accordingly joined with the scandalised officials in deploring the President's youth and darkly hoping that no ill may come of it.

But fortunately America is the last country in the world in which this ridiculous depreciation of a young President has any chance of being seriously regarded. America is the land in which the young man has at present more chances offered to him than he will find in any other. A very capable observer was struck recently by the number of great commercial enterprises in the United States which are controlled by young managers. The men who are making names in science and art and literature are young men—some of them very young men. Energy and brains meet with a speedier reward in America than in any other country in the world. The complaint that President Roosevelt is only forty-two has met therefore with very little sympathy. Hear what Mr. Dooley had to say about it:

"I wondher sometimes whin is a man old enough. I've seen the limit risin' iver since I wint into public life. Whin I was a young la-ad, a fellow would come out iv colledge or th' rayform school or whativer was his alma mather, knock down th' first ol' man in his way and leap to the front. . . . Ye cud mark the progress iv youth be th' wreck in spectacles, gold-headed walkin' sticks, unrale teeth and pretinded hair. Th' sayin' was in thim days, 'Ol' men f'r th' crossin', young men f'r th' cab.' . . . A man iv thirty was counted machure, a man iv forty was looked on as a pathiarch, an' whin a man got to be fifty th' fam'ly put his chair in th' corner and give him th' back bedroom. But nowadays, be hivins, a man don't get started till he's too old to run. Th' race iv life has settled down to something between a limp and a hobble. 'Tis th' ol' man's time. I look ar-round me at th' pitchers iv great men in th' pa-aper, an' greatness manes white whiskers. There's no such thing as age. If Methuselah was alive, he'd be captain iv a foot'all team. Annybody that thries to do annything befure he's an oncomfortable risk f'r th' life insurance comp'ny is snubbed for youthful impertinence."

This is very good fooling, and, as usual, Mr. Dooley in his shrewd way hits the nail fairly upon the head. We in Great Britain have especial reason to sympathise with his lament that the present is "th' ol' man's time." Take our politicians, and notice how old are the "young men" amongst them. It seems to be agreed that no man is fit to be trusted with the business of the nation until he is well on for fifty at the very least. At the age when Pitt and Canning and Gladstone were taking important parts in affairs of State, our future statesmen are regarded as little more than inexperienced boys. Mr. Winston Churchill is a man who for breadth of view and activity of mind is head and shoulders above the average member of the House of Commons, the average Minister even. Why should the energy of such a man be allowed to expend itself before he has a chance of bringing it to bear upon administrative duties? Yet what astonishment would be expressed if anyone under thirty were chosen to fill any high office in the Government! You see the same order prevailing in other walks of life. Everywhere the young man has it impressed upon him that responsibility is not for such as he. Everywhere the old men block the way. We want the counsel of the old men, the sage advice based upon ripe experience. But for action young men are wanted, men of fresh minds, unhampered by prejudice and by the slackening of spirit that comes nearly always with enfeebled body. Hear Bacon again: "Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period." The state of things which we see around us at this moment offers an illuminating comment upon Bacon's words. Here in England we have a thousand problems awaiting settlement. We are upon the threshold of a new era of reform and revolution in many departments of life. Yet our old men leaders have neither the will nor the ability to lead. Not until we enlist in our service the league of youth will there be any chance of our national institutions being altered in accordance with the changed conditions of national life.

A NEW MAGAZINE RIFLE: THE HYLARD BREECH AND MAGAZINE MECHANISM.—Patents for improving magazine rifles are innumerable, but the Hylard breech and magazine mechanism, which recently underwent a public trial at the Runnymede Ranges, appears to possess many advantages not found in the Lee-Enfield. The inventor is a young Australian of the name, who showed the apparatus to Colonel E. Bingham, R.A., whilst the latter was commanding the Artillery in Victoria. As the Colonial Governments have no small-arms factories of their own, Colonel Bingham advised the inventor to bring it to England, where it has been perfected. Unlike the Lee, the Hylard bolt action is absolutely springless, cams being substituted, and this enables a rifle equipped with it to be easily cocked again whilst at the "present," which operation, though quite possible, is fatiguing with a spring-controlled bolt. Again, the bolt is secured by a small catch, rendering it impossible to fall out, which annoying mishap has been of frequent occurrence with the Government rifle in South Africa. Other advantages claimed for the Hylard breech and magazine mechanism may be enumerated as follows: The action of the cut-off involves a lifting movement instead of the ordinary downward one, thus obviating the risk of dust or grit finding its way into the most delicate parts. There is a double safety action, the first causing the striker to misfire when the trigger is pulled on a non-perfectly closed breech. The magazine is broader and far less deep than is usually the case, thus allowing the cartridges to overlap each other, and doing away with what is often a very awkward projection. The magazine can be made to hold from five to ten cartridges, according to taste; while, since it, too, is springless, it can be emptied by simply pulling back the bolt and turning the rifle over, whereupon the contents fall out, whereas with the Lee magazine the extraction of every cartridge requires an opening and closing of the breech. An Enfield rifle equipped with the Hylard breech mechanism and magazine weighs 4-oz. lighter than the Lee-Enfield arm. Lastly, the Hylard magazine is loaded by means of a clip, the clips being attached to a patent bandolier also the invention of the same gentleman. At the Runnymede trial, presided over by Colonel Bingham prior to his departure for India to take up the Bombay command, the following test for rapidity of fire was carried out between the Hylard and Lee-Enfield weapons: Twenty rounds of magazine fire, starting with magazines full; the Hylard took 1-min. 16-sec., against 3-min. 10-sec. with the Lee-Enfield. It is all in favour of the inventor that his improvements can be fitted to existing magazine rifles, accompanied by comparatively little trouble and cost.

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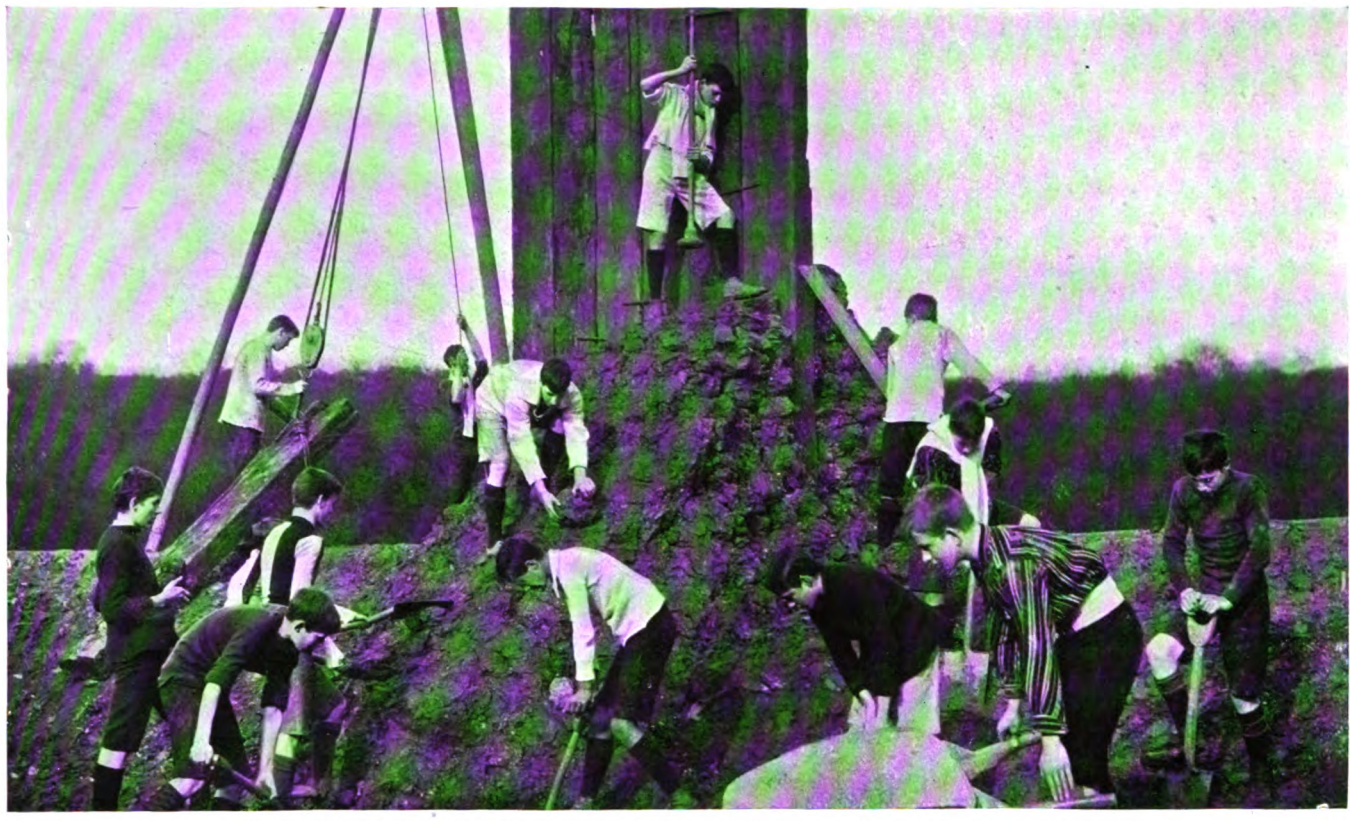
A PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS' RIFLE RANGE.



A PRACTICAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH MANUAL LABOUR.

Making the embankment

IT is not at every school for the sons of well-to-do men that physical manual labour is included as an item in the general work of the school, but at Clayesmore School, Enfield, Middlesex, manual labour has, since the foundation of the school some six years ago, been made an important part of outdoor work. This experiment has received a considerable amount of notice and interest on the part of many other schools who have been anxious to observe its result. Roughly speaking, the typical English schools in the nineteenth century had, and they still have, a twofold aim in scholastic work and success in games, and it is difficult to say which of the two commands the most respect. The result is that, in the stress of competition, school life alternates between violent study and violent exercise, and it is a very grave question as to whether this is a full or satisfactory life. There is obviously something wanted to complete the balance; hence the athletic prig, no less nauseous than the pedantic prig, and intellectual overpressure, with muscular strain and many dangers moral and physical. Now, in instituting manual work as part of the school life at Clayesmore, an attempt has been made to provide some remedy. Not only John Locke, the philosopher, but the great men of all ages—from Plato and Rabelais to Carlyle and Ruskin—have seen and told us that if we want to make boys capable men, as well as scholars and gentlemen, we must put them in touch with the simplest conditions of life; and not the least important element in a liberal education is a practical acquaintance with manual labour.

Amongst the various enterprises undertaken by the boys of Clayesmore within the last few years, they have erected a range and rifle-butts on the school estate, which have been affiliated to the National Rifle Association, passed as a sound range by the War Office inspector of musketry, and has been declared to be one of the most complete miniature ranges in the country. It is 200-yds. in length, and in order to ensure perfect safety it has been found necessary to erect behind the mantlets an embankment, which has necessitated the excavation and embanking of over 600 tons of earth. This has been carried out entirely by the boys of the school, from careful plans and survey made by them beforehand; and as an instance of how far rifle shooting in the school goes to produce a rifle-shooting district, shortly after the beginning of the war the boys placed the range on two days of each week at the service of the working-men and tradespeople of their locality, which resulted in the formation of the successful Enfield Rifle Club. The range was formally opened last week by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty.

SCHOLARS, LABOURERS, AND RIFLEMEN.

Some boys of the Clayesmore School.

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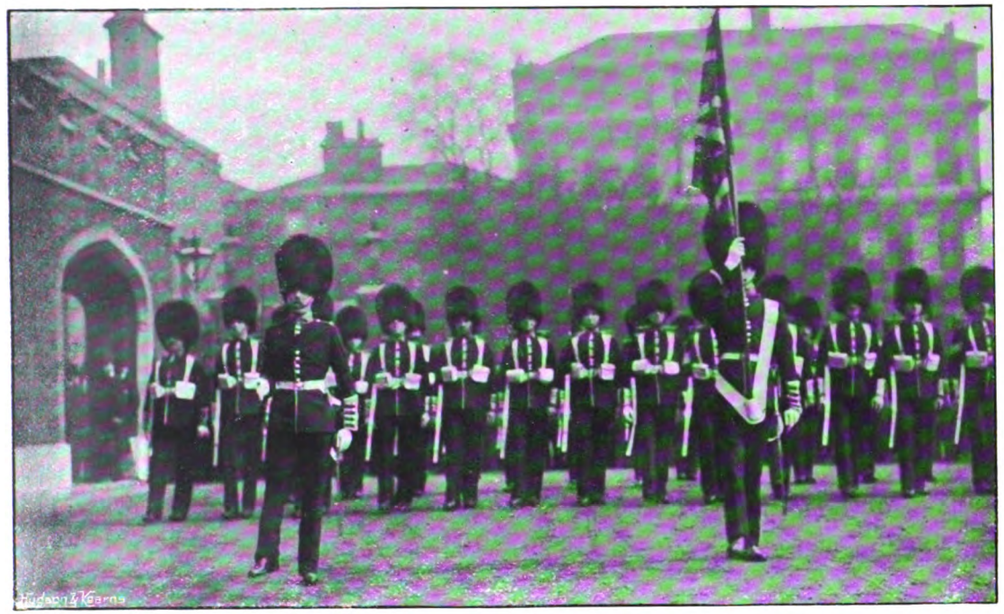
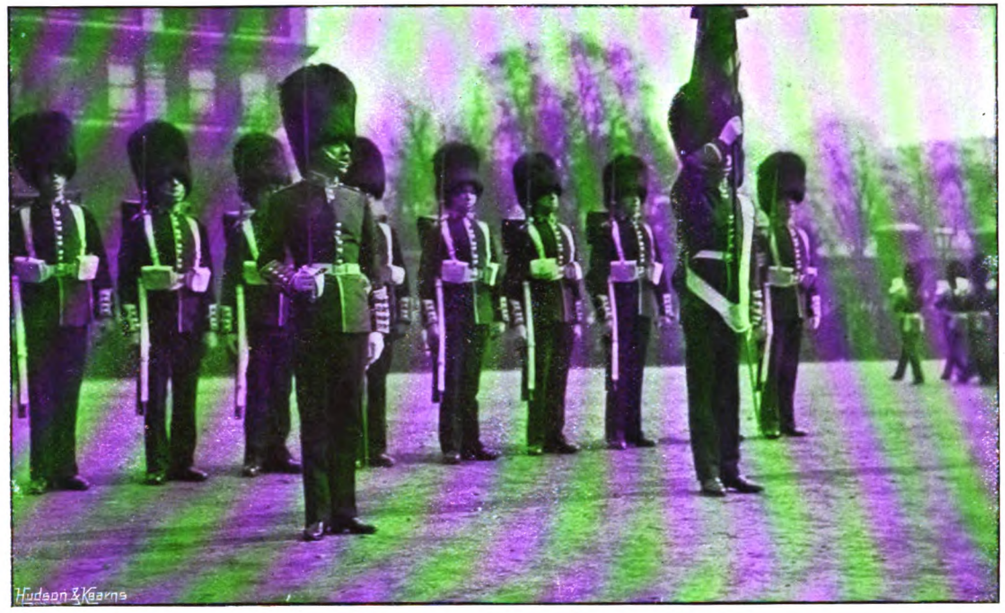
CHANGING THE GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



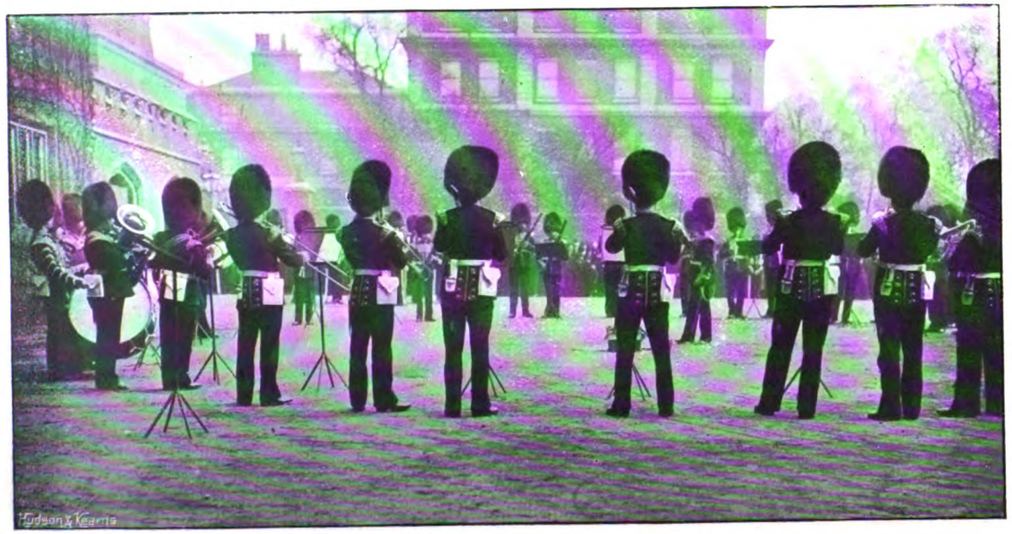
THE ARRIVAL.

Marlborough House in the distance.



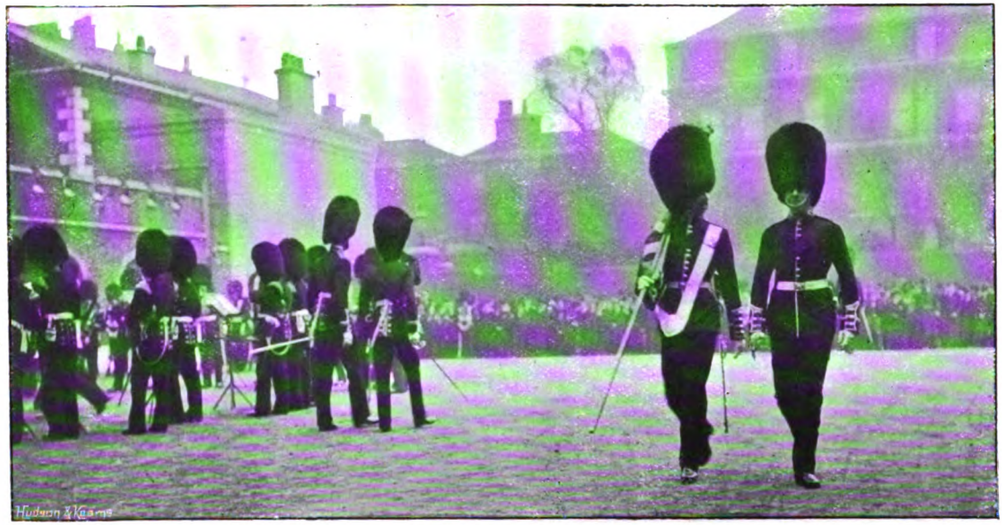
THE NEW GUARD.

Saluting the King's colour.



THE INTERVAL.

When the band discourses for fifteen minutes.



THE PROMENADE.

The officers of the new and old guards.

From Photos. taken specially for 'Navy & Army Illustrated'

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A SPANISH CARBINEER.

A FRENCH SPAHI POST.

A SPANISH FOOT SOLDIER.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

THE unhappy Keppel and Palliser quarrel was a kind of culmination and final crisis. Naval officers did indeed continue to have disputes, but none of them reached such a point of clamour and fury. Even of this one it has to be said that it was not a purely Naval fight. It had its origin in "faction," that is to say, in acrid political rivalry, and was made an excuse for factious rioting on shore. The Keppel Court-martial was seized upon by the Whig Opposition as affording a chance for party demonstration. A brief glance at the authorities will be enough to show the most careless reader how completely the essentially simple issues put before the Court at Portsmouth were overlaid by matters which had really nothing to do with them. The Whig leaders, with Mr. Burke at the head of them, set to work to make a martyr of their friend, and to persuade the British public that a gallant seaman was about to be sacrificed to "Jemmy Twitcher." As a matter of fact, the Government was very considerate to Keppel. It might very well have called upon him after his speech in Parliament to say what he meant by his insinuations against Palliser, and when he refused, as he would have done, it might then have removed him from his command. It weakly bore with extreme insolence from him, and even passed an Act allowing him to be tried on shore, on the ground of his health. His health did not prevent him from marching up and down, orating, and being constantly in his place in Parliament. The riots which followed his acquittal are part of our history. We know how the mob rabbled the houses of Palliser and Alexander Hood, and how it tore down the doors of the Admiralty and burnt them in Whitehall. William Pitt was one of the rioters. The mob of London was then a very dangerous one. Its licence came to a head not long afterwards, in Lord George Gordon's No Popery Riots, and the demonstration in support of Keppel was only part of its usual lawlessness.

* * * *

All these excesses, and the almost equally criminal behaviour of those admirals who made the alleged ill-treatment of Keppel a pretext for refusing to serve, caused a reaction both in and out of the Service. The conduct of these gentlemen has been occasionally excused, but to me it seems unpardonable. The Naval or Military officer has voluntarily undertaken to go and be killed when ordered. This obligation includes everything, and it is idle for him to say that his honour is not safe with this or that Minister. What this means is that he thinks he would not receive all the support he would like. But an officer's honour is not affected by the fact that his forces are too small. It is irretrievably damaged when he shirks doing the utmost with what he has under his command. The behaviour of these admirals was thoroughly factious, and goes far to justify the bitter things Rodney says in his letters about the spirit prevailing in the Fleet. They were Whigs who had been promoted during the long ascendancy of their party, and wanted to help it. That, I fear, is the real explanation of all their talk about their honour. It is satisfactory to know that they mostly reaped what they deserved. By standing aside, they simply opened the road to Rodney and to Hood, who quickly eclipsed the memory of their services. Public opinion, in its unstable way, swung round against them. Two years had not passed from the time when the mob was holloaing itself hoarse over the acquittal of Keppel, and was getting drunk in its solicitude for his health, before he was an object of sneers from one end of the country to the other, as the "Cautious Leeshore." When, after the fall of Lord North, he tried to use his popularity as a means of coercing a Whig Ministry, he found that it no longer existed. He retired into obscurity, and no dog barked, from Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay.

* * * *

The great Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars furnished their contribution to the stock of Naval quarrels, but they were in the main family affairs, and attracted comparatively little attention outside. The most lively of them are associated with the name of Jervis, who, as Nelson said of him with equal truth and wit, always took a hatchet where a penknife would have been sufficient. Cochrane's outbreak against Gambier, which led to a court-martial, and made a great deal of noise, was hardly a personal quarrel, though it had a large personal element. That would hardly be wanting in any of the doings of this very brilliant frigate captain, concerning whom it has to be said that he was a magnificent specimen of the lean, restless, and self-assertive Scotch hedgehog. His bristles were always on end, and pointing all round the compass. With a little encouragement the man who did not hesitate to be contemptuously insolent to the redoubtable Jervis himself, was capable of coming to blows with anybody. But the spirit of the time was against him, and though he would have been perfectly ready to inflict another Mathews and Lestock, or Keppel and Palliser, squabble on the nation, he never had a chance. Then, again, we have passages like the falling out of Pellew and Troubridge, but this was not a merely personal quarrel. It arose out of the confused management of the Admiralty, which allowed their commands to conflict, and no blame attaches to them. Neither, in fact, was likely to injure the Service by explosions of ill-will and temper. Even if Troubridge had not perished on his way to the Cape, he was too high-minded to have allowed his private grievances to interfere with the public good.

* * * *

The history of the unpleasantness between Lord St. Vincent and Sir Home Popham would probably be found to be full of some of the least creditable elements of human nature if only we could get at all the facts. But the said facts included the working of the mind of Mr. Benjamin Tucker, formerly secretary to St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, and then Second Secretary to the Admiralty under him, and his right hand in the very necessary work of clearing out the corruptions of the Navy Office and the dockyards. The question is, why did he accuse Home Popham of wasting public money profligately in the East Indies? Was it because he really thought there had been extravagance? or only because he wanted to show how zealous he was for economy, on which St. Vincent's heart was rightly set, and therefore jumped, without looking before him, to the conclusion that he had got hold of a good case? There were people who accused Mr. Tucker of being rather like Dr. Mackshane of H.M.S. "Thunder," known to the readers of "Roderick Random." He certainly contrived to make bad blood between these officers; but probably the fault was not wholly his. When a man in the position of St. Vincent is for ever laying about him with a hatchet, he encourages his followers to seek favour with him by the use of the same instrument. It was the admiral's great defect as a commander, that he could not be content with the exercise of authority, but had a passion for the parade of power. As a natural consequence, he was always on the outlook for an opportunity to do something

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strong. Followers and toadies thought they knew how to please him, and the result was that they also were for ever seeking an excuse to do something really energetic. Of course, they fell on the side they leant to, and every now and then dropped on the wrong man. They did with Home Popham, who was thoroughly capable of looking after himself.

* * * *

The violent quarrel between Lord St. Vincent and Sir John Orde may perhaps be most fairly accounted for by saying that it was among the fruits of a long blockade. We know from the letters of Sir E. Codrington into what a state of querulous fidget even strong and honourable men could be brought by the strain of this most dreary form of service. At the best of times, and under an admiral who tried to lighten the burden of it as much as possible, it was hard. When the command was exercised by one who loved to crack the whip, and preferred to make the hard still harder, it is not wonderful that human nature occasionally sought relief in explosions. Add to this that the solitary life which St. Vincent enforced on his captains cut them off from the chance of airing their wrongs to equals who would have given them good advice, and fits of temper, the outcome of weeks of moody reflection, will be seen to have been inevitable. Sir John Orde sulked because Nelson, his junior, was chosen to follow Napoleon to Egypt. Then he sulked because Sir Roger Curtis was sent out over his head. Then, no doubt, he walked gloomily up and down the starboard side of the quarter-deck and brooded over his wrongs. Finally, he bubbled over in tart letters to his Commander-in-Chief, who, for his part, was always rejoiced at being able to do the masterful thing. In this case he packed his growling subordinate off home in a state of mind which nothing but blood would appease. The fight, as we know, never came off, because the King interfered. Naval quarrels have led to duels, as in the case of the officers of Sir Charles Knowles's squadron in the War of the Austrian Succession, but they never got to the heroic point of an exchange of shots between a Commander-in-Chief and a subordinate.

TURKISH NAVAL NOTABLES.

A CELEBRATED railway engineer was once asked what would be the consequences if a cow strayed on to the line and was run into by one of his trains, to which his reply was that it would be bad, very bad—for the cow. Similarly if, in the recent matters at stake between France and Turkey, the Porte had proved so unyielding that there was nothing left for it but the stern arbitrament of war, it would have been bad, very bad—for Turkey. If such, however, had been the case, two of the most important men of the moment in Turkey would have been the two whose portraits illustrate this page—Hassan Pasha, Minister of Marine and A.D.C. to the Sultan, and Vice-Admiral Woods Pasha, Director of the great arsenal, or Tersane (a corruption of the Italian word darsena), at Constantinople. The task that has fallen on the shoulders of the Minister of Marine has been very much that of a man making bricks without straw, for the first essential for the creation of a fleet is money, and money is what Turkey most lacks. The men, what there is of them, for the real strength of the Fleet in personnel by no means comes up to the effective strength on paper, come principally from the maritime population of the Black Sea littoral, and when handled by good officers have in them the making of good seamen. It was during the Græco-Turkish War that for the first time for many years a Turkish fleet passed through the Dardanelles into the waters of the Mediterranean, and even then they were content with only a mild demonstration of the offensive, for there was no attempt of a vigorous nature made to bring the Greek fleet to action. When the Army, however, had made the Sultan victorious in the struggle, Turkey commenced to realise what a valuable factor her Fleet might have been to her if it could have given her command of the sea, and so a reconstruction of the Fleet was determined on, which, like so many other measures of reform and improvement in Turkey, never got much beyond the stage of a programme. So far all that has been done has been the slowly carrying out of the rearming and modernising of a few of the old armour-clads. What there has been done in the way of new construction has been confined to the addition to the Navy of a few torpedo-boats and small craft, and the ordering abroad of one or two second-class cruisers, which have not yet been delivered. Vice-Admiral Woods, or Ferik-Bariye, to give him his Turkish rank, was formerly in the navigating branch of the Royal Navy, and after fifteen years with the Turks was promoted from the rank of Bey to that of Pasha, in recognition of his zeal and good work in the service of the Imperial Ottoman Government, more especially in the administration of the Naval Instructional Department, of which he was and is the chief.

H.E. ADMIRAL WOODS PASHA.

Director of the Ottoman Arsenal.

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H.E. HASSAN PASHA.

Turkish Minister of Marine.

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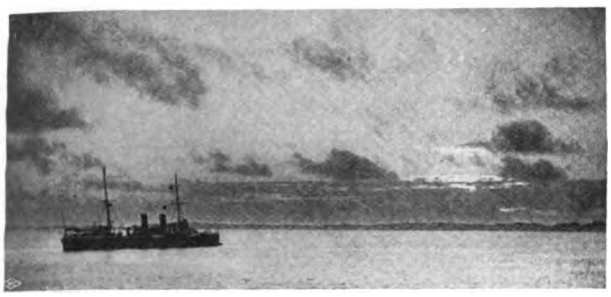
BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.



SUNRISE AT BERMUDA.

OFFICER VICTORIAN INFANTRY.

ASCENSION ISLAND.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is much to be feared that the tendency to say a great deal and to do very little, which does more to hinder modern important developments than almost any other form of obstacle, may, if not fought against, go far to neutralise the good which the war has done in knitting the Mother Country and the Colonies more closely together. Only last week we had occasion to comment on the folly of allowing the enthusiasm which prompted the despatch of the Colonial contingents to subside without seizing the opportunity of creating a fresh groundwork of Imperial armed strength. To the suggestion then made as to the formation of an Imperial Commission there is every probability that it will be necessary for the writer of these notes to recur. The subject is one which appeals to an enormous public, and, although it is too much to expect that the seed of the idea in question will germinate at all quickly, it may be said to have already been seasonably planted in good soil, and to have been watered with the kindly rain of encouragement. It is not, then, surprising that the writer should seize the occasion of a very recent and important military enactment to point out another lost opportunity which may yet, by the exercise of a little care and good sense, be suitably retrieved.

By a new and far-reaching Order in Council the Administration of the War Office has been placed on an entirely new footing, the advantages and disadvantages of which need certainly not be discussed in detail here. But why did it not strike Mr. Brodrick as a truly happy thought to include in the portentous schedule of duties pertaining to the great War Office departments some allusion to Colonial requirements, and the best way of meeting them? Not long ago—and doubtless the system still holds good—there was a subdivision of the War Office known as Subdivision C. 2 of the Central Office, and charged with the business of dealing with "many miscellaneous subjects which it would be difficult to apportion to specific subdivisions in the Military department, such as Nonconformist clergy, orders of knighthood, and correspondence on Colonial Military subjects." Incidentally, it is rather heartrending to reflect on the risk thus run of mixing up the appointment of a Presbyterian Chaplain to the Forces with that of an officer to command the troops in an antipodean colony, and one cannot but feel that some confusion of ideas of this sort may have led to the famous telegram "Dismounted men preferred." But, putting reflection and speculation aside, what a grand opportunity this recasting of the War Office Administration would have been for making an altogether fresh start in the matter of "correspondence on Colonial Military subjects."

With the best intentions in the world, no minor subdivision of the War Office can hope to cope with the matter of our Colonial Military Forces if the subject grows as it ought to grow, and probably will grow, in the course of the next few months. With genuine federation looming large on the horizon, with fresh Imperial needs cropping up every day, with the atmosphere habitually charged with all sorts of electrical possibilities, would not Mr. Brodrick have met with encouragement all round if he had boldly instituted a new department with, say, an Inspector-General of Colonial Forces at its head? Such a department, on the same footing as that of the Inspector-General of Fortifications and of the Director-General of Ordnance, would probably receive the warm support of the Colonies themselves, and, with tact and energy, would form an admirable administrative unit. For the Colonies would sooner refer all questions relating to their own military affairs to a department specifically charged with dealing with such matters, and controlled by a soldier of distinction and experience, than have them treated, however courteously and intelligently, by a subdivision already preoccupied with Nonconformist clergy and orders of knighthood. Both the Secretary of State, too, and the Commander-in-Chief would be able to lean much more heavily on such a responsible department than they ever could on Central Office, Subdivision C. 2.

The correctness of Canada's attitude in regard to her contingent has lately received pleasant and instructive exemplification. A little while back it was stated that the Dominion Government had offered another mounted force for service in South Africa, but this has since been authoritatively contradicted. The Dominion Government has made no such offer of late, because at this juncture it would look like interference in the conduct of the war. But—and the "but" is delightfully significant—it did make an offer last spring which Mr. Chamberlain said would be gladly accepted should occasion arise. "That offer," says Mr. Borden, the Canadian Minister of Militia, "is still open." The tact, the good feeling, the complete friendliness of this little explanation, are very gratifying, and, by the way, eminently characteristic of the excellent minister, who is a doctor and a soldier, as well as a sagacious statesman, from whom it has proceeded.

Talking of soldier-statesmen, it does not seem to be generally remembered that Sir Arthur Havelock, who has very recently taken up the Governorship of Tasmania, was in his early days a soldier. He is a son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. Havelock, K.H., and entered the old 32nd Regiment, now the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in 1862, retiring as a captain in 1877. Sir Arthur has been successfully Governor of Trinidad, Natal, Zululand, Ceylon, and Madras, and, as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Tasmania, he now controls some 2,000 Volunteers. Further factors in the scheme of Tasmanian defence are, it may be added, its torpedo-boats and the batteries at the mouth of the Derwent and Tamar rivers.

It is evident that Australian Naval Defence is a subject which is not likely to be allowed to become unduly obscured by the other pressing claims upon the attention of the new Commonwealth Government. Rear-Admiral Beaumont, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, has been invited to confer with Mr. Barton on the subject at Melbourne, and has stated that, in his opinion, the addition of "four or five modern vessels" is necessary to place the Australian squadron on a footing to cope with a possible raid by an enemy. The cabled statement is rather indefinite, but the Naval estimate of the requirements of the case is not likely to be disregarded by a Government, which is naturally anxious to win, not only local confidence, but Imperial approval by its intelligent handling of these and similar broad questions of policy. Incidentally, and *apropos* of this particular question, why does not the Colonial Office oftener appoint Naval officers as Colonial governors? There are several such posts in which one would think that Naval experience and methods would be singularly valuable—in a variety of ways!

The recent presentation to Major-General Baden-Powell was rightly described by Mr. Chamberlain as a ceremony of altogether exceptional interest, and, although by the time this appears in print any comment on the actual speeches delivered will be somewhat out of date, the event cannot be allowed to pass without some appreciative allusion to it in these notes. Perhaps, outside the obvious causes for self-congratulation, which such a truly Imperial incident naturally affords, it is edifying to pay special attention to the remarkable combination of qualities which has intensified the popularity

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of "B.P." among his Colonial admirers. In this admirable officer we see united the best points of both the regular and the Colonial soldier, the disciplinary capacity and professional experience of the one coupled with the quick perception, the elasticity, and the adaptability of the other. It is this happy combination which made "B. P." so pre-eminently the right man in the right place at Mafeking, and his success and the splendid appreciation which has attended it should encourage officers of the home and Colonial forces to study each other and endeavour similarly to become leaders, under whom all sorts and conditions of Imperial fighting men will serve with the zeal that comes from personal regard.

An interesting account has just been received of the mission to Fadi Ullah, the powerful West African chief, who desires to be placed under British protection. The mission, in charge of Major McClintock, Seaforth Highlanders, who was accompanied by Lieutenant McGregor, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, had to fight its way to Bergama, which is twenty-five days' march from the British post of Ibi, and is Fadi Ullah's present headquarters. The Emir had with him 2,000 trained soldiers and some thousands of irregulars. He received the mission most cordially, and there seems little doubt that in due course he will be received into the fold of the British Empire. In passing, it is a pleasant instance of the ever-widening experience to which the British Army is becoming yearly more and more liable that a mission of this sort should be led by a Highlander with a Guardsman as his *alter ego*.

Among the celebrations of the King's birthday, of which detailed accounts are now coming to hand, not the least impressive was that held at Shanghai. This was attended by Prince Chun, the recent envoy to Berlin, who was escorted by a detachment of Royal Horse Artillery and Mounted Sikh Police. A company of Baluchis with pipers formed a guard of honour, thus completing a spectacle of curiously varied interest and significance. Another celebration calculated to give rise to many mixed reflections was that held in the Seychelles, where the official levées were attended by four ex-kings, Prempeh, late of Ashanti; Asibi, late of Kokofu; Mwanga, late of Uganda; and Kabarega, late of Unyoro.

SIGNIFICANT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the recent history of South Africa than the manner in which the more respectable and responsible portion of the old burghers of the defunct Republics has shown itself willing to aid in the maintenance of law and order. The extent, indeed, to which this has taken place shows not only how forlorn is the hope of the Boers now in the field, but how entirely the warfare which is being carried on is the work of a few youngsters—probably rebels from Cape Colony—who, with the exuberance of youth, look upon the whole thing as being rather good fun, and of an exotic element which probably represents all that is worst and most desperate in Europe. Many, indeed, of the banditti fighting under the name of Boers have "left their country for their country's good," and know perfectly well that they cannot afford to return to their native soil. Perhaps even the lenient administration of British law might be too much for them, and might be accompanied by awkward questions as to extradition. Hence the value of such a force as is shown in our picture. The future of the South African Colonies lies, if not in the fusion of the British and Dutch races, which must come in the long run, at least in their cordial co-operation to the attainment of a common goal. In Karree and its district, at any rate, a commencement has been made in this matter, and the local British and Dutch stand united against any foe. Surely, under such circumstances, it cannot be many years before two kindred races lose all sense of division, and are content to fuse into one component part of the great British Empire. The story of Karree might be very well told by Captain Francis Vane, who was so long its commandant. It would be worth reading. At any rate, Captain Vane raised a Burgher Corps, composed of the chief landowners who were content to accept British rule and to undertake the duty of patrolling the district. That they did so effectually is evidenced by the fact that no Boer crossed the railway during the three months over which Captain Vane's control of this force extended. After all, it comes to this, that when all military precautions have been taken, the only way to ensure absolute safety of a railway is to have a loyal population, whose interests are on the side of the Government.

Our picture is essentially demonstrative. It shows how, in these little garrisons, all classes—soldiers, bank clerks, road sweepers—are gathered together in one common impulse of defence, and it conveys to those who stay at home in this country a strong indication of the feeling which will prove so powerful in the unification of the South African Colonies.

Photo. Copyright. THE UNION FLAG AT KARREE. *Deale.*

The group of the garrison reads—In centre on biscuit box, Capt Vane, commandant, and J.P., Bloemfontein; Lieut. Franklin Adams on left; Mr. Wieneck, Intelligence Agent. On right of flag-staff: Men of the 3rd Royal Lancaster Regiment. On left of flag-staff: Loyal Burghers of Karree (Dutchmen). On extreme right: Group of Intelligence Scouts.

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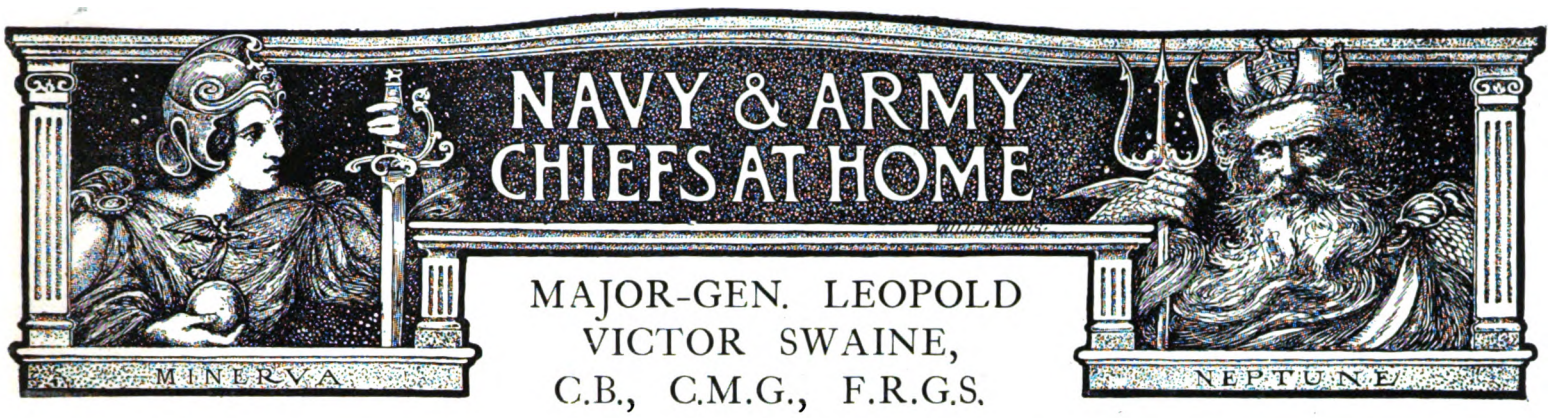

MAJOR-GEN. LEOPOLD VICTOR SWAINE, C.B., C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

IT is nothing new in our military annals to find officers of foreign extraction winning distinction in the British Service. William III. brought over his Dutchmen in numbers, and we have but to name Ginkel, Schomberg, and Bentinck to show what good service was rendered us by soldiers of alien blood. Ruvigny, Earl of Galway, was a well-known, although not uniformly successful, officer of Queen Anne's time, and, strange to say, he was opposed in Spain by an Englishman, Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, a French officer, son of the exiled Stuart King. Our Army List contains numbers of exotic but naturalised names—De Vismes, Cavagnari, Palœologus, Von Donop, Clœte; the list is long, and it might but for an accident have included Bonaparte, for the great Napoleon's father all but came to England with Paoli, the exiled Corsican, and had he done so "the Mother of Kings," as she is called on her statue in Ajaccio, Letitia Bonaparte would have given birth to Napoleon in England, and it is more than conceivable that he would have entered the British Army.

Some sixty years ago a certain M. Swaine was Belgian Consul-General in Hamburg. He had married a Danish lady, Antoinette Lowenstierna, of Copenhagen, and had two sons born to him in Hamburg, both destined to enter the British Army and rise to its topmost ranks. One is now Major-General Leopold Victor Swaine, C.B., C.M.G., F.R.G.S., at present commanding the North-Western District at Chester; the other, Colonel Charles Edward Swaine, C.B., who was long colonel of the 11th Hussars, and is at present A.A.G. for Cavalry at Headquarters, War Office. Both youths got the rudiments of education in Hamburg, and then acquired that intimate knowledge of German which has proved of great value to them in subsequent service, while French, through their father, was practically their native tongue. They were meant, nevertheless, to be English boys, although Leopold had the King of the Belgians for his godfather, and a good friend through life, and they came to school at Louth, in Lincolnshire, obtaining the Queen's commission in one course, and becoming English to the backbone in heart and thought and outward appearance. General Swaine is, indeed, a typical Englishman, of fine presence, of bluff, cheery manner, and frank and outspoken as the best John Bull.

At nineteen, General Swaine entered the Rifle Brigade. This was in 1859, when promotion was slow, and he waited six years for his lieutenancy, but was appointed adjutant to the 4th Battalion about the same time. Showing a decided bent towards the practical side of his profession, and having the advantage of service under Colonel Elrington, a noted drill and sound administrator, he became an excellent officer all round. These were his salad days, and he was fond of combining business with pleasure; he was an accomplished musician, had a charming voice, and was a first-rate amateur actor, so that he was greatly appreciated in the gay garrison of Gibraltar. While there his command of languages came in very useful, for the fortress was continually visited by foreigners, princes and officers of distinction, and particularly there came several shiploads of Austrian and Hungarian officers bound for Mexico, having taken service with the Emperor Maximilian, whose sad fate they shared. Not long afterwards Marshal Bazaine came through on his homeward passage to France, where also failure and misfortune afterwards awaited him.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

MAJOR-GENERAL SWAINE AND HIS SON.

A pleasant nook in the grounds.

Active service was not plentiful for our people just about that time. Swaine was in Canada at the time of the Fenian Raid, and was engaged with his regiment in repelling that very futile attempt of Irish traitors to levy war against Great Britain. He was still there at the time of the Red River Expedition, and well known to its gallant young leader, Garnet Wolseley, at that time on the staff at Montreal as D.Q.M.G. But the adjutant of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade

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THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT CHESTER.

With lawns and terraces down to the River Dee.

ACROSS THE LAWN TO UFFINGHAM HOUSE.

The residence of the widow of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

PART OF THE HALL AND DINING-ROOM.

Decorated with relics of past services.

could not be spared to join in the expedition to Fort Garry, and some years elapsed before Swaine got his first chance of going under fire. When, however, in 1878, Mr. Disraeli startled Europe by the annexation of Cyprus, and sent Sir Garnet out to organise the new dependency, Swaine was one of the officers selected to accompany him, and in the scheme of civil administration it fell to him to be appointed Commissioner of Famagusta. He worked steadfastly and with great intelligence in this new post, and did much to extend the blessings of security and good government to his district. His presence in the Levant led to other civil employment, and he was at this time appointed one of the commissioners to supervise the cession of Thessaly to Greece.

Shortly afterwards he returned to military work, but joined to diplomacy, and began that long career of usefulness as Military Attaché at foreign Courts in which he has been so distinguished. St. Petersburg was his first station, whence he made many valuable reports upon the Russian Army; from there he went back to Constantinople, and spent three years in watching the changes and improvement among those stalwart soldiers, the Turks; then, at last, he was sent to Berlin, into the congenial atmosphere of German militarism, where he laid the foundation of a lasting popularity. He won golden opinions from and made many fast friends among the German officers; having a fluent command of German and a common profession, they treated him as one of themselves. He was very cordially esteemed at Court, and was a *persona grata* to the late and present Kaiser. He was in Berlin altogether some eight or nine years, and his latest period of service there was essentially a compliment to his personal qualities. There had been some friction or difficulty, and a change in the holder of the post became desirable, when the young Emperor William asked as a particular favour that Colonel Swaine might be again accredited to him as military member of our Embassy. He went, and remained four years, only relinquishing the post on his advancement to the rank of major-general. When he relinquished it the Emperor William marked his appreciation of the pleasant way in which his duties had been performed by conferring upon him the First Class Crown Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. The Emperor did more. Knowing that the acceptance of foreign orders, with the privilege of wearing them, is but scantily conceded to our officers, he made special application to the late Queen for the necessary permission.

Harking back again to earlier years, we find that the chance of real distinction in the field came to Swaine in 1882, when the first Egyptian War—Arabi's war—was undertaken in hot haste, and a British expedition embarked for Alexandria with commendable despatch. It was commanded by Swaine's old friend, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the young general was quick to recognise Swaine's valuable qualities, and to utilise them in his own and the country's service. The first and chief was that intimate

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knowledge of foreign languages already mentioned, and with that advantage Swaine possessed others—much insight into foreign character, a large acquaintance abroad, and above all a charming address and great *savoir faire*. The post to which he was now called, and which he filled with marked success, was that of Military Secretary, thus fully justifying the wisdom of his selection, and offering another instance of Wolseley's unerring judgment in choosing the best agents and assistants. The functions were just those Swaine could discharge most efficiently; he took charge of extensive correspondence, often more diplomatic than military, especially after the brief, sharp campaign was ended and Lord Wolseley found his hands full in picking up the threads of administration and in dealing with international questions. Swaine remained by his chief's side until matters had settled down, rendering ever the most loyal and intelligent assistance. Then he returned to Berlin.

Two years later came the second Egyptian War, the great expedition up the Nile for the rescue of Charles Gordon in Khartoum. Once decided upon, the most active exertions were made to catch up the time lost. There was a prompt rally of trusted and practised officers round Lord Wolseley, to whom, of course, the command was entrusted, although from the very outset he expressed his fears that the effort would be made too late. Among the rest, Swaine, summoned from Berlin, fell naturally into his old post, and again became Military Secretary. Now, of course, his former experience stood him in good stead; he was at home in Cairo, well up in all routine, well acquainted with all officials, native and European, and, of course, well known and liked throughout the expeditionary forces. His strenuous loyal help must have meant much to his chief in the trials and disappointments of a campaign that went so near success, but was marred by such untoward accidents. The costly fight at Abu Klea, which removed the men most in the confidence of the general-in-chief, was no doubt the main reason why Gordon was lost when on the very brink of being rescued. Swaine was at hand with counsel and assistance till he was struck down with fever and invalided home. When the honours and rewards were finally distributed, he got his share in the form of promotion to the rank of full colonel.

A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

Sacred to the student and the book-lover.

MISS SWAINE AND A FAVOURITE DOG.

A proficient photographer and her pupil.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A COSY CORNER IN ONE OF THE DRAWING-ROOMS.

Surrounded by mementos of a military life.

A brief return to regimental duty carried Swaine on for a few years. He was first major, then lieutenant-colonel, commanding a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which he vacated at the end of 1891 in order to accept the invitation to resume his old place at Berlin. His first brigade command was at Aldershot, whence he proceeded to Chester on transfer as head of the North-Western District, an extensive command, stretching from Wales to the Scottish border, and here he has done yeoman service during his tenure of office. By constant careful supervision he has brought the troops of late, mostly Militia and Volunteers, up to a high state of efficiency, and has earned the goodwill of all.

The younger Swaine, whose portrait is given with that of his father in our first illustration, is a Guardsman who has already in five short years seen much active service. He was at Omdurman with the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and with the 2nd Battalion under Sir Leslie Rundle in South Africa, but was invalided home for enteric last spring.

Government House at Chester is on Dee Side, with lawns and terraces down to the river. It is fairly commodious, but none too large for the social status and demands of its occupant. It stands amidst gardens rich in fine old trees and has abundant stabling. The dining-room will seat eighteen, the General's library (and he is a great book lover) is spacious and well filled, and the reception-rooms and bedrooms meet moderate requirements, although a general officer might be better lodged. The property adjoining has special interest in having been at one time the residence of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

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IN A SEAWAY.

Photo. Copyright. Hudson & Kearns.

A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER AT TARGET PRACTICE.

The main *role* of the torpedo-boat destroyer is, as its name denotes, the safeguarding of its own battle-ships from the menace of the enemy's torpedo-boats. Gun power equal to putting any torpedo-boat out of action is therefore essential, and so these vessels carry what is for their size the powerful armament of a 12-pounder, and five 6-pounders, all quick-firers. The 12-pounder is, as our picture shows, mounted forward as a bow gun on the conning-tower, the smaller guns on the beam. Due attention is given to gunnery, and the quarterly ammunition supply is expended as regularly as in a battle-ship.

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FOR THE FRONT.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

A TROOPER OF THE QUEEN'S BAYS.

The 2nd Dragoon Guards, who form the latest reinforcement for the front, saw their last war service in 1858, during the Indian Mutiny, for which they wear the battle honour of Lucknow. They got their title of "Queen's Bays" in 1767, when they were mounted on long-tailed bay horses. Raised in 1685, their facings were buff, until 1784, when they were changed to black velvet, but seventy years later the cherished buff was restored. To their delight they take out the horses they have trained themselves. They are commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Dewar.

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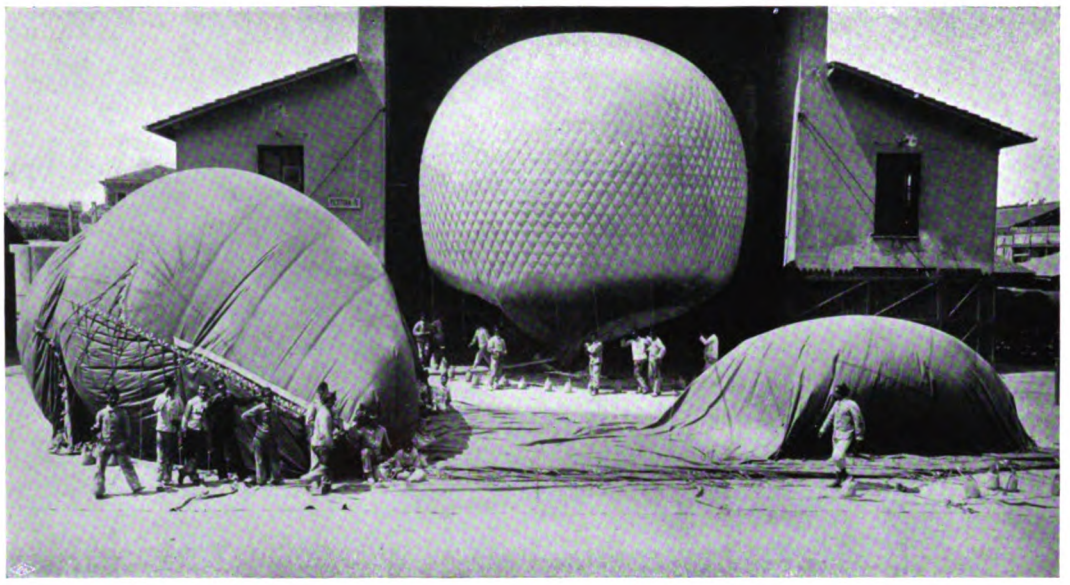
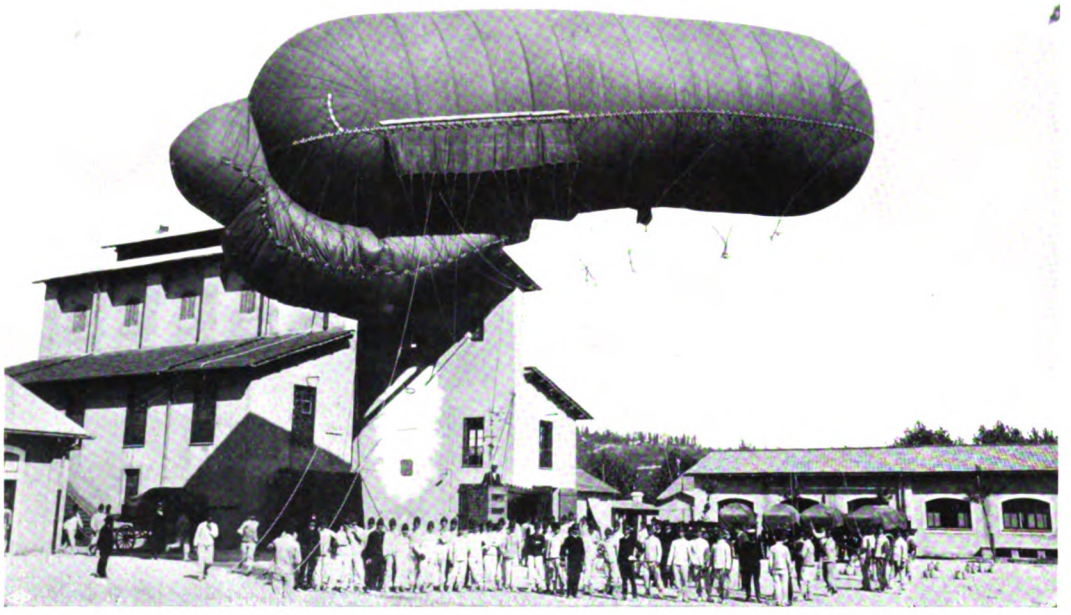
ITALIAN MILITARY BALLOONING.



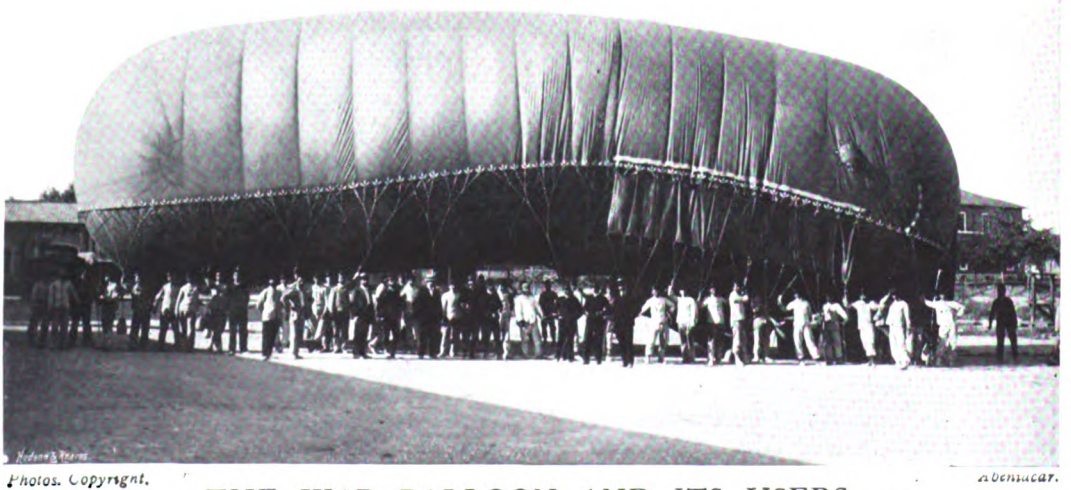
PREPARING FOR THE ASCENT.

Balloons of both types in the act of inflation, and partially gas-filled



READY FOR WORK

An Italian war balloon filled for service.



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THE WAR BALLOON AND ITS USERS.

Squad of the Specialist Company with their balloon.

THE pictures on this page are reproduced from photographs taken at the balloon establishment at Rome, on which devolves the make, manufacture, care, up-keep, and use of the aerostats in use in the Italian Army. Unlike this country, which has a special branch of the Royal Engineers, comprising a balloon depôt and six balloon sections, entirely given up to military ballooning, the Italian Army has no special balloon corps, but to one of the five regiments of Sappers, ten companies of Train, and a Railway Brigade of six companies, which compose the corps of Engineers of the Italian Army, there is attached a "specialist company," which undertakes multifarious duties, of which ballooning is one. This specialist company, besides the charge of balloons, looks after "optical telegraphy," *i.e.*, long-distance signalling by heliograph, electric and other lights, electric lighting, and the traction engines and carrier pigeons used in the Italian Army. More than one Power has devoted attention to the use of motor and steering balloons, but Italy, like ourselves, has been in the main content with perfecting the captive balloon, which has proved itself so essential and of such immense practical value for military reconnaissance. It is worth noting that it was on Italian soil that the great military value of the balloon for this purpose was first fully demonstrated. Apart from the fitful use of balloons in war during the last decade of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries, it was in the Italian War of 1859 that the value of the war-balloon was most irrefutably demonstrated. It was to the balloon in no small measure that the victory of Solferino was due. Says the *Times* correspondent in his account of the action which ultimately decided the issue of the war: "The Emperor of the French, representing the juvenile irregular force, refused to be surprised; he sent a man up in a balloon, and, at the expense of a few yards of silk and a few cubic feet of gas, is told the exact position of all those masses which are drawn up so scientifically out of his sight with the intention of surprising him at the comfortable, leisurely hour of 9 a.m. Napoleon III. attacks at daybreak, chooses his own time, and remains master of the field." From the accompanying pictures it will be seen that both the spherical and "sausage-shaped" balloons are used in the Italian Army. The latter, of the German type, has been already described in the pages of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The aeronauts of the Engineer Corps of the Italian Army are not without their war experience, and that moreover gained in the continent which has given most to our own military balloonists, for a balloon section, fully organised and equipped, took part in the unfortunate campaign in Erythrea, which proved so disastrous to the Italian arms, culminating in the terrible defeat at Adowa, where Italy lost no less than 9,000 casualties, 7,000 being white troops.

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THE COIFFURE IN THE ARMY.

By R. SIMKIN.

IN no way has sumptuary fashion been more conspicuously displayed than in the arrangement of the human hair. It may interest our military readers to refer back to the changes that have taken place in this matter in the Army.

Taking the head of the Hermes of Greek sculpture (Fig. 1)—a pure Caucasian type—as our "block," we will endeavour to demonstrate on those features the various

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

caprices that fashion has played on their hirsute appendages.

Our standing Army dates from the accession of Charles II., when the long Cavalier love-locks were in vogue—those who had hair wearing it long, and those who had not perforce wearing wigs. The elaborate dressing and curling of the locks of hair then in fashion was such a long and tedious operation, that the artificial full-bottomed "periwig" was almost universally adopted. Our illustration (Fig. 2) shows one of these periwigs of the time of William III. The fashion survived the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., and was at length supplanted by the short "tie wig" (Fig. 3) in the reign of George II. For some time previously it had been the custom for men of fashion, when *en déshabille*, to wear their natural hair tied back in a queue. This fashion was known as the "Ramillies tie," after the battle of that name. Queen Anne was greatly incensed when Lord Bolingbroke, summoned in haste,

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

attended on her in a Ramillies tie and riding-boots, instead of the periwig and silk stockings, with buckled shoes, prescribed by Court etiquette.

The tie wig completely ousted the periwig in the Army, the latter being worn only by the clergy and the medical profession (*vide* Hogarth's pictures and prints). The tie wig survives at the present day, as worn by our barristers; but the modern wig, being composed of horse-hair, has a much stiffer appearance than its former prototype, made from the human article. With this wig the fashion of powdering the hair came into vogue. It was at first confined to officers, but, later (1768), was adopted for all ranks.

With the disappearance of the periwig, the fashion of wearing the natural hair reappeared. In the reign of George III. it was worn elaborately frizzed and plastered. The queue disappeared for a while, and the hair behind was "clubbed,"—*i.e.*, turned up and retained in position by a leather strap (Fig. 4). During the command of the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar, when a field day was ordered, there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the seniors claimed the privilege of their rank; the juniors, consequently, were obliged to have their heads dressed the night before, and to preserve the beauty of this artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, had to sleep on their faces! It is said that in the adjutant's office of each regiment there was kept a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barbers could refer.

The queue, vulgarly known as the "pigtail," came into vogue again about 1798. It remained in fashion until 1809, in which year it was abolished by a general order. The author of "Rejected Addresses" wrote the lines:

> ". . . though humbled Gallia scoff,
> God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off."

With the pigtails hair powder disappeared. During the epoch of the Peninsular War the hair was worn very simply (Fig. 5), brushed forward, and the small "mutton-chop" whiskers were universal. In 1805 four of the Light Dragoon regiments were transformed into Hussars, and ordered to wear moustaches, hitherto unknown in the British Service.

Great extravagances in dress prevailed during the reign of George IV., and our illustration (Fig. 6) shows the style of hair arrangement then fashionable in the cavalry. The all-round whisker (nicknamed the "Newgate Frill") was very general, and the hair was worn long and elaborately curled. William IV., on his accession, vetoed the moustache, except for the Hussar regiments, and they were only resumed by the cavalry and horse artillery in 1837.

In the early decades of Queen Victoria's reign the hair and whiskers were worn very long, and elaborately pomatumed

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

and curled. Count d'Orsay was one of the principal leaders of the fashions of that time, which are most admirably and truthfully depicted in Barnard's illustrations of Dickens's works (Fig. 7). The Russian War of 1854 brought in the universal adoption of the moustache in the Army, until that date confined to the cavalry and horse artillery. For the next decade the hair was worn very long, parted behind (a fashion necessitating the use of a "back hand-glass"), and brought forward in a huge curl over each ear. The long whiskers ("Piccadilly Weepers," Fig. 8) were worn by nearly all who could grow them. "The longer the whiskers the more beautiful the man," wrote Du Maurier in "Trilby." "The Captain with his Whiskers took a Sly Glance at Me," was a popular lyric of the day. In his "Lord Dundreary," Sothern immortalised the type of that period.

The vulgarities of the musical-hall "Lion-Comiques" then rampant, and exemplified in such idiotic songs as "Champagne Charlie," "Captain Lardi-dardi-doo," and countless similar lucubrations, of which the hero was always a man

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

who wore prodigious whiskers and drank too much champagne, probably had an influence on the fashion among the better classes. Anyhow, the whiskers gradually became less aggressive, and about the early seventies had almost disappeared among the younger officers. The present clean

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shave, first adopted regimentally by the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), was very general, although a small side whisker (Fig. 9) was also much worn. The hair was cut much shorter (although not so close as at present), and the back parting disappeared.

FIG 9.

The clean shave and close martial-crop of the present day (Fig. 10) requires no description. The fashion now prevalent among our *jeunesse dorée* of shaving the upper lip would probably have made its way into the Army, had not an order forbidding the practice been issued by the Commander-in-Chief. During the present war in South Africa, officers and men on active service are allowed to grow beards, as the difficulties of shaving are almost insurmountable, and would necessitate the carrying of shaving tackle on the march, where every ounce of superfluous weight is of consequence.

In India also it is optional for officers and men to wear beards, although comparatively few avail themselves of the permission, except when on active service. From very early times (the practice dates back to 1792, judging by a drawing of that period) it was the custom for the pioneers of infantry regiments to wear beards and moustaches. With

FIG. 10.

their bearded faces, white leather aprons, and a varied collection of tools slung about their persons, the pioneers were imposing and bizarre figures at the head of a battalion on the march, almost eclipsing the drum-major. The aprons have been abolished for some time, and about two years ago a general order was issued for pioneers to shave like the remainder of their comrades, so that they are now considerably shorn of their distinctions.

In most of the continental armies of the present day the wearing of beards is permitted, and adopted by many of the officers and men. When these appendages are kept well clipped and trimmed (as in our own Royal Navy) there is no appreciable loss in smartness of appearance, and the natural protection to the throat must be advantageous when bivouacking or on outpost duty in inclement weather.

Looking back through the long vista of love-locks, periwigs, mutton-chop whiskers, long curly hair, redolent of Macassar, and "fly-away whiskers," it is questionable if the British soldier, whether officer or man, has ever presented a smarter and more martial appearance as regards his hair arrangement than at the present time, and it is improbable that a return will ever be made to the pomatum-pot and curling-tongs.

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"TRAVELLER."—Each of the three regiments of Household Cavalry should consist of 26 officers, 2 warrant officers, 53 non-commissioned officers of the rank of sergeant, 8 trumpeters, etc., 16 corporals, 4 corporal-shoeing-smiths, 4 shoeing-smiths, 2 saddlers, 1 saddle-tree maker, and 316 privates, making a total of all ranks of 432. There is no such title as sergeant in the Household Cavalry, though there are several posts which carry rank equal to that of a sergeant. The two warrant officers are the regimental corporal-major and the bandmaster. The 53 non-commissioned officers ranking as sergeant are as follows: 1 quartermaster-corporal-major, 1 farrier-quartermaster-corporal, 1 corporal-instructor-in-fencing, 1 squadron-corporal-major rough rider, 4 squadron-corporal-majors, 4 squadron-quartermaster-corporals, 1 orderly-room corporal, 1 paymaster-corporal, 1 corporal-trumpeter, 1 corporal-saddler, 1 corporal-cook, 28 corporals-of-horse, and 8 corporal-farriers. The 26 officers are as follows: 1 lieutenant-colonel, 3 majors, 6 captains, 8 lieutenants, 3 second-lieutenants, 1 adjutant, 1 quartermaster, 1 riding master, 1 surgeon-major or surgeon-lieutenant-colonel, and 1 veterinary officer.

* * * *

"D. D."—There was an Act (C. 24 of the reign of Charles I.) in which Parliament called specific attention to the dangers our Mediterranean trade encountered from Moorish pirates, and also to the abuse of the customs. It ran thus: "C. 24.—Whereas of late many thousands of the King's subjects have been cast into captivity by Moorish pirates, and whereas since the beginning of the reign great sums of money have been exacted from Merchants at the Ports under the name of Customs, which were not due without consent of Parliament, and which in any case should have been devoted to the safeguard of the seas, therefore for this and other weighty causes it is expedient to grant a further subsidy beyond Tunnage and Poundage, namely, 1 per cent., beyond all other Customs and subsidies during three years, to be received by the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of London, and applied for defence of the seas. Which additional Custom shall be duly paid on pain of forfeiture of goods, etc. Provided that this Act be not drawn into a precedent, and that the said Custom be appropriated to its proper purpose." Charles I., during the period in which he was governing without a Parliament, three times in succession raised taxes without reference to Parliament on the plea of Naval defence required owing to the rivalry of Holland and France. The first was levied at the ports only, but the second and third cases of ship-money were taxes levied over the kingdom generally. The third time led to the famous Hampden case, in which the majority of judges decided in favour of the King, and were consequently impeached by the Tory Parliament in 1641.

* * * *

"ZOLLVEREIN."—While giving you the particular information concerning subsidies to Yeomanry that you ask for, we may as well include the whole list as set forth for the period 1792-1815 by Kolb in "The Condition of Nations":—Russia, £9,613,434; Russo-Dutch loan, £4,136,836; Portugal, £9,533,355; Germany, £7,936,666; Prussia, £5,669,885; Spain, £5,248,773; Sweden, £4,845,571; Austria, £4,211,111; Sicily, £2,734,415; Hanover, £2,480,107; Small States, £1,733,528; Holland, £1,529,765; Hesse Cassel, £1,271,107; German Princes, £700,000; Sardinia, £592,000; Bavaria, £501,017; Hesse Darmstadt, £263,581; Prince of Orange, £220,000; France (Bourbons), £200,000; Brunswick, £125,086; Denmark, £121,917; Baden, £26,990; Morocco, £16,370. Of the total of £63,711,524, Kolb states that the £220,000 advanced to the Prince of Orange and the £200,000 to France were alone repaid. It is worth while adding that in the Seven Years' War we paid an annual subsidy of £670,000 to Prussia.

* * * *

W. MEADE.—The "Serpent," 1,779 tons, twin-screw third-class cruiser, was launched at Devonport on March 10, 1887, and was completed in 1888. She was wrecked on a rock at Punta del Buey, five miles north of Cape Villano, on the north-west coast of Spain, while on her way to the West Coast of Africa, on November, 1890. Of the 176 persons on board only three seamen were saved, Commander H. L. Ross, Lieutenants G. A. J. Greville and T. Macleod, Paymaster J. W. Dixon, and 169 others being drowned. At the court-martial that was held afterwards, no definite cause for the disaster, save an error in judgment on the part of those responsible for the navigation, could be discovered. A Parliamentary paper issued in 1891 showed that no fewer than seventy of Her Majesty's ships had been lost out of action since 1840, and of these eleven had either capsized or disappeared.

* * * *

"R. D."—The supply of timber always caused apprehension in the days of our wooden Navy. Witness the following quaint Act of the reign of Elizabeth:—"Whereas the timber of this country is largely consumed for the manufacture of Casks wherein many commodities exported are contained, it is provided that none shall ship any Beer beyond the seas without returning the Casks thereto belonging or other casks, or a certain proportion of clap-boards, to be duly entered in the Custom House. Moreover, no Aliens shall export fish in casks without similar provision, and no person whosoever shall export any wine-cask from this country, saving for foreign garrison-supply, and for the exportation of Herrings." (Rot. Parl., 35 Eliz., C. 11.) There are repeated references to the supply of timber in the biographies of the Admirals. The heavy duties on the Baltic supply imposed by Mr. Vansittart in 1809-10 were carried out to encourage the Canadian supply at a time when the Baltic powers might, in this irritation with the Orders in Council, have placed our future supplies altogether in jeopardy. On March 23, 1802, we find the First Lord of the Admiralty writing that the consumption of timber was so much greater than the growth that the supply would give out altogether unless the system was changed.

* * * *

"B. P. S."—The Military Secretary deals with the appointment, promotion, and retirement of officers of the Regular and Auxiliary Forces; with the selections for appointment to the Staff, etc.; with the grant of honours and rewards, etc.; and with regulations for the admission of candidates to the Army. He is also charged with the educational qualifications required from candidates for commissions in the Army; with the education and examination of officers; with the administration of the Staff College, Ordnance College, Royal Military College, Royal Military Academy, the Duke of York's Royal Military School, and the Royal Hibernian Military School. The Adjutant-General is charged with the discipline, military education, and training of the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Regular and Reserve Forces, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers when subject to Military Law, or when assembled for training exercise, inspection, or voluntary military duty. He is also responsible for patterns of clothing and necessaries, for the maintenance of returns and statistics connected with the personnel of the Army; for enlisting men for the Regular and Auxiliary Forces. The Adjutant-General is also expected to advise the Secretary of State on all questions connected with his department.

* * * *

"T. H. J."—There is a fund which is intended to benefit a case such as you speak of. Towards the end of 1899 the Officers' Families Fund was started by Lady Lansdowne and Lady Wolseley—as a child, so to speak, of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association—and Colonel Gildea, chairman of the executive committee and treasurer of the latter association, kindly consented to become honorary treasurer of the new fund. In the month of December, 1899, no fewer than 102 applications were dealt with, and the sum of £2,222 was allotted. During the year 1900 there were 543 fresh applicants, and the grants made amounted to £35,123. The help is administered with every consideration for the sensitiveness of the applicants. The names are only known to the executive committee and to Lady Lansdowne, and the strictest confidence is maintained with regard to every case considered. At the same time, in every case references are asked for, and great care is exercised that each candidate not only deserves but needs assistance. Among the grants made last year, forty-one were to widows of officers who were killed in battle or had died from wounds or disease. These grants amounted to about £4,000. THE EDITOR.

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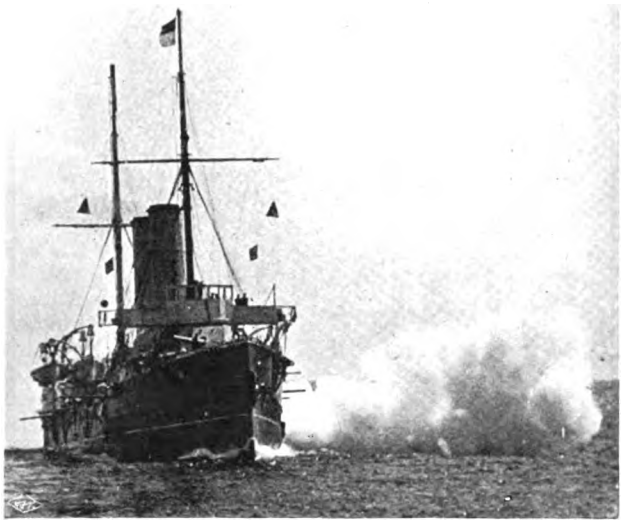
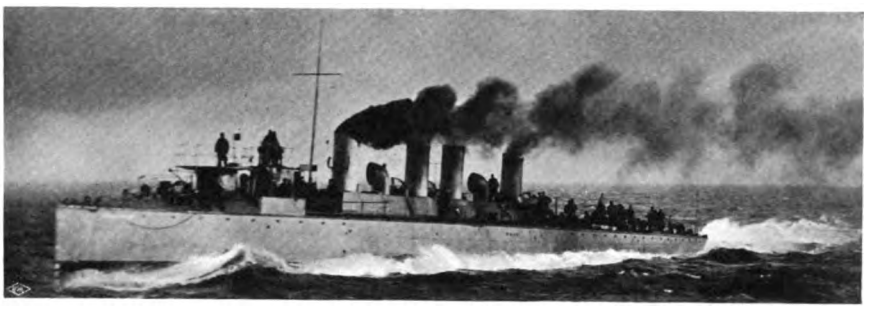
ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.



A BROADSIDE FOR THE ENEMY.



ON AN ERRAND OF DESTRUCTION.

EVERY mind is now turned to the great coronation ceremony of next June, and throughout the whole Empire, and, indeed, the whole world, preparations of some kind are proceeding apace. Foreign rulers and representatives will be here with their congratulations. Already the names of the Indian Princes who are to participate are known. The Indian Army and the Colonial Forces will be as well represented as the Army at home. All that is great and illustrious in the Empire will be present at our august ceremony, to the splendour and magnificence of which nothing will be wanting. Such an occasion may well be a fitting theme for painters and poets, and take its place among the splendid events which have distinguished our royal history. There are many ways in which all may participate. A little sacrifice would fitly mark the occasion. We have now a new Prince of Wales, but the King, when he bore that historic title, instituted the Hospital Fund as a central organisation to receive legacies, subscriptions, donations, and suitable gifts, which is to furnish a "Coronation Gift" for His Majesty, one nearest to his heart, that will permanently benefit the sick and suffering. The hospitals are to be freed from the burden of debt, and no amount can be either too small or too great to be contributed to the fund. From the penny in the pound subscription of the workman, the true beneficiary, for which Lord Duncannon, chairman of the Organising Committee, is appealing, to the substantial donation of the man of wealth desiring to make a worthy act of public alms, all will be welcomed. The fund has a capacious maw, which it will take a great deal to fill. But, when we have done our best to fill it, we shall enter with better hearts and minds into the universal rejoicing of the coming June.

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THE season is nigh, to use the words of Mr. Roosevelt, when, according to the time-hallowed custom of the American people, the President appoints a day "as a special occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God." The day appointed is Thursday next, and it is a day upon which all good wishes of this country will be with our American kindred. There will be national thanksgiving on the other side of the Atlantic, and many celebrations on this. The occasion, as Mr. Roosevelt said, in making his proclamation, still finds the American people bowed in sorrow for the death of their great and good President departed. He added that the past year had been one of peace and plenty, and that, in spite of the great disaster, it was, "nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we." There is something very pleasant in this comfortable assurance of national beatitude. Was the new President referring to the expansion of "empire" and of commerce? He could not have been alluding to the defeat of Tammany Hall and the prospective regeneration of the political state of New York—exemplar city of the Union—because the fate of "Boss" Croker was still in the balance when he appointed the day. He was thinking perhaps of the parlous state of France, of social troubles and trade stagnation in Germany, of the cleavage of interests in Austria-Hungary, of famine and poverty in Russia, of uneasy rumblings in Spain, and of the palsied state of Turkey. Perchance he had in his mind this country also, with the South African War showing vigorous signs of recrudescence. We cannot but think he had temporarily forgotten the Philippine War, also officially declared to be "over," but still very strenuous, and still exacting the presence of the army which had been promised a peasant home-coming, while it called forth a bitter demand from large sections of the American people as to the why and the wherefore of this unwonted outlay of blood and treasure. However, our best congratulations to the American people on this occasion of national thanksgiving.

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MANY of the later details received of the fight at Brakenlaagte placed in a clear light another error into which we fell in our estimation of the Boers. It used to be asserted at the beginning of the war that, however good they might be as marksmen behind cover, or however "slim" in other matters, they would never attack. The assault made upon Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill on January 6, 1900, showed that there was something wrong in this view, for they had made a most determined attempt with true courage, which was repelled only with the utmost difficulty and with much loss. Sir Ian Hamilton, Lord Kitchener's new Chief of the Staff, greatly distinguished himself on that occasion. The defeat of General Clements by Delarey at Nooitgedacht on December 13 last year removed any doubt there might have been as to the Boers taking the offensive and delivering courageous attacks. Indeed, Delarey and Kemp have somewhat distinguished themselves in that matter. And now, at Brakenlaagte, we have Louis Botha's men making an extraordinary charge, 700 of them galloping up at their highest speed, yelling and firing from their horses. It was a reckless business, but it brought an overwhelming force of them within 40-yds. of the guns, and had in it the element of surprise which always attaches to desperate cavalry operations. We may, therefore, now recognise that in this matter, as in any other of military ability, the Boers are the equals, or more than the equals, of any continental soldiery. Less than ever, then, can it be said that our soldiers are fighting against peasant levies of undisciplined men.

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RIDICULOUS is the fiasco of the Boer agents who hoped to set a boycott upon British commerce in continental ports. The delegates sent forth on this quixotic mission, Abink and Van Cogen by name, brought back with them from Havre, Bordeaux, Cette, Marseilles, and elsewhere, an abundance of academic resolutions passed by dockers and strikers of all classes and kinds. There was to be co-operation among the enemies of England, and an active propaganda was to put an end to the war. A little commonsense should have taught these hare-brained personages that practical considerations will always outweigh "academic" utterances. In Marseilles eleven great English navigation companies are the most important element of the international trade of the port, and contribute one fourth of its total volume. At other ports the conditions are practically the same. Were the commercial centres of the Continent expected to cut the ground from under their own feet? The attempt to induce them to do so has collapsed in contemptible defeat. If the Continental System and the Berlin Decrees of Napoleon were doomed to failure, how should the Boers succeed in this hole-and-corner system of commercial blockade?

———

SO much has been heard of the excellence of the Great German General Staff, its world-commanding plans, and its prescient scientific officers, that it is somewhat of a relief to find one of the latter, Baron von Edelsheim, venturing into the realms of fancy. True, he does it in a German way, solidly declaring, with every appearance of certitude, that Germany can, as things now stand, throw 100,000 men upon our coasts. We do not forget that another highly-placed German officer, Baron von Lüttwitz, indulged in like speculations. Now the invasion of England is a

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subject which has engaged British officers in dialectics, revealing various opinions, and, therefore, upon one view or the other, nothing shall be said here. Reasons have always been advanced for the faith that was in arguers, and no one has ever argued so foolishly as the Baron von Edelsheim. This is how he would set about his invasion: "Let Germany endeavour to create conditions which would enable her to throw a part of her land forces on the English coast, and thus bring the conflict to an issue in the enemy's own country, where the German troops would be much superior to the English. England's powerful Navy in that case would be unable to exercise any influence whatever in regard to the victory." Excellent! For "English coast" read "the moon," for "English" read "Lunar," and for "England's powerful Navy" read "interplanetary difficulties," and you have the matter as clear as daylight! To create those conditions! That's the rub!

THE Russians have just been celebrating a worthy centenary. Alexander I. a hundred years ago abolished official torture as a "shame and reproach to all mankind." It was a declaration that barbarism should be forsworn, the more noticeable because at about the same period Bonaparte found it expedient on occasions to reintroduce torture when he thought an English spy could be caught. Unhappily for the Russians the instruments of torture continued to exist, and the practice prevailed long after it was "abolished." There are strange stories of the cruelties which continue in the Russian Naval and Military forces, and those who know aver that secret torture is still frequent in Russian gaols among those held prisoners on suspicion. The thumb-screw and rack may have disappeared, but beatings and flagellations at the hands of sturdy gaolers are not at all a thing of the past. The "administrative power" may lay hold of anybody, and actually 55,000 persons, including nearly 8,000 women, were arrested in Odessa last year. Since the "administrative power" is practically its own master, the fate of some of these unfortunates cannot be enviable. A common method of dealing with a delinquent is to hand him over to the tender mercies of a couple of sturdy villains who thump him alternately on the chest and back, or he may be strapped to a board, and allowed to fall with all his weight some considerable number of times, or again he may be subjected to many forms of clouts and cuffs. In any case, he is probably much the worse physically than before he passed through the torturers' hands. Torture in old days was commonly used to exact "confessions." In Russia its place seems to be as a rough form of punishment for alleged or suspected offences. The system, which is a survival of ruder ages, is, however, abhorred by all enlightened Russians, who are only too anxious to find a death-blow given to it by publicity.

A BRIGHTER side of Russian administrative methods is seen in the deep interest displayed by the Ministry of Ways and Communications in the plan of connecting the Baltic and the Black Sea by means of a canal. The scheme is urged as of great strategic importance, but there can be no doubt that its economic advantage would be greater, since the water-way would be through some of the finest agricultural land in the Empire. The latest project, which is now under consideration, would make the canal from Riga in the north to Kherson, at the mouth of the Dnieper, on the Black Sea. The engineering difficulties would be stupendous, but they are not regarded as insuperable, and the immense advantages to be attained make every reasonable proposal worthy of the fullest investigation.

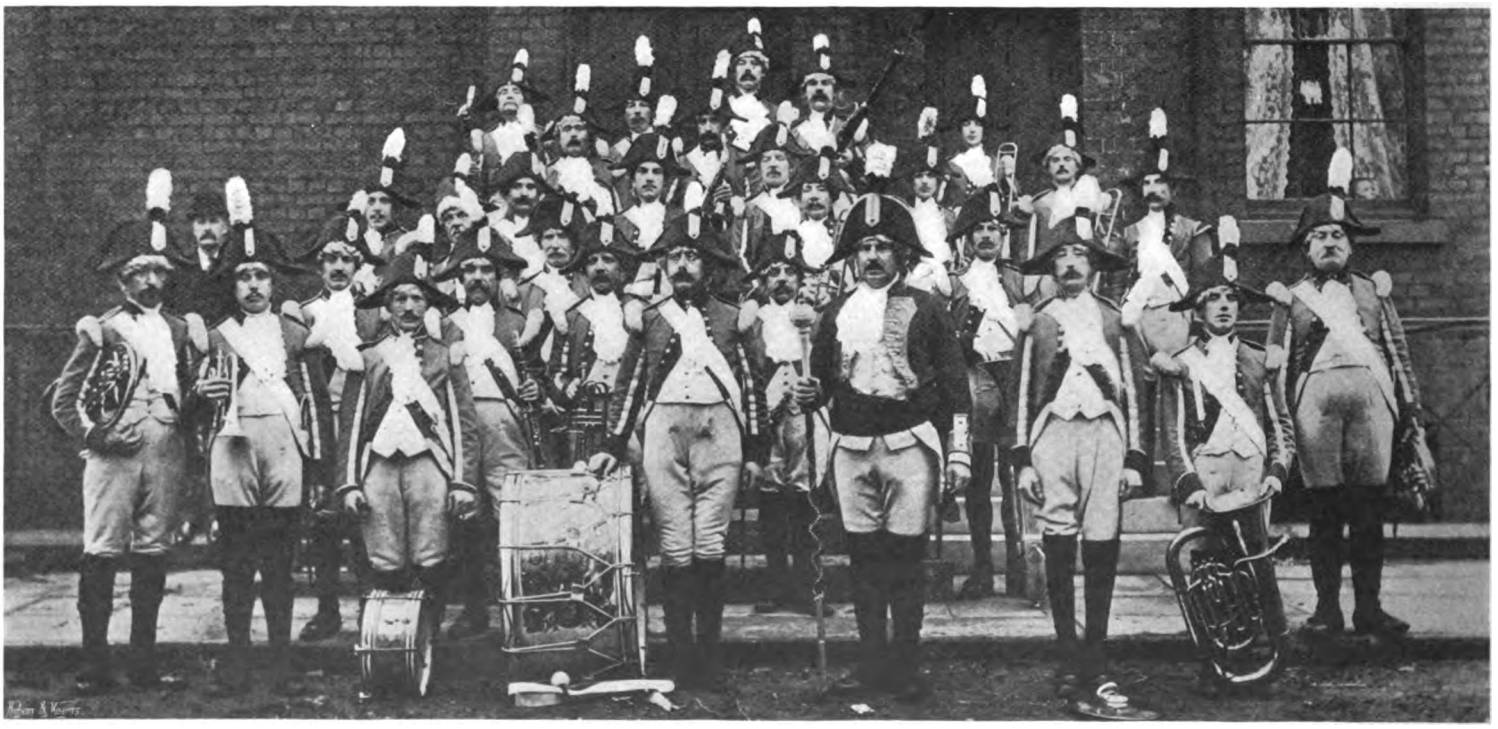
THE WANDERING TOURNAMENT.

BLACK FRED AND HIS RIDER.
The only horse that has been to South Africa and back again

YEAR after year the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has been a great success. It has drawn all London to witness it, and the teams which have shown their merit, the men who have won in the various competitions, have proved that they can compare favourably with any teams or any individual competitors in Europe. It is a piece of cheap nonsense for foreigners to sneer at the British Army. Such nonsense is confined to the Press, and to an irresponsible crowd which in its ignorance believes what the papers say. Those who are in authority are under no delusions, and they recognise the value of the British forces and the enormous resources upon which they can conceivably draw.

The men with whom Londoners make acquaintance at the Agricultural Hall are, after all, but a fair example of the whole; and it was a happy thought which prompted the extension through the country of the Islington exhibition, so that those who could not conveniently come to the metropolis might have an opportunity of seeing a similar display at their own doors.

Our two pictures afford valuable illustration of the thoroughness with which this work is being done. In the one case we have the band of the 7th Lancashire Volunteer Artillery in the uniform of the band of the Camberwell Lancers; in the other case we have a picture of Black Fred, the only horse that, up to the present, has gone successfully through the South African Campaign and returned from it. He was present at the relief of Ladysmith and of Kimberley with the 2nd Life Guards, and is now a factor in the musical ride of the Tournament. The idea of taking into the provinces the Tournament, with all its pomp and surroundings, was certainly a good one, and it ought to aid materially in bringing recruits to the colours.



Photos. Copyright. *Martin.*

A LITTLE BIT OF MASQUERADING.

The band of the 7th Lancashire Volunteer Artillery.

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THE 1st MADRAS LANCERS.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

I ADVERTED lately to the Indian Government's offer of a bounty to time-expired British soldiers willing to extend their service with the colours to the full term of their twelve years' engagement. The bounty, it will be recalled, was on two scales, a man being allowed to choose between a sum of money in cash and a smaller sum *plus* a short furlough to England. It was computed that there were about 20,000 men to whom the offer would apply, and the result of the experiment was awaited with considerable interest by every careful student of Indian military affairs.

It has recently been announced that up to the end of last month over 6,000 men had signified their willingness to extend the term of their colour service, and that most of these had elected to take a lump sum down and no furlough. This is considered very satisfactory, and so, up to a certain point, it undoubtedly is. The fact that only about one in three of the men concerned have agreed to serve out their twelve years may not seem, at first sight, very encouraging, but an express condition was attached to the offer of a bounty, namely, that only men of good character would be retained, and this probably accounted for a fair number who would have gladly stayed on if they had had the chance.

Again, it does not seem that the return is a final one, and if time has been given to the men to make up their minds, and the offer is still open, there may be a number of waverers yet to be added to the list of those who have come to a decision. Probably, in the long run, we shall find that one in every two to whom the offer was made will accept it, and this, perhaps, is as much as could have been expected. For there are hundreds upon hundreds of time-expired men who really want to get back to civil life, and whom it is impossible to disabuse of the idea that they are positively wanted in civil life, and will find no difficulty in picking up a nice little billet with excellent pay and a very moderate amount of unskilled work attached to it.

When one turns to those who have taken the bounty, and preferred the "lump sum" without the furlough, there is rather less reason to be pleased with the return. It suits the Indian Government very well, no doubt, to give a man an extra £16 10s. instead of sending him home, giving him a holiday, and bringing him out again, but I am not altogether sure whether there are not counterbalancing disadvantages sufficient to render the return quoted above a doubtfully satisfactory one. In nine cases out of ten a man who has been out in India five or six years is all the better, mentally and physically, for a run home, and the probability is that a very large proportion of those who now forego the furlough for the sake of the additional rupees will eventually regret that they did not choose differently. A certain proportion may, one fears, develop into "old soldiers" of a not very desirable class, thoroughly at home in India, and exceedingly well able to take care of themselves, but always on the look-out to foist work on the youngsters, and by no means so zealous and earnest as they are now, and might have continued to be had they been made to take a healthful holiday.

It may be said that men coming home on furlough will only return to India with the greatest reluctance, but this is extremely doubtful. My own impression is that three months are quite sufficient to enable the average time-expired man to realise how difficult it is for a soldier to get employment in civil life, and that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who take furlough will not be at all sorry to rejoin at the end of it. I would go further, and say that if the Indian Government has not got as many men as it wants to extend their term of colour service, it could easily collect two or three thousand more, perhaps double that number, by waiting another few months, and then offering to those who have come home time-expired, after refusing both the bounty and the bounty-*cum*-furlough, the option of going back to India to complete twelve years. When all his deferred pay or savings are spent, and he has come down to the fourpence a day reserve pay, and no work, the average Reservist will always think twice before he spurns an offer to go "back to the Army again," and, taken all round, soldiering in India is probably preferred by the average six or seven years' man to soldiering at home.

I see that the new Imperial Cadet Corps for the sons of Indian princes and nobles is to have its headquarters at Meerut in the cold weather, and at Dehra Dun in the summer. The former is a very large military centre, at which the normal garrison includes British and Native Cavalry, Horse and Field Artillery, and British and Native Infantry, while Dehra Dun is the headquarters of a couple of Gurkha battalions. The Imperial Cadets, therefore, will lack few opportunities of practical training in addition to the theoretical instruction imparted to them by their commandant, Major Watson, and their adjutant, Captain Cameron. The latter, like the former, is an officer of the Central India Horse, and is one of the comparatively few Gunners who have entered the Indian Staff Corps. Perhaps the most noteworthy of them is Sir Edwin Collen, who recently vacated the post of Military Member of the Viceregal Council. Another whom I call to mind is Major J. G. Turner, who at one time commanded the Viceroy's Body Guard, and was recently employed in China in connection with the Imperial Service Troops.

I dare say a good many home readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED are unaware that there are pipers attached to a number of native corps, and that pipe music is keenly appreciated by natives, more especially of the fighting classes of the north. The late Field-Marshal, Sir Donald Stewart, used to have a Pathan piper attached to his household, and I well remember his marching round the dinner-table at "Snowdon," the Commander-in-Chief's residence at Simla,

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with his pipes in full blast. In this connection it is interesting to record the fact that a very recent order has carefully defined the tartans which are to be worn in future by the pipers in native corps belonging to the different Army Commands. In the Punjab the "Graham" tartan is to be used, and in the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay Commands the "Campbell" "Old Stewart," and "Urquhart" tartans respectively.

What I said the other week as to the desirableness of adopting some more drastic methods with the Mahsud Waziris has gathered force from a recent episode. On the 3rd inst. a Subadar and thirty-two men of the 17th Bengal Infantry, forming the escort to a road survey party, were ambushed by the Mahsuds and nearly all killed or wounded, an act of hostility which surely calls for some sharp measures outside the existing blockade. Our chief trouble with the Waziris, who are divided into two great clans, the Mahsuds and the Darwesh Khel, is that on their northern frontier they are contiguous with Afghanistan, and have thus, as Sir Thomas Holdich neatly puts it, the keys of their own back doors in their pockets. Whether the new Ameer will be a little more friendly to us in this respect than his father was remains to be seen, but it is growing distinctly evident that something must soon be done to bring the Waziris to their senses, even as the Afridis have been brought to theirs.

Although Aden is a good long way from India, it comes well within the administrative limits of our Indian Empire, and it is, therefore, worthy of record here that the British Government has accepted in principle the proposal of Turkey that a mixed Anglo-Turkish Commission should demarcate the boundaries of the Aden *Hinterland*. This is the natural outcome of the recent trouble which arose in those parts through the establishment of a Turkish fortified post in territory under British protection. It is important to us that our relations with the tribes in the Aden *Hinterland* should be undisturbed by Turkish or any other influences, and the Sultan has quite enough to do as it is to maintain his authority in the great Arabian province of Yemen—the Arabia Felix of the ancients—without coming into conflict with the British Empire. The Boundary Commission should put an end to unpleasant possibilities which could bring no sort of profit or satisfaction to anyone, and might eventually interfere with the really considerable trade which now flows into Aden from the interior.

Talking of Aden, it may be recalled that an important article, entitled "On Garrison Duty in the Red Sea," in which a full historical and topographical account was given of this deeply interesting British outpost, appeared in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for September 21. I, myself, have a vivid recollection of the place, having once had to land there on my way home, at the time when Brigadier-General Hogg, of the Bombay Army, was in command. General Hogg, who was also *ex officio* Political Resident, was rather fully occupied in watching the intrigues of certain Continental Powers, who were trying to obtain a footing on the Gulf of Aden and Red Sea littoral. When I asked him whether he found it difficult to keep himself informed of their movements, he replied "Not at all. They keep the closest watch on one another, and the moment one stirs the others come to me and tell me I ought to interfere, so I know exactly what is going on without any trouble." That is the quiet, level-headed sort of Political Resident we want for a place like Aden, where a good deal comes and goes of which the outside world knows mighty little.

I see that an old fellow-cadet, Major P. Malcolm, D.A.A. and Q.M.G. of the Malakand Force, has been appointed to officiate as A.A.G. on the District Staff of the Punjab Command. It is good to see the scions of grand old Anglo-Indian families steadily rising in this fashion. Major Pulteney Malcolm is the son of the late General Sir George Malcolm, who had a most distinguished Indian career, and commanded a division in the Abyssinian War. Sir George, again, was the son of the famous Sir John Malcolm, whose missions to Persia are matters of history, and whose Life, by Kaye, is one of the best-read books on my shelves. Sir John smashed Holkar at Mehidpoor, and it is recorded that, as his line advanced, Malcolm galloped on, and, waving his hat, encouraged his troops to follow. The men were beginning to run forward, when one of Malcolm's brigadiers rode up and said, somewhat excitedly, "Oh! Sir John, let us not lose an age of discipline at a time like this." "I beg your pardon," returned Malcolm, "let us all be composed," and, moving on more quietly, but none the less resolutely, swept the enemy out of their position.

KASAULI HILL DEPOT.

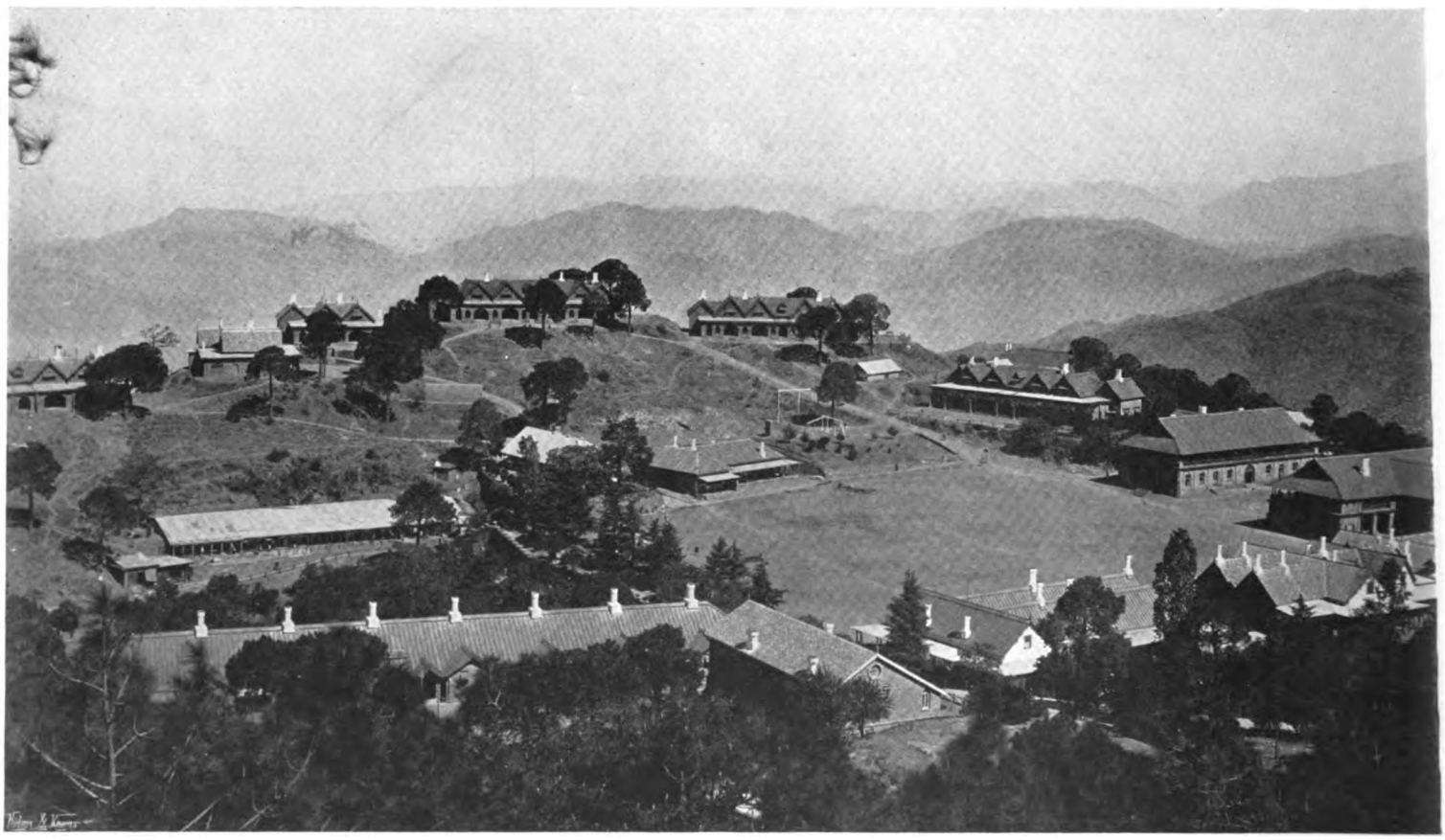

Photo Copyright. *Bell.*

AN INDIAN HOT WEATHER STATION.

A very important feature of the system on which we garrison India with British troops is the Hill Depôts which dot the lower slopes of the Himalayas, and are occupied during the hot weather by detachments of invalid or weakly British soldiers. These depôts, of which Kasauli, near Simla, is a good example, are now more or less empty, and some fear is being expressed in India that next season it may be found necessary to house Boer prisoners in them, to the exclusion of their usual worthy occupants! It is earnestly to be hoped that no such apprehension will be realised.

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A PUBLIC SCHOOLS FIELD DAY.

NOTHING is, or can be, more valuable to this country than the training of the young idea in the way in which it should go. And this training must be regular and persistent. It must not be spasmodic. Somehow—a few German critics to the contrary notwithstanding—we have learned to regard our Volunteer corps as being an integral part of the national defence, and our Cadet corps are a portion of our defensive Army. It is not for us to discuss here whether the Volunteer organisation is sufficient. The one thing certain is that the lads of our Public Schools are eager to find their place in that organisation, and to stand, with rifle in hand, ready to take their own part in the defence of the country and of the Empire. They are precisely the sort, too, that are wanted, lads from whom we may expect great things in the future. They recently had a field day to themselves. About 2,000 were present in all, and Eton, Harrow, and Charterhouse contributed to a force in which Dulwich, Cranleigh, Reading, and Whitgift were also represented, while these were opposed by Winchester, Bradfield, Wellington, and other schools. On both sides a great deal of attention was given to outpost work, particular stress being laid upon the importance of obtaining information without being discovered; and, moreover, a good deal of duty was thrown upon the cyclist corps. The value of cyclists is a matter which must be settled in the future. It is quite possible that in an enclosed country like England, with its innumerable lanes, they may have a value quite out of proportion to anything they might be capable of accomplishing on the widely different tracts of the Continent. This, however, is beside the question. For some reason or other, we have learned to regard our home organisation as being purely defensive in its character, and the possibility of our military forces being employed in another capacity must not be discussed here. From the defensive standpoint, the bicyclists, who are so prominent in our pictures, are undoubtedly a valuable force. But, after all, the most valuable thing is the life and energy of the boys themselves. We cannot be always young, but it is something to see the life and earnestness of youth, and to feel that it is being given in the country's service. Even if we have passed the time when we can share ourselves in the enthusiasm of youngsters, it is surely something to recognise the sternness with which all military drill is regarded by the lads of the present day at our various schools. It is far from being play to them. It is an integral part of the work of their lives, and it is well it should be so. A glance at the illustrations of the Cadet corps attached to the principal Public Schools which are appearing fortnightly in this paper will prove this. Our pictures show how earnest is the fashion in which the work is undertaken, and they give a good idea of the methods by which it is carried out and of the good-fellowship which marks those methods.

ALL ARE ON THE ALERT—"ADVANCE!"

Eton skirmishers going to the front.

A REST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

The Eton lads waiting under the firs.

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

IN THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY AFTER THE FIGHT.

Harrow is in the front of the defenders.

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THE GUN CATASTROPHE

From a photo. taken by the late

THE COMBINED MEDITERRANEAN

SINCE the historic explosion on board the "Thunderer," when a 38-ton turret-gun burst, killing twelve and wounding thirty-eight men, there has been no disaster of a similar character in the Royal Navy to equal the terrible accident that has cast a deep gloom over the squadron on the Mediterranean station. In action men know that when they stand to their guns their lives are in the hands of their Creator, but the shock is terrible when the decks are strewn with dead and dying by an accident occurring in time of peace. In loss of life the disaster has the terrible roll of one officer and five men, whilst two other officers, a warrant officer, and sixteen seamen and marines were more or less seriously injured. The accident took place during firing exercise in the neighbourhood of Platea, where the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron go for torpedo practice. The vessel was on her way to Malta, where she has since arrived, and the injured have been sent to hospital. The catastrophe in some of its features will remind our readers of the one at Newport in the Isle of Wight last June, when a company of Royal Garrison Artillery were engaged at target practice. The charge which caused this disaster was that of a 12-pounder quick-firer, a much less powerful weapon than the 6-in. gun of the "Royal Sovereign," and with correspondingly smaller damage, but the accident—the worst that can happen, except perhaps the actual bursting of the gun—resulted in the death of an officer and three men, and more or less serious injury to five others. There is, moreover, about these sad events a similar cause of mournful pride, in that nothing could have exceeded the exemplary bearing of both officers and men at the time of, and after, the accident.

CAPTAIN H. W. SPURWAY, R.M.A.
Killed by the gun accident in the "Royal Sovereign."

Captain Spurway, who was killed, joined the "Blue Marines" in July, 1893, and was promoted captain just five years later, and joined the "Royal Sovereign" a few months after. His death will throw many in the West Country into mourning, for he comes of a Devonshire family that has been established at Bampton for many centuries. He was only twenty-seven, and his death is the more sad in that he leaves a widow, to whom he was only married last year at Valetta. The double-page illustration of the combined Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons possesses a pathetic interest, for it is reproduced from the last photograph that this journal received from the deceased officer, who not unfrequently contributed pictorially to its pages. The photograph was taken during the recent combined manœuvres of the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, and on the day of the sailing regatta for the boats of the fleet. The ships on the page to the right hand are those of the Channel Squadron, with the exception of the one on the left, which is the "Ramillies," Lord Charles Beresford's flag-ship (second in command of the Mediterranean); and on the left page are the two lines of the Mediterranean Squadron. The centre ship in this picture is Sir John Fisher's flag-ship (Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean). In the right page picture the flag-ships, other than the "Ramillies," are the "Majestic" and "Magnificent," the flag-ships respectively of Vice-Admiral Wilson and Rear-Admiral Sir W. A. D. Acland (Commander-in-Chief and second in command of the Channel).

The officer who was most seriously injured in the accident was the commander of the "Royal Sovereign," Sir R. K. Arbuthnot, a Scotch baronet. He entered the Service in 1877, was promoted lieutenant from the Royal yacht in 1885,

Photo. Copyright. *R. Thiele.*

IN THE UPPER DECK BATTERY.

One of the 6-in guns of the "Royal Sovereign"

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IN THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

Captain H W. Spurway, R.M.A.

AND CHANNEL SQUADRONS.

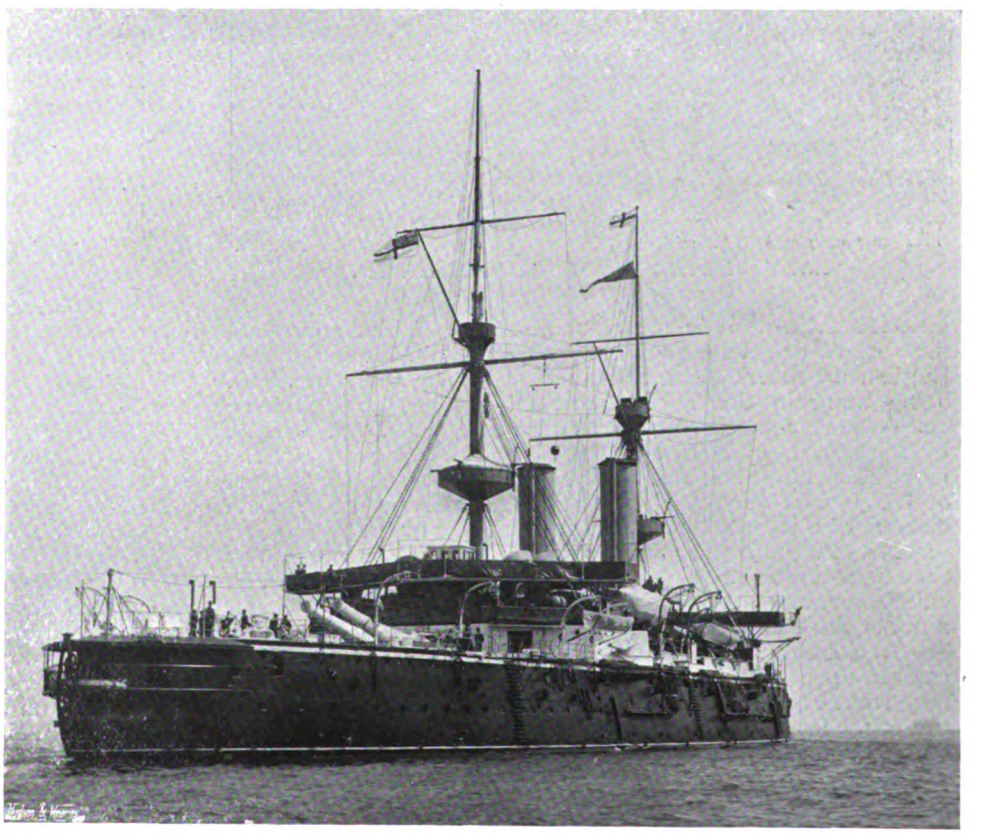
TROPHIES OF THE COMMISSION
Cups won by the "Royal Sovereign" in 1900-1901.

and became commander in 1897. He is a gunnery officer of high attainments, and was promoted to his present rank from the position of first lieutenant of the "Cambridge," the gunnery school at Devonport. The other officer, who was injured less severely, was Lieutenant James, whose family belongs to Cumberland. He entered the Service in 1893, was promoted lieutenant last June, and only joined the "Royal Sovereign" last September.

Mr. Raven, who luckily escaped with but slight injuries, was the gunner of the "Royal Sovereign." He obtained his warrant rank in 1895, and had been serving for over two years in the "Royal Sovereign," which ship is now in commission for the second time in the Mediterranean. Her present commission dates from May 13, 1899, and her complement have won the fine array of cups here illustrated. The lower one in the centre is the "Barfleur" Revolver Cup, won by the officers of the "Royal Sovereign," both in 1900 and 1901. The one above it is a Bluejacket's Cup, won at this year's regatta. The two on the right are also this year's trophies, the upper one having been won at volley-firing by the ship's Marines team at the Pembroke Rifle Meeting, the lower, the Commander-in-Chief's Cup, was won at the Royal Naval sports. The upper cup on the left is the "Undaunted" Cup, a gunnery trophy won this year, and that below it is the Middleweight Boxing Championship Cup, won in 1900. Prior to going to the Mediterranean the "Royal Sovereign" was flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, and she is a ship of special interest, for her building was a record for rapidity, and she was the first to be completed of the ten battle-ships that formed the main feature of the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The main armament of this fine vessel consists of two pairs of 13·5-in. guns, mounted fore and aft on barbettes, and between the barbettes a secondary battery of ten 6-in. quick-firers. She and her sisters were the earliest ships to carry quick-firers of this calibre, and it was to one of these guns that the disaster happened. These guns are used with a charge of 13-lb. 4-oz. of cordite, enclosed in a brass cartridge-case, which obviates the use of an obturator, or gas check, on the breech-piece—a fact which would tend to make the accident all the more serious, as, in addition to the charge, and probably the mechanism, being blown to the rear, there would also be the heavy metallic cartridge-case, which would become a death-dealing projectile. Some ten years ago a somewhat similar accident occurred to a gun of the same calibre, but of the old non-quick-firing pattern, on board the cruiser "Cordelia," then on duty on the Australian station.

In this case the gun itself burst, and that, unfortunately, in the most deadly manner, for the burst took place at the breech, with the result that the breech-block and huge fragments of the gun and carriage were hurled across the deck, instead of the major force of the explosion operating outboard, as would have been the case had the gun yielded near the muzzle.

In this case, also, the terrible nature of the disaster paralleled that on board the "Royal Sovereign," for six poor fellows were killed on the spot, and thirteen others more or less seriously injured. Accidents of this character have, however, been of the rarest in the British Navy, and our Bluejackets have never had any reason to mistrust the weapons they will have to stand behind and trust in when they are called upon to meet the foe.



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THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

The scene of the Mediterranean gun disaster.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE DAY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

LOUD was the acclaim which greeted the first number of the *Connoisseur*, that most artistic of magazines, and subsequent numbers have justified the welcome that was accorded to it. It is questionable whether a more beautiful magazine issue of the class has ever been placed in the hands of the public than the November number. The "Collection visited"—that of Mr. Deming Jarves, of Detroit, U.S.A.—is admirably described, and the Chinese blue and white porcelain is depicted in a large number of admirable illustrations from photographs. The family of Hogarth, by Max Roldit, is an article of abundant interest also, and is beautifully illustrated. The coloured plate of Mrs. Richard Hogarth, from the original painting by her great son, is a most forcible and characteristic work, reproduced in colours with great fidelity. But perhaps the fac-simile reproduction of an indenture signed by Guy Fawkes will occasion most general interest. The neat signature in the delicate Italian hand is one of the only two in existence, and Mr. Arthur Relph, the possessor, must be the envy of all autograph hunters. Interesting to various classes of readers must all the articles be, but, after all, we have been most charmed with the coloured plates, of which the *Connoisseur* has made a prominent feature. In addition to the picture of

From an Engraving by J. R. Smith, After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE.

(*From the "Connoisseur."*)

Mrs. Hogarth, already mentioned, they comprise reproductions of two of Velasquez's most famous works, which few English art-lovers have had an opportunity of seeing, both being hung in the Prado Museum, Madrid, as well as a delightful fac-simile of the coloured print in stipple of F. Bartolozzi, after Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Hon. Miss Bingham, and an excellent reproduction of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's masterpieces, "Lady Betty Delme and her Children." This last picture is now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Well-deserved success has therefore crowned the *Connoisseur*, which for variety, excellence, and artistic character is a marvel. Of the first number three editions were called for.

In these days each man must be his own geographer. He cannot open his morning paper without discovering that important events are happening in every country from China to Peru. Isthmian canals, trans-continental railways, ports opened up, islands or coaling stations seized by progressive or predatory Powers, boundary disputes, travels in remote lands, and many other like things of this present day, demand a richness of geographical knowledge that would have made our grandfathers open wide their eyes with astonishment. The craving for certitude in such matters has produced a demand for atlases, which have been brought out in infinite variety, both of price and quality. "The Century Atlas" (Newnes) is for the ordinary citizen the best of all. Its maps, which number 156, are in the finest style of the cartographer's art, by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, and are completely up-to-date, being from the latest surveys, while the text is full of instruction in regard to the world's resources, and the index and gazetteer are invaluable. The convenience of purchase is also very great, for the twenty-six parts are now being issued fortnightly at 6d. The work is rightly described as a "three-guinea atlas for 13s.," and it should be in every house.

The little brochure entitled "The Army and the Press," by an anonymous writer, has created a prodigious discussion, and has been talked about everywhere. Described by one great journal as "a violent and ill-judged attack," it has been received by others as raising a healthful breeze to clear away many a cobweb. It is certainly a trenchant contribution to a disputed subject, written by one who knows what he is writing about, and who has no difficulty in proving that many newspapers have fallen into a method of erroneous treatment due to ill judgment. The author regards the Press as having aided and abetted the British soldier in defying the King's Regulations, and is encouraged in the hope that the despotism it exercises may speedily be overthrown. Herein he has now a powerful coadjutor in Sir Redvers Buller. All this is extremely interesting, and the author will be the first to admit that the Press has exercised on the whole a most beneficial influence upon the progress of the war. By powerful demonstration of the necessities of the campaign as they arose, and by the patriotic and unflinching stand it took, it opened the floodgates of National and Imperial enthusiasm, and was a factor of the first importance in inducing the formation of the great Volunteer forces which have taken so notable a part. Nor is it to be denied that, by the publicity it has given to events, it has caused many abuses to be removed and many reforms to be introduced. It has been as the expressed opinion of the country, stiffening the back of the Government, and it has lent no ear to the pro-Boers, who have been vociferous in their appeals to sickly sentiment. Nevertheless, there is a very great deal of truth in what the author of "The Army and the Press" has to say, and his scathing remarks upon the newspaper critics of the war and his general indictment are both vigorous and powerful. The case is cleverly argued, and the pamphlet deserves to be widely read.

Allusion has already been made in these pages to the admirable set of three-and-sixpenny volumes known as the "Our Neighbours" Series (Newnes), in which the life and character of Continental peoples are being discussed and described by competent writers who know them intimately well. Spain and Italy have yet to be treated, but the volume on "Dutch Life in Town and Country" has just appeared. It justifies all that has been said in praise of its predecessors, and at this time, when the Dutch people are so often mentioned in relation to the South African War, this pleasant picture of them is extremely interesting. In short, it gives an excellent and trustworthy picture of life in the Netherlands, and, as an evidence of the accuracy which distinguishes it, it is mentioned that the English chaplain at the Hague has read and advised upon some of the proofs. The illustrations are excellent, and the volume is a very welcome addition to a fascinating series.

While Messrs. Newnes's books are under our hand, there is one among many that shall not be omitted from this page. It belongs to the "*Country Life* Library," and emanates from the office of our attractive contemporary. "Lilies for English Gardens" is its title (10s. 6d.), and the authoress is that skilled authority, Miss Gertrude Jekyll, who made her fame by her beautiful book on "Wood and Garden." The lily, that queenly flower of our gardens, is with most people as much a favourite as the rose, and, coming at different seasons, they fill together a large space in the garden year. Who would not like to fill his garden with lilies? There are difficulties and discouragements, perhaps, but they disappear with the growth of knowledge. Miss Jekyll herself once felt the need of a simply written treatise as to what, and where, and how to plant, and it is such a book that she has given to her readers, complete and excellent. With her experience before him no gardener can fail. The information is concise, and there is a highly interesting synopsis of instructive replies to an enquiry as to how various lilies thrive in various places. As to the book itself, it is a joy to possess it. Here are portraits of individual lilies of every kind, pictured with a beauty and freshness that would be hard to surpass. A beautiful subject is treated in a truly beautiful book, which is the first ever devoted to lily culture, and which, we think, must be popular with all who love their gardens.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 252.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1901.

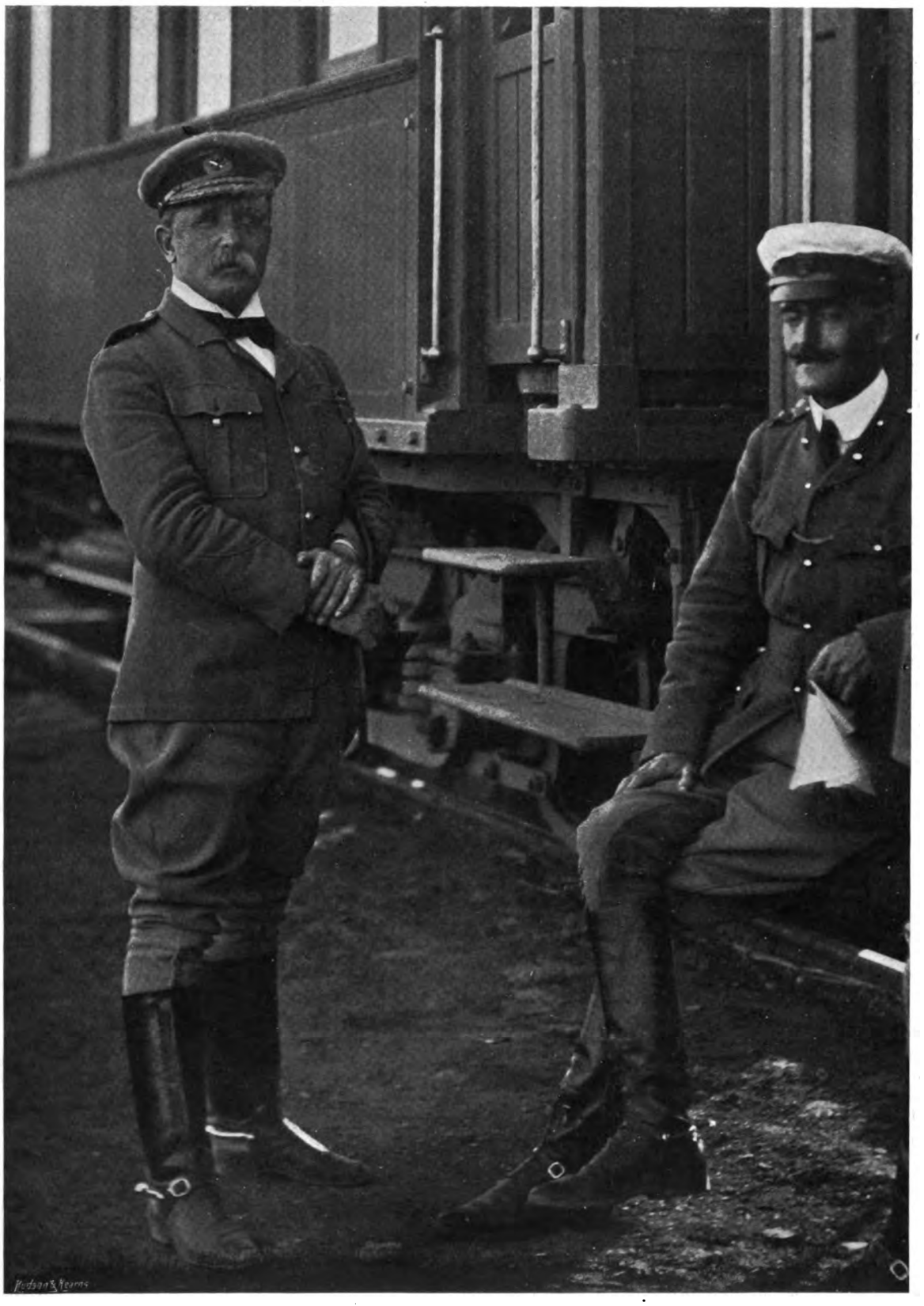

Photo. Copyright. *Edgcumbe.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.B.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE NEW CHIEF OF THE 1ST ARMY CORPS.

Very little difficulty will be experienced in recognising as the chief figure in the above group the great cavalry leader who will shortly assume command of our most important military centre at home. General French's career, which commenced in the Navy, and has included a long spell of brilliant cavalry service, is sufficiently well known to render recapitulation unnecessary. But a special interest is attached to this portrait group, as it was taken at Beaufort West on the day that the news of Sir John French's appointment to Aldershot reached South Africa.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

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*** *The Christmas Number of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued next week. Orders for this Double Number (price One Shilling) should be sent in to the Publishing Offices (as above) at once, to avoid disappointment.*

War Made in Earnest.

WE have told here before the story of the young Napoleon Bonaparte and the street fighters, but it is a story well worth telling again and well worth recollecting. Bonaparte as a lieutenant was told off to suppress gangs of citizens who were raising barricades and threatening serious trouble. He at once turned guns upon the nearest party of them, and swept them away with grape-shot. Some well-meaning "humanitarian" offered a remonstrance, urging that gentler measures would have served, to begin with. "My plan," replied (in effect) the future Emperor, "was the humane plan. I stopped this fighting once and for all. If I had done what you propose, it would have gone on for a long time, and would have had to be put an end to by cannon all the same."

De te, fabula, we would say to the people of this country and to the Government they have chosen to conduct their affairs. "Thou art the humanitarian!" Would that some Napoleon had been at hand to teach us wisdom from the first. War in its nature is a cruel and bloody business. It is useless to try to wage war as if it were a nursery game. There has been much talk about the war in South Africa having been conducted in a more humane manner than any other war on record. It would be far more to the point if we could boast of its having been finished more quickly than any previous campaign. When a nation is forced to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword, its aim ought to be to kill as many on the enemy's side as it can in the shortest possible time. It is only illustrating the proverb that in certain circumstances it is the truest kindness to be cruel. It is beyond question cruel to be kind, if kindness prolongs war and adds to the number of those who suffer by it. "War made in earnest," says an old writer of the time of the Commonwealth and Restoration, a writer who knew by experience of hard fighting what he was talking about—

> "War made in earnest maketh war to cease,
> And vigorous prosecution hastens peace."

What the country is asking itself after more than two years of fighting in South Africa is whether we really are making war in earnest even now. We certainly did not begin by vigorous prosecution.

> "We boasted, girding on our swords,
> As those who lay their armour by."

We accepted ridiculously low estimates of the numbers that would take the field against us, and of the doggedness and skill with which they would hold out. When we did realise the task before us, and when we had acted upon that realisation, we were misled again by the sanguine expectation of Lord Roberts, who pronounced the war over as soon as we had occupied Pretoria. This was really the most unfortunate miscalculation of all, for we cannot yet see the end of the consequences which it entailed. One consequence which we can see is this—that it is now necessary to hunt down the Boers remaining in the field and to destroy their commandoes one by one. It is an unpleasant job; a job, too, that must take a long time and will lead every now and then to regrettable incidents, such as the defeat of Colonel Benson's rearguard at Brakenlaagte. But, if we are to finish thoroughly what we have begun, it is a job that must be carried through. The only question is, Are we doing it as quickly as can reasonably be expected?

Science has much to tell us in these days about the amazing power of hitherto unused explosives. Mr. de Bloch, who abolished war some little time ago under the gracious patronage of the Czar of All the Russias, was quite certain that people would not go on fighting when all you had to do was to mow them down in hundreds with some terrible substance ending in "ite." The difficulty about this is that soldiers now do not stand up in serried masses to be mown down. They spread out in open formation, and you have to catch and kill them one by one. Yet it is not only Mr. de Bloch who discusses the possibility of rapid development in the munitions of war. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his clever book, "Anticipations," also seems to have in mind, for use in the warfare of the future, more destructive chemical forces than the world has known up to the present. If these substances exist, why do we not make use of them? Of course, there would be an outcry; we should be even more violently denounced for our "barbarous methods"; but sensible persons would think of Napoleon and the street-fighters, and take no heed of denunciation. After all, many things are done in war nowadays which were once regarded as lying without the rules of the game. War, indeed, is a game that has no rules, or, to be more correct, it is a matter of desperate earnest, and not a game at all. Supposing that some chemist could supply us with a powder suitable for use in South Africa—a powder that would in some way kill the Boers who are still offering resistance, either by discharging missiles at them more effectively than the explosives now in use, or by blowing them up, or by stifling them with noxious fumes, or by stopping their vital organism with deadly vapour—supposing we had a substance of this nature, should we not be justified in using it and so hastening peace? Those who in a general way long to see wars cease in all the world should be glad of any change that makes war more terrible. Those who are particularly anxious for the war in South Africa to be concluded would welcome any proposal for bringing it to a satisfactory close.

Why then cannot we make an effort to get hold of such means of destruction as Mr. Wells talks about, and Mr. de Bloch, and other writers who know a little about science and think they can read the future like an open book? Let the War Office make it known that anyone producing a substance which will help us to clear off the Boers shall, instead of being snubbed, as inventors usually are, be handsomely rewarded. Let a prize be offered and a series of tests instituted—we live in a competitive age. Let us see if we cannot press into the service of the country all this vague scientific knowledge that we hear so much about. If we do not succeed, let us at any rate hear no more about scientific possibilities in this direction for some time to come.

THE identification of the Patron Saint of England and of the "Most Noble Order of the Garter" has given rise to much heart-burning and bitter controversy. The popular representations of the celebrated fight with the dragon are founded on the ballad in Percy's "Reliques"; others say that the story is simply a variant of St. Michael's victory over Satan. A daring writer in the seventeenth century threw the cold water of doubt on the whole legend:

> "To save a mayd, St. George the dragon slew;
> A pretty tale, if all is told be true.
> Most say there are no dragons, and 'tis said
> There was no George; pray God, there was a mayd."

Probably George was a real person, born of noble Christian parents in Cappadocia. Becoming a soldier, he attained high military rank under Diocletian, but resigned his commission in consequence of the pronounced hostility of the Emperor to Christianity, for which act of contumacy he was beheaded, and thereby qualified for canonisation as a saint. Much confusion has arisen between him and his namesake, the Aryan Archbishop of Alexandria (early fourth century). Even Gibbon, in the "Decline and Fall," describes the latter as the Patron Saint of England. According to Ashmole, King Arthur ordered the picture of St. George to be borne on his banners. Solden also speaks of him as the Patron Saint in Saxon times. Richard Cœur de Lion is said to have invoked his aid in the first crusade. In 1222 it was ordained that his feast should be kept as a national festival, and in 1330 he was adopted as Patron Saint of the Order of the Garter. The dragon comes into the story at a later period, and is merely an allegorical representation of the triumph of Christianity over error and sin.

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THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST-CLASS CRUISER "MONMOUTH."

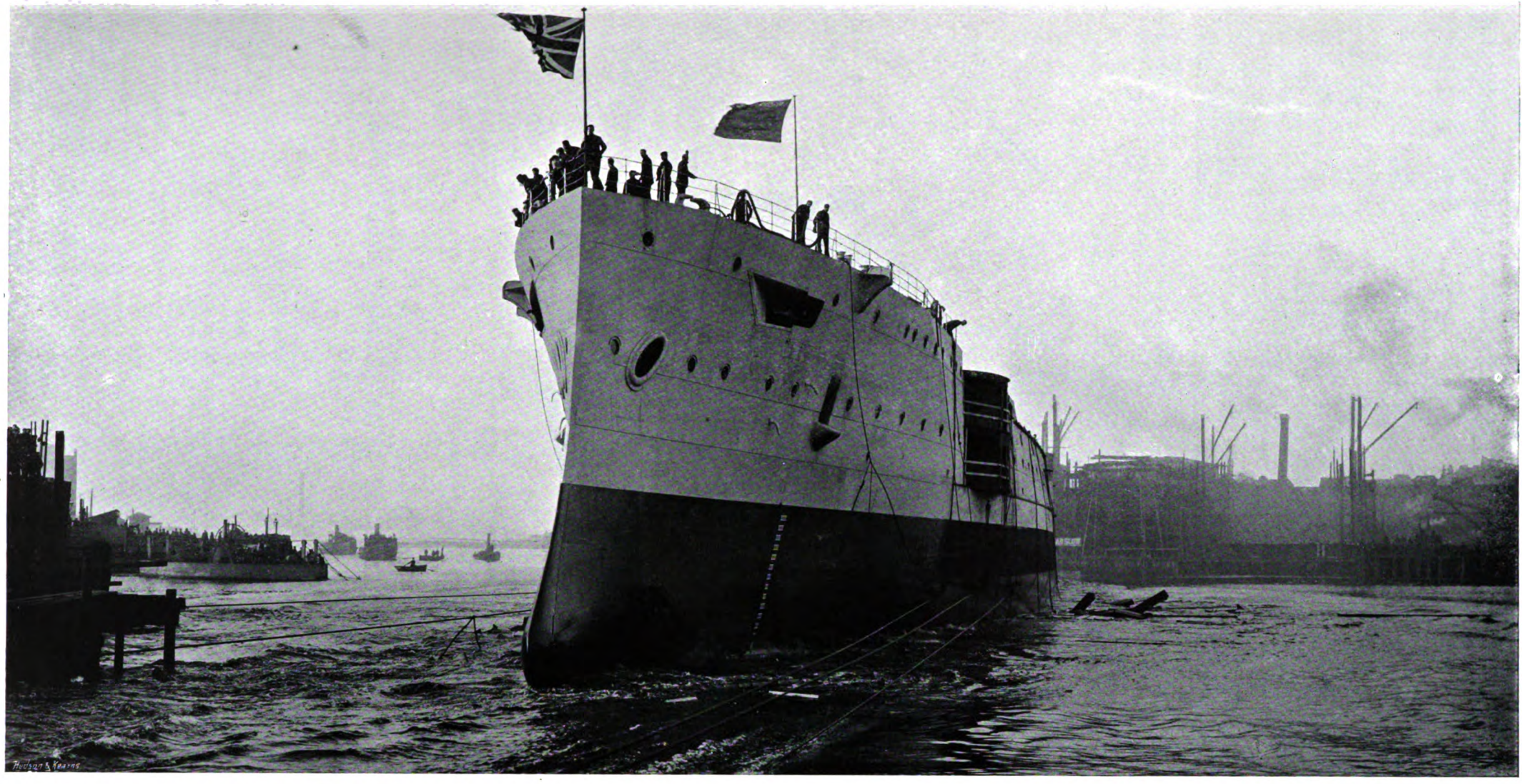

Photo. Copyright. *McClure, McDonald, & Co., Glasgow.*

THE HARDEST FIGHTER OF THE FLEET.

Perhaps no other man-of-war's name in the King's Navy can boast of such a record in battle honours as that of the "Monmouth." There have been six ships of the name (our illustration depicts the launch of the seventh), and between them they have taken part in twenty or more big battles. No flag could carry the complete record of the innumerable actions in which "Monmouths" of old did exceptional and daring work before the enemy at sea. It was said of the fourth "Monmouth" that "there was no ship she ever chased that she did not overtake; there was no enemy she ever fought that she did not capture." For instance, the big 84-gun-ship "Foudroyant," the crack ship of the French Navy, was captured by this same "Monmouth," which was only a small 64-gun-ship. In the battle in the East Indies with Suffren on April 12, 1782, this same "little black English ship" distinguished herself, and it is recorded that her captain was wounded in the face in two places, his hair set on fire, two bullets went through his hat, and his coat was torn off his back by shot, while at one time during the engagement there were only four men left alive on the "Monmouth's" quarter-deck. She was fighting five ships at once. It will be thus seen that the name brings back into the fleet the one second to none for brilliant associations and memories of heroism.

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The Measurement of Targets and the "Navy and Army" Trials.

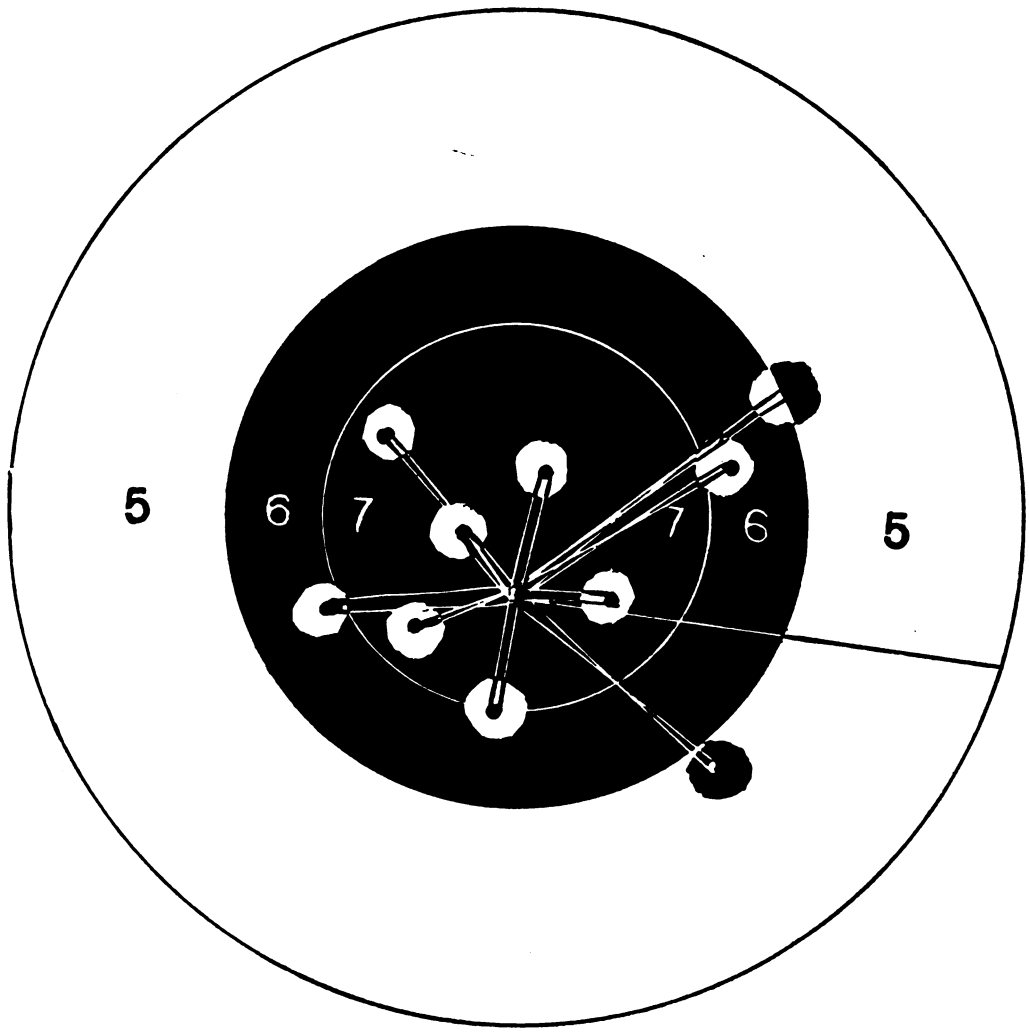
By G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

IT will be remembered, perhaps, that when the results of the NAVY AND ARMY rifle trials were given, it was stated that one of them was still unknown, because the three best targets made by Mr. Rosling tied as to points with the three best made by Mr. Holmes with nitro powders. When this is the case, it is always usual to invite each competitor to select a spot from which to measure the average deviation of the shots. This method has lately been editorially challenged in the newspaper whose sometime editor, the late Mr. Walsh, used it to great advantage, if he did not actually invent it. The statement made was that there was no necessity for a selection, because the point which would give the best results could be mathematically found by the very simple rule given in the Musketry Instructions for finding the centre of impact. Unfortunately, the best point to measure from to give the average deviation of the shots and the centre of impact are two entirely different things, intended for different purposes, and the challenge of the late Mr. Walsh's method of finding the centre, which is adopted by the whole of the gun trade, assumed that they were one and the same. The point to measure from is not a very difficult one to find, and is probably arrived at a good deal quicker when the proper tools are used than is the finding of the centre of impact according to the Musketry Instructions.

By far the greatest difficulty in measuring a target comes from the inability to find the exact centre of each bullet-hole. It has at Bisley been the practice to measure between the point selected by the shooter and the edge of the bullet-hole; and in order to do this it is only necessary to thread a string or a bit of cotton through each hole and back to the centre between each. This gives the distances doubled, but it only requires one measurement instead of ten. Then the division by the number of bullet-holes gives the mean distance of deviation. But this method has very rightly been objected to, on the ground that it is greatly in favour of the big bores, and it is said that they have won when a measurement to the centre of the shot-holes would show that the accuracy had not been the most true. Of course, there is an advantage in a big bore, which will hit a vital spot that a smaller rifle, shooting as straight, would miss; but then there is a disadvantage in weight, which is the accompaniment of the big bores, and for this reason it is believed that the measurement should be done to the centre of each bullet-hole. This was proposed to me before the Cricklewood trials, by Mr. Jeffery, of Queen Victoria Street, and he proposed finding the centre of the bullet-holes by inserting brasses turned to the correct size of the holes and with an indicated centre on their base. This has a disadvantage in practice, because every different sized rifle would require a different set of brasses for the measurement of its targets; moreover, each shot-hole has to have a measurement to itself, whether it merges into other holes, and will not hold the brasses as a consequence, or not.

In experimenting with the targets from Cricklewood that had to be measured, I hit upon a plan of measuring from the centre without, in fact, having to find the exact middle of each shot-hole.

The plan I at first adopted is shown in Fig. 1. Having found the common centre of the diagram, a pin was passed through it into another clean target, placed behind it for the purpose. Then each bullet-hole in turn had a pin passed through its middle as nearly as it was to be observed. When this was done the top target was lifted off, and the pins remained in the clean target below. Then, having made a loop at one end of a piece of cotton, I passed the loop over the centre pin, and then the cotton round each pin in turn, and brought it back round the centre each time before carrying it on to the next pin. When the whole ten had been done the total deviation was, of course, just half the length of the cotton, and the mean deviation a twentieth part of it. That was so if the exact centre of the shot-holes had been hit off. In Fig. 2 the shot marks have been found upon a clean target in this way, and then they have been painted in, but they were found to be out of truth very considerably, and the original target was laid over them again; and in order to render it unnecessary to find the exact centre of the shot-holes, pin-holes were made in the under target close up to the edge of the shot-holes in the original diagram; two holes were made for each shot-hole, one as near to the selected centre point of the diagram as possible, and the other as far away as possible. A cotton loop was attached to the pin in the centre as before, but the cotton was passed through the other pin-holes, and brought back to the central pin on the other side of the target. The feature of this measurement is that by alternately using the nearer pin-hole (representing the inside rim) of one shot and the further off one of the next (representing the outside rim of the shot-holes) you get measurements the same as from the centre of the shot-hole of each target, as, instead of including the radius each time the cotton is passed to and fro the diameter is included every other time. Incidentally, Fig. 2 shows how very much out of truth the other method can be, as the painting of the shot marks was done with every intention of being correct. This method again doubles the distance, so that when the cotton is drawn out and measured, one twentieth of it again represents the average deviation of the shot-holes. I found this plan not only very much the quickest, but much more accurate than any other.



"NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED" RIFLE TRIALS.

Winning Target, Fig. 1.

The necessity for great accuracy arose in the competition for the three best diagrams made with nitro powders. Mr. Rosling's three targets having the same number of points as Mr. Holmes's three, each competitor was asked by me to point out the centre from which to measure. Mr. Holmes did so at once, but Mr. Rosling was good enough to say that he preferred to leave it in my hands. Had there been any certain method of finding the centre, I should have been delighted to use it, but there is not.

[*Continued on page* 261.]

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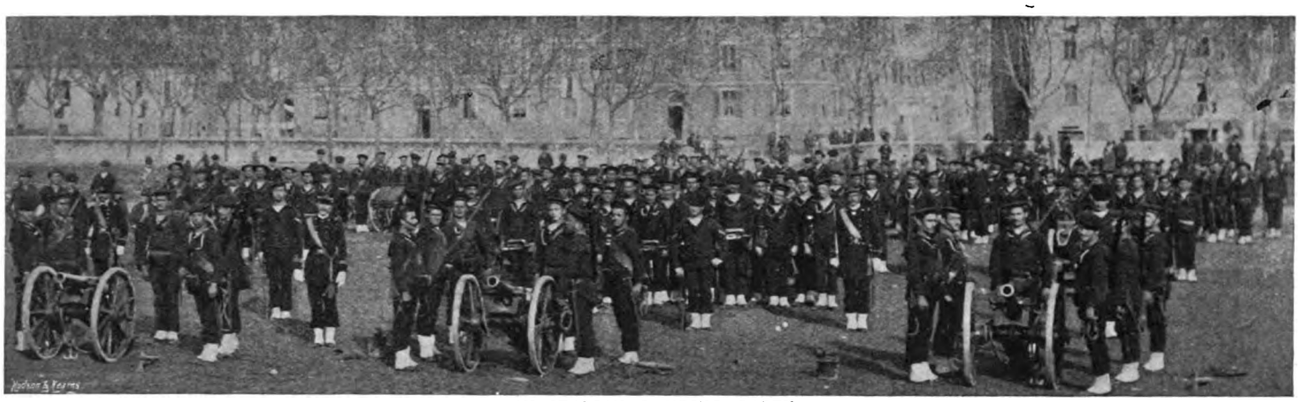

AN ITALIAN LANDING PARTY.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

A NUMBER of incidents, some of them insignificant in themselves, but occasionally very serious, and collectively of the gravest meaning, have taken place within the last few months in France which deserve the attention of all admirers of universal compulsory military service. There is no need to follow the bad example set by too many of the French papers, and treat these things with excessive attention. The Socialists, who hate "militarism," quote them as proofs that a general revolt which will bring the whole system to ruin is just beginning. On the other hand, the Nationalists are burning to show that the Republic has destroyed the Army, and so they make the most of what evidence they can get to demonstrate that they are right. Still, though both these classes of commentators are much more emphatic than they need be, it cannot be denied that events have happened which inspire considerable doubt as to how far an Army is really the better for sweeping into its ranks great crowds of men who were never meant for soldiers, and to whom military life is odious. And this, be it observed, is what universal service inevitably does. France supplies a particularly good case in point. It is, of all the countries of the world, the one which applies universal service most thoroughly. It draws fifteen per thousand of its population into the ranks, as against the eleven per thousand drawn by Germany, and the six or eight per thousand drawn by Russia, Austria, or Italy. Moreover, it is rich, and includes a large educated class, which revolts against barrack life, and, what is even more serious, a great mass of town workmen, who detest restraint and dependence.

* * * *

One of the incidents referred to took place in the Haute Loire. A battalion of infantry was halted in a ploughed field in a downpour of rain, while the colonel and officers took refuge in a farmhouse. The battalion consisted largely of Reservists, who, for the most part, came from the same town, and were drawn from the factory hands. They grew furious at what they not unreasonably thought inconsiderate treatment, and there and then began singing the Carmagnole and the Hymn of the International. It is said that numbers of country people who were standing around joined them. When the colonel heard the noise, he came out of the farmhouse, and was greeted with hoots. Then his men raised the butts of their rifles in the air, and finally shouldered their knapsacks and marched off to quarters, leaving their officers behind. This in itself is no very unprecedented incident. A few years ago a Bavarian battalion unanimously refused to be carried in cattle trucks during manœuvres. We may also remember a little passage in the recent history of His Majesty's Guards. In the old Naval wars there were cases in which ships' companies, overwrought by the strain of blockade, were seized with fits of hysteria. A sensible authority in such cases generally recognises that the best course is to send the battalion or ship's company away to do other work, wipe it out, and say nothing more about it.

* * * *

The French incident, over and above the fact that it is only one of several explosions of irritation, has had peculiar features and consequences. In the first place, it is noteworthy that the soldiers began to shout political sedition. In other words, they did not merely resent harsh usage by a particular officer, as soldiers and sailors have occasionally done at all times, but they denounced the whole military institution, and they had the sympathy of the bystanders. Then when their twenty-eight days' service was over, the mutinous Reservists received an ovation from the town to which they belonged. The Government did not venture to punish the whole body, and the colonel was removed from his command. On the whole, one has to come to the conclusion that this unpleasant affair was the most violent of various signs of a growing impatience with the hardships of military service. Other signs of the same sentiment are by no means wanting, and every now and then we get indications that it enjoys a good deal of general sympathy, in spite of sonorous shouts of "Vive l'Armée," and serious assurances that the Army is sacred.

* * * *

A curious example of this has been given by the acquittal at Auxerre of a M. Hervé and other journalists, who were accused of insulting the Army in a Socialist paper called the *Pioupiou de l' Yonne*. *Pioupiou* is the French for Tommy Atkins. Now if saying that the soldier's business is essentially vile and brutal, if accusing all officers of being cruel tyrants, if exhorting the soldiers to refuse to fire on strikers, or on their fellow German and English workmen in case of war, amount to insult to the Army and sedition, then the *Pioupiou de l' Yonne* was insulting and seditious. M. Hervé was a member of the Government Professional Staff which teaches in the Lycées, and he wrote over the signature "Sans Patric." He is a highly educated man, and his articles are thoroughly lucid, passionate, and readable. It is obvious that M. Hervé is driven rabid by the mere idea that he may be subordinated to a mere Army officer or sergeant. Neither can there be any dispute that the paper was engaged in a persistent attempt to bring about mutiny. It published a catechism for the soldier which its agents distributed to the conscripts, who for their part received it with cheers. If ever there was a clear case of "insult to the Army" and deliberate attempt to ruin discipline, it was this. But M. Hervé and his colleagues were instantly acquitted by the jury at Auxerre. One cannot believe that this would have happened if they had not had a good deal of sympathy.

* * * *

One asks one's self what must happen to an Army containing elements of this character, and affected by such teaching, if it is subject to a heavy strain by an unfortunate war. Victory covers all. The danger would come with defeat, or even with the failure to secure quick success. It is not only in France, the natural home of revolution in this epoch, as England was in the seventeenth century, when she was the stock dreadful example of political instability and want of discipline, that such affairs happen. Even docile Germany, in its milder way, protests and explodes occasionally. The reason, or so it seems to me, must be sought in the very nature of the much-admired system of compulsory universal military service. It sweeps into the ranks thousands of men who are not even physically fit for soldiering. When great

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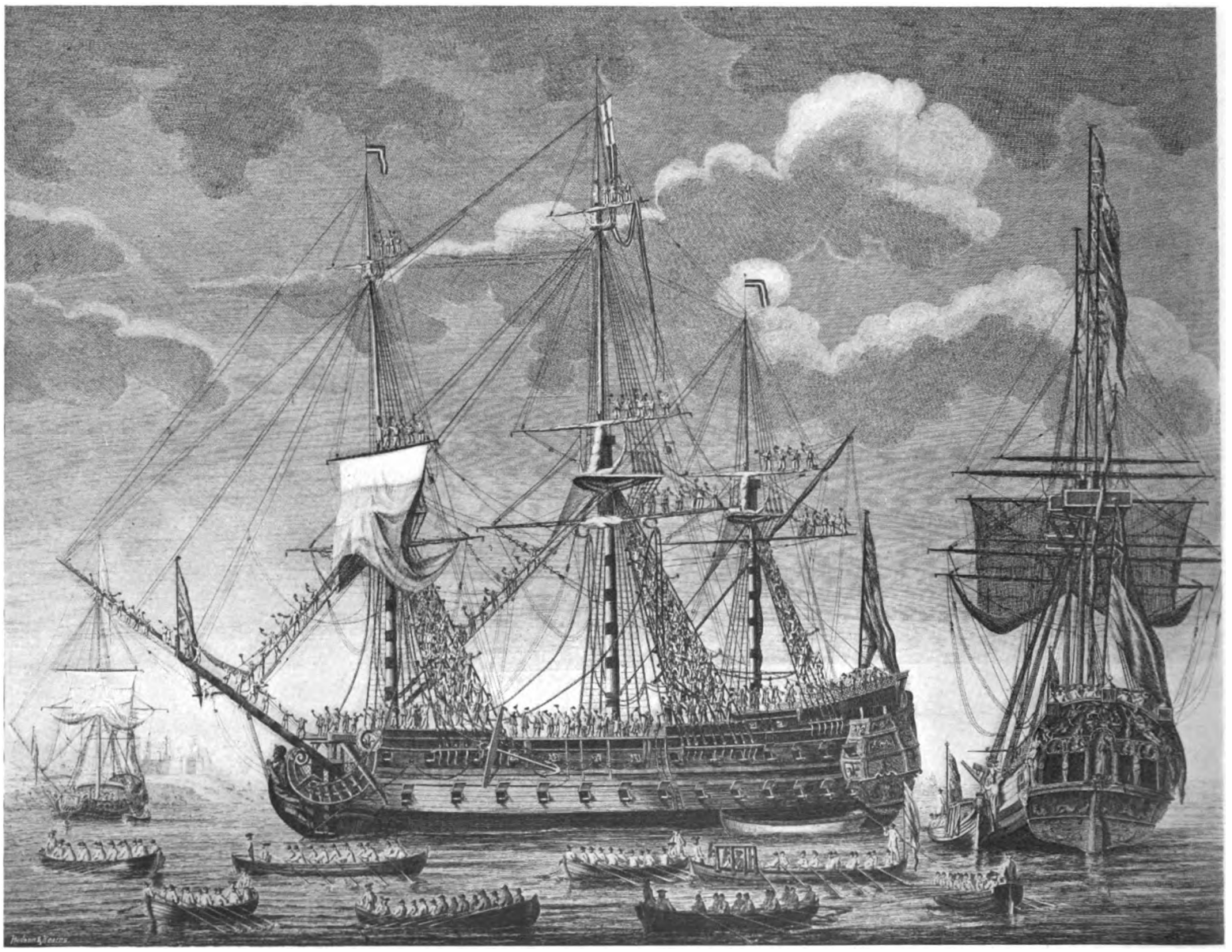
numbers are required, the doctors are told not to be too particular; and in France it has certainly been the case that they have passed numbers of poor creatures who turn out quite incapable of bearing the burden, simply because the contingent must be made up somehow. Then it includes great numbers of others who are morally unfit by education and habits of life. It is useless to preach to them eloquent generalities about their duty to their country. They call this cant, and say that they know better what is best for the country. Utilitarian arguments are of no effect with men to whom the institution only brings suffering. It is idle to say that a thing is of use to those who know by experience that it is of no use to them. The old religious argument which told men that it was their duty to serve their King and country, and that even if they escaped in this world, they would be punished for disobedience in the next, can no longer be trusted. The rebellious elements in the population of Europe to-day have lost all religious belief, and laugh at the mere mention of a future life with rewards and punishments. Force and fear alone can control them, and the answers to force and fear are discontent, intrigue, and, when occasion serves, mutiny. A volunteer Army has at least this to be said for it, that it is free from these elements, and therefore exempt from a terrible internal danger.

* * * *

Finally, there is another defect inseparable from universal service. For mere reasons of economy it must be short. No State can draw 1 per cent., and still less 1½ per cent., of its population to the colours and keep them there for five years or so. The expense would be prohibitive, and the loss to industry ruinous. You may, if you are very rich, maintain that proportion of volunteers, because they are usually no great loss to industry, being the adventurous element of the race. What is impossible is to take your men haphazard from the whole population, and keep them for a long time. But the necessity for thorough training remains just what it was when the service was for five or ten years. What is the result? It is that the three years of training which are required to make a finished soldier have to be compressed into a half or a third. So there is a furious incessant drive. The sergeant bullies the men, the company officer drives the sergeant, the colonel excites the company officer, the general of division stimulates the colonel, and the War Office cracks the whip over the general. It is a case of "the stick began to beat the dog," etc., and all are trying to get three years' work done in eighteen months. Now, as human nature, like every material, will not stand more than a certain amount of strain, and gives at its weakest part, the universal service Armies break where the weakly and the semi-rebellious are to be found. The difference is that human nature does not only break—it breaks out. The time comes when it starts singing the Carmagnole and turns the butt of its rifle in the air; and that is an awful moment for the State, for it means that a plank has dropped out of the bottom, and that the water is rushing in.

AN ANCIENT USAGE OF THE SEA.



MANNING YARDS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The incident here depicted is the embarkation of George II. in the Royal yacht "Caroline," attended by Lord Anson and the Board of Admiralty. Dressing ship and manning yards in honour of such an occasion as this is as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, but some curious differences will be seen from the custom as it is known in our own time. The gunwale and rigging are "well hung with men," but apparently there are not sufficient for more than one side of the yards. The vessel shown is the "Intrepid," originally the "Serieux," taken from the French in May, 1747.

From an engraving after R. Short.

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SERGEANT, VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

PRIVATE, VICTORIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.

IN the issue of this journal for the 16th inst. quotation was made from a letter written by "A Late N.C. Officer, South African Mounted Field Forces," who asked whether there is any society or institution willing to assist ex-Colonial Volunteers now in London to obtain employment. This correspondent stated that the Soldiers' Help Society and other kindred institutions do not extend assistance to ex-members of Colonial corps. It is only fair to say that the assistant-secretary of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, 17, King Street, St. James's, S.W., has since written to the *Times*, in which the above-mentioned letter appeared, and has explicitly stated that the society does help such cases, and has helped some hundreds of Colonial Volunteers, in various forms of employment for the able-bodied, free homes for the sick and wounded, and monetary aid in approved necessitous and deserving cases. Our own views on the main point at issue have already been stated, and need not be reiterated. But one cannot help regarding it as singularly unfortunate that "A Late N.C. Officer, South African Mounted Field Forces" should have made an assertion which is evidently quite unsupported by fact, and which may have done a great deal of harm by creating an entirely erroneous impression. We may be sure that the great majority of ex-Colonial Volunteers will strongly deprecate attempts to excite sympathy and procure assistance by such questionable means. Incidentally, some of them may find it useful to take note of the address of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, for the guidance of comrades if not for their own purposes.

General Sir E. Y. Brabant is now on the Staff in Pretoria, having resigned his post as Inspector-General of the Colonial Defence Force. It is somewhat to be regretted that his tenure of the latter appointment, which was only created last January, should have been such a short one, for he was pre-eminently the man for it, and his name and reputation carried very great weight. But we may take it for granted that his services will be fully utilised at Pretoria, where his local knowledge and extended experience should be invaluable to Lord Kitchener. Talking of this most distinguished Colonial officer reminds the writer that the Quarterly Official Army List, the big red "Birthday Book," as it is sometimes called, makes no mention of the war services of officers of the Colonial Forces—an omission which ought surely to be rectified. Not even officers who have won the Victoria Cross, as, for instance, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Hartley, who is now Principal Medical Officer of the Colonial Forces in South Africa, and in command of the Cape Medical Staff Corps, were included so late as last January in a record to which they ought most certainly to have the right of entry. Another matter for complaint is the fact that some of the regimental lists of these Colonial Forces are very much out of date, those for the Cape of Good Hope, for example, and for South Australia, being only corrected up to July, 1899. If the Colonial Forces are ever to be brought into permanent and close association with those of the Mother Country, attention will have to be paid to important details of this sort, and the War Office cannot begin too soon to arrange that the war services of men like Sir Edward Yewd Brabant, who is graded as a Brigadier-General in the Monthly Army List, should be duly noted for public reference.

A little "feeling" is said to have been aroused because the command of the late Colonel Benson's column was not given to Colonel Wools-Sampson, who so admirably conducted the fight, and brought the column out of action, after Colonel Benson's lamented death. It is understood that, as a matter of fact, Colonel Wools-Sampson does not desire a command, preferring to remain in the Intelligence Department, in which he is doing splendid work. But the good sense of Colonials should help them to understand that, while an individual officer may happily rise to sudden and brilliant distinction on an occasion of this sort, there are considerations which may render it undesirable that he should permanently supersede officers of considerable seniority who have been worthily serving their country for the past five-and-twenty years. Colonel Wools-Sampson, it will be remembered, was one of the first officers of the Imperial Light Horse, which for some time he commanded. He has done excellent service, but to put him in charge of a column which under Colonel Benson included a battalion of Highlanders and a battery of Field Artillery would, to say the least, be placing the officers commanding the two latter units in a wrong position.

Before leaving Montreal *en route* for England, Lord Strathcona made some plain-spoken remarks on the suggestion that he should be appointed to the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, a suggestion which he characterised as a most mischievous one. In his view any abandonment of the present system, under which peers of ability are appointed by the Home Government to represent the King, would only result in weakening the tie which binds Canada to the Mother Country. It will be remembered in this connection that a more guarded utterance of a similar tenor was recently made in connection with the appointment of a successor to Major-General O'Grady Haly, commanding the Dominion Militia. It is probably natural that strong self-governing colonies should from time to time be seized with the idea of making all their own arrangements, especially in matters relating to defence, in which to some extent they pay the "pipe-majors" whom the Mother Country appoints. But level-headed, broad-minded men like Lord Strathcona do their colonies a very great service by pointing out that there are incidental considerations which must not be lost sight of in this connection, and that the present system is really a cheap one for the Colonies. For it gives them men not only of experience, but also independent of local politics, which have a curious knack in the Colonies of creeping into corners in which they can do no good, and are apt to prove exceedingly mischievous. If the Canadians can, for instance, find a better all-round man than Major-General Sir E. T. Hutton, whom they had from August, 1898, to February, 1900, by all means let them have him, if he is willing to serve, as Commandant of their Militia. But such men are not always available, even in our own Army, the officers of which have in hundreds of cases had the advantage of a much more varied experience of war than could possibly fall to the lot of the officers of any Colonial Force.

With reference to the question of independence, a very recent report on the defences of New Zealand is interesting evidence of the wisdom of the plan of appointing officers of the Home Army to these Colonial commands. The report in question, judging from an abstract which has just been published, is a singularly plain-spoken document, which it is not too much to say could hardly have been put forward by any local officer without creating a storm of indignation. Yet Colonel Penton's remarks will probably be received with the great respect to which they are entitled, because the New Zealanders know that in him they have an utterly independent as well as experienced adviser, and that he is being succeeded by another independent and capable man, who will assuredly repeat all Colonel Penton has said if it seems necessary to do so. Surely there is virtue in a system which, at any rate, makes for "straight talk" instead of prolonging a residence in fools' paradises. No self-respecting colony should object to being told that, while its raw material is excellent, its equipment is sadly deficient, and its training altogether faulty, assuming, of course, that it is so. Yet it is human nature to gird at such criticism when it is offered by a local officer, who may thus seem to be arrogating to himself a superiority to which real practical experience hardly entitles him

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The China Association recently held its annual dinner, with Sir Thomas Sutherland in the chair, and the occasion was marked by an excellent speech from Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, and a warm tribute paid by Colonel Pipon, Royal Artillery, to the Australian Naval Contingent, as well as to the Indian troops, employed in China. There were two sentences in Sir E. Seymour's response to the toast of the Imperial Forces which merit special attention here. There was probably no part of the world, he said, where the Navy had so much to do with British commerce, and those gentlemen who conduct it, as China. Again, it was pleasant to think that the British flag generally went in the van of British commerce, and that when he was out there our gun-boats were the first to go up the Yang-tse and the West River. That is a singularly modest estimate of the debt which our countrymen settled in China owe to the British Navy, and yet it is a useful reminder of the great fact that in our actual Colonial expansion, as well as in the maintenance of our Imperial security, the Navy has played a part to which no history as yet written has given due prominence.

It is permissible to hope that this strangely interesting association of the fighting Services with Commerce may receive particular illustration in the highly important Colonial Exhibition which is to be opened at the Royal Exchange in February next. Quite apart from the purely industrial and business aspects of this great show, there is surely room for indications of the fact upon which Sir E. Seymour so happily laid stress, namely, that trade follows the flag. A single series of exhibits showing the growth of some well-known colony through the various stages of early conquest, tribal risings, trade enterprise, and settled administration would be, indeed, an object-lesson of singular educational value, as well as of truly Imperial interest.

TASMANIAN VIGNETTES.

TASMANIA is the smallest and most healthful of the seven Australasian colonies. The discoverer, Abel Janszoon Tasman, who arrived there on November 24, 1642, named it after the Governor of the Dutch Indies of the time—Van Diemen. The first settlement, however, was made from Sydney in 1803, and in the following year a penal colony was established at Hobart. Up to 1824 the colony was subject to New South Wales, but it was then made independent. That event occasioned a protest being made against the continuance of the importation of convicts, but this had to be repeated for nearly a generation before it was rendered effective in 1853, when also the colony was renamed after the discoverer. The main island is well watered, picturesque, and varied, with high mountains and fine valleys, and numerous rivers and lakes. This has gained for it the name of the "Green Isle." Its latitude and insular character give Tasmania a peculiarly temperate and genial climate. In summer the hot winds of Australia are much tempered by the passage of Bass Straits; while the extreme winter temperatures range only between 20-deg. Fahr. and 44-deg. Fahr., which, without ever being too cold, give the colonist what he is ever desirous of experiencing—namely, a touch of genuinely English Christmassy weather. The autumn, however, is the pleasantest season, with a mean temperature of about 57-deg. Fahr.

WINTER AT MOUNT WELLINGTON.

A typical Christmas scene in Tasmania.

A TASMANIAN HOMESTEAD.

Recognising portraits of friends in South Africa.

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When gold was discovered in Australia in 1851 a rapid emigration from Tasmania to Australia took place. This naturally gave a great check to its prosperity, but for years now it has been prosperous and steadily progressing. The minerals found are copper, gold, tin, coal, and silver. Wool, wheat, oats, and hay are largely produced, and agriculturists are beginning to turn their attention to fruit and hops. There is now little of the log-cabin style of habitation among the Tasmania colonists. They have left all that far behind. For example, the picture given of a colonial homestead shows us a well-built villa, apparently possessing every modern necessity of life, including the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. The colony has a well-trained Volunteer force of about 2,280 officers and men. From this Tasmania contributed forty-five men to the Federal contingent sent by Australia to the Cape after the British reverses of two years ago, and a few months later raised 100 more for the new contingent asked for by the Imperial Government from the Australasian colonies.

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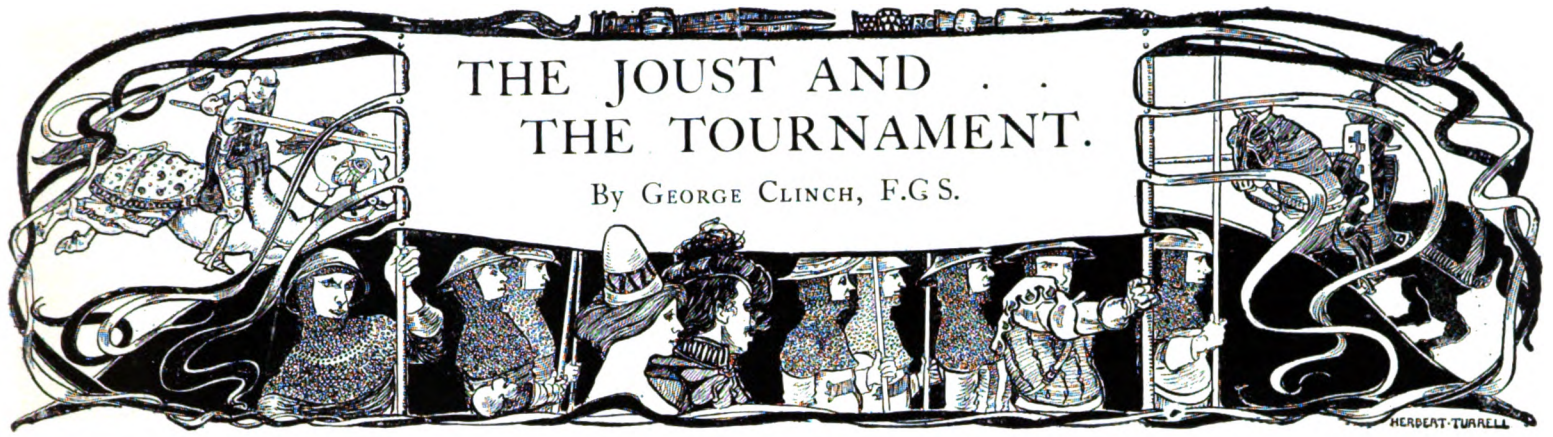


THE JOUST AND . . THE TOURNAMENT.

By GEORGE CLINCH, F.G.S.

IT is often urged as an objection to the present methods of warfare that individual courage and prowess count for much less than they did when battles were fought in hand-to-hand fashion, and when coming unscathed through a fight depended upon the strength, skill, and powers of endurance of the combatant.

There is a good deal to be said for this view, although it is not wholly true. As warfare is now carried on, the brave and the strong must sometimes fall by the bullets of cowards and weaklings stationed hundreds of yards away, whilst by the strange laws of chance those who are least perfectly equipped, and in every way inferior in skill and training, escape sometimes unhurt from the encounter. On the other hand, it cannot be questioned that bravery and insensibility to fear are as valuable on the battlefield to-day as they ever were.

In these articles an attempt is made to take a brief retrospect of a phase of mediæval life which illustrates the more pleasant and picturesque side of warfare, as it was practised before the use of gunpowder added to its terrors and revolutionised its methods.

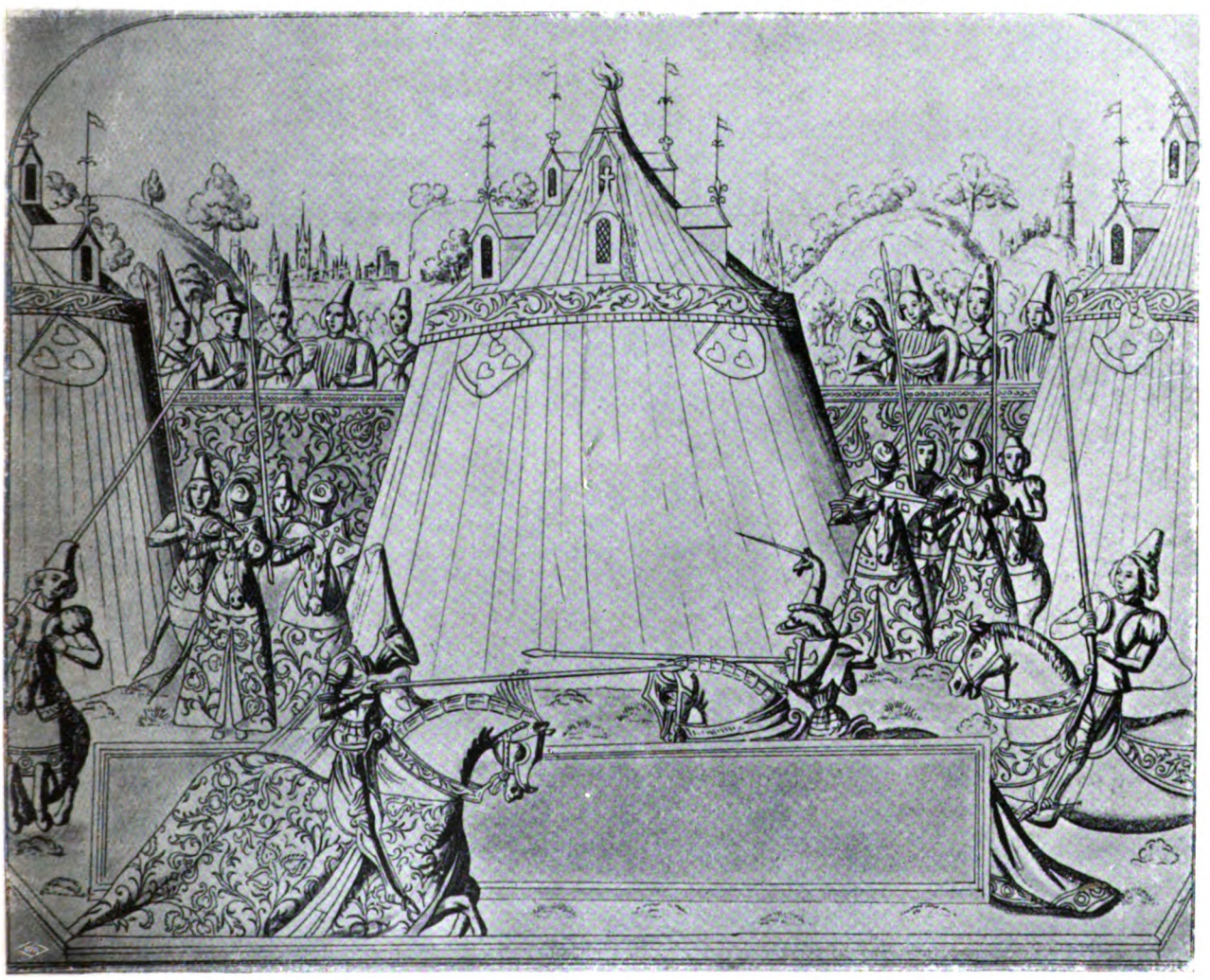
The tournament, the joust, and the tilt are terms often used, yet the popular conception of them is indistinct, and, indeed, the dictionaries give many different definitions of them, not always consistent, and frequently too comprehensive. Generally speaking, however, there is agreement in this, that the tourney or tournament was an engagement in which more than two, and frequently many, combatants took part, whilst the tilt and the joust consisted of series of engagements between one pair of combatants armed in turn with a variety of weapons, such as lances, swords, and axes. Sometimes these fought on horseback, and sometimes afoot. Usually these tournaments, as well as tilts, were encounters for the exercise of sport and the exhibition of skill, but they were also at times much more than mere sport, and terminated fatally.

The chronicles of the Middle Ages are full of graphic accounts of these military games, in which some of the most famous men of the age took part, and which all the most fashionable nobles and courtiers witnessed; and although they have long gone out of date, and are only popularly known by name in connection with a famous annual exhibition at the Agricultural Hall at Islington, there can be no doubt that they formed a very important phase of amusement in England and France, as well as other parts of Europe during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

Tournaments are said to have been first introduced into England in the year 959 by King Edgar. In the eleventh century they were common in France, and Geoffri de Preuilli, who died the year of the Norman Conquest of England, framed a code of laws by which they were regulated. He is said, indeed, to have been the first to introduce the tournament into France.

As opportunities for improving knights and esquires in the use of arms and the management of horses, tournaments were much encouraged by the kings and nobles. These encounters were not permitted without the sanction of the King, and when they were arranged for, a great many elaborate preparations had to be made. Generally speaking they were publicly proclaimed in the name of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The knights who were to take part in the encounters were very punctual for several days beforehand in hearing mass every morning, and as the day of combat approached their devotions were redoubled, and finally, upon entering the lists, each made the sign of the cross. The tournament in its best days was a serious and sacred undertaking.

During the time occupied in preparing for the lists, there were exhibited in the cloisters of a neighbouring abbey the armorial shields, helms, etc., of those who were desirous to take part in the tournament. There they were on inspection, as an old writer upon the subject says, "that they might be viewed by the lords, ladies, and young gentlemen to satisfy their curiosity, and a herald or



THE TILT FIELD AT ST. INGLEVERE, NEAR CALAIS.

Three French knights challenging all comers.

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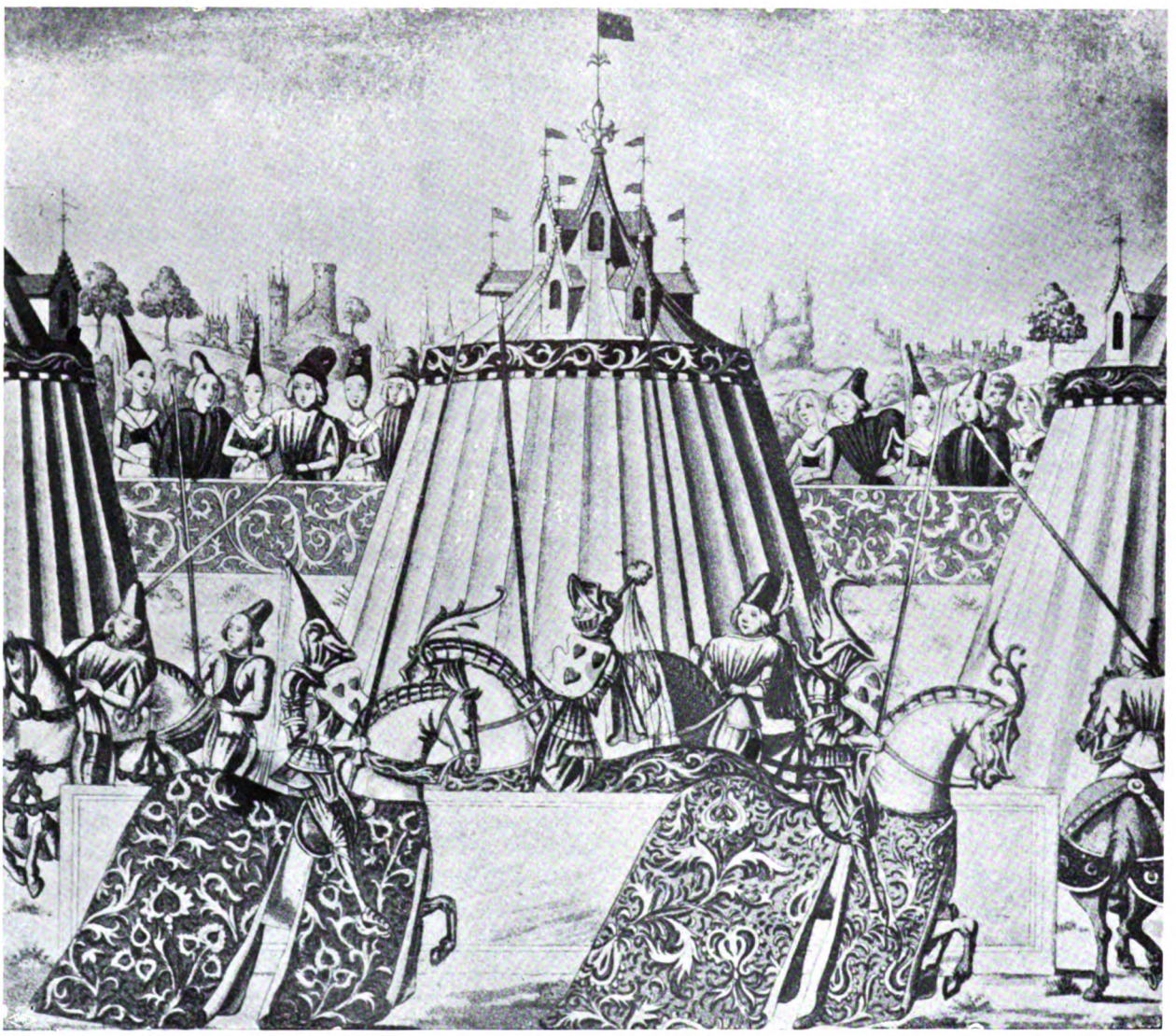
pursuivant-at-arms, named to the ladies the persons to whom they belonged separately; if amongst these pretenders there was found any one of whom any lady had cause to complain, either for speaking ill of her or for any other fault or injury, she touched the helmet or shield of these arms to demand justice."

Before giving an account of the methods of fighting at a tournament, it may be convenient to notice the arms and armour employed upon those occasions. The chief of the arms, the lance, has already been mentioned. It consisted of a long wooden shaft, furnished at the end with a metal head or point, usually made sharp; but when the aim was only to unhorse the opponent, and not to seriously injure or kill him, a less dangerous weapon, furnished with three divergent blunted ends, and called a coronal, was substituted. Even this weapon, directed by a man encased in heavy armour and mounted upon a war-horse, was capable of doing a good deal of mischief. But the sharp lance, whose object was to inflict deadly wounds at any point where the armour could be penetrated, was a much more formidable weapon, and armourers exercised all their skill in producing a protective covering for the head and body which should be capable of resisting it.

It is to this fact that we may ascribe the massive tilting-helm, often spoken of as an "iron pot." The epithet is less inaccurate than would at first be imagined, for the helm, or heaume, as it was also called, consisted of three or four plates of iron about a quarter of an inch thick and strongly rivetted together, the whole, exclusive of the crest, weighing from 15-lb. to 25-lb. On the fighting-side, *i.e.*, the left-hand side of the wearer, this helm presented no opening, and no flat surface upon which the lance could be struck. The whole head-piece was so arranged that it presented a series of rounded or curved surfaces which would cause the lance to glance off. A number of small holes or a little window on the wearer's right-hand side procured the admission of air, which must have been badly wanted during the exercises of the tournament. A simple slit in the front of the helm furnished the means of seeing, and this was skilfully placed in the upper part, so that by raising his head somewhat the horseman could cover it by a prominent ridge in the "iron pot," placed at a height answering roughly to that of the base of the forehead.

THE WATER JOUST.

A goodly sport.

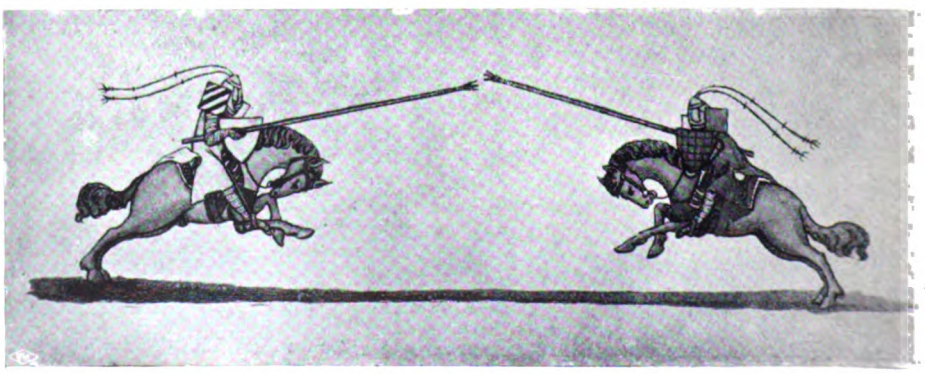


BRAVE MEN AND BRAVE DEEDS.

The tournament of the three French knights.

It is remarkable that very few of these tilting helms now exist. One, shown with the succeeding article, is preserved in Haseley Church, Oxfordshire, and weighs 13-lbs. Others remain at Ashford Church, Kent, Westminster Abbey, and the Museum of Artillery at Woolwich, and there are one or two in private possession. It may be noted that the helms which one sees hung over tombs in churches, although often of considerable antiquity, are almost always constructed of thin metal and have been made in such a way as to lead to the conclusion that they were never intended for any other purpose than that to which they are applied. They are, in fact, usually known as "undertakers' helms."

The head, it will be seen, was specially well protected by the helm, but the rest of the body was also covered by heavy armour, whilst the trunk had the additional protection afforded by the shield carried on the left arm. Thus accoutred, the knight rode forth to the lists, a fairly large space surrounded by stout timber barriers, and divided by a partition about 6-ft. high intended to keep the horses of the combatants apart.



WELL MATCHED.

Knights at a joust

[To be continued.

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A FULL-SPEED TRIAL.

By EUSTACE BERYLL.

THE captain paces up and down the fore-bridge of the battle-ship, stopping now and then to survey the scene below him. From his lofty point of vantage he can sweep his eye over the vessel from stem to stern and observe the progress of the preparations going on. A silent group of sailors are gathered on the forecastle near the capstan, and everywhere there is a faint suggestion of bustle and excitement; the air itself seems instinct with the sense of something important being about to happen. An explanation of what is going on is soon afforded by the appearance on the bridge of a tall officer wearing three gold stripes on his arm and a gold-peaked cap. His uniform distinguishes him as the fleet engineer of the ship. "Main engines all ready, sir," he says, with a smart salute, which the captain returns.

This fleet engineer is a man who for a score of years has devoted his life to the successful mastering of complicated machinery, and the history of the struggle is written now upon his face in a writing that all may read. He has a care-worn, serious expression, and there is an extra line to-day upon his wrinkled brow, for the "Venomous" is just about to start on a full-power trial for four hours.

It is our good fortune—my friend and I—to be guests on board the war-ship, and we look forward with pleasure to the treat in store for us.

At the fleet engineer's invitation we follow him down into the engine-room, and gaze around with wonder at the marvellous machine which he controls. He smiles at our evident awe and admiration. He must feel something of the pride which the owner feels in his racing steed; something of the joy which an artist experiences as he contemplates a choice creation of genius; and something, too, of the ever-present terror which a man must know who keeps a tiger as a pet. True, he has tamed this mighty monster of rods and cranks, of glistening steel and polished brass—but it is a dangerous and exacting servant. A single mistake, an error in treatment, and the brute may exact a terrible vengeance in the death and destruction, perhaps, of himself and others.

We pick our way carefully among the maze of machinery round to the starting platform, where stands an artificer, his hand upon a wheel, ready to open the big valve which admits steam to the engines. Here, too, is the assistant engineer, looking up at the row of gauges and dials just above his head. On these are shown the pressures of the steam, the vacuum in the condenser, and nearly everything he needs to know as to how the engines are working. The gauges are, as it were, faces upon which are depicted the invisible changes and processes going on inside the engines. Immediately below and all around are a cluster of levers, valves, voice-pipes, electric bells—a great nerve-centre from which the assistant engineer can control the entire machinery.

Suddenly, amid the busy hum of preparation, the telegraph gong rings, with a sharp, ear-compelling clang. The pointer swings round until the needle shows "half-speed ahead," and then, slowly and timorously at first, the machine begins to move, each second gathering strength and speed. Some little time yet must elapse before the engines will have worked up to the requisite speed for beginning the trial, and so we take the fleet engineer's advice and go for a walk round the stokeholds. We enter them through an air-lock, which is an ingenious arrangement of water-tight doors, made in such a way that one can go in and out without letting any of the compressed air escape. Overhead we hear the buzzing of the forced draught fans, which are busily whirring round, supplying "tinned air," as it is called, at a pressure equal to half an inch of water, or about one-third of an ounce per square inch above the ordinary atmospheric pressure. The scene is a striking one. There are four immense boilers, each one having four furnaces—cavernous mouths into whose capacious maws the stokers are shovelling great glittering masses of shining black coal, for only the best Welsh kind is used on these important occasions. A score of grimy-faced, perspiring men are toiling like fiends to feed the fires with fuel. A furnace door is thrown open, displaying to view a flaming vista of blazing coal, which emits a dazzling radiance and terrific heat.

On getting back into the engine-room, we find that the trial has begun. The engines are rushing round with a deep-toned roar, completing about a century of revolutions each minute. Surely there is something beautiful and something of poetry in the harmonious regularity of the motion. Steadily, relentlessly, and with irresistible force the piston-rods swoop down from the cylinders overhead. Down! down! they rush, until five feet of shining rod is exposed to view. For a brief, inperceptible moment each one stops, flashing and glittering in the glare of the electric light, and then ascends again. Back each is drawn into its home in the cylinder above—this mighty mass of metal—as though it were a feather. And so each does its allotted work, ever moving up and down.

Photo. Copyright. Hollis.

A CORNER OF A WAR-SHIP'S ENGINE-ROOM.

Ready to start on the trial trip.

Other parts may boast of the important duties they perform, but each of them does but borrow his power from another link in the vast machine. The piston-rod, with its piston, gathers strength from direct contact with the magic steam itself. Swinging round in front of us is a heavy crank. Up and towards us it surges, threatening and terrific to behold, and then away and down it goes, losing itself in the capacious crankpit. Scattered around and scintillating in the light are a number of brass boxes full of oil, and leading away from each of these are bunches of sinuous pipes. Like some living organism, the engines are eagerly absorbing the dark yellow fluid through a thousand pores.

Several stokers are attending to the many wants of the Creature, whilst over there the assistant engineer is carefully feeling the large bearings through which the crank shaft passes, to see that they are working cool. Well does he know the dire consequences of any heating up, for that is the way the strange monster has of showing its fierce resentment if there be any insufficiency in its oily diet.

We make our way next up the screw-alley, and admire the sixty feet or so of polished propeller shafting as it steadily revolves. At the end of the passage we can plainly hear the low-voiced mutterings and churnings of the screw propeller, swirling round outside the ship. Buried deep down in the darkness of its watery home, it is bravely battling with its terrific task. There are something like 12,000 tons dead weight in front of it, and it is pushing along through the water at twenty miles an hour this majestic mass of metal called a "ship." On coming out of the screw-alley our attention is attracted by a large bearing called the "thrust-block"—a curious affair of collars and horseshoe-shaped rings. At this point the entire power of the engines is focussed in order to give the push to the vessel to drive it along. As we pause a moment, fascinated by this piece of mechanism, we are suddenly startled by the "tong-tong" of the telegraph, as it rings out sharp and clear above the deafening din around us. This is the signal that the trial is at an end.

"Well, that's a good job over. We've got the power out of her easily, and everything has worked splendidly without a hitch." It is the fleet engineer who is talking to us, his face beaming with quiet delight. "Let's go to the ward-room and have a cocktail on the strength of it." And we go.

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STALWARTS IN BLUE.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory*

A SPIRITED DISCUSSION.

Very typical samples of the Bluejackets of the Royal Navy are the two who are here engaged in discussion under the lee of a turret. The one to the left is a leading torpedo-man, the other a petty officer, and evidently the subject in hand is one of professional interest. Irresistibly the sight of the stern muzzles protruding from the turret brings to mind the most recent of Naval disasters, the terrible gun accident on board the "Royal Sovereign," and its cause is probably their subject.

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GIANTS IN BEARSKINS.

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TYPES OF THE IRISH GUARDS.

It is no disparagement to our line troops in South Africa to say, what is universally admitted, that the toughest battalions now in the field are those of the Guards; nor is it to be wondered at, considering the physique of the men. Superb specimens of Guardsmen are the two sentries who figure in our illustration, and the Irish Guards may well be proud of them. Private White, on the right, stands 6-ft. 5-in., whilst his comrade, Private Jordan, overtops him by 2½-in.

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A CORPS D'ELITE IN ASSAM.

THE Surma Valley Light Horse is an Indian Volunteer corps that for smartness and efficiency has a reputation that is second to none Its members are drawn from the tea-planting community that occupy the Cachar and Sylhet districts of Assam. This fine corps came into being in 1883, when the planters combined to form a Volunteer corps for the protection of their tea-gardens, which were temptingly open to the looting raids of the wild tribes on the North-Eastern Frontier. It is modelled somewhat on the lines of our home Yeomanry, each man supplying his own horse, saddlery, uniform, etc., his arms being supplied by Government; there is also a permanent staff, including an adjutant, an Indian Staff Corps officer, and a sergeant-major and five sergeant-instructors, specially-selected non-commissioned officers of British cavalry. The corps has two uniforms, a working dress of khaki drill, and a smart parade uniform consisting of blue tunic, white breeches, blucher boots, and a white helmet. Each district has its own troop, which is again subdivided into sections, each under a section commander, and from the nature of the country—the tea-gardens are in many cases miles apart—these sections are very widely scattered. Orders are issued to each section commander, who sends them by runners to the men of his section. They are always ready for service, for each man always has in his possession twenty rounds of ball ammunition, the section commander having forty rounds per man in reserve, and a telegram from headquarters will mobilise at any point where their services may be required, and within twenty-four hours, a force of 200 men ready in all respects to take the field.

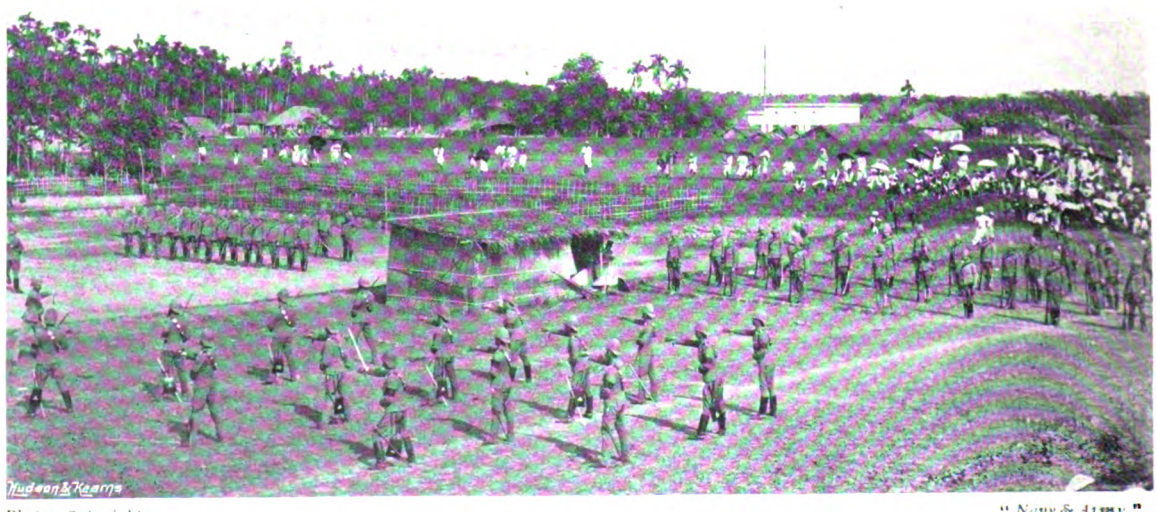
The motto of the corps is "Non sibi sed patriæ," and no body of men give themselves with more whole-souled devotion to their work, for it is nothing unusual for a trooper to ride thirty miles to attend a drill of three hours' duration. The Surma Valley Light Horse sent a strong contingent to the Indian corps that has done such splendid service during the South African War, viz., Lumsden's Horse; but this campaign was not its first field service, for a troop was employed in the Manipur Campaign of 1891. In South Africa it was in officers more especially that the corps showed up strong, and it was Eden Showers, who had but a few weeks before vacated the command of the Surma Valley Light Horse, who was selected to be second in command of Lumsden's Horse, only to meet a gallant soldier's death in that troop's first engagement.

WARDENS OF THE MARCHES.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. M. MacLaughlin and the officers, Surma Valley Light Horse.

THE SURMA VALLEY LIGHT HORSE.

On parade on the Silchar Racecourse. The officer in Lancer uniform is the adjutant, Captain Smithett, 15th Bengal Lancers



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PREPARING FOR THE REAL THING.

At drill and exercise. The squad doing the "sword exercise, dismounted," were the winners in the inter-troop competitions.

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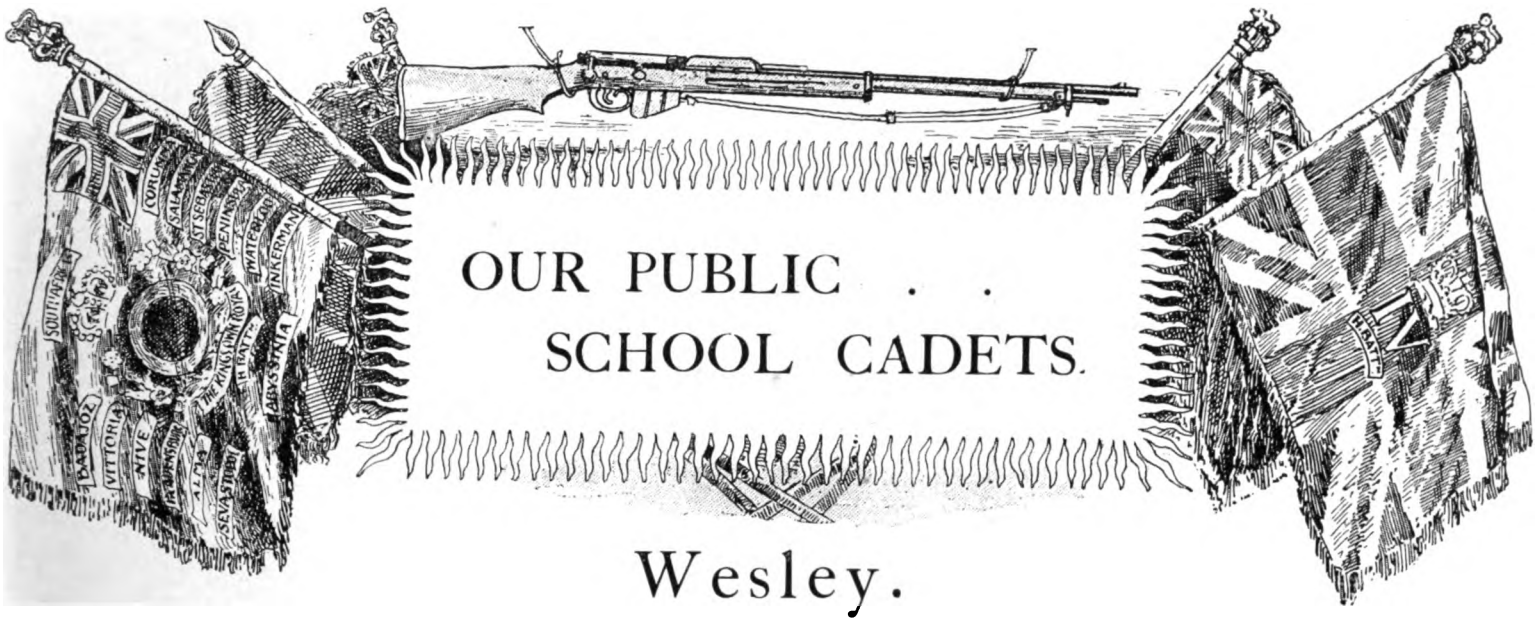


Wesley.

By CALLUM BEG.

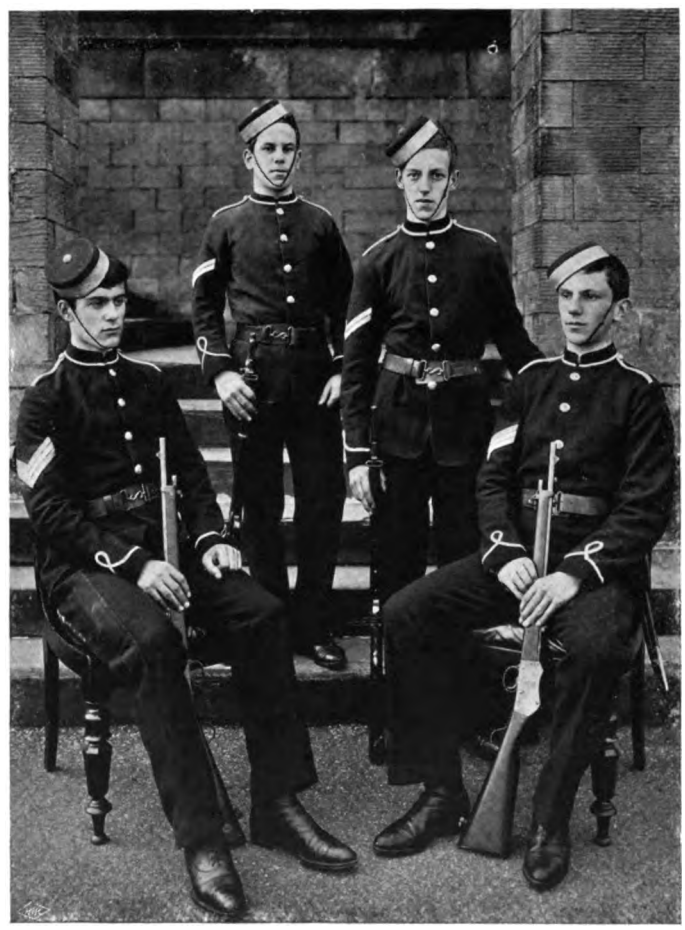
THE College Cadet Corps was formed some eleven years ago, when Dr. Findlay was head-master of Wesley College. The corps is attached to the 1st West Yorkshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers), and Sergeant-Major Dalton, R.E., attached to the adult corps, but, of course, belonging to the Regular Army, acts as instructor to the cadets. There are some two hundred boys at Wesley College, and about half of that number are in the junior school, and not eligible to be enrolled. The recruiting ground is therefore limited to about one hundred boys, and more than half that number are usually to be found in the ranks. As a matter of fact, for the last few years the numbers have kept very steady, and are at present fifty-three. The composition of the corps is two officers—a captain and a lieutenant—two sergeants, and two corporals, in addition to the rank and file. The officer commanding is Captain S. A. Richards, and his subaltern is Lieutenant J. H. West, formerly belonging to the Cambridge University Corps. The officers are always masters. The non-commissioned officers are selected from the ranks, and their names are Sergeant Finch, Sergeant Pierce, Corporal Cottrill, and Corporal Tomasson.

CAPTAIN S. A. RICHARDS.

The company is systematically trained, both in the duties appertaining to the special branch of the Service to which it belongs, and also in infantry drill and musketry. It parades in the grounds of the College, and is instructed in engineering duties and Morris-tube shooting at the headquarters of the 1st West Yorkshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers). Musketry is also carried out at Totley Range, where practice may be obtained with the Lee-Metford rifle. It may be observed here that the boys are not armed with that rifle, but use carbines having Lee-Metford barrels and Martini action. An arm of this kind is found to be more suitable for the smaller members of the corps. Intending recruits must be 4-ft. 10-in. in height, and have reached the third form.

The success which attended the formation of the corps, and which has continued to crown the efforts of its supporters, is proof of the fact that cadet corps if well managed may flourish although their numbers be small. The subscription is 4s. per term, and there is only an initial charge for regulation trousers, otherwise membership is free. The remainder of the necessary uniform, etc., is provided by the school, and the corps pays its way.

An officer who has had much to do with the success of the cadets at Wesley College, writing on the subject, says: "Since the war has aroused enthusiasm in military matters many new corps have sprung up of a more or less similar type, but ten years ago, I venture to think, we stood alone among schools of our size in possessing a cadet corps at all. It is now coming to be recognised that the formation of corps need not be left to our large public schools alone. A great deal may be done with very little expense. Our experience is that young boys—even so young as twelve or thirteen years—can be trained to become very smart little soldiers, and that the drill and discipline are most beneficial." The Wesley College boys do not encamp during the holidays, but go under canvas at the end of the summer term, about six miles from headquarters. All the cooking is done by the boys themselves, and they perform all the duties of soldiers. At the close of the encampment prizes are presented for shooting and general efficiency, as well as for the best kept tent. During camp, too, the corps is inspected by the Commanding Royal Engineer, North-Eastern District—this year, Colonel Greene, R.E. He expressed himself delighted with the smartness of the boys and the efficiency of the drums and bugles, and at his request an order was published to that effect in the corps orders. A most interesting incident took place at the inspection parade, when Colonel Greene discovered, much to his surprise, that one of the boys, Corporal Cottrill, was wearing the South African ribbon. On enquiry he found that this youthful soldier had been at school in South Africa at the commencement of hostilities, and being a member of a school cadet corps took service in the Natal Ambulance Corps. He served under Sir Redvers Buller in the relief of Ladysmith, and was several times under fire. Later he came to England in a hospital ship in charge of wounded, and afterwards proceeded to Wesley College to finish his education. The case of Corporal Cottrill is, we think, unique.



Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Sergt. Finch. *Corpl. Cottrill.* *Corpl. Tomasson* *Sergt. Pierce.*

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Several old members of the corps have also served in the war. Prominent among those was Lieutenant George Barnsley, who commanded the service section of the Sheffield Engineers, and who on his return was given a hearty reception, in which the Wesley College Cadet Corps took a prominent part.

Within the past year a bugle band has been formed, in addition to the drum and fife band. There are now eight buglers and four drummers. The bugle is more easily learned than the fife, and demands less knowledge of music, and this is recognised as an advantage in the case of a school, where the changes are many and frequent. The uniform is similar to that of the Volunteer Engineers, with the exception that the belts are of buff leather. The headmaster, Rev. V. W. Pearson, B.A., takes a lively interest in all that concerns the corps, and arrangements are now being made for Morris-tube practice to be carried out in the school grounds.

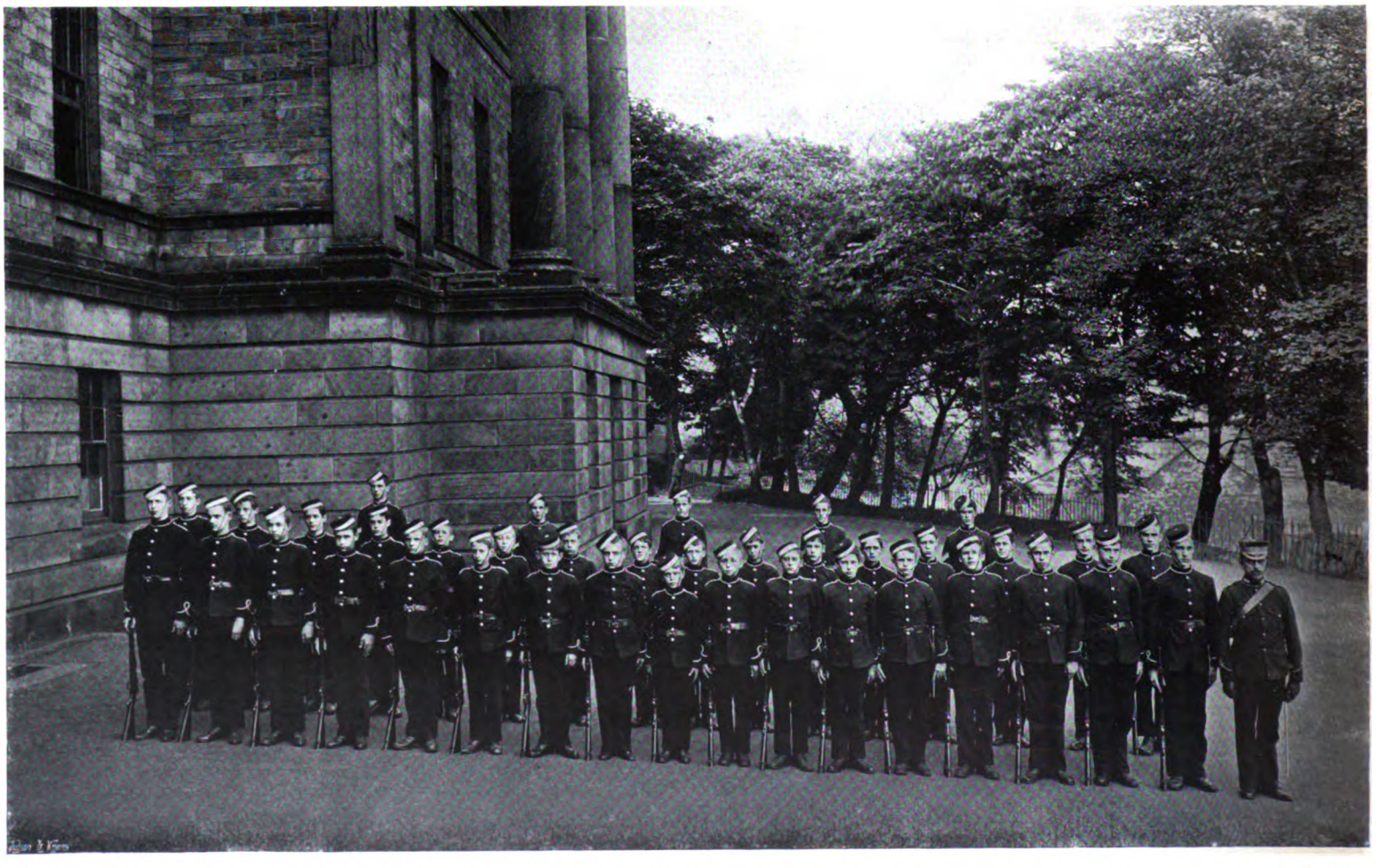
WESLEY COLLEGE CADET BAND.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Fearnehough, Outram, Allott, ii. (big drum), Sellars, and Pearson, i. Front row standing: Pearson, ii., Bramall, ii., Black, ii., McElligott (side drum), Allott (side drum), Horsfall, Cullabine, and Shipham, ii. Seated: Coward and Rose

This will give the cadets every facility for practising with miniature ammunition at their own headquarters, and will obviate the necessity of travelling to and from the headquarters of the 1st West Yorkshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers). They will thus be able to obtain more frequent practice, for the range being for the use of the school exclusively will be at all times available, and it will be in the power of the officer commanding the corps to say at what hours the range will be open for practice.

From the lower illustration on this page our readers will be able to form some idea of the appearance of the Wesley College Cadet Corps when drawn up on parade. Although the minimum height is 4-ft. 10-in., as already observed, it will be seen that there are not a few boys who are far beyond that standard, and all alike are smart and soldierly in their bearing.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, Haileybury on July 20, Cheltenham on August 3, Stonyhurst on August 17, Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September 7, Rossall on September 21, Sherborne on October 5, Eastbourne on October 19, and Whitgift Grammar School on November 2.*]



Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

A SMART BODY OF VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

The corps on parade.

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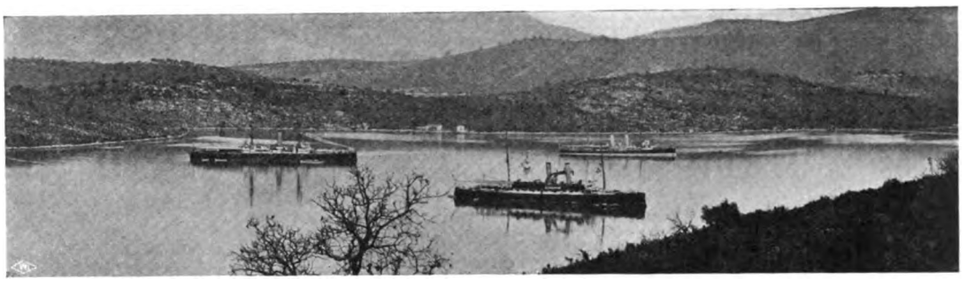
DRAGGING A FOG-BUOY.



THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," "THETIS," AND "VULCAN" AT PLATEA.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

LOYAL and hearty congratulations to Queen Alexandra on her birthday! Many must be the tokens of national rejoicing, bespeaking the love and reverence of English people for the gracious lady who has long been for them the type of noble womanhood. Queen Victoria, with simple heart and kindly manners, came very near to her people, but Queen Alexandra has had opportunities of winning the devotion of her husband's subjects greater even than those which fell to our late beloved ruler. As Princess of Wales—never failing in any public duty—she has constantly been in touch with all classes of people, and her quick womanly sympathy has identified her with many a movement for improving the position of the poor and alleviating the misery of the suffering. Thirty-eight years have passed since she came to our shores as a bride—"bride of the heir of the kings of the sea"—and Tennyson voiced the feelings of the country in his welcoming verse at the time:

> "O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
> Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
> For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
> Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
> We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee."

The hopes then fixed upon Alexandra, Princess of Wales, are crowned with fruition in Queen Alexandra. We have often celebrated her birthday, but now, for the first time since she came to the throne. The occasion should truly be a joyous one, and while we honour the day, let us, with heart and voice, cry out "Long life unto Her Majesty!"

THE City of London has many times honoured itself in honouring great and illustrious personages, and the visit which the Prince and Princess of Wales are to pay to it on Thursday should live in its annals. Never before has London identified itself in such a special manner with the Empire at large. It becomes, on this occasion, the veritable heart of King Edward's dominions, because the intention is to celebrate the return of the Prince and Princess from their memorable journey through the Empire. It was a journey undertaken with an imperial object, and made glorious by the manner in which it powerfully helped to strengthen the bonds of Empire. What a marvellous sequence of events will the City celebrate in welcoming the Prince and Princess of Wales! It will celebrate the quickening of a sense of patriotism that is in some ways new, and that brings to more glowing life the spirit of personal devotion to the Crown. The small community which keeps watch and ward and plies its trade under the sun-scorched hills of Aden, the thronging masses who greeted the Royal pair at Ceylon and Singapore, the teeming millions of enthusiastic men and women who acclaimed them in the prosperous cities of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, have all felt this quickening pulse of Imperial life, and no man can doubt that the events of the past few months have tended to cement for ever the union of hearts which is the pledge of stability in the Empire. Therefore, when the Prince and Princess appear in the City of London next week, they will come as no princes have ever come before, and thus it is that the occasion should hold a high and individual place among the brilliant scenes in which the annals of the City are rich.

THE spirit that makes for Empire is unfortunately not to be found implanted in every Englishman. There are still some few who remain purblind and "parochial." An example of this narrow-minded spirit has lately been brought to our notice, and deserves to be cited as a warning. It might have been thought that, in this beginning of the twentieth century, we should all have been united, even if pro-Boers, in a common cause with generous sympathy, and that no man could exist who would not welcome the military spirit budding in the hearts of young Englishmen. Unfortunately it is not so. We lately published, with great pleasure, an illustrated article upon the cadet corps at Stonyhurst College, which is attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion East Lancashire Regiment. We surmise that this came to the notice of a Mr. Alfred A. Fowler, for a gentleman of that name shortly afterwards wrote to Lord Roberts a letter of singular character in relation to the corps. We have rescued the fact from the obscurity of the *Family Churchman*. It is both melancholy and ludicrous. He suggested to the Commander-in-Chief that this particular corps might become a danger. Stonyhurst was "the Jesuit stronghold in England," and he emphasised the fact "that all Jesuits are sworn enemies of England, and not only so, but legally outlaws." We are not here concerned with creeds or parties, but Mr. Fowler's attitude is manifestly intolerable, and the impertinence of his letter received a fit reprimand in a dry official communication from Lord Roberts's secretary. The character of the aspersion appears the more remarkable when we remember that Stonyhurst College has given to this country many brilliant members of every profession and branch of the public service, and not a few who have laid down their lives for King and country in South Africa. That such a spirit of insulting bigotry should exist at all is deplorable. Fortunately there are few Englishmen who are not sufficiently broad-minded to denounce it.

A RECENT traveller, who has passed overland from China to Europe, by way of the Nan Khou Pass, the Great Wall, and Kalgan to Urga, found many traces of the recent Boxer troubles, which led to interesting conversations with the Chinese merchants. They had some unpleasant stories to tell of the behaviour of certain European troops new to Asiatic warfare, while they expressed unbounded admiration for the Japanese, placing next after them our own Indian Cavalry, who have been traduced. This high opinion of the Japanese bears out all that has been said of their conduct during the Boxer outbeak, and completely justifies their adoption into the comity of nations. The relation Japan bears to the mainland of Asia, and to the Pacific Ocean, is so like that which the British Isles hold to Europe and the Atlantic, that we cannot but be interested in whatever concerns these "Englishmen of the East." It was, therefore, with great gratification that we heard their Army described as a pattern of what an army should be, both in organisation and conduct. The Japanese papers, it is true, are beginning to say that too much has been spent upon it, and that new efforts must be devoted towards Naval expansion. The Naval situation is at present considered satisfactory, but unless a fresh programme be launched, the Japanese will be outstripped in the race. However, there is every reason to believe that the coming year will bring a new wave of advance, and that the Naval activity of the Mikado's Government will remove any apprehensions that may exist in his dominions. The foresight which organised and disciplined the Army is not wanting in the conduct of Naval affairs.

THE barbarity that was referred to will not surprise anyone who had closely observed the progress of events in China. It is well remembered how at Niu Chwang last August the Russians killed at least 1,500 Boxers and others, putting to death men, women, and children without compunction. The tale of Manchuria is also fresh. We cannot close our eyes to such shocking events. They occur in too many places. Mr. Brodrick lately disclosed the extreme barbarism of the Boers in their dealings with natives in South Africa—a disclosure, we may remark, which did not

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seem to send an adequate great thrill of horror through the ranks of Boer sympathisers. Military operations are disfigured by such outrages, and the wonder is that the British soldier has borne himself so well, even in his dealings with foul and implacable adversaries. He has proved himself a gentleman, as many have testified. The bitterness of the Germans against Mr. Chamberlain should not astonish us. It is beyond all doubt that the course they pursued in the war with France far exceeded in severity the policy adopted by Lord Kitchener, which is not to say that it was unjustifiable. But they have been so long charging us with unheard-of crimes, which have no foundation in fact, that they naturally prefer not to find our actions, painted in such colours, justified by their own.

ONE fault there certainly has been in our management of affairs, and it is a fault that all of us deplore. Up to the end of October 261 officers and 10,425 of the rank and file had died of disease in South Africa, while over 50,000 had been invalided home. It has been impossible to stay that terrible epidemic of enteric fever, which appears to have had its birth in the Modder River. Already we have referred to Dr. Leigh Caney's proposal to create a Royal Water Corps, whose business it shall be to provide pure and sterilised water for troops in the field. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way, as was explained at the Royal United Service Institution. But, however great they may be, no effort should be spared to surmount them. The stake is too great for us to allow any opportunity to be neglected. Lord Dundonald has been working in the same direction, and has expressed the opinion that if the advice of men like Dr. Caney be attended to, thousands of lives will be saved in wars to come. Dr. Conan Doyle has also supported the idea, and there can be no doubt that the time has come when some practical steps should be taken to remove a great reproach, as well as a great evil, from the operations of war.

CONCERNING THE COASTGUARD.

ONE of the saddest incidents of the destructive gale that swept over the country from November 12 to 14 was the loss of the coastguard cruiser "Active." This unfortunate vessel, which was a yawl of 131-tons, had been cruising round the Shetland Islands during the autumn (our illustration depicts her lying at anchor in Lerwick Harbour, Shetland), and had come into the Firth of Forth at the close of her cruise. On November 11 she anchored a mile and a-half to the north-east of Granton Pier, Queensferry. The gale got up on the following morning, and at 3 a.m. on Wednesday morning the disaster occurred. It was high tide, when the gale appeared to have reached its height, that the vessel dragged her anchors; the tiller was smashed, and the signals of distress were not seen. Then the cables parted, and in an incredibly short time the "Active" was carried before the hurricane to Granton Breakwater, where the dock officials were appalled to see her rising above the wall of granite on the crest of the billows. Out of twenty-two persons on board only three were saved. Mr. Culley, the chief officer, who leaves a wife and six children, resided at Granton, and was drowned almost at his own door. It is not generally realised that our Coastguard have thus to face the perils of the deep on the deep itself, though everybody is aware that at shipwreck they do yeoman service with the rocket apparatus from their stations ashore. Quite recently the Board of Trade life-saving apparatus, with which they are equipped, has been reinforced by a new type of waggon, which boasts many improvements on the older patterns, including that of carrying more rockets. The above illustration shows one of these new waggons, which are manufactured at Bristol, as possessed by the Pett coastguard station. Pett is a village on the English Channel, four miles south-west from Winchelsea. From Chick Hill, in this parish, the French coast may be distinctly seen in clear weather. The coast in this neighbourhood has ever been notorious for its tremendous storms. In many parts of Pett various ancient trees, still in a sound condition, have been dug up; these are supposed to have been buried since October, 1250, when the sea overwhelmed and destroyed a large tract of land. No wonder, therefore, that Pett coastguard station is one of the largest in the kingdom, with its staff of seventeen officers and men, and unusually commodious edifices.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A NEW WAGGON FOR LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

Supplied to the Pett Coastguards.

Photo. Copyright. *Abernethy.*

THE ILL-FATED COASTGUARD CRUISER "ACTIVE."

Became a total wreck on Granton Breakwater.

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OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE MADRAS PIONEERS.

A RATHER mixed train of reflections and memories begins to form itself in my mind as I read the recent order as to the abolition of shoulder chains as an adjunct to the service dress of our regular Cavalry. Shoulder chains were worn by the Indian Native Cavalry long before they became general at home, and in that force they serve a distinct and practical purpose. For the Native cavalryman is very fond of that extremely effective cut which is performed by riding swiftly past an opponent and disabling him by a "nick" on the shoulder, which, while it is calculated to put the man who receives it rapidly and completely *hors de combat*, enables him who delivers it to ride on and treat perhaps half-a-dozen others in the same way. The shoulder chain in this case is an excellent protection, at any rate against a comparatively light sabre, as the essential idea of the cut is that it should not be a deep one, of the "chin to chine" order, but rather, as I have put it, somewhat brutally, perhaps, a "nick," from which the sword can be quickly extricated.

Doubtless the idea of abolishing the shoulder chain at home arises from the growing tendency to make the cavalryman more of a mounted infantryman, and the gradual depreciation of the sword, not only among ourselves, but all over the world, makes the shoulder chain something of a superfluity for troops who in action will have little to fear from "nicks" such as those described above. But I should be sorry to see shoulder chains taken away from the Native Army, just as I should be sorry to see any undue attempt to convert our glorious Native Light Cavalry into doubtful Mounted Infantry. We have already regularised the old irregular mounted corps almost past recognition, and this is probably as far as we can safely go. The Indian trooper is in most cases a light cavalryman born, and in that capacity he may be moulded to meet almost any requirement. But if you once begin to "dragoonify" him, in the accurate sense of the word—for the old dragoon was an early attempt at mounted infantry—you will begin to interfere with predilections and natural tendencies which are the growth of centuries, and which no mushroom notions of up-to-date war will ever effectively supplant.

Talking of regularising the Native Cavalry, there is a good story of Cureton's Mooltani Horse—now the 15th Bengal Lancers—which I have told in print before, but which I daresay is new to many of the readers of these notes. Cureton's Horse, which has since been brought to a high pitch of smartness and discipline, was at one time a distinctly irregular corps, which it was considered unsafe to allow the luxury of charging, except, of course, in action, so "out-of-hand" did the excited troopers become. One day, however, the regiment was inspected by a general lately out from home, who did not know the Mooltanis and their little ways. He insisted on seeing the regiment charge, and, after respectful expostulation, the commanding officer resignedly gave the word of command. The effect was splendid. Away went Cureton's Horse, sabres flashing in the air, the men "hurrooshing" like a pack of liberated demons. In a few moments the parade was bare save for the presence of the general and a few spectators, and bare it remained. For the Mooltanis once started could not be stopped by any disciplinary means. Some came back to quarters in a few hours, after having merely charged as far as the next village, but the story goes that the regiment was not properly collected till the next day, during which troopers, tired but happy, kept dropping in by twos and threes.

At the risk of seeming discursive, I pass from this "irregular horse" incident to a remark which the late Sir William Hunter once made to me as we were riding together on an elephant down in the Central Provinces. A native passed us on a small country-bred pony, and I made some observation on the immense amount of work that could be got out of these animals. "Yes," said Sir William, "and I think it is very seldom realised that ponies of that sort and size have played a very important part in the history of India. It is all very well to look upon the well-mounted Bengal Cavalryman as a type of the Native horseman, but it was on ponies that the Mahrattas conquered the best part of India." The remark was full of historical suggestiveness, and a quaint instance of the manner in which the romance even of war may sometimes fade when the "light of common day" is thrown upon it. Talking of the Mahrattas, I wonder how many British soldiers who visit Calcutta know that round part of it runs a ditch or moat, which was dug as a protection against the Mahrattas at the time of their incursions into Lower Bengal during the middle of the eighteenth century.

It is impossible to recall without a thrill of emotion the splendid episode which has led to the institution of the Saragarhi memorial at Fort Lockhart, the inscription on which is to the effect that the Government of India has caused this memorial to be erected to the memory of twenty-one non-commissioned officers and men of the 36th Sikhs who died at their posts in defence of Fort Saragarhi on September 12th, 1897, against overwhelming numbers, "thus proving their loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign Queen-Empress of India, and gloriously maintaining the reputation of the Sikhs for unflinching courage on the field of battle." A leading daily paper makes a quaint blunder in remarking that the incident in question took place on the rising of "the Orakzai Afridis," which is as absurd as it would be to speak of Yorkshire Devonians. But the Afridis had certainly joined the Orakzais by the time the latter attacked Fort Saragarhi, on that eventful Sunday when this gallant little handful made its glorious stand against the rushes of the infuriated tribesmen. The pity of it was that the defence of the useless little fort was not only unavailing, but practically speaking unnecessary, except as another superb example of Sikh heroism and utter loyalty.

An interesting account has come to hand of the inauguration of the new Frontier Province, and the admirably tactful speech made by Colonel Deane, the Chief Commissioner, to the assembled chiefs. Colonel Deane's main object seemed to be to reassure his listeners as to the effect of the administrative changes introduced, which it was feared by some would lessen their individual prestige. He did well to explain that the new arrangement rather accentuated the importance of the leaders of the frontier communities, since it brought them into closer touch with the central government. Natives, and above all, perhaps, those in Northern India, are intensely jealous of their personal importance, and if a chief is entitled to a salute it is seldom any use trying to talk to him while it is being rendered, so much engrossed is he in counting the guns, to see that he has been given his proper number.

Colonel Deane was to go on from the inauguration durbar to Dera Ismail Khan, in order to look into the matter of the Mahsud Waziris. Talking of Dera Ismail Khan reminds me that Dera Ghazi Khan, which lies about 130 miles to the south, and has recently suffered heavily from the inroads of the Indus, is to be abandoned as a military station. A familiar frontier landmark will thus be lost to us, but probably there will be a balance of advantage, as these frontier towns are not very pleasing residential spots. A little to the east of Dera Ghazi Khan lies Mooltan, of which they say that it is dangerous to dig deeply there for fear of breaking through the thin crust that separates it from those "central fires" from which its heat is obviously derived.

Some important details have just been published concerning the rearmament of the Native Army. From these it is clear that, while substantial progress has been made, there must be no relaxation of effort on the part of both the

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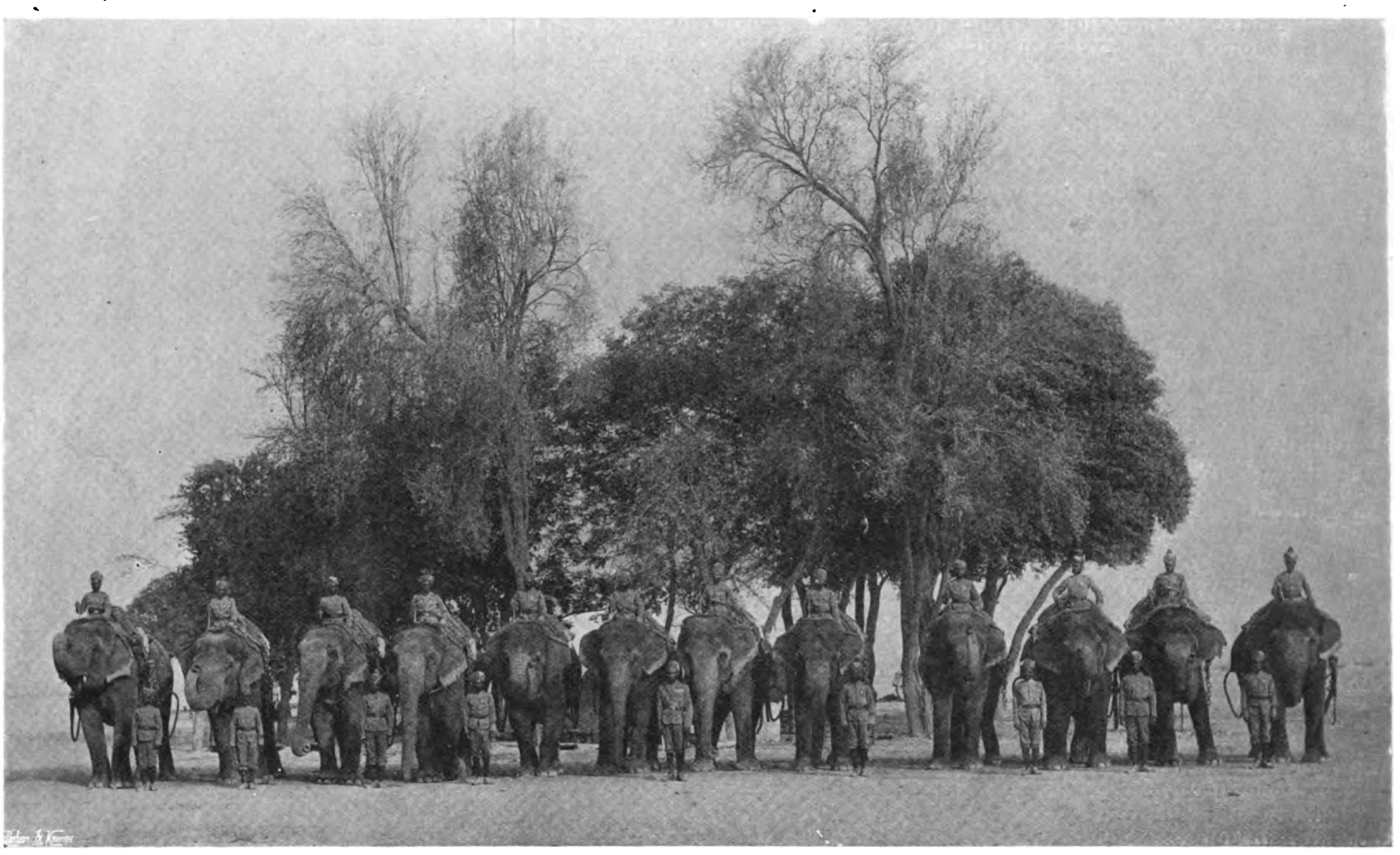
Indian Government and the home manufacturing departments if we are to keep India's power of resistance up to concert pitch. All the British Infantry in India, except three battalions, have been given Lee-Enfields, and twenty-two regiments of Native Cavalry, forty-one of Infantry, and all the Native Sappers and Miners, have received Lee-Metfords. This leaves about half the Native Army with Martinis, firing black powder, and it goes without saying that the necessity for carrying two kinds of small-arm ammunition in the field is a serious drawback. But it is a drawback which has existed in India for as long as one can remember, for when first the British Infantry had Martinis, and, indeed, for years afterwards, the Native Army had Sniders, the superiority being considered good policy for reasons which, nowadays, it is not so necessary to discuss seriously as it used to be. As a matter of fact, when the Native Army has the Lee-Metford' the homogeneity of the small-arm ammunition carried by the Indian Army will be a new feature, and one which will render the Army in question not only more formidable for defence, but more useful for occasional Imperial purposes, than it has hitherto been.

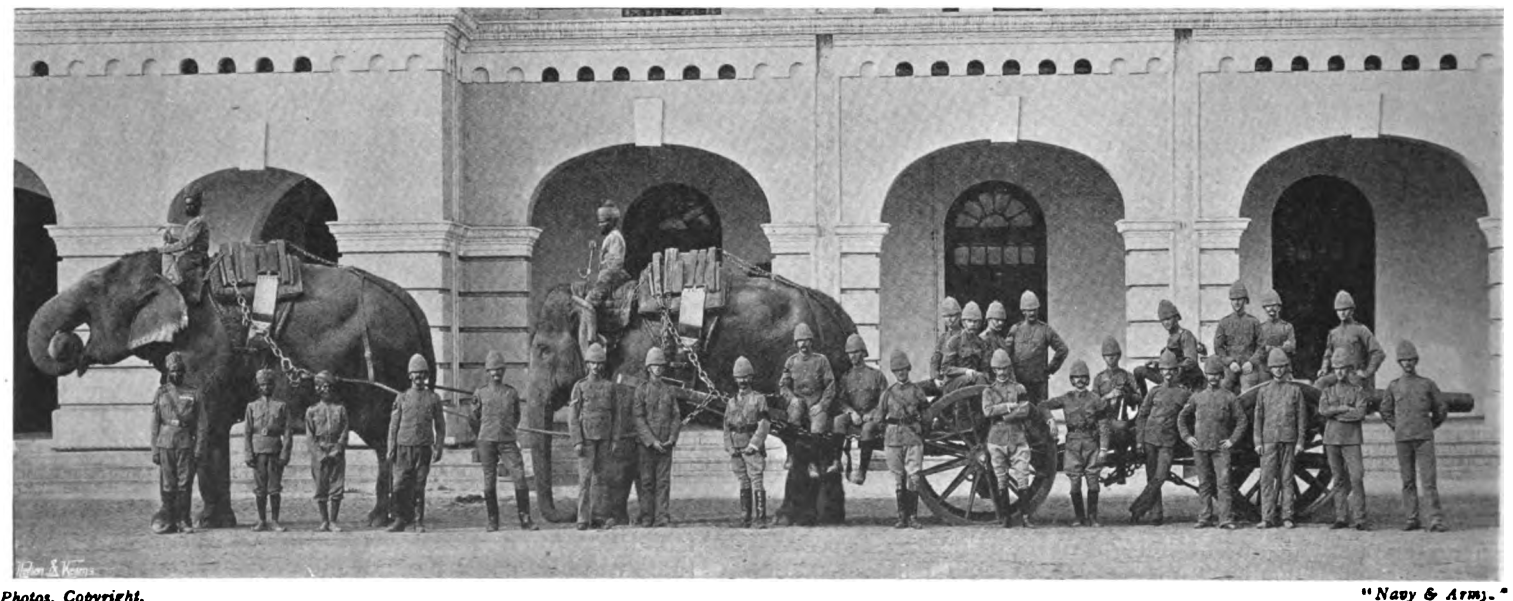
Certainly no further time should be lost in supplying the mountain batteries with the new 10-pounder firing cordite, for which they are still waiting. Our experiences in the last Frontier risings showed us that a really powerful mountain gun firing smokeless powder is needed to cope with tribesmen who have managed to provide themselves with thoroughly up-to-date rifles and ammunition, and who are quite capable of making it warm at very considerable ranges for a battery betraying its position by firing black powder.

A HEAVY BATTERY IN INDIA.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

No. 7 Battery, Eastern Division, R G.A. at Mooltan.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

No. 7 (EASTERN DIVISION) BATTERY ELEPHANTS.

"An' the elephants bring the guns!
Ho! Yuss!
Great—big—long—black forty-pounder guns."

The heavy battery has always played a big part in Indian warfare, for walled towns held by men as physically brave as ourselves take some battering before the breaches are ready for assault. Mooltan, where the battery that forms the subject of our illustration is now stationed, is a case in point, for it was captured by assault after a heavy bombardment during the Second Sikh War. This battery, armed with 40-pounders, is under the command of Major H. C Molesworth.

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Therefore I did the best I could under the circumstances, and having selected the spot I thought the best in each of the three targets, I proceeded to measure them. Strange to relate, they not only counted the same, but measured the same, and this was only discovered by the method of measuring indicated by the cotton measurement in Fig. 2. The total deviation of the shots from a common centre is as follows:

Mr. Holmes's three targets—

67 points; total deviation, 9 11-16-inches.
64 ,, ,, ,, 10 2-16 ,,
64 ,, ,, ,, 10 1-16 ,,

Mr. Rosling's three targets—

66 points; total deviation, 10 2-16-inches.
65 ,, ,, ,, 9 3-16 ,,
64 ,, ,, ,, 10 9-16 ,,

In each case the points come to 195 for the three targets, and the total measurement of the three targets for deviation is 29 14-16-inches.

There is a good way of finding the common centre from which to measure by using the original target experimentally, provided the bullet-holes do not run into one another in a manner that prevents this. The plan is to take ten pieces of string and tie them together at one end, then pass the other ends each through one bullet-hole, and, having done this, fasten a bullet to each loose end; then holding the target flat, lift the knot which ties all the ends together and let fall, meanwhile holding the target quite still. The knot will probably fall into the right spot to measure from; but this lifting and allowing to fall is better repeated two or three times, taking care that the lift shall be in an exactly vertical line above the spot previously indicated by the fall. This corrects any error that has been made. At first sight this plane appears likely to denote the centre of gravity, or the "mean point of impact," as indicated in the Musketry Instructions; but it does not do so, as the friction of the string from those holes that are far from the nearest average point to each hole has its proper effect, and negatives more or less the influence of the wild shots in settling the position from which to measure.

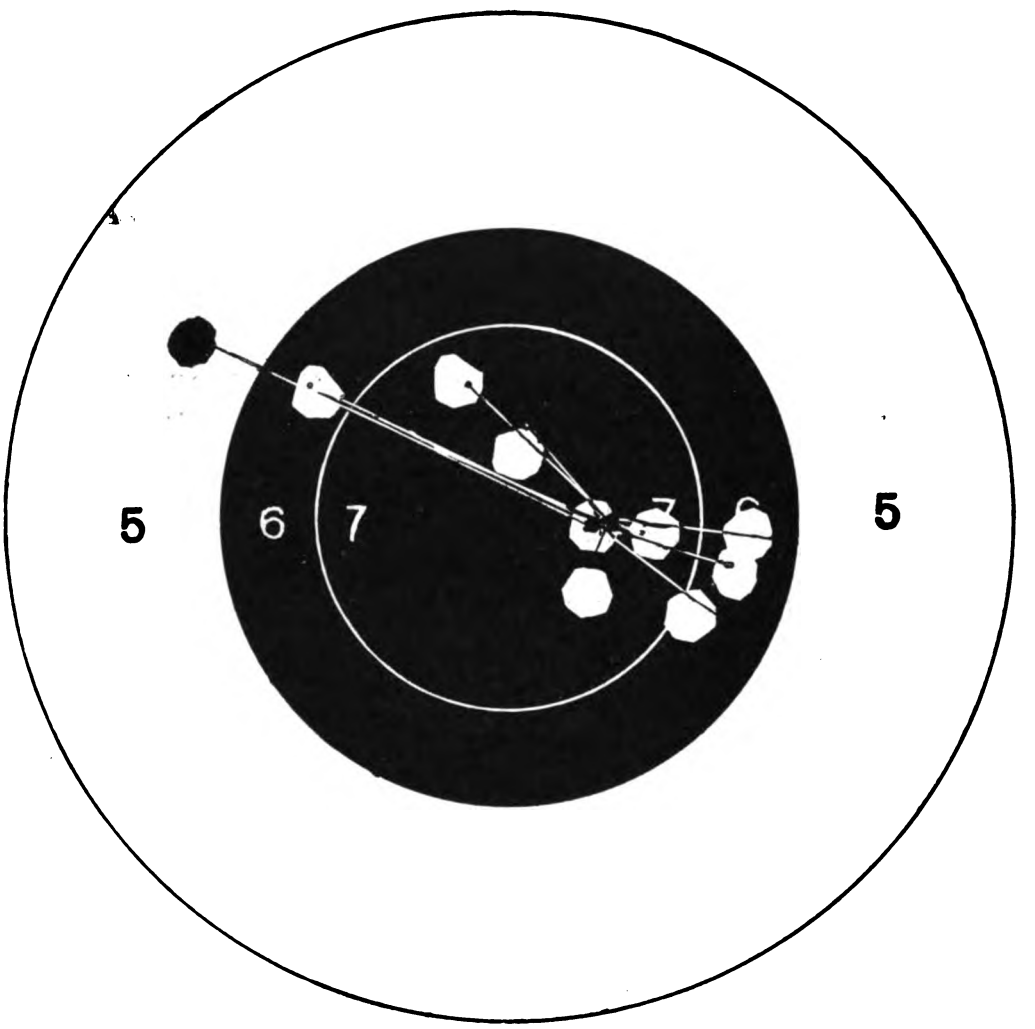
A much more accurate plan is to proceed as above up to the point of having passed the strings through the shot-holes; then tie a piece of elastic to each string and loop the elastic on to a weight; from this weight, and placed upon it, is a thin cane stick with eighths of an inch marked on it; this is passed through one of the centre bullet-holes, and then all one has to do to find the correct centre to measure from is to move about the knot which joins the strings together over the surface of the target, and watch if the portion of the stick protruding through the bullet-hole grows longer or shorter.

I need scarcely say that the shorter it is the nearer the approach to the correct spot has been made, for more of the unelastic string has been let through the bullet-holes. In regulating the strength of the elastic and the gravity pull of the weight no great accuracy is required; all that is necessary is to ensure that the weight is heavy enough to extend slightly all the ten elastics at the same time, and yet not heavy enough to extend any one of them to its fullest extent. This gives a very large margin within which to work, and is an arrangement which once prepared is good for use at a moment's notice at any time.

The point of mean impact, as indicated in the Musketry Instructions, is of no use for settling the merit of a target, although it may be good for regulating the sighting of a rifle, when the latter is shot from a rest and has not disposed its bullet-holes upon the target according to the human weaknesses of its user. The Musketry Instructions' point of mean impact often measures very much more from the bullet-holes than does the correct point of smallest average distance. Sometimes it is half as much again; but this is not the worst of it, for a straggling target often measures no more than a diagram having all but one of its slots practically upon each other.

For instance, if three shots in one hole are placed in a vertical line 4-in. above another hit, then the point of mean impact would be 3-in. above the single shot, by the Musketry Instructions, and therefore the mean deviation would be 1½-in. The same deviation, by the same rule, applies if three shots, instead of being one on the other, are 3-in., 4-in., and 5-in. above the lower one, which is making the good and the bad equal. But, in the first instance, by selecting the point of impact of the three bullets which are one on the other as the point to measure from, the average distance of the four bullets from this point is 1-in. only; that is, the distance of the lower bullet (4-in.) divided by four (the number of shots). The second target supposed, with bullets in a vertical line at 0-in., 3-in., 4-in. and 5-in. by the selective plan, measures an average deviation of 1½-in., or more than that where three bullets are all at 4-in., and, consequently, is much more true than the Musketry Instructions plan.

It has been suggested to me that it was a mistake to allow a prize for the three best targets to be won, as was done in the £6 class, by Mr. Rosling with a Jeffery rifle, with targets made under different entries, and with different powders; but this is merely carrying out the printed rules, which gave a prize for the three best targets, and said nothing as to their being made consecutively. The object of the trials was to see the best that could be done, and for this reason no charge or entry fee was made to gunmakers, and the fee imposed on others was not with the object of ensuring an equal number of shots by each competitor, but merely to keep out bad shots, who would have merely lost time.



"NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED" RIFLE TRIALS.

Winning Target, Fig. 2.

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE "NAVY AND ARMY" TRIALS.

	£	s.	d.
For the best target in the £4 class (a Greener ·310 rifle). Mr. Holmes, 76, Howe Street, Birmingham	3	0	0
For the best three targets in the £4 class (a Greener ·310 rifle). Mr. Holmes, 76, Howe Street, Birmingham	3	0	0
For the best target in the £6 class (a Jeffery ·255 rifle). Mr. Rosling, Sawkins, Galleywood, Chelmsford ...	3	0	0
For the best three targets in the £6 class (a Jeffery ·255 rifle). Mr. Rosling, Sawkins, Galleywood, Chelmsford ...	3	0	0
For the best target in the £10 class (a Jeffery ·255 rifle). Sergeant-Major Shearing, 208, Mare Street, Hackney ...	3	0	0
For the best three targets in the £10 class (a Jeffery ·255 rifle). Sergeant-Major Shearing, 208, Mare Street, Hackney	3	0	0
For the best nitro-powder target in any class (a Greener ·310 rifle). Mr. Holmes, 76, Howe Street, Birmingham ...	3	0	0
For the best three nitro-powder targets in any class (a Jeffery ·255 rifle and a Greener ·310 rifle divide this prize). Mr. Holmes and Mr. Rosling, £1 10s. each	3	0	0

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THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

Sheerness.—II.

THE dockyard at Sheerness, completed in 1823, and grafted, if one may use the expression, upon the trunk of its Pepysian predecessor, is that which exists, developed in various ways, at the present time. Geographical and strategical conditions have forbidden it to share to the full in the great advance made by the dockyard establishments in general. It is a yard devoted, so far as constructive work is concerned, to the building of sloops and gun-boats, and occasionally of second and third-class cruisers. Whatever has been necessary for its completeness, within its restricted limits, has been well provided. There is more important work elsewhere. Thus it is at Portsmouth that two of the new docks are to be lengthened to 500-ft., to admit the battle-ships of the King Edward VII. class—an illustration of how our Naval establishments are adapted to meet the needs of the growing Fleet. It was at Devonport that the "Implacable" was built with a relative lightness of hull and fitting, as compared with the "Formidable" at Portsmouth, which lately won the admiration of the Admiralty, and caused a conference between the officers of the two yards to be ordered—a remarkable example of how progress in one establishment reacts upon another, bringing all into a general line of advance.

If operations of such magnitude do not take place at Sheerness, we may point to the inter-relation of the yard with that at Chatham, and to the remarkable progress that both have made. At Sheerness, as at other yards, may be seen hammers striking terrific blows, sheers lifting monstrous weights, punching machines striking holes through hard steel as easily as a pin goes through a piece of paper, drilling machines penetrating the adamantine substance with no more difficulty that a corkscrew passes through a cork, and shearing machines biting off pieces of steel as a knife cuts slices of bread. In a word, here are many mighty forces subdued by the engineer and harnessed for the shipbuilder's needs.

The great changes at Chatham Dockyard, and the increase of constructive facilities there, have done much to increase the importance of Sheerness, because of the fact that many ships necessarily make a stay at the latter port for compass adjustment, taking in ammunition, and sometimes for coaling. About five years ago the channel of the Medway

THE DOCKYARD CHAPEL.

Its predecessor was burnt in November, 1881.

was deepened and widened so as to admit of the largest vessels passing to and fro between Chatham and the sea at every tide, and in order that sufficient water might be obtained for mooring ships. These improvements have done much to increase the value of the twin ports on the east side of the island. The comparative Naval value of Sheerness as a dockyard may have tended in some degree to diminish, but in case of war there can be no doubt that the place would immediately regain its old importance, and ships of the smaller classes would find facilities in the yard for extensive repair without going up the Medway to Chatham.

At the present time the establishment possesses three docks entered from the steam basin, and two from the lower camber, as well as one important building slip adjoining the latter. The dockyard basin is 521-ft. long, and has an extreme breadth of a little over 300-ft., and upon its margin are the great mast sheers and boiler sheers, as well as a powerful crane. The largest of the docks is No. 3, with a length of 286-ft. 8-in. No. 1 dock is only a few inches less, but No. 2 dock, which is housed in, does not exceed 224-ft. Two of these docks have been increased in length by about 25-ft. since they were first constructed, and the Admiralty some years ago entertained the idea of still further enlargement, in order that second-class cruisers, or even larger vessels, might be docked but for various reasons which do not seem to be well known, but which were doubtless concerned with considerations of high policy, the idea appears to have been abandoned. Docks Nos. 4 and 5, which are entered from the lower camber, are smaller than the others, and are adapted for sloops and gun-boats only. All the docks at Sheerness are of the best workmanship, and in their character leave little to desire, although the officers of the yard may well wish they were adapted for larger work. It must, however, be remembered that Sheerness and Chatham are in a very real sense sister establishments, each being

THE HOUSE OF THE CAPTAIN-SUPERINTENDENT.

Sheerness and Pembroke are the only home yards superintended by captains.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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complementary to the other, and that what Sheerness cannot do can be undertaken with ease at the larger yard, which I shall presently have an opportunity of describing.

The mention of the docking and building facilities at Sheerness brings us appropriately to a consideration of the classes of vessels which have been built and are being built there. The largest ever constructed in the yard was the second-class cruiser "Charybdis," of 4,360 tons, 320-ft. long, with 49-ft. 6-in. beam, which was launched in 1893. She had been preceded two years earlier by the "Brilliant," of 3,600 tons, and several third-class cruisers have been built in the yard including the "Barracouta," 1,580 tons, and the "Pelorus," and several other vessels of the "P." class. The building of sloops is constantly in hand. The "Swallow" in 1885, the "Buzzard" in 1887, the "Daphne" in 1888, and the "Rosario" and "Condor" in 1898, are among those built at Sheerness, and the new sloops, "Vestal," "Shearwater," "Odin," "Merlin," "Fantôme," and "Espiègle" are the work of the yard. The gun-boats and torpedo gun-boats which have been constructed there are also very numerous. They include the "Pigmy," "Goldfinch," "Alarm," "Circe," "Leda," "Hebe," "Gossamer," and "Gleaner." Other gun-boats, also, like the "Speedy," "Onyx," "Niger," and "Renard" have been completed at Sheerness after being delivered by the contractors. A great deal of work was done in the yard during the Russian War, when ships of her late Majesty's Navy were constantly coming and going between Sheerness and the scenes of operation. Thirty years ago there were 870 men on the permanent list of the establishment, but within twenty-five years that number fell to 620. Although the number of hired men shows some increase, Sheerness still remains among the smallest of our building establishments, notwithstanding that a great deal of varied and indispensable work is constantly in hand there.

The most considerable additions made in the establishment since it was completed in 1823 has been the building, and the more recent extension, of the steam factory near the south gate. Engine building began here in 1889, when the "Goldfinch," "Gossamer," and "Gleaner," followed by the "Hebe," and the "Torch" and "Alert" sloops, were both built and engined in the yard. The steam factory is not, however, by any means a rival of Keyham, which has supplied much machinery for Sheerness-built boats. The Admiralty, however, wisely recognises the importance of maintaining machine shops and a steam factory in constant work at this point of vantage and ready access on the East Coast.

THE SCHOOL AT SHEERNESS.

Which has long outgrown the limits of its accommodation.

Adjoining the steam basin is the Royal Naval Gunnery School—the Whale Island of the port—occupying a building originally devoted to the work of victualling, and afterwards employed as Naval barracks. The gunnery establishment has quite outgrown the limits of the accommodation it provided, and in 1898 the Admiralty seriously undertook the work of supplying the deficiency. New buildings were to be erected to accommodate 30 officers and 1,000 men, and plans were prepared for the purpose, but a difficulty occurred which caused the plan to be abandoned. The only available site was found on examination to be unsuitable on sanitary grounds, and negotiations for a better site at Chatham were therefore begun. The change to be effected in the Gunnery School was linked with the creation of a Torpedo School for Sheerness and Chatham, and the latter establishment was ready for operations about the year 1896, and added largely to the efficiency of the naval port.

The great storehouse, which is illustrated, is the largest building in the yard, and is stated to have been erected on some 6,000 piles. Here is collected a huge aggregate of the immense variety of stores required for His Majesty's ships. Here, also, are the rigging house, the chart office, and the sail loft. On the road leading from the main gate are the smithery, the boiler shop, the saw mills, the joinery, the pay office, and the office of the Dockyard Reserve, as well as the timber sheds, the muster offices, a dining-room for the dockyard artisans, and other buildings.

Near to the upper camber and to the Gunnery School stand the offices of the Captain-Superintendent—for Sheerness, like Pembroke, is under the rule of an officer below flag rank—being the chief officer of the dockyard, and in the same buildings the Chief Constructor, the Naval Storekeeper, and the Cashier have their offices. Admiralty House, the official residence of the Port Admiral—the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore—lies outside the dockyard, and actually in the garrison, but the distance is very short, and there is a private way of access. King William IV. has left his mark upon most of our Naval establishments, and Admiralty

WITHIN THE ROYAL NAVAL GUNNERY SCHOOL.

An important training establishment for the Eastern ports
From Photos specially taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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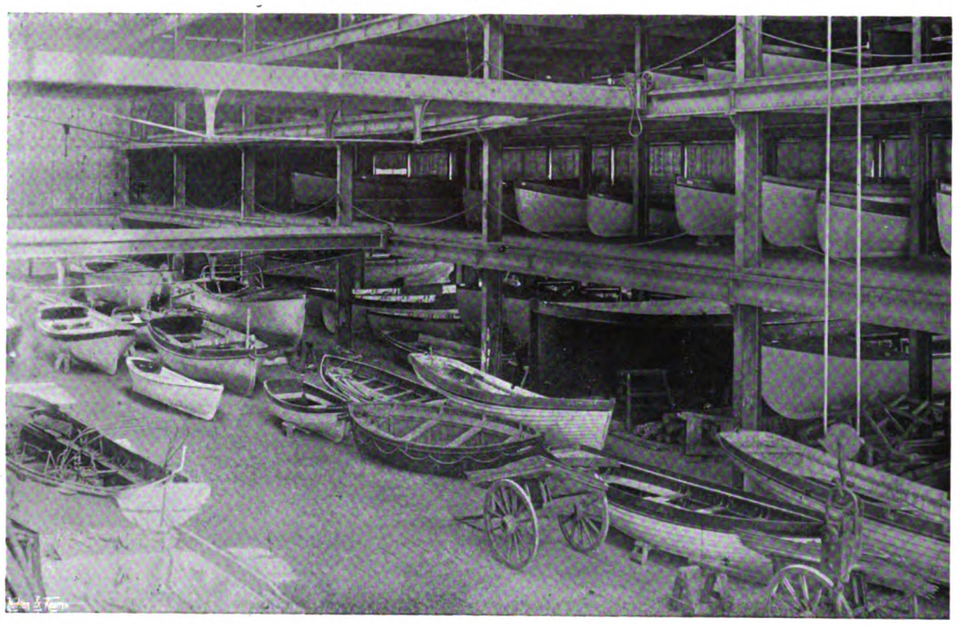
TRAINING FOR SHORE WORK ON ROUGH GROUND.

A Maxim-gun team with gun carried on poles.



THE STOREHOUSE FOR SHIPS' BOATS.

Where all classes of boats are stored

THE MAIN STOREHOUSE IN THE DOCKYARD.

Being the largest building in the establishment.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

House was built as a Royal residence whenever His Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, came to stay at Sheerness, and it is even said that the place might have received the name of Clarence Town but for the history that belonged to the old and existing name. Admiralty House is thus interesting as associating the place with our sailor King. Another dockyard building standing outside the yard is the chapel, of classic aspect, which is depicted. A century ago it would appear that service was conducted on board a hulk moored off the yard; but a church was erected, which was destroyed by fire twenty years ago, when two lives were lost and several men were seriously injured.

Allusion was made in the last article to the insufficient defences of Sheerness, which made it an easy prey for the Dutch in 1667. The resistance then offered does not, indeed, appear to have been a very sturdy one, but probably the defenders thought it better to retire to a secure fort, where they could be of real value, than to run the risk of being cut off and captured in an outlying position. The place remained in a state of insecurity, so far as land defences were concerned, until the middle of the last century, when attention was drawn to the unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs, and the forts at Garrison Point and on the Isle of Grain, opposite to Sheerness, were therefore erected, completely commanding the mouth of the Medway, and partially protecting that of the Thames, which has for further security the works at Shoeburyness, the School of Army Gunnery, on the Essex side. Sheerness may now be deemed secure against attack, though it has been suggested that long-range fire might be dangerous to it. However, it is not likely that so important a Naval station will remain without the protection of a Naval force. A few years ago the fortifications on the Isle of Grain were added to, and others were erected at Barton's Point, where a rifle range for the port has lately been opened. Recent types of heavy ordnance have been mounted in existing works, and a considerable number of old guns have been replaced, and there is also a station for the Brennan torpedo at Garrison Point. These are matters in which very rapid progress has been made at Sheerness, and are marks of the greater importance which attaches to the yard, suggesting that a time may come when its resources as a Naval base will be further developed. A considerable change has also taken place in the port. Instead of the old wooden guard-ship which was there a few years ago, the "Sans Pareil" is now the port guard-ship, and several other vessels are also stationed there. Thus Sheerness presents features indicating a useful and important future. It only remains to say that Captain Gerald C. Langley is the Superintendent of the yard, that Captain Walter S. Chambré is the Staff Captain and King's Harbour-master, C. P. Lemon, Esq., the Chief Constructor of the yard, R. H. Andrews, Esq., the Chief Engineer, and J. Davisson, Esq., the Naval Store Officer.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared: Sept.* 7, 14, 21, 28; *Oct.* 5, 12, 19, 26; *Nov* 2, 9, *and* 16.]

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 253.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1901.

BRITAIN'S BOY PRINCES IN MASQUERADE.

PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES AS WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

This happy adaptation of Prescott Knight's well-known picture, representing the supposed meeting of Nelson and Wellington in the Colonial Office waiting-room in September, 1805, is full of pleasant suggestiveness. For here we see skilfully combined an allusion to the many and close ties which bind our Royal Family to the fighting Services, and an echo of that historic Imperialism in the foundation of which Britain's greatest sailor and greatest soldier played in the early years of last century an epoch-making part.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Distant Friends.

CHRISTMAS is the festival of friendship. "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" is the message of the Christian Church at Christmastide, and there are few people who are not subject to the softening influences of the season in one way or another. Family feuds are forgotten, misunderstandings are explained, the proud man puts his pride in his pocket for a little space, the unforgiving do their utmost to let their grievances rest awhile. Our thoughts turn at Christmas to absent friends. The dim shadowy shapes and faces of comrades long lost sight of seem to become more vivid, as our minds dwell upon them. They are perhaps half the world away, but we feel nearer to them, and half expect to come suddenly upon their familiar figures as we turn a corner. In time of war there must be sad Christmases for many homes. Just because this is the season of the gathering together of families, of the knitting-up of severed friendships, any loss that we have suffered makes itself felt at Christmas with a double pain.

"With trembling fingers do we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud broods o'er the earth,
And sadly falls our Christmas-eve.

"At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all."

Yet there are many men of British blood who are thinking this Christmas not of dead comrades, but of comrades still alive. In South Africa men in arms from every part of the Empire have fought side by side for the honour of their common flag. It is the first time the British Empire has made itself felt as a solid fact. The unity of the States which acknowledge the headship of Great Britain and the sovereignty of the Crown of England has hitherto been for most of the world little more than an imagination, an idea. For the past two years it has been an incontrovertible reality. The impression made on the nations of Europe by this sturdy rallying of England's children is clearly evident from the correct attitude their Governments have maintained during the whole course of the war. We hear of much unofficial agitation for a general protest in favour of Boer independence. Foreign ambassadors in Washington have been proposing for some time that the United States should take the lead. Everyone is anxious that someone else should begin. The Continental Powers, in fact, are in the same difficulty as the mice were when they decided that the cat must carry a danger-signal to warn them of her approach. No one shows any readiness to bell the cat.

On the battlefields of the veldt, then, there have met and made friends men of British blood from all the quarters of the globe. Many of them have gone back already to their homes. The scattering of the South African Field Force will gradually draft them all apart again. But must it sever for all time the friendships formed on the veldt? Is there no means by which comrades in different colonies, in different hemispheres, can keep in touch, can find traces of friends who have disappeared from their ken, can hear how rolls the universe "at their world's far end," how fortune has dealt with them, how they have fared in the battle of existence? There ought to be some means to reach this end. The Press is a great distributing machine. It tells the Antipodes at breakfast-time what the Imperial Parliament has been doing while they slept. It gives the city man as he goes home from his work in the evening full details of all that has happened during the day in every corner of the universe. The Press has done much to advance the consolidation of the Empire. Why should not the Press go a step further—distribute friendly messages as well as news, and strengthen the unity of the Empire by multiplying the bonds that bind heart to heart in its scattered Provinces?

How can this be done? Well, to begin with, here is a practical suggestion. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, being the organ of the fighting Services, has a special interest in the comradeships of the veldt. In South Africa there have been opportunities of intercourse between Britons from different parts of the Empire such as have never been offered to men of our race before. It is to the interest of us all to keep up such intercourse. If nation holds by nation it must be because individuals hold together. A nation is, after all, only a mass of individuals, and the more individuals it contains who are bound by ties of affection to another nation the more closely will it stand by that other nation through thick and thin. At the same time, the difficulty of keeping up friendships formed on the veldt cannot be overlooked. Not many people are good at letter-writing, especially when their correspondents are overseas. They feel as Charles Lamb felt. "The weary waste of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is like writing for posterity." Addresses, too, have a way of getting mislaid. Even if they are kept handy, a move or two soon breaks down communication. But the Press is everywhere, newspapers penetrate to the furthest regions inhabited by man. They are read by thousands who read nothing else. If any agency can help distant friends to hear of one another, it is the Press.

What we propose is that anyone desiring to find out a friend in any part of the Empire should send to us a short message for that friend—the messages must be really short, just a few words. We will gladly do our best to find room for them in our pages, and then we must ask newspapers and magazines in other parts of the world to do their part. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is to be found in every Colony. We know that by the numbers of kind references to it which we see in Colonial papers. Now, if these papers will take the trouble to follow our "distant friends" column, and to reproduce any messages that are meant for people in their corner of the globe, the links in the chain will be complete. Thus, in time, there may come into existence throughout the Empire an agency that will do much to keep the ties of union taut and lasting. We are ready to receive the messages at once, and we can only add to this announcement (though, happily, not in the connection in which the phrase is generally used) "Colonial papers please copy."

MANY eminent authorities support the popular idea that the term "Beef Eater" is a corruption of the French "buffetier," *i.e.*, one who keeps the buffet; the original meaning of which latter word was a cupboard of plate; one of the duties of the Yeomen being to guard the Crown jewels and the coronation plate stored in the "buffet." But against this is to be advanced the fact that there is no such word as "buffetier," the nearest approach to it being the much less complimentary term "buffeteur," a purloiner of wine; moreover, there is no evidence that the Yeomen were ever called "buffetiers," and Pegge, writing in 1791, asserts most positively that they never had anything to do with the buffet, though part of their duty consisted in carrying up dishes to the royal table. From time immemorial the Yeomen have been noted for their predilection for beef. Davenant, in the early part of the seventeenth century, sings of "Beefe that the queasie stomack'd guard would please." A Frenchman visiting England in 1741 speaks of "Une troupe d'Anglo-Suisses, qu'on nomme Yomen of the Gard, et par derision roast beef or beef eaters." Cowley, in "The Wish," implies that they had the reputation, at any rate, of being huge eaters of beef—

"And chines of beef innumerable send me,
Or from the stomach of the Guard defend me!"

Marvell in 1667 says: ". . . those goodly Juments of the guard would fight (as they eat beef) after six stone a day." An early use of the term is to be found in a letter of Prince Rupert's, dated 1645, and the large allowance of beef granted to the table of the Yeomen of the Guard bears out the "beef eater" theory. Another probable derivation of the word is from the Old English, "hlâfata," *lit.* loaf-eater, *i.e.*, a menial servant.

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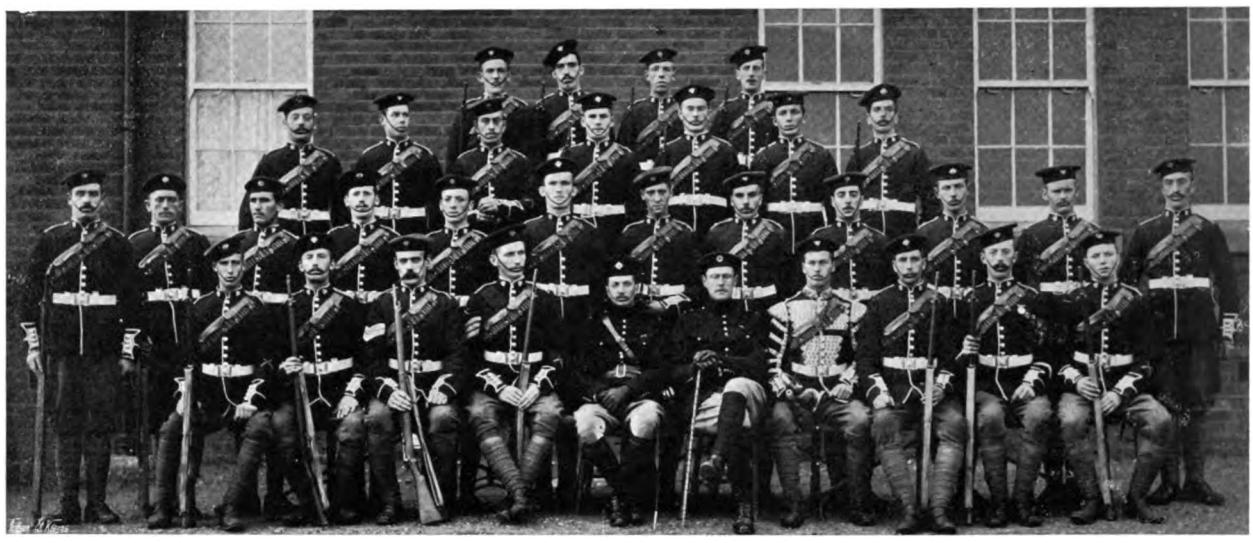
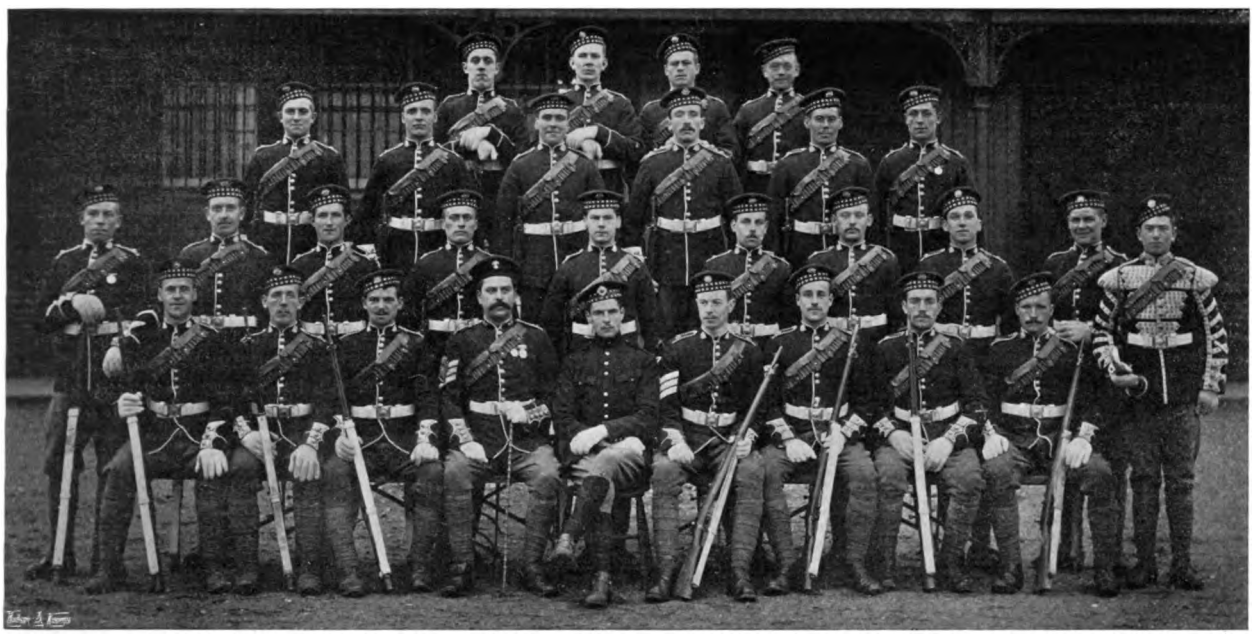
THE GUARDS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The Irish Guards.





The Scots Guards.

The Coldstream Guards.

Photos. Copyright. *J. Thomson.*

The above illustrations show the mounted infantry sections of the Irish, Scots, and Coldstream Guards which have recently left for South Africa. The Irish Guards are the first of their regiment to go on active service. In the centre of the group are Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Godley, in command of the battalion of mounted infantry, and Lieutenant Lord H. A. M. Douglas Scott, in command of the section. The Scots Guards' section is shown with Captain Trotter, D.S.O. (Grenadier Guards), commanding the Guards company, and Lieutenant Hon. T. W. Coke, commanding the section. The Coldstreamers are commanded by Lieutenant A. G. Tritton, and Captain C. E. Corkran (Grenadier Guards) is also shown in the picture.

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REINFORCEMENTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 7TH HUSSARS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Second Lieut. W. G. D. Cooper, Capt. Sir K. A. Fryer, Bart., Lieut. W. E. Royds, Lieut. E. W. Harmon, Second Lieut. C. A. M. Cator, Capt. F. W. Wormald, D.S.O., Capt. H. Dalgety, Capt. H. R.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, D.S.O., Capt. Hon. R. H. Marsham, Lieut. W. Gibbs, Lieut. E. S. Gooch, and Capt. H. Dibble. Second row: Capt. A. F. A. Imbert-Terry, Capt. H. A. Johnstone, Maj. H. K. Harley, D.S.O., Maj. R. L. Walter, Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley, Maj. G. A. L. Carew, D.S.O., Capt. C. E. G. Norton, Capt. Sir Keith Fraser, Bart., and Capt. H. Fielden, D.S.O. Front row: Lieut. and Q.M. F. Durman, Second Lieut. J. W. Brooke, Second Lieut. H. T. B. Whitehead, Second Lieut. E. D. F. Kelly, Lieut. J. Mann Thompson, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, G.C.V.O., Second Lieut. W. Pagan-Tomlinson, Lieut. F. R. Leyland, and Second Lieut. W. A. S. H. Kenat Davies.

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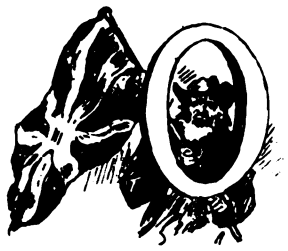
STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

By Robert Dennis.



BITTER blew the western wind and chilled us to the bone,
From mountain-top to mountain-top it made its weary moan,
While we, Strathcona's Horse, rode on, in silence and alone.

The darkness closed around us like a monk's hood gathered tight,
It pressed upon our eyeballs, sealing up the sense of sight,
And mocked us with false flashes of a brain-begotten light.

With straining at the silence grew our hearing thunder-proof;
The moaning blast in vain flung back its echo from the kloof,
The very ground on which we rode struck dumbly to the hoof.

And no man spake, nor dared so much as loose his tethered tongue,
Which else in fevered agony from blackened lips had hung,
But now, with limpet-grip compelled, to cheek and palate clung.

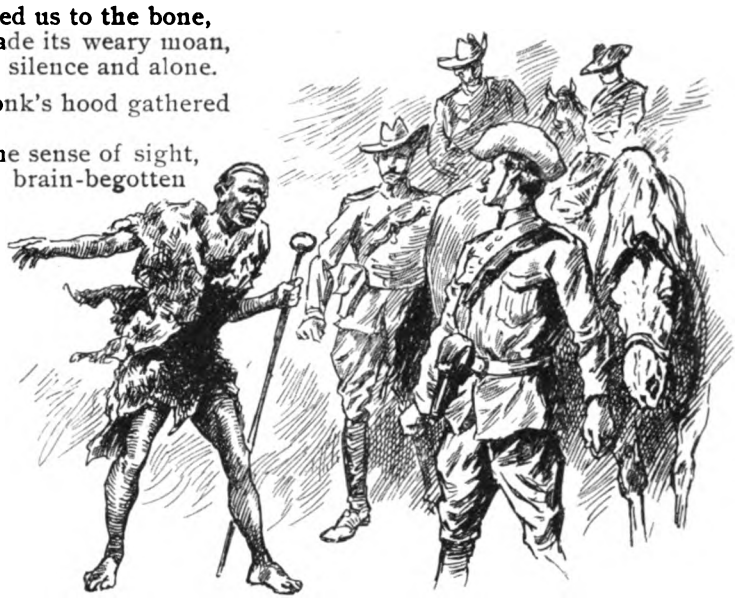
Strathcona's Horse had never borne the fear-mark on their brow;
The oak-sap was their blood—their thews, the supple maple bough;
Their swords were fashioned from the share that shod their prairie plough.

Then why those white, drawn faces? Why those breasts that strain and heave?
Those eyes that see but darkness? And those tongues that parch and cleave?—
It was the tale the Zulu scout brought southward yester-eve.

It was the same old tale—the farm, the false white flag, the foe,
And four good British lads that fell where Murder laid them low.
Strathcona's Horse their purpose knew—the morning, too, should know.

On! on! there's twenty miles and more between us and the prey,
And still the scout, with bleeding feet, directs our weary way,
And still our eyes strain eastward for the coming of the day.

A dark ravine, whose beetling sides o'erhang the path we tread—
A faint grey line, a spot of light, with shimmering haze o'erspread—
A wreath of smoke—the farm! the farm! six hundred yards ahead!



But see—the Zulu lied! God bless that faithless, perjured black!
Those British lads died not, *but live.* On yonder chimney-stack
Behold, wrapped in the morning mist, *our* flag, the Union Jack!

Strathcona's Horse rode forward, with a swift Canadian swing,
Their hearts with joy o'erflowing, and the teardrops glisten——Ping!
Halt! what was that? Hell's fury! 'twas the Mauser's deadly ring!

Oh! fathomless the treacherous depths within the Boer breast!—
It was the foe had raised that flag above their devil's nest,
While stark and stiff four corpses lay where Murder bade them rest.

. . . . . .

Strathcona's Horse rode forward, though there fell both horse and man;
They spake no word, but every brain conceived the self-same plan,
Through every vein and nerve and thew the self-same purpose ran.

What though the Mausers raked the line and tore great gaps between?
What though the thick clay walls stood firm, the ambushed foe to screen?
There was a deed to do, whose like the world had seldom seen!

They stormed the palisades, which crashed beneath their furious stroke,
The doors with staves they battered in, the barricades they broke—
And then they bound the fiends within, with Mausers for a yoke.

Swift to the ending of the deed, yet only half begun!
The daylight grows; there's bloody work still waiting to be done—
Six corpses swing athwart the face of God's own rising sun!

Bury in peace our own dear dead—then, comrades, ride away!
Yet leave a mark, that all may know, who hitherward shall stray,
Strathcona's Horse it was that paid a visit here to-day!

'Twas thus Strathcona's Horse left Vengeance sitting by her shrine,
Where six accursed corpses broke the grey horizon line,
Their flesh to feed the vultures, and their bones to be a sign.

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THE OLDEST MAN AND WOMAN IN PITCAIRN.
Thursday October Christian aged 83, and Mrs. Young, aged 72.—February, 1901.

AN UNFREQUENTED COLONY.

Pitcairn Island of To-day.

THE PRACTICAL PRESIDENT OF PITCAIRN.
Mr. McCoy, the leading resident, in his garden.—February, 1901.

THE following interesting account of a visit to Pitcairn Island is from the log of a Naval officer who recently called at the island in his ship:

"On February 8 we left Tahiti for Pitcairn, 1,200 miles distant, making a long round to utilise the fair winds, so that not until February 21 did the lonely volcanic island, 1,008-ft. high, and only 4½ miles in circumference, loom up above the horizon.

"A curious history of its own has this solitary island in the South Pacific. In the time of its ancient inhabitants, whose burial-places and stone implements alone have been discovered, it must have been a place apart, far removed from contact with the surrounding world; and since the landing in 1789 of some of the mutineers of the 'Bounty,' with their Tahitian wives, its history has been that of England's most interesting colony.

"These mutineers—the only ones with whom we have to do—arrived here in the 'Bounty' herself, which they ran on the rocks and afterwards burnt. The mutiny had taken place at sea on April 28, 1789, when Lieutenant Bligh (the officer in command) and eighteen others were set adrift in the launch, and only reached Timor, a distance of 3,500 miles, after weeks of terrible hardship.

"Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, headed the mutiny, and with him were three midshipmen and twenty-one others. After various vicissitudes, Christian, Young (one of the midshipmen), and seven others, with their native wives and six Tahitian men, got to sea in the 'Bounty' whilst she lay at Tahiti, leaving the rest of the mutineers on shore, and Christian, having a rough chart of Pitcairn Island, was able to navigate the ship there. The island was soon a scene of bloodshed and murder. The Tahitian men turning against the white men, four of the latter (amongst whom was Fletcher Christian) were murdered in 1793, all the Tahitian men being killed by the whites before the end of the same year.

"In 1794 only four of the white men were left, and in the year 1800, John Adams, late A.B. of the 'Bounty,' found himself, at the age of thirty-six, the only man on the island. There were still with him his own native wife, and the native widows of his late shipmates, and about twenty of their children. It took the worthy able seaman some time yet to realise a situation which, it must be admitted, was an uncommon one even for a sailor-man of last century. But when he did, he grappled with it fearlessly.

"Amongst the books that Christian and Young had saved from the 'Bounty' was one Bible. Adams set himself to work to recall the alphabet, which was about all he had been taught as a child, and then to read the Bible. The work took him long; but his conscience had not spoken in vain. Much had happened to steady him. All these latter years of his life had been spent in the midst of dangers, out of which he had escaped almost scot-free. And now in his middle age, with the care of all these souls upon him, he learnt to appreciate the help of religion, and he taught the rising generation of Pitcairn Islanders, by most careful example and discipline, to become the brave, clean-living people that Captain Sir Thomas Staines found them in 1814, Admiral Beechey in 1825, and many another Naval commander up to 1856. In this latter year, brave old John Adams having gone to his rest in 1829, a scarcity of food and water was felt by the increasing community, and, after much persuasion, all of them to the number of 192 allowed themselves to be removed by the Government to Norfolk Island.

"And now we come to the separate history of these Pitcairn Islanders of the present day. In December, 1859, two families, numbering sixteen persons, returned here from Norfolk Island in the brig 'Mary Ann,' finding the place abounding in fruit and vegetables, in cattle, pigs, and goats. In 1864 twenty-four more returned, and at the present time their numbers have increased to 125, of whom as we found them it is a pleasure to write.

"As we neared the island I followed the usual practice and fired a gun to let everyone know of the arrival of a man-of-war; and as we rounded Adam's rock at the east end of Bounty Bay we caught our first glimpse of the islanders — a dozen boys flying their kites from the verge of the cliffs, on Look-out Ridge, just below the village of Adamstown. A few minutes later the sloping green of the ridge was a mass of colour; the Union Jack floated from its staff, and every man, woman, and child who was not running down to the boatshed to launch the whaler had assembled there to wave us a welcome.

"And high above them in the background

IN THE VILLAGE OF ADAMSTOWN.
Fletcher Christian's look-out marked out by cross on top of mountain.

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towered the high West Cliff, where a hundred years before Fletcher Christian and others of their ancestors had lain hidden in the caves watching for many an anxious hour the distant sail which might mean a vessel sent for their capture. As it happened, three only of the mutineers were hanged for their crime, and as those were of the ones left behind at Tahiti there are none of their descendants at Pitcairn.

"On a slope leading back from cliffs two hundred feet above the sea, and with the mountainous rugged peaks, clothed at their base with evergreen trees, sheltering it from the prevailing easterly winds, stands the village of Adamstown, the islanders' home, the brown thatched roofs of its straggling houses just visible from the sea amongst a luxuriant growth of lime and orange trees, bananas, and cocoanut palms.

"The islanders' boat was soon alongside—a strong-built whaler presented to them by Queen Victoria. Unfortunately, we had to meet the score of sturdy men crowded in her with a disappointment. I could not allow them all on board, as we still had cases of the dengue fever (picked up at Tahiti) amongst our men, and I did not dare risk any chance of carrying infection to the island. However, they had plenty of talk with the Bluejackets from their boat, whilst I had Mr. James McCoy, the leading resident, aft to give the news.

"All were well on shore, their number now being 125, of whom females formed the larger portion. This James McCoy, descended from William McCoy, an A.B. of the 'Bounty,' has been for some years the leading man and the President of their annually elected Parliament of seven. He is a small, narrow-chested man about fifty years of age, decidedly European in appearance; and having been away from the island for a couple of years on visits to London, San Francisco, and Tahiti, he has considerably more general knowledge of the world than can be possessed by any of his compatriots, few of whom have ever left Pitcairn. I found him full of quiet firmness and tact, and I had already heard from our Consul at Tahiti of the pluck with which — rather than allow the captain of a burning sailing-ship to beach his vessel on the Pitcairn coast, and so probably lose many of his crew — he had himself gone on board, risking his life to pilot her to the Gambier Islands, three hundred miles away, where in the end he managed to successfully beach her. 'A shift of wind would have been fatal,' I said, in speaking of it. 'We had the boats—and God.' And so he cast in his lot with the burning ship. A brave man, as I believe is many another amongst the people here, who have learned to trust him so implicitly.

"I arranged to land with some of the officers next morning, and anchored for the night, though neither of the open anchorages are very safe or comfortable, and ships generally stand on and off the island whilst communicating. On this night, the only one on which we remained at anchor, we parted our cable, and only recovered it thanks to the wonderful sight of the natives, which enabled them some days, after to trace it lying on the sand and coral at the bottom where our men could distinguish nothing clearly. The next day, in lashing rain (the only wet during our stay), the islanders landed us in one of their boats at Bounty Bay. A difficult bit of pilotage in the narrow passage through the breakers, then a sharp turn to port, and snug lying at the boat slip behind a short stretch of big rocky boulders. The rich porous soil of the road which leads up the cliff to the village was muddy and slippery and hot work climbing, but luckily Mr. McCoy's is the first house you come to—rather better than most, though with scanty enough furniture and no carpets. His house, too, has better table and chairs and better beds, but, like them all, it is wood-built with thatched roof and divided into four small rooms on the one floor, a passage running between. Not many flowers are grown, the gardens being used to cultivate sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and other vegetables, as well as Indian corn and arrowroot, but there are bright patches of colour near many of the cottages, and each day bunches of flowers were sent off to the ship.

A BIT OF LEVEL GROUND.

Outside the village of Adamstown.

A GROUP OF PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

On their Sabbath Day.

"We had a capital dinner at two o'clock, prepared and served by Mr. McCoy's daughters, Winnie and Addie (all here are called by their Christian name, as in one family), but no intoxicating liquor is allowed in the island, neither is any tobacco used. Water is led to the village from Brown's Well, which (situated almost in the centre of the island) is fed from the high surrounding hills, and has not been known to run dry.

"From their breakfast hour at five until dinner at two the labour of all adult males is utilised for the public good, the nature of the work being directed by the local Parliament. At the present time a new church is being erected adjoining the schoolroom and a new whaler built, whilst there are always crews away for hours in the boats, and shooting parties stalking the goats on the hills.

"There are no cattle and no pigs now, but the two herds of goats number about 100 head apiece. All the housework is done by the women, who also smooth and paint cocoanuts, plait mats, etc.

"After 2 p.m., if he can be spared, a man is free to work in his own house or garden.

"After dinner I walked with McCoy to the schoolroom, which is also the Court House, to meet the other six members of the Parliament. There I read a copy of their laws, simple and strict, and many of which have been so often quoted that they need no mention here. Also a copy of a Proclamation by His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, which reached the island in 1898, placing the islanders under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner of Fiji.

"Punishments usually take the form of fines or extra hours of labour, the most severe (and one, I believe, never enforced) being banishment from the island. Of course, a case of murder, of which only one has occurred, in 1898, during McCoy's absence, would be sent to Fiji for trial. One case, a difficulty between a man and his wife, had been allowed to stand over until our arrival, but on learning some of the facts, it seemed to me better not to interfere, and at my wish the trial took place before their own elected judge.

(To be continued.)

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THE GERMAN BUM-BOAT WOMAN.

Photo. Copyright. *A. Renard.*

A BUSY TIME FOR A "LITTLE BUTTERCUP."

When the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert first delighted a London audience with the witching music and drolleries of "H.M S. Pinafore," an important character in the cast no longer existed in reality. The introduction of a bum-boat woman was an anachronism, her business having been suppressed by the Admiralty some years previously. In the German Naval ports, however, "Little Buttercups" may still be found to flourish under semi-official patronage. Our illustration depicts the visit of a bum-boat woman to a German battle-ship, and, judging from the amused faces of the tars thronging round her, we should say that the Teutonic prototype of a defunct British institution inherits all the immensely popular and mirth-provoking qualities which Captain Marryat has immortalised of the latter.

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THE OUTLOOK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

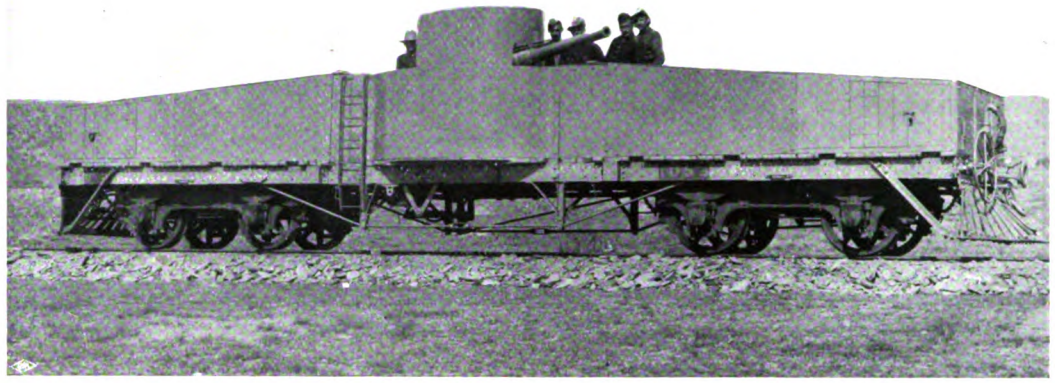
THE DEFENCE OF COMMUNICATIONS.

WHEN Lord Kitchener took over the command of the army in South Africa from Lord Roberts, just a year ago, he felt that the system then employed for the pacification of the country was not adequate. We were then holding the principal towns and villages, and trusting more upon our influence than a serious system of defence for the safety of the railway communications from hostile attack. Lord Kitchener determined to make his railway communication as secure as possible before attempting to pacify the outlying areas. It was in this determination the present blockhouse system found its birth.

Up to the beginning of this year such salient points on the railways which it had been found expedient to protect had either been guarded by infantry entrenched in earthworks, or, in the case of bridges, in costly masonry piles of the nature of the mud police posts which are so familiar on the North-West Frontier of India. Then Major Rice, the clever Sapper responsible for so many of the later defences in Ladysmith, invented the ingenious structures which are given in the illustrations over-leaf — the galvanised iron blockhouses. The walls of these posts are constructed simply from sheets of galvanised iron placed four inches apart, with the intervening spaces filled in with gravel. They are generally octagonal in shape, with two loopholes upon each face. But some are hexagonal; in fact, the original idea has been so experimented upon that they are found in a great variety of shapes. The general principle, however, is the same, and when filled in with gravel they are found to be bullet-proof shelters, though not secure against shell or pom-pom fire.

The system has found so much favour that the whole of the 2,500 miles of railway communication which it is incumbent upon Lord Kitchener to protect, is studded with these little "double fly" tin shanties, at about 3,000-yds. apart. At first the Boers fought very shy of them, but then a few enterprising spirits found that by creeping up to the blockhouse, and manning the loopholes from the outside, it was easy to capture them. This became a serious defect in the system. But the ingenuity of the Sappers was equal to the occasion, and a most perfect network of barbed wire netting was invented, which, reaching from the loophole to a matter of 15-yds. to 20-yds. away, made an impassable *chevaux-de-frise*. When equipped with this defence a bird's-eye view of one of these blockhouses would give the impression that it was surrounded by a gigantic spider's web.

But it was, of course, impossible to leave these blockhouses as an unsupported means of railway protection. Their immunity from attack had to be increased by inter-connection and a system of support. To meet this requirement part of Lord Kitchener's immense force of mounted men is permanently em-

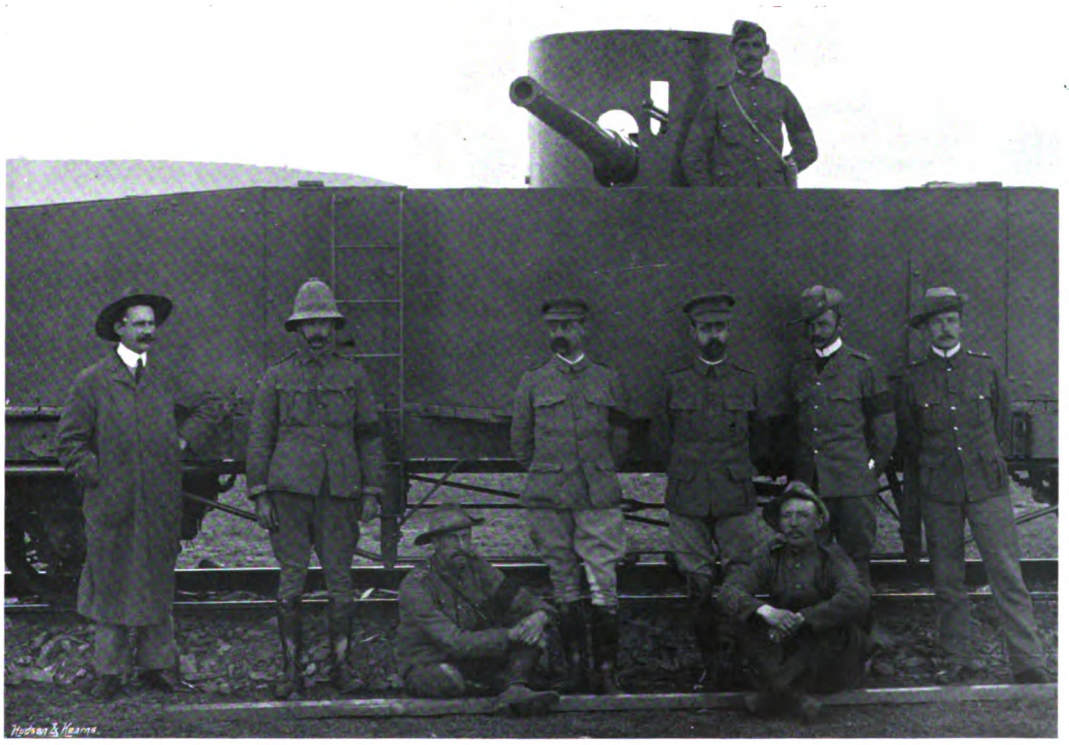


THE MOST POWERFUL OF RAILWAY BATTERIES.

The 12½-pounder bogie truck for railway use.

THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE SQUADRON.

The armoured train "Ubique."



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS.

The officers who passed the new bogie as sound.

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ployed in patrolling between the blockhouses. These patrols work both day and night. The magnificent armoured train system, which under the intelligent command of Major Nanton, R.E., has been brought to a high state of excellence, is responsible for the support of the blockhouses. There are now over twenty of these armoured trains always patrolling the immense length of communications. It is so arranged that, if any particular section of the railway is unduly threatened, five or six armoured trains can be concentrated upon the threatened point. The duties of these trains are to patrol between blockhouses, to escort trains to their destinations, and in the case of attempted hostile crossing of the railway to form a mobile support to the stationary blockhouses.

It would of course be impossible to give a detailed account of each of the trains, but the photograph of the "Ubique," which we reproduce, will give a very good idea of their construction. It is the "flag-ship" of the little "squadron" of armoured trains, and is commanded by Lieutenant Cusins, R.E., when "Commodore" Nanton is not "on board." It will be seen that it is made up of five armoured coaches and a locomotive. In the front and rear bogies are the Maxim batteries and the spare rifles to man the loopholes. In the second truck are two 12½-pounder Elswick guns on ship's mountings. Then before the locomotive is the telegraph and officers' quarters coach. Abaft the engine is the dynamo truck for the electric search-lights with which the train is fitted, while between the forward battery and the dynamo truck it is usual to carry a bogie with construction material. Space will not allow of a detailed account of the excellent work which these trains have done and are still doing. But it suffices to say that no military enterprise requires greater nerve or more watchful vigilance than the working of armoured trains. The commander has ever to be on the watch against a loosened rail, an uptorn culvert, or cunningly hidden contact mine. One false move and the train ceases to be a power of strength and becomes a death-trap.

BEST LEFT ALONE.

A tin blockhouse complete.

BOUND TO BE GOOD.

The Meyerton blockhouse, built by the Railway Pioneer Regiment.

Photos. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

A REAL HAVEN.

Blockhouse with water supply.

Other photographs here reproduced are of the latest development in the armoured train gun battery truck. This bogie, which was built by the Army Ordnance Department in the works which they have taken over from the Netherlands Railway Company, is fitted with a single 12½-pounder Elswick gun upon a conical ship's mounting, with revolving shield. By this means its field of fire is over a complete circle. The truck has been fully tested, and does not leave the rails when fired broadside on, and has been so satisfactory that more trucks are being turned out as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

In the group which is shown in front of the new truck, the centre figure is that of the C.R.A. Pretoria; on his left is Major Nanton, R.E.; the officer on the extreme left is Lieutenant Cusins, R.E.; while the civilian on the right is Mr. Lionel James, the *Times* Special Correspondent, who evinced great interest in armoured trains, and was a constant guest on the "Ubique." The other members of the group are officers of the Pretoria Ordnance Department.

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REVISITING RUINED PEKING.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR IN CHINA.

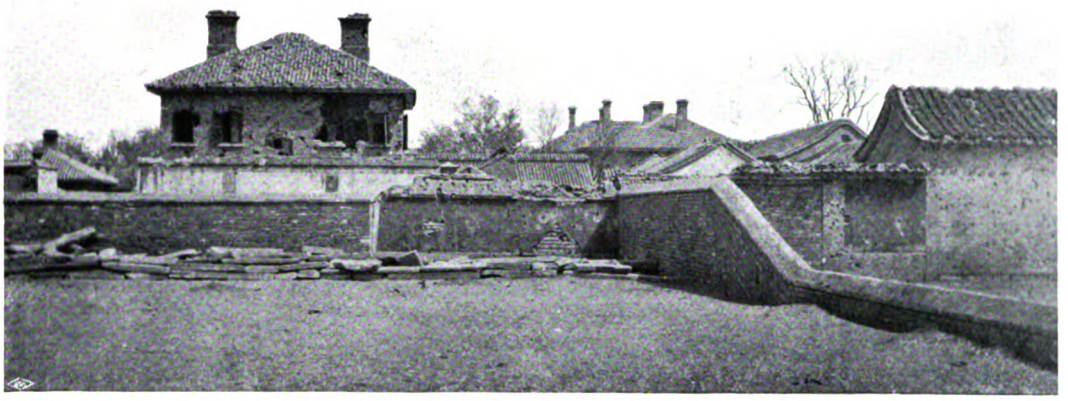
SCARCELY fifteen months have elapsed since the siege of the Peking Legations, yet how few marks of that desperate struggle does a visitor to the British Legation now see. Even six months ago but few traces remained, and these were fast disappearing.

Perhaps the most striking relic is the Student Interpreters' house, which stands in the Legation stable-yard on the extreme west of the Legation enclosure. One of the accompanying illustrations shows the forlorn state in which this house was left, the roof and walls literally riddled with bullets, and the windows battered in by artillery fire. Another picture shows the devastation outside the Legation on the north side, where the Hamlin Library formerly stood, and a third some of the buildings on the north side of the Legation within the defended area. The scene of the sortie from the Legations, which we also illustrate, is thus described in the despatches of Sir Claude Macdonald: "On the occasion of a sortie made from the park of Prince Su, under the command of Lieutenant Paolini of the Italian Navy, volunteers were called for, and Messrs. Russell, Bristow, Hancock, and Flaherty immediately came forward. The party, which consisted of Italian and British Marines, as well as the Student Volunteers, came suddenly upon a barricade eight feet high, which effectually barred all further advance, and from which a heavy fire was opened at a distance of a few yards. Lieutenant Paolini fell severely wounded; two Italian Marines were shot dead; several of the Marines, both British and Italian, were also wounded. The party was thrown into disorder, and crowded through a hole in the park wall. Mr. Russell, who was the senior student, with great coolness ordered the others to take cover behind a projecting piece of wall on the north side of the lane, from which they opened a smart fire on the barricade, and when the Marines had all got through, several being wounded in so doing, he ordered the party to dash across the lane two at a time. This they did under a withering fire. . . . I venture to think that but for the presence of mind displayed by Mr. Russell, very few of the students would have escaped being killed or wounded."

The wall with a hole in it on the right of the left-hand picture is the northern boundary of Prince Su's park. Along this wall ran a lane, enclosed on the northern side by another wall, only a small portion of which now remains, as is seen in the illustration. The party entered this lane from the western end, and advanced along it for about 100-yds. until stopped by the barricade, the exact site of which is marked by the Chinaman standing in the picture. The hole in the park wall, through which the party had to retire, is to be seen on the right in the picture while the projecting piece of wall on the north side of the lane, behind which the students took cover, is visible in both illustrations.

We also represent a scene at the burning of the Winter Palace, when General Schwarzhof lost his life and Count Waldersee had such a narrow escape. The illustration shows the building while the fire was still burning.

The last picture is a very striking view in the Temple of Heaven, the archway where the British sentry is standing being of beautifully carved white marble, while the temple in the background is built of the deep blue glazed porcelain for which the Temple of Heaven is so famous.



RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

The student interpreters' quarters.

PEKING, APRIL, 1901.

Close to the British Legation.

THE BURNT-OUT WINTER PALACE.

The house of the late General Schwarzhof.

From Photos. by an Officer of the Relieving Forces.

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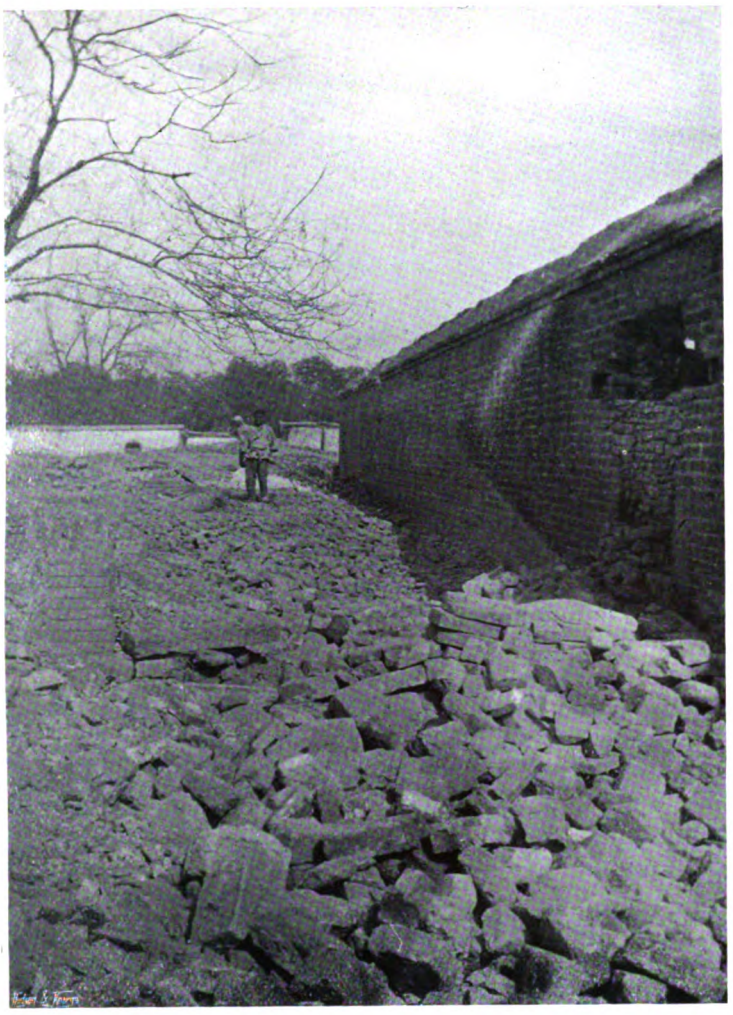
REMINISCENCES OF PEKING.

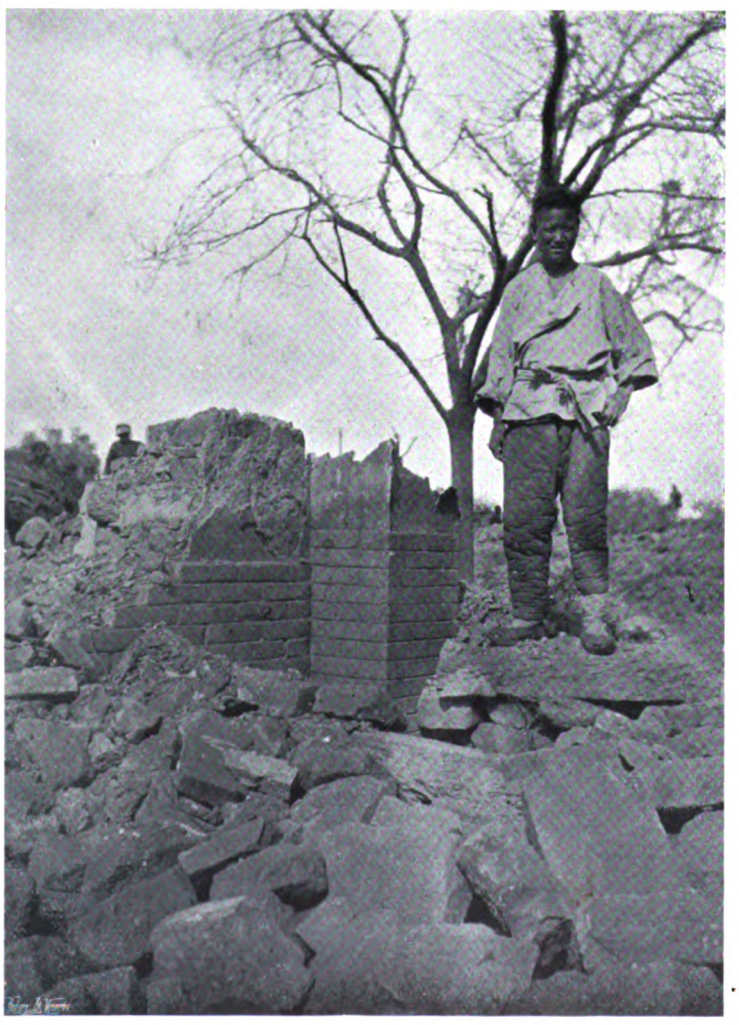


THE SCENE OF A DESPERATE SORTIE.

Where the senior student, Mr. Russell. displayed coolness and courage

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE LEGATION.

A building which was held by us during the siege.



SCANT COVER FOR A SORTIE PARTY.

An angle of the Legation park wall.

A BUILDING IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

A beautiful mixture of marble and dark blue tiles.

From Photos. by an Officer of the Relieving Forces.

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RUSSIAN SAPPERS OF THE GUARD.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie

BY

David Hannay.

A REPORT FROM HEADQUARTERS.

THE question as to how to administer a wigging to an officer who has not made a success of operations is one which presents itself from time to time to the most fortunate and best served of Governments. Man, as is well known, is eminently fallible, and will, with the best training in the world, go wrong. So it is not useless to have a precedent for dealing with him when he does. It happens that the correspondence of Napoleon contains an especially good specimen, in which the offender was a Naval officer, and the occasion of his bad behaviour is famous in our history. Everybody, I presume, has read, if only in the lively pages of Marryat, of the most audacious and most deservedly successful game of bluff played by the East India Company's commodore, Nathaniel Dance, against the French Admiral Linois. There are few better-known passages of our doings on the sea than the tale of how Dance left Canton with the Company's great ships, and the up-country trade, in January, 1804; how he was met by Linois off Palo Aor on February 14; how he fended the Frenchman off during that and part of the following day by hoisting a man-of-war pennant in two of his ships, by presenting a steady front, and then at the psychological moment bearing down on the enemy. Linois fled before a force he could easily have overpowered, because he was cowed by the fears in his own mind. The genius of the British Navy awed him. If ever there was a case which proves the profound truth of Napoleon's own maxim that in war moral strength is to physical as three is to one, it was this.

* * * *

And now let us see how the Emperor (he had just exchanged his title for that of first Consul) took the news when it reached him. The facts were reported to him in a despatch from Decaen, the Governor of the French islands in the Indian Seas. It was brought by the corvette "Le Berceau," that is, the Cradle—an odd name for a man-of-war, even when you use it in the Naval sense. Napoleon mentions her arrival with despatches in a letter to his Minister of Marine, Decrès, dated 23 Fructidor of the Year XII.—that is to say, September 10, 1804. The news, therefore, of what had taken place on February 14 of that year took nearly eight months to reach headquarters. The Emperor tells his Minister how eager he is to get news of what was happening in the Indies, and shows no suspicion of what the character of the information was going to be. Though he kept a strict watch on the English papers, no hint of the facts had reached him yet. News travelled slowly in those days. It was not yet the case that every trumpery skirmish was reported home in twenty-four hours. When he did get Decaen's letter, and the correspondence which came with it, his fury mounted to a height quite pleasant to contemplate.

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His next letter to Decrès is dated September 12. We may suppress the dates of the Revolutionary Calendar, which Napoleon himself abolished in the following year. It is a remarkable document, and begins with a roar at the "miserable" conduct of Linois. The Emperor was no less furious with Captain Larue of the "Marengo," who brought home the despatches. He denounces him fiercely for doing a midshipman's work and leaving the line-of-battle-ship he had the honour to command. Decrès is directed to order Larue to start on his way back in twenty-four hours in a small vessel. A notice was to be sent round the ports that the Emperor had refused to see him. This was to be for the sake of example to other officers, and in order to teach them not to jump at chances for getting a run home in future. Poor Captain Larue was no doubt a disappointed man; but we need not waste tears on his sorrows. One wonders more than a little why any man should have wished to come home with such a tale of shameful failure. Home sickness excuses a good deal, but not everything.

* * * *

Captain Larue was, however, a very minor figure. The value of Napoleon's action to us now lies in the line he took in regard to the whole transaction. He ordered Decrès to publish the story in the *Moniteur*, the official paper, on the very next day. "I insist," he wrote, "that this is done, for the Navy must be enabled to form an opinion on such dishonourable affairs as this. It is the only way to have a Navy. All the Naval expeditions which have been undertaken since I have been at the head of the Government have always failed, because the admirals see double, and have found out, where I know not, that war can be made without running risks." This is one of those penetrating sayings of Napoleon which go to the root of the matter, and are not his worst claim to be accepted as a very great man. It is the fact that the whole theory of Naval war elaborated by the ingenious French Naval theorists of the eighteenth century, and inherited by their successors of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, was vitiated by their slavery to the delusion that *on peut faire la guerre sans courir aucune chance.*

* * * *

But apart from his general doctrine, which is luminous and for ever valuable, this later of the Emperors is instructive in another way. We know, for we are being constantly reminded, that he did not approve of washing your dirty linen in public. Yet here we find him insisting on giving the utmost official publicity to a "dishonourable affair," and assigning as his reason that the publication will teach a needful lesson. Napoleon was unquestionably a thoroughly bad man, a shameless liar, selfish, unsparing, and in his later years not quite sane. He came to be delivered over to a delusion—the fruit of his passions and his greed—so that his wonderful capacity for work and for government was wasted, with ruinous consequences to France, in perpetual efforts to do the impossible. Nobody, however, can deny that to the very end he knew what things make for the efficiency of a fighting force. We see from this passage in his history that when he was at the height of his intellectual power, and had not yet begun to lose his grasp on realities, he would have nothing to say to any proposal to conceal a scandal. The whole value of the experience as a warning would have been lost if a weak respect for the character of the Navy had been allowed to serve as a pretext for huddling up the truth. "No," said Napoleon, "let us have it all out—bad as it is—in order that the shameful thing may be a warning for ever." His example is not to be lightly

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neglected, and might profitably be weighed by rulers, who have to decide what steps to take when there has been failure to do enough in the field. By shielding the offender they deprive their Services of a useful lesson, and since, in these cases, the truth can never be wholly concealed, but leaks out through the subordinates who saw what happened, or part of it, the result of attempts at concealment is to spread the poisonous conviction that, after all, if you do make a mess, the result need not be so very serious to yourself.

* * * *

Linois is still spoken of by the French as the victor of Algeciras, and they gave his name to a war-ship. I do not know how they managed to do this, in face of Napoleon's condemnation. The Emperor came back to his admiral's sins in another letter to Decrès on September 15, and reiterated his blame with increased force. "Linois," he said, "has made the French flag the laughing-stock of the world. The least reproach you can make to him is that he showed far too much care to keep his squadron safe. War-ships are not merchant vessels. It is honour which I wish to see preserved, and not a few bits of wood and some men. The contempt felt for him in England by the Naval officers is carried to the extreme limit. I would give much that this wretched business had never happened. I would rather have lost three line-of-battle-ships." Here again Napoleon was right. The Palo Aor encounter did a great deal to confirm the British Navy in a sense of its superiority. If Linois had been right, if the two East India Company's ships with men-of-war pennants had been men-of-war, and if he had come resolutely on, he might have been beaten. It might, or would in all probability, have been ultimately necessary to haul down the flag of the "Marengo," but he might have inflicted heavy loss before he surrendered. Meanwhile the two heavy frigates of his squadron could have fallen on the convoy. In any case he would have earned the respect of the British Navy, and every other French officer would have profited by the prestige gained for the flag.

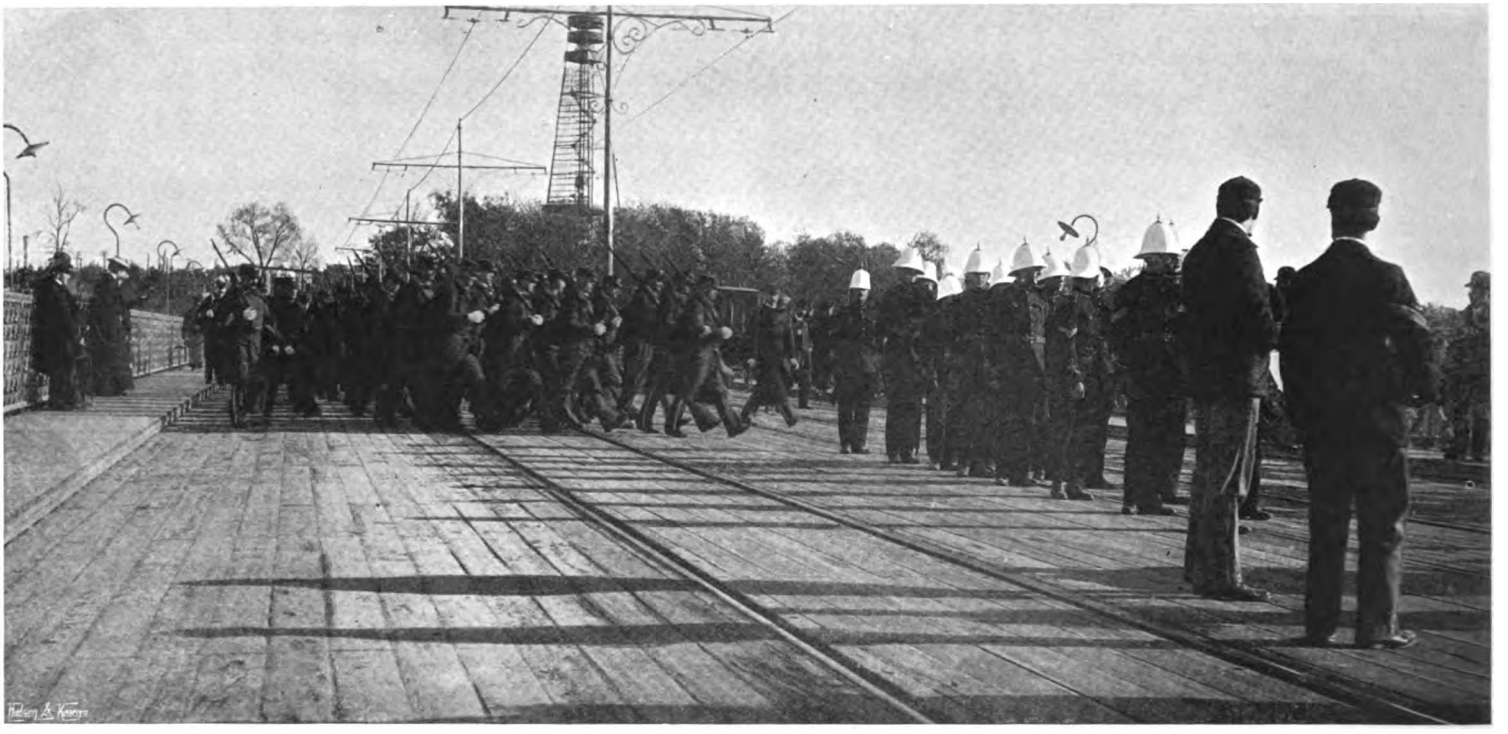
AN ECHO OF 1814.

THE Canadian frontier at Niagara was the scene of a picturesque military function on October 19 last. The circumstance must be recalled that this, the Niagara district, witnessed much severe fighting between the British and United States troops during the war of 1812-14.

At the end of 1813 the American force on the frontier was commanded by Major-General Jacob Brown, who raised his little army to a degree of excellence hitherto unknown among his countrymen. On July 5, 1814, Brown defeated a British force under General Riall at Chippewa River. There weeks later General Drummond reinforced General Riall, and the combined force advanced to recover the Niagara frontier on the Canada side. This move resulted in the sanguinary battle of Lundy's Lane. Late in the afternoon of the 25th the American advance guard fell in with our troops, strongly posted on an eminence at Lundy's Lane, near the Niagara Falls, with a battery in position. In approaching this position the United States troops suffered severe loss, but one regiment managed to turn our left, and, penetrating to the rear, captured a number of prisoners, among whom was General Riall. Soon after dark Major-General Brown came up with the main army, which stormed and carried the British battery in a charge of great gallantry. During the night the British troops made three determined attempts to recapture the hilltop and the guns, but without success; after which the Americans replied with a counter attack, but this also failed. In the morning, however, the United States army, which had all its generals wounded, deemed it prudent to retire from British soil, and in its haste to do so the guns were left unguarded for a few minutes, and immediately recaptured by the British. This curious battle was practically the last movement of importance on the Niagara frontier.

For many years the bones of the slain have been turned up in farming and building operations, while the patriotic Canadians have erected a monument to the remains of the British soldiers thus discovered. A few months ago the remains of nine more bodies were turned up, the buttons and what remained of the uniforms proclaiming them to have been men of the 9th U.S. Infantry, which regiment shared in the fiercest fighting of the day. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society took charge of the remains, while the Dominion authorities communicated with the United States Government, suggesting that the bones should be reinterred in the local cemetery will full military honours. The United States Government agreed to this, and asked permission for a selected unit of their own troops to cross the frontier in order to attend the funeral on the day chosen. Accordingly, K Company, 14th U.S. Infantry, stationed at Port Niagara, marched on to the Niagara Bridge, where, in the centre of this great steel tie, they were met by sixteen men of the Lincoln-Welland Dominion Regiment. Having exchanged salutes, the march was resumed to the cemetery.

En route a halt was made while the remains—enclosed in a casket, which was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, and covered with beautiful floral emblems—were handed over to a bearer party of the American company. Then the *cortège* moved off again, the band of the United States regiment playing a funeral march as they proceeded along the identical road where, some ninety years before, the ancestors of British and American soldiers had met in fierce hand-to-hand conflict. At the graveside the military representatives of the two great nations faced one another, while three Canadian ministers read the burial service. Then the American company brought forward its firing party for discharging the customary volleys which terminate the warrior's funeral. On their return through the town the troops halted to witness the unveiling ceremony of a beautiful fountain erected to the memory of Queen Victoria, and at this function the company of United States Infantry acted as a guard of honour.



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A REMINISCENCE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Detachment of the British Lincoln-Welland Dominion Regiment meeting K Company, 14th U.S. Infantry, at the centre of the Upper Niagara Viaduct.

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BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

AGAIN it becomes necessary to make passing allusion to one of those unfortunate cases in which an unhappy mixture of misguided officialism and individual ineptitude has gone far to endanger Imperial goodwill and friendly understanding. Again, too, the writer proposes to play the part of apologist rather than that of acrimonious critic, although it must be confessed that the latter is, perhaps, the more tempting *rôle*. The case may be briefly stated as follows: On the understanding that the war gratuity of £5 would be paid by the War Office to the Natal Volunteers, this sum was in certain cases duly handed over. The War Office subsequently decided that the payment was not to be made, and instructions were accordingly given to recover the amounts. This was bad enough, but cases had actually occurred in which the men themselves, to whom, or to whose representatives, the "batta" had been paid, had died, and an official attempt was made forthwith to get back the money by legal process from their widows, who were incidentally shown to be in needy circumstances! Probably by the time these notes appear in print this extraordinary action will have been reversed. But the mistake was a very flagrant one, and produced a vigorous crop of generously indignant protests.

It is in this hearty outburst of popular sentiment that we must seek relief from the feeling of disgust which the transcendental meanness of the proceeding naturally inspires. The Colonies ought by this time to understand that the voice of the War Office is not the voice of the people in any matter of this sort, and they may usefully remember that, where men of Colonial Forces or their kith and kin suffer once by reason of such lack of sense and tact, the Regular Army and its belongings endure, more or less patiently, a dozen petty wrongs and irritations. Contrariwise, the Colonies may well be gratified at the strong language which is invariably indulged in whenever these and similar incidents come to light, more especially if they tend to diminish that growing kindliness between Great and Greater Britain which every Imperialist cherishes as, so far, the best result of the war. The nation, at any rate, agrees with a leading authority in thinking that where a promise in such a case has been made it should be "kept at any cost, rather than that the Mother Country should be suspected of bad faith in a Colony which has done such splendid service for the Empire."

BUGLER, SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER POLICE.

One may be pardoned for suggesting that here is another argument for a better representation of Colonial Military interests at the War Office. If we had, as proposed under this heading a fortnight ago, an Inspector-General of Colonial Forces as one of the great staff officers at Army headquarters, there would probably be few cases such as that quoted, and, where they did occur, they would probably be rectified, and the evil effects of them neutralised, with comparatively little effort and waste of good adjectives.

The old Service description of Bermuda used to be that it was a place where a man in his first year was able to busy himself in catching fish, the second year he caught butterflies, and the third year he went mad for want of better occupation. But somehow regiments—even Guards regiments—have of late years contrived to exist pretty happily in this curious agglomeration of islands, a circumstance, perhaps, in no small measure pleasantly due to the kindly hospitality of the Colonial residents. The latter, at any rate, was well exemplified by an entertainment which was recently given by the Colonists to the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment, now stationed at Bermuda as a guard over the Boer prisoners. The battalion marched into Hamilton, and was not only right warmly welcomed and royally fed, but also presented with a purse wherewith to procure a suitable piece of plate as a memorial of the pride and pleasure with which Bermuda welcomed the battalion as the representative of the gallant Army in South Africa. The Bermuda Volunteers assisted in waiting on the guests, who, we may be very sure, were profoundly gratified with the attention paid to them. What will strike the general reader with peculiar force is the spontaneity and genuineness of the good feeling which prompted this truly kind act towards a corps hardly to be congratulated on being selected, on account of its efficiency, for a not very agreeable duty.

From Bermuda to Canada is an easy step, and of Canada there is much to say this week that is of general interest from both a peaceful and a warlike standpoint. The British War Office has just accepted the Dominion's offer to provide a fresh contingent of 600 mounted men, which Canada is proceeding to recruit forthwith, the officers receiving commissions in the Imperial Army. The negotiations in connection with this offer have been carried out, as was mentioned in these notes on the 23rd ult., by the Hon. Dr. Borden, the Canadian Minister of Militia. Within the last week the writer has received a copy of the *Halifax Weekly Chronicle*, in which occurs a deeply interesting reference to this statesman in connection with an incident of the Royal Tour. It appears that, as the gentlemen were leaving the dining-room after the State dinner at Halifax, Dr. Borden was informed that His Royal Highness wished to speak to him privately. Dr. Borden, it will be remembered, lost his son in South Africa, and the Duke took this opportunity of presenting, with a few well-chosen words of sympathy and commendation, the medal which would have been bestowed on the brave young officer to his bereaved father. Such episodes are best left untouched by comment, and with excellent taste the *Halifax Weekly Chronicle* merely alludes to what occurred as an "interesting incident." But not a few will read even our borrowed reference without feeling that here was another nail driven into the coffin of prejudice and want of true sympathy which did so much aforetime to keep the Colonies and the Old Country apart, if not asunder.

A letter from a Toronto correspondent revives another incident of the tour, and further, alas! convicts the bold bad writer of these notes of a historical blunder. He hastens to confess, to apologise, and to plead that he had the error direct from the columns of the *Times*, which mentioned that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall had passed in a trolley by a monument erected "in memory of Braile and Brock who fell in the Fenian Raid of 1866." The writer can hardly regret the error—which, by the way, has since been corrected in the *Times*—for the letter which it has elicited from this Toronto correspondent, himself a retired field-officer, is a very courteous

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and singularly interesting one. "The war of 1812," writes our kindly critic, "may be called the heroic era of Canadian history. In that war the British troops, composed chiefly of Canadian Militia, gained several brilliant victories, commemorated ever since by the privilege accorded to all Canadian troops, whether Regulars or Militia, and whether accompanied by a Royal appellation or not, of carrying the same colours and wearing the same facings as Royal regiments in the Regular Army." One of these victories was Queenston Heights, where General Brock and his A.D.C., Colonel Macdonnell, were both killed. Their remains lie under the monument erected to commemorate the victory (Braile, by the way, appears to be a telegraphic myth), and it was by a most singular coincidence, quite undesigned, that the day on which the Prince and Princess visited Queenston was the anniversary of the battle.

Since writing the above, a cutting from the *Montreal Daily Star*, which also makes allusion to our unfortunate error, has reached us. Here again regret is tempered by gratification, for the reference to NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED and to this new feature is full of kindly encouragement.

The whirligig of Time brings about strange happenings other than those of a purely revengeful order. Not much more than three years ago Mr. Cecil Rhodes at the Cape, and Sir Horatio Kitchener in Cairo, were intent upon a variety of objects, among which a Cape to Cairo railway was one that naturally absorbed a good deal of attention among thinkers impressed by the character of the two individuals mainly concerned. Since then Kitchener has smashed the Mahdi and Cecil Rhodes has been besieged in Kimberley, and now, at the time of writing, the former is at Pretoria "sweeping up," and the latter is at Cairo contemplating a visit to Khartoum. How is a conscientious literary man to discuss Colonial matters with breadth, with discernment, with far-seeing sagacity, when he is met constantly by such bewildering changes as these?

Empire exacts its toll with melancholy severity, and the sadness is accentuated when the victims fall in the performance of a peaceful duty to no bright accompaniment of glorious and warlike circumstances. A party of Royal Engineers, consisting of six officers and twelve non-commissioned officers, recently arrived at Cape Coast Castle in order to survey the Colony. Within a few weeks three non-commissioned officers had died, two from fever and one from dysentery. Very strenuous efforts are being made to fight against the demons of malaria and insanitation in these dreadful parts, but the loss of these three valuable lives shows that the Gold Coast still lives up to its ghastly reputation as "the White Man's Grave," and one may almost venture to doubt whether detailed surveys of such a Colony produced at such a cost are worth the making.

It is rarely that a military, more especially, perhaps, a Colonial military, appointment merits such complete approval as does that of Colonel Sir Edward Hutton to the command of the Federal Forces of Australia. Sir Edward won golden opinions in New South Wales as Commandant of the Local Forces from 1893 to 1896, and his—and, it may be added, Lady Hutton's—return will be most acceptable to the Colonials concerned, who have been watching Sir Edward's work in South Africa with deep interest. His further experience in Canada, combined with an excellent war record and undying enthusiasm on the subject of mounted infantry, mark him as unquestionably the right man for the post, and it is very gratifying that the difficulties in connection with the appointment have been so satisfactorily surmounted.

A REMINISCENCE OF A MEMORABLE VOYAGE.

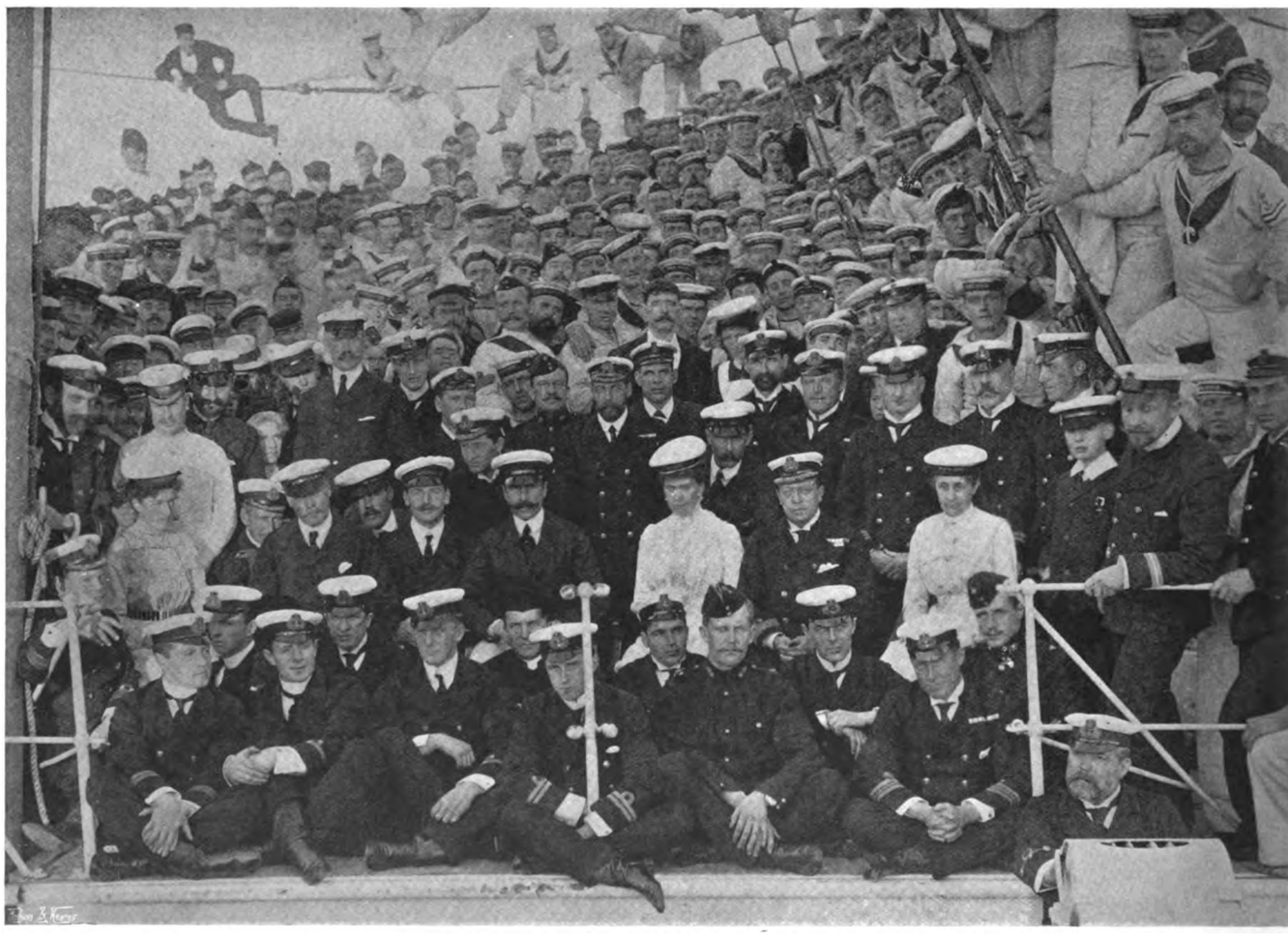

Photo. Copyright. SHIPMATES FOR SEVEN MONTHS. *West.*

Reading from left to right the more prominent members are: Commander Wemyss, Lady Mary Lygon, Sir Charles Cust, Lord Wenlock, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Crichton, Prince Alexander of Teck, Princess of Wales, Commodore Winsloe, Lady Catherine Coke, Arthur Lawley, and Fleet-Paymaster Gask.

Nothing more rational, or rather more Imperial, has ever taken place than the voyage of the Royal pair who are now Prince and Princess of Wales. Their journey has served to knit together the various parts of the Empire which had shed their blood together in South Africa, but which yet lacked the representation of the dominant Royal factor to bring home to them the fact that Royalty was, after all, the connecting thread in the great cable of Imperialistic life. The tact of the Prince of Wales and the graciousness of the Princess have served to knit together the fabrics of the Empire. Our picture is illustrative of the great occasion. It shows in one gathering the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the officers and men who had worked so loyally with them for some seven or eight months, and the picture itself is an eloquent testimony to the good feeling which prevailed on board the "Ophir," and to the general good-fellowship in which the Prince and Princess abundantly shared.

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HOW CAPTAIN QUIRKE AND BUGLER O'CARROLL KEPT CHRISTMAS AT BENJIPORE.

By F. Norreys Connell.

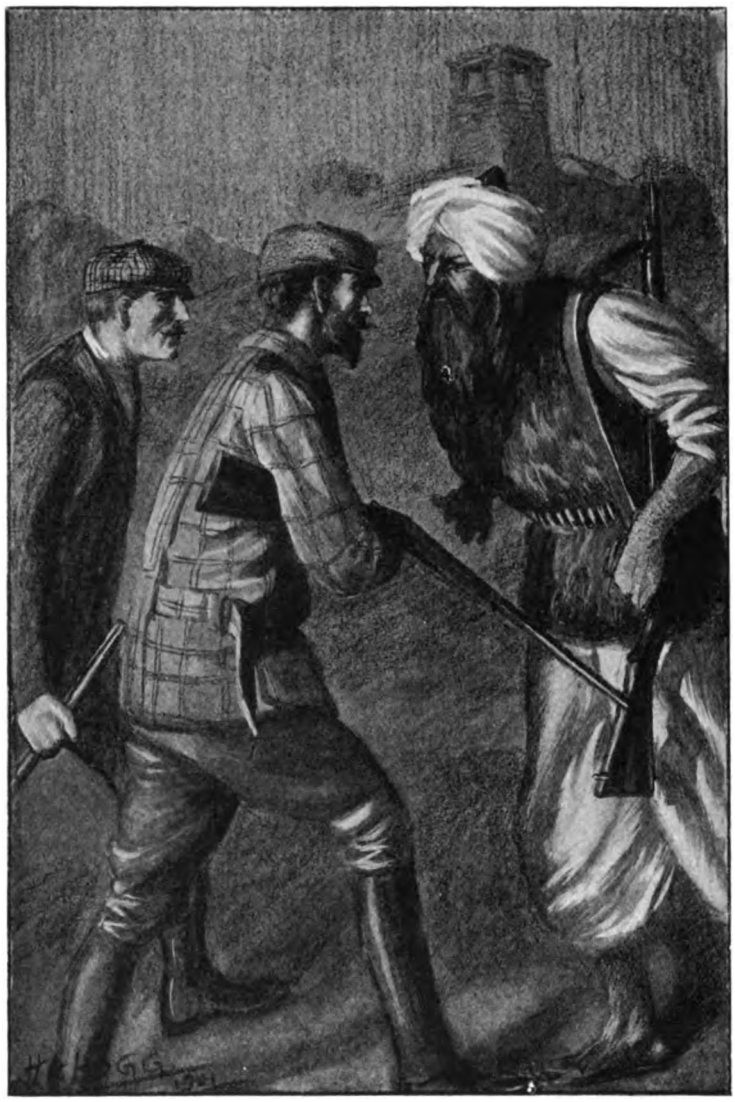
(Author of "The Follies of Captain Daly," "How Soldiers Fight," etc.

I JOHN QUIRKE look back with satisfaction to the 25th day of December, 1897. You will remember that was the heyday of the last big Frontier War, when you might have journeyed from Beluchistan to Thibet accompanied by the rattle of musketry, always provided you did not happen to get hit by the same *en route*.

Theoretically speaking, I had nothing to do with the real war, being in garrison at Benjipore, a hill fort acquired by us of the 99th Gurkhas, sans phrases or newspaper articles, a little while before. Nobody really wanted Benjipore, except the outgoing proprietors, known locally as the Benji Brethren, who could not be trusted with it, and Major Swanton, who commanded us, was for demolishing it and coming away again. But he could not make up his mind to abandon it immediately after its capture, and while he was awaiting instructions some intelligent person possessing a "conjectural" map of the Cabul basin decided that it was the key of the alternative route to Lord knows where—St. Petersburg or Colney Hatch—it does not matter now. We were told to hold on, and Swanton marched home with the main body, leaving me with a company and a half to kick my heels in the beastly dismal place.

We did not get our mails very regularly, for the Benjis, though discomfited, were still strong enough to evince an interest in our correspondence, unless carried by half a hundred marksmen. Still, now and then we heard of things happening in the world we once had lived in. "We" was myself and Jopper, of Marlborough, who took the place of young Home Green, killed by the Benjis. Jopper was an insignificant person, but he stood for a great deal when there was no other white man within helio call, and I was quite grateful when he confided to me all his past life, of which the two most exciting episodes were his passing last for infantry at his last shot, and having once gained the second prize in a sack race.

Now the news was of a plague riot a thousand miles away, then of the massacre of a political agent's escort round the corner, so to speak, for inasmuch as news was concerned all places were equidistant from Benjipore. We might know the result of a cricket match at Lord's within forty-eight hours and not hear of a battle fought just out of earshot for a week.



"GET INTO THE FORT AS QUICK AS YOU CAN WITHOUT RUNNING."

It was October, and the better part of the country must have been ablaze before we knew that anything more than the everyday hammer and tongs border raiding was afoot.

The Benjis had been behaving quite civilly, inviting us to play polo with them, an invitation we might have accepted but for the absence of ponies, and one evening Jopper and I were out potting, or rather endeavouring to pot, chikar, when he suddenly exclaimed: "I say, that looks fishy!"

A party of tribesmen, who had bobbed up from nowhere in particular, were obviously manœuvring to come between us and the fort, within sight of which we had been careful to remain. "It's nothing," I declared, unwilling to admit myself an ass in having ventured out without an escort; "but it's coming on so cold, we may as well give over for to-day."

Jopper unreservedly agreed, and we turned back, the sight of which movement brought half the tribesmen (they were over a dozen in all) to a halt, while the others hastened their steps to intercept us, and a fresh body turned up from behind. I saw now there was a preconcerted plan on the part of the Benjis to avail themselves of my rashness, by depriving the garrison of their only two white officers. This succeeding, there would be no more Union Jack at Benjipore.

Jopper commenced fingering the lock of his fowling-piece; from this operation I begged him to desist, as it was a temptation to the Benjis to let fly at him at once.

But the Benjis did not fire, nor did those in front make any sign of preparing to do so, although I have no doubt we were covered from behind. I did not look round, for fear of alarming Jopper.

As we drew nearer I recognised in the tallest of the party directly barring our route the Khan Fuza Tanjan, reported by our Intelligence Department to represent the brain power of the late Benji Government. Albeit, a besotted and curiously unclean-looking gentleman, he was the progressive party in Benji politics. The ditch round the fortress had been designed by him, and, again, it was he who had invited us to play polo.

"Behold!" Fuza Tanjan Khan observed, with decorum, waiting until only a few yards separated us; "the birds of the Benji persuasion are loath to present themselves to the discharge of the weapons of the Lord Sahibs."

"It is true, O Fuza Tanjan Khan," I made answer. "Wherefore and because of the increasing cold the Lord Sahibs hie them home, to essay again upon the morrow."

"There is not only increasing cold, but increasing darkness," Fuza said. "And verily the Lord Sahibs are exceeding wise, for hath it not come to pass that many an one hath gone forth in the light to shoot, who, being belated, came never back for that he in the dark was shotten?"

"That was in the past, O Fuza Tanjan Khan," I said, adding, with gross flattery, "and surely never in the country of the Benjis!"

The Khan dropped his hyperbole and whispered in English: "Other things than birds have died to-day; get into the fort as quick as you can without running."

"I thank you well, O Fuza Tanjan Khan," I said. "Peace be with you." I did not, however, stay to enlarge upon this text, but stepped out briskly with Jopper. A couple of hundred yards on a pursuing Enfield bullet slopped its soft nose on a stone, quite near enough to make me appreciate the soundness of Fuza Tanjan Khan's advice.

Therefore, Jopper and I set our house in order, inspecting mine-fuses, redistributing sandbags, and testing wire entanglements; also calling over stores, this last a depressing occupation, owing to the periodical convoy being overdue. That night we lay sleepless, sword in hand and revolver strapped to wrist; but though warning flames pinked the horizon, and drums were thought to rattle sullenly somewhere or other, there was no assault. The morning showed us three sangars thrown up within range, but they were not occupied, nor indeed were any of the tribesmen visible.

The rising sun brought us in heliographic communication with a force advancing from rail head. A battalion of British infantry they proved to be, marching up to join General Champion in the next valley but one; the wrong way round, of course, but they brought our convoy with them, so I was grateful and silent. They only arrived about

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dusk, being fresh to the hills, rested the dark hours of the night with us, and went on again, not in the best of tempers, with the moon.

As a keepsake they left us one of their buglers, a sixteen year old Irish Cockney from Rotherhithe, who had broken down on the line of march. "These town boys are no dam use," the Adjutant told me; "this one looked all right, and we let him sneak through, but he cracked up when the pull came. Turned roarer, don't ye know. Still very game; kept his end up and trailed along somehow. You'll find him come in all right as hospital orderly, handy with casualties—he understands the bandaging business—and gentle as a lamb, though he looks like the bullet-headed boy. Hope he won't be overworked. That's all."

Jopper and I reviewed our reinforcements, and came to the conclusion that what was wrong with them was their lungs; they had just come from far down in the plains, and the sudden change from sweltering heat to arctic cold had been too much. They stood about 5-ft. 5-in., their countenance was uncommonly truculent, but their eyes merry; finally, their name was O'Carroll, and they were made on the Thames bank from stock imported from Derry-na-saggart.

They wheezed nastily, but the accompanying cough was not consumptive; so, following the second principle of Abernethy, I prescribed black draught, while Jopper bethought him of a chest-protector provided by a doting mother. This treatment, assisted by the clean mountain air, worked wonders, and in forty-eight hours Bugler O'Carroll, who could not hold himself straight when he arrived, begged me to number him as an effective.

And he was effective too. Jopper was a loyal, trustworthy fellow, to whom I shall ever feel grateful for his sturdy common-sense, but his talents would have served him equally well as a parson or a book-keeper. Bugler O'Carroll had military genius; to teach him the ways of war (particularly war with men who carried long knives and wanted to carve you with them) was like teaching a terrier ratting. And even for queer out-of-the-way details he had an instinct; he could tell by its noise in flight a Martini-Henry bullet from a Lee-Metford, and, what is more difficult, a Lee-Metford from a Berdan; there were plenty of all hailed in upon us as soon as the British infantry were out of sight.

After three days' bombardment, Bugler O'Carroll grasped perfectly the theory of trajectories and of the command of fire. Make such an acquisition hospital orderly, indeed! He became virtually my chief of staff, and Jopper, honest, modest Jopper, frankly admitted his worth and accepted the situation, which not one man in a hundred would have done.

So the long weeks dragged through until December. Benjipore was almost impregnable without artillery, and the enemy, knowing it, were content to establish a blockade and confine their energies to shooting all that showed and searching the invisible with high-angle fire. We of the 99th knew our business too well to give them much satisfaction at this game, and we bayonetted far more tribesmen in our occasional surprise visits to their sangars than we ever paid down to the account of their marksmen; and for one man shot inside the fort we left three behind after these night attacks. When the Gurkha's blood is up it is hard to keep him on the leash, and units would linger behind to deal with just one more of the enemy. There was keen competition in the letting of blood, and I doubt if I commanded a single man who had not his tally. Against this expansiveness I set a severe face, and one day rated Jopper soundly for not keeping his men better in hand. The consequence was that next journey he, chasing his strays too far, was himself severely wounded, and rescued with difficulty.

He was hugely apologetic, but the mischief was done, and there I was with no one to help me but Bugler O'Carroll, who of course could not be brought directly in command over the Gurkhas, although I must say the native officers were exceedingly nice concerning his equivocal position.

It was, as I have said, December, and a fresh convoy was about due, but Jopper and I guessed it would not be up to time, and we guessed right; consequently, it was particularly unfortunate that I had no man but myself to encourage the sepoys in the distress arising from short rations.

Bugler O'Carroll, however, did his best, and greatly strengthened his position by sharing the men's vegetable diet, and the beggar thrived on it too, which was not my good fortune when I would have emulated his example.

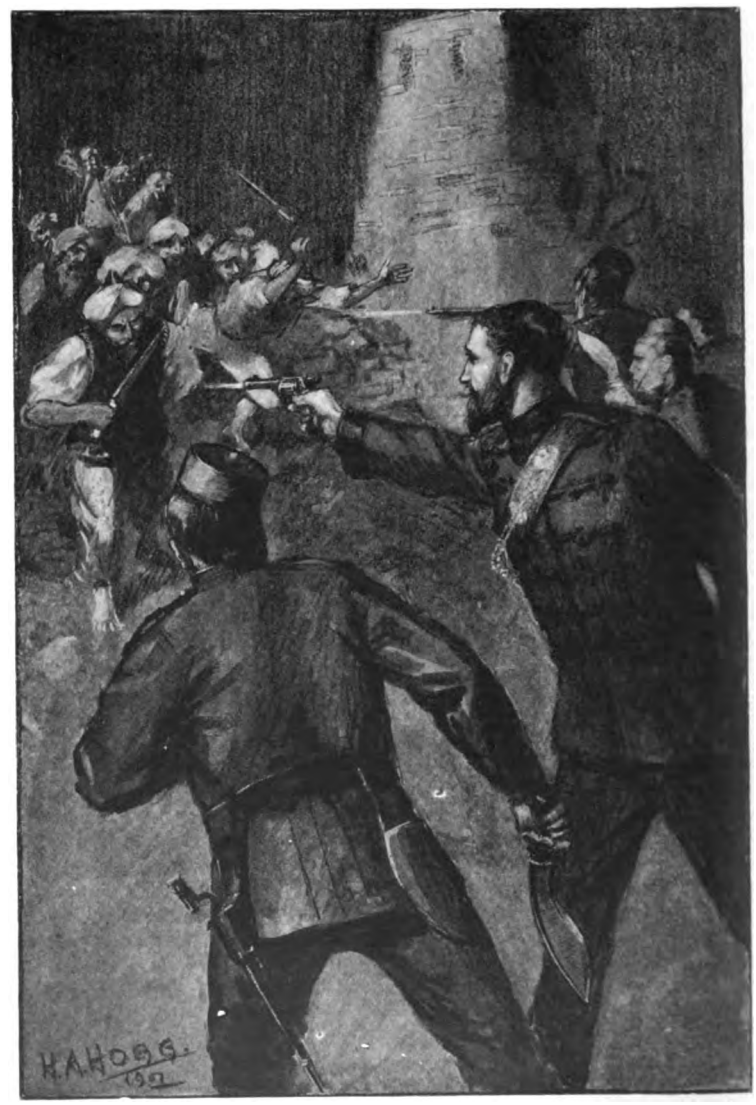
And still the siege dragged on. I need not describe its details; everyone who reads a newspaper knows what the defence of an Indian hill fort is like—the patient avoidance of being hit, the battling for water, the battling for air, the battling for the wounded to save them from torture, for the dead to save them shame, the heliographing for help into vacancy, hoping to catch the eye of an army out of employment. A week of such work is stirring enough when one's stomach is full and the soda-water plant does not run dry. I have seen a man die jesting with his Webley in one hand and a whisky peg in the other, a man who had counselled surrender when he had not tasted beef for a month. After all, preserved meat tins are jewels containing assorted gems of military valour, marvellously compressed for distant transport.

Although I had at first revelled in an independent command, no sooner did I find myself messing off curried mule bones than I wished Benjipore at the bottom of the Persian Gulf. And so, I need hardly say, did Jopper, whose unhappiness was aggravated by the necessity of lying on his back in a stuffy cell under the parapet, unable to lend a hand in his own defence, and with no better knowledge of what was going forward than could be deduced by counting the number of projectiles that rattled the stones next his head.

The third week in December the enemy grew bold; they knew we were starving, and they thought one strong blow would squash us; accordingly, they came on one night in force, and not Benjis only, but the far more fanatic Khoman Khels from the Northern Tirah. It was a wild affair, and creditable, very, to the Pathan fighting men; they burned our signal tower, they wrecked every inch of cover on the counterscarp, and, flinging grass and bedding on the wire entanglements, a score of Ghazis stormed into the midst of us. When Gurkhas and Pathan Ghazis do business together in the dark the murkiest part of hell could not show a queerer picture of brotherly love. The Ghazis killed each a man, but they were dealt with; none went back, and none but Ghazis dared to follow them; fortunately for us the supply was poor. So the attack was beaten off.

As soon as the tribesmen had turned their backs it was pick and shovel to put our dead under ground. At dawn I made a note of the affair, and struck a balance between losses and gains that looked well on paper. You know how this is done? You count the bodies of the enemy that are visible to the naked eye, you assume that as many lie invisible, and that twice as many have been carried off under cover of the darkness; you add these three sets of figures, and reduce the result to round numbers. And all the world wonders, or used to in the days before newspaper correspondents came along to trick out the modestly dressed official figures with a dainty train of ciphers.

Withal, whatever number of the enemy had actually fallen, we at least could boast of a staggering rout; the tribesmen withdrew from all their more forward positions, and for two nights even sniping operations were suspended. I was



THEY CAME ON ONE NIGHT IN FORCE.

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in hopes they had raised the siege, but a reconnaissance I sent out on the third day came back with the loss of two wounded, reporting the enemy in stronger force than ever.

We were now far gone in the belt-tightening way, and there was not a glimmer of news concerning the looked-for convoy; all the approaches, I readily imagined, were closed by the mountaineers, savage shepherds who herded their flocks with a John Company musket by way of a crook. Another week drew on, there was no further attack, little firing even at night, but the grip of the enemy never relaxed, and it was clear they had decided to starve us out.

Already the weaker vessels were breaking under the strain, and I feared for Jopper's life. Though the poor chap bore things well, he owned one day that Providence had not intended him for a military career. "To tell you the truth," said he, "it sometimes seems to me preposterous nonsense that we should put up with all this discomfort to hold this place in the teeth of its rightful proprietors, it not being of the very smallest use to us."

"Well," said I, "you must allow something for prestige."

"Dam prestige!" rejoined Jopper. "I'd give all the prestige in Christendom to be in Simpson's this moment, and the cook rolling round a roast shoulder of mutton."

"I beg of you don't speak of it," I said. "And, anyhow, apart from mere mileage, there are acres of cold steel between here and Simpson's."

Jopper looked away from me. "I fancy things could be arranged with Fuza Tanjan Khan," he whispered, as though afraid to hear himself speak. "I'm sure the fellow's a European; he's no Afghan anyhow."

The same idea had occurred to me. I had from the beginning suspected the possibility of the Khan being a Russian, perhaps a convict escaped from the salt mines; stranger things had come within my cognisance. Supposing then it were in his power to give us a safe conduct—well-nigh unthinkable event in Pathan warfare—was it my duty, or was it not, to come to terms? On the one hand lay the loss of prestige, but the redemption of what was left of my command; on the other hand, imminent starvation and eventual massacre. Let me frankly say that it was fortunate for my career that at that critical moment heliograph flashes were observed by the look-out.

"Walmsley commanding third brigade coming up. Sit tight," the message ran. It was emphasised by a faint cannonade of nine-pounder guns, which drummed the mountain-sides for two sunny days and two moonlight nights. Then the heliograph shattered our hopes with, "Regret can't get through. Casualties gun horses." And then it stirred them again with, "Reinforcements *en route*. Try again Boxing Day. Merry Christmas to you."

Merry Christmas, Boxing Day; it sounded like an appointment for the Greek Kalends. At least, I thought so at first, for I had lost count of the days, but reckoning up I found we were at the 21st of December. Five days more and we might reasonably expect relief. Again I called over the stores—barely one day's full rations remained.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish—fish, unhappily, not edible. We might at the risk of letting our sick and wounded perish hold out until the advance was resumed, but by no possible chance could we spin out one day beyond; so the slightest hitch in Walmsley's arrangements, and Benjipore was lost. An action, with a casualty list exceeding the number of our garrison, might be fought for nothing.

"Look here," said Jopper, "Walmsley will never get through in time; it's ten to one against his even trying it on for another week. Meanwhile, we'll all be in the pot. And what's the good of his getting through? To save us will cost him a man for a man, and then he won't be able to hold the place. He'll blow it up, and go away again carrying what's left of us in dhoolies, and the first rear-guard action will spell butchery. I confess I'm strong on negotiating now at once—this very day. We'll get better terms than to-morrow or the day after. If Fuza Tanjan Khan's still above ground he'll settle terms we can accept, not only to get rid of us now, but with a view to his position when the final reckoning comes. You send for Fuza Tanjan Khan before you're an hour older."

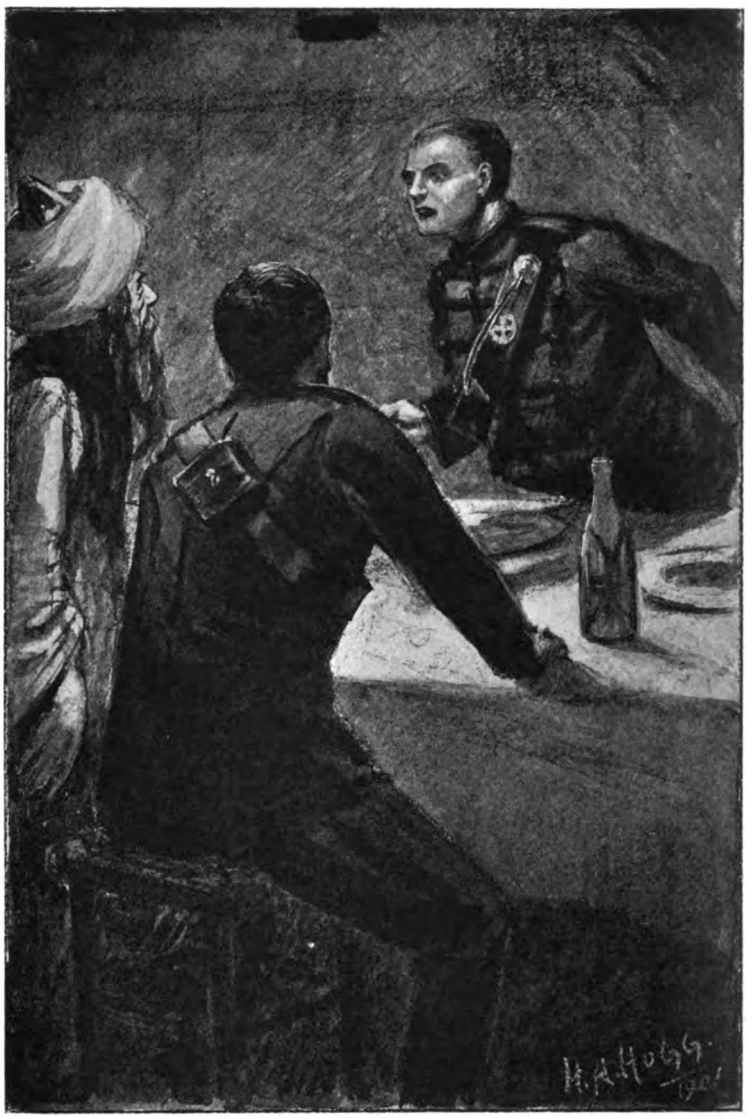
"Nonsense, Jopper," I said. "It's too late to think of squaring things now. To lay down our arms would be to lay down our lives."

"Don't lay down your arms," Jopper returned. "Simply offer to abandon the fort on promise of a safe conduct. Take my advice and send for Fuza Tanjan Khan."

Bugler O'Carroll stood listening in silent attention to our conversation.

"What do you think, my boy?" I asked, without attaching great importance to the question.

"I don't persoom to think, sir," said Bugler O'Carroll, "I know my plice, but if I was an awficer and a gintleman, sir"——he hesitated as though fearful of rebuke. Jopper looked up enquiringly. "If I was an awficer and a gintleman, sir——"



"TRITCHERY!" YELLED O'CARROLL.

He paused again. "Well?" I asked.

"I'd see Fuza Tanjan Khan in 'ell first," said Bugler O'Carroll, and crimsoned with emotion.

"There's something in that," said I.

"There is," agreed Jopper. "After all, let's see him in hell," said he.

The 22nd of December passed, and the 23rd was got through somehow. On the 24th two Benji tribesmen were brought in by a patrol; they carried an enormous hamper, which they laid at my feet with the salutations of Fuza Tanjan Khan. It bore a label, on which was written "To the officer commanding at Benjipore, with seasonable greetings from F. T. K." From the other side the name of General Champion had been almost erased. The hamper was full of hams and turkeys and puddings and wine-bottles.

In an instant it flashed upon me that Fuza Tanjan Khan was anxious to make his peace with the Government, and had sent me this as a dignified preliminary to negotiations. No doubt he had held up Champion's convoy, robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Ordering the tribesmen to wait, I scribbled an invitation to Fuza Tanjan Khan to come and dine with me on Christmas Day, the Benjis being far from orthodox followers of the Prophet. This despatched, I scurried off to make known the joyous turn of affairs to Jopper. "Have you given instructions about cooking the turkeys?" he asked, before the story was well started, so will a man's stomach obtrude itself upon his thoughts even at the most spiritual moments of his existence.

"Now, Jopper," said I, patting him on the shoulder, "you must get up and pull yourself together to-morrow, so that you can sit down to table with Fuza and me, and drink the health of the Empress in—I think it's Heidsieck."

Jopper shook his head. "Can't, old man. You don't suppose I'd lie here if I was fit to stand. Often I've crawled out of bed when fighting was going on, but I could do nothing—hadn't the strength to hold my revolver straight. Once O'Carroll found me on the floor in a faint with my bandages burst. I don't know how it happened; perhaps I was raving. I've been deadly frightened all along—not of bullets, you know, but the knife. The Benjis are bad enough, but the Khels! You remember the Subadar Major. Gad! I'm as faint as a West End cat in September. Crack a bottle of fiz, old man."

"But," I cried, "if Fuza Tanjan Khan finds I'm the only

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British officer left standing he'll never be able to resist the temptation of jobbing me under the table and taking his chance of getting away. I must have someone else."

"Why not O'Carroll?" asked Jopper.

"Fuza Tanjan Khan knows our uniforms," said I.

"Then," said Jopper—I had cracked the Heidsieck by this time, and we were drinking out of the bottle, while we toothed dog biscuits smeared with Bovril—"dress him up in mine. I'm a longer journey round the chest and shorter in the leg than he, but beyond that we're much of a size. Call him in, and I'll show him how to put them on."

But Bugler O'Carroll wanted no showing. He was into Jopper's kit as quickly as Jopper could have been, and every belt, every strap, buckled true. "Our young friend seems to be used to officers' clothes," smiled Jopper.

Bugler O'Carroll beamed with pride. "I 'ave been a sawrt of an awficer meself," said he.

"Where?" we asked.

"In Father Newton's Catholic Boys' Brigade, St. Joseph's, Paradise Street," he rattled off. "Father Newton permoted me to a lootenancy fer conduc' becomin' of an awficer an' knowin' my cattykism. I was the only lootenant barrin' the drill sergeant."

I felt poor old Jopper laugh noiselessly in his bed, while I clawed my beard. "Well, O Carroll," I said at last, "I am sure you will do your best to be a credit to Father Newton and myself. You'd better have a go at this hamper, and then get back to work. To-morrow you will be required to assist at an historic banquet."

Mr. O'Carroll saluted, not with the open palm, but his finger to the side of his cap, and swaggered off with the port of a Guardsman. Luckily the Gurkhas had grown to love him, or his life would not have valued an hour's purchase. Jopper and I heard him singing and chattering to himself on the parapet:

"'Gawd bless you, merry gintlemen,
May nothin' you dismay,
For Cher-rist our Lawrd an' Saviour
Was born——'

Strewth! bloomin' awficer!" he broke off ecstatically.

Jopper nearly laughed his life out.

We had no holly and ivy for decorative purposes, yet Jopper and I were merry enough that Christmas Eve. Jopper half thought he might be able to get up for dinner, but the effort was too much, and he fell asleep in the attempt.

There was plenty of food and drink for all who were not too severely observant of the precepts of Mahomet, and they were not many. On Christmas Day Fuza Tanjan Khan, coming into the fortress with a single aide-de-camp, sat down to as good a dinner as could be had north of the Indus. I pitied the bereft General Champion with his staff junketting off bully beef and melted snow, and Fuza Tanjan Khan cordially drank their healths when I proposed it.

The Khan, strange to say, was, perhaps not spotlessly, yet for him remarkably clean, and being clean, the whiteness of his skin, where the sun had not beaten it, was unmistakable. He sat next me and opposite to O'Carroll, whose appearance seemed to afford him immense gratification, for at the very first glimpse of him he went into convulsions of laughter. The fact is that Bugler O'Carroll, attired in Jopper's regimentals, was an absolutely ludicrous sight. Though he had the heart of a lion, his face was that of a gutter child, and, apart from the misfortune that Jopper's tunic hung round him like the main course of a becalmed ship, while the overalls came not within speaking distance of his ankles, the uniform of a British officer was about as appropriate to his appearance as that of a bank-runner would have been to Fuza Tanjan Khan.

Although the Khan ate and drank heartily, I found him very slow in approaching the real object of his visit. More than a bottle and a-half of Heidsieck had reached his inside when he suddenly turned and said: "I'm not a good Mahomedan, you think, eh?"

"I never supposed for a moment you were," I returned, carelessly, filling his glass, which was in point of fact a tin pannikin.

"What did you think I was?" he asked, thickly.

"Greek Church," I hazarded.

He chuckled. "I'm a Plymouth Brother," said he.

I could not conceal that I was a shade surprised.

"Were you at one time a British subject?" I thought that the best way of putting it.

Fuza Tanjan Khan rubbed a half-picked turkey bone against his strawberry nose. "I'm a true-born Englishman," said he.

"Ugh!" said Bugler O'Carroll, just audibly.

"A true-born Englishman, sir," repeated the Khan. "I'll trouble you for a slice more ham; it aint often I get it—and a British officer, too!"

"Liar!" muttered Bugler O'Carroll.

Our guest was too muzzy to notice interruptions.

"Bland-Binyon, of Hodson's Horse, that's me—Bland-Binyon, Nicholson's friend, who saved his life at Delhi. Don't pretend you've never heard of me."

"Bland-Binyon," I cried; "who wouldn't explain what became of the King of Oude's rubies?"

"That's me," said Bland-Binyon Fuza Tanjan Khan. "That's me. Thought I was going to risk my life seven times a day for 'Thank ye kindly,' did they? That's why I went fantee. That's why we're all here now. Pass the bottle and we'll sing 'Auld Lang Syne.'" He stood up, drained his pannikin, and stretched his right hand towards me, his left towards Bugler O'Carroll. "Give us your fist, boy," he cried, "we're going to sing 'Auld Lang Syne.' Christmas Day—sort of a lark to sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' eh?"

"I won't take your hand," blazed Bugler O'Carroll; "you're a dam turncoat."

He that had been Bland-Binyon of Hodson's Horse sat down, and his disreputable old face took the rigid lines of misery. "I call God to witness that I never drew sword on an Englishman but in self-defence," he said, sullenly. "I call God to witness this war is not of my making, but that of the Mullah Ishael" (he raised his voice), "I call God to witness that you would be dead men now but for me. I came here at the risk of my life to save you, because—because it is Christmas Day."

His last word was drowned by a shriek of agony upon the parapet, followed by an instant of perfect silence, and then the hubbub of a frantic struggle.

"Tritchery!" yelled O'Carroll, flinging himself across the table at Fuza Tanjan Khan.

"If it is treachery," said the latter, suddenly sober, and thrusting him gently back, "it is not my treachery, and I will meet it with you."

It was no time for questioning his faith, so I rushed out, tripping over poor Jopper crawling on his hands and knees, his revolver between his teeth, in the direction of the fight.

When I reached the point of attack, the Khan and his aide-de-camp had disappeared; but I could see enough in the gathering darkness to know that it was not the Benjis but the Khoran Khels who were at our throats.

Bugler O'Carroll, sword in hand, beside me, we fought the tribesmen breast to breast for twenty minutes, a horrible, hair-greying fight. Then suddenly their attack collapsed, and they fled from us as fast as they had come on. Fuza Tanjan Khan's Benjis had turned their arms against their late allies and taken them in flank.

I was laughing exultantly at the sight, when Bugler O'Carroll lurched suddenly against me, almost throwing me down among the dead.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I'm 'it 'orrible," he gasped; and as I held him in my arms I felt what life-blood starvation had left gush out of him.

With a jemadar's help I carried him to Jopper's bed, Jopper sitting on the ground speechless and bowed. The boy lasted a couple of hours, babbling, but apparently not in very great pain. He still held Jopper's sword, and cried like a child when I sought to take it from him.

I only understood four things he said: the first was "God bless you, merry gintlemen, may nothing you dismay," the second "Tell Father Newton they made me an awficer," the third was a phrase from the bugle call instructions, and the fourth (on hearing the voice of Fuza Tanjan Khan, who had come in to be thanked for his services, and demanding more champagne) was, "Fuza Tanjan Khan, I give yez lave to go." Soon after that his life flickered out.

Next day, with skirling pipes and rollicking drums, Walmsley's brigade tramped up through the undefended pass, and (Fuza Tanjan Khan's friend the Mullah having been "accidentally" slain in the course of the night) the Benjis made their submission to the Indian Government, and were given back their fortress as a fief from the Crown.

So Bugler O'Carroll was laid to rest by sepoys of the 99th Gurkhas, still wearing Jopper's uniform and holding Jopper's sword, for Jopper was a sentimentalist, and anyhow the clothes were ruined, and the sword was a forty-shilling Army tailor thing.

And this is the ending, which I think, after all, not an unhappy one, for he who might in the fulness of time have become a quartermaster, and possibly muddled his accounts, died, and lies buried, as an officer and a gentleman, under the flagstaff at Benjipore.

THE phrase "Except in case of actual invasion" is as old as the Volunteer Movement, and there is a happy retort of Pitt's in connection with it. The story is one told in a back number of the *Quarterly Review* in connection with Pitt's endeavours to interest the county magnates in his Additional Force Bill, in 1805. Pitt was addressing a meeting of country gentlemen, when one of them objected to the phraseology of the clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done "except in case of actual invasion." Pitt replied, "That would be too late"; but the gentleman insisted on inserting the words "except in case of actual invasion." When Pitt came to another clause, involving foreign expeditions, the same gentleman raised difficulties, and strenuously objected to the force being sent out of England. "Except, I suppose," rejoined Pitt, "in case of actual invasion"?

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CAPSTAN CONVERSATIONS.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory*

TAKING THEIR WORK CHEERFULLY.

It would be idle to discuss what is the subject of these three able-bodied seamen's conversation. It may be presumed, however, that it has nothing to do with "spit and polish" technicalities, on which we find them engaged. Foreigners accuse the Britisher of taking his pleasures sadly; but they forget that he takes his work cheerfully, if not merrily, and generally performs it efficiently without talking "shop." The latter state of affairs particularly applies to the British tar, who also is credited with putting more elbow power into cleaning and polishing work—never a thrilling operation—than can ever be realised outside the Service.

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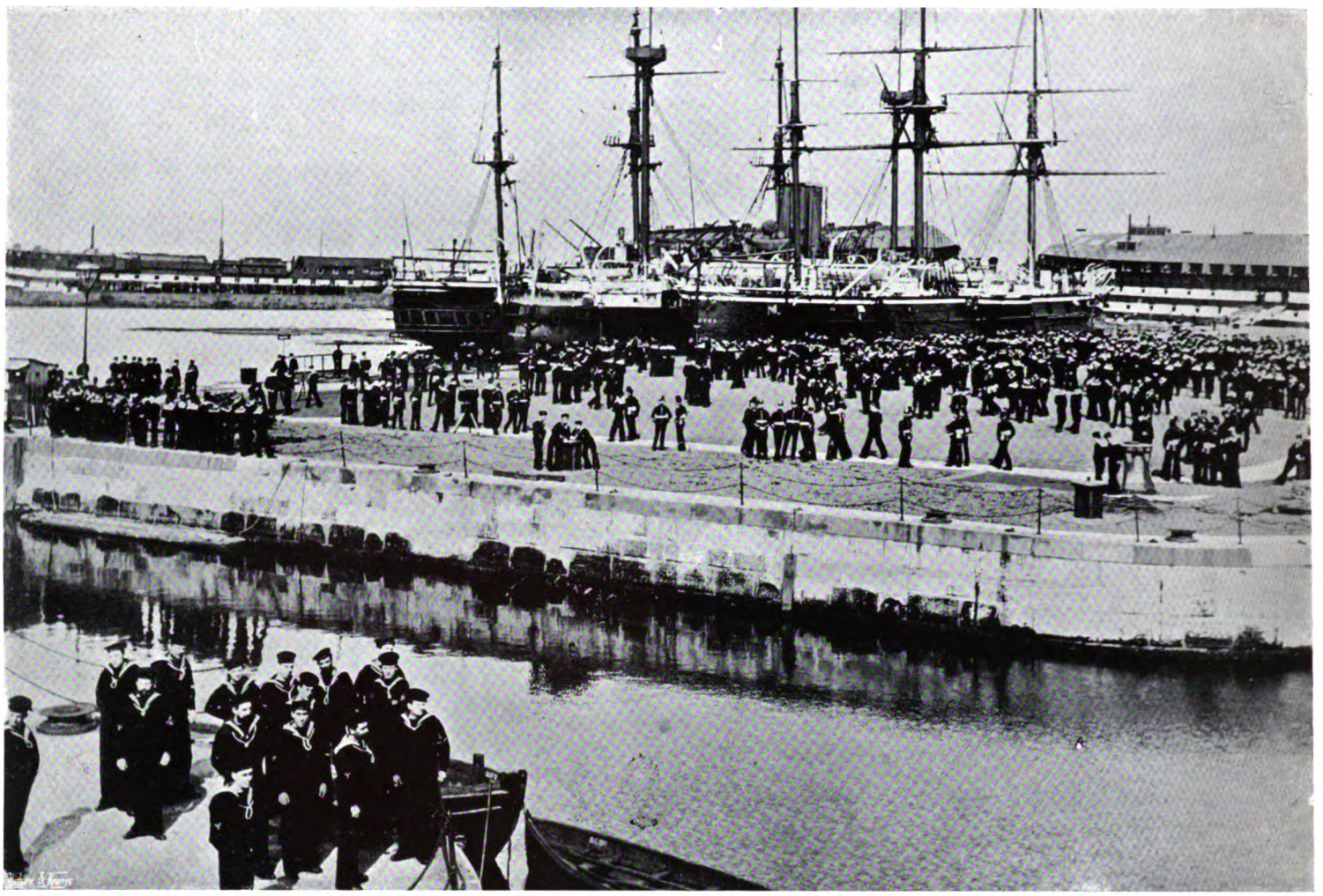

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LIBERTY MEN AT PORTSMOUTH RELEASED FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

WHERE JACK SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

"I SHALL be home for Christmas." Many a letter or telegram contains these words as the day approaches, and in a great many more instances the presence of the whole family under their own roof is taken so entirely as a matter of course that no such announcement is necessary. There are, however, certain classes whose prospect of spending Christmas in their own homes, or even in their own country, is always problematical; and to no class of men does this apply more extensively than seamen, whether of the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine. The interests of the Empire and the business of great shipping firms necessarily take precedence of "private occasions," as the Admiralty leave ticket quaintly expresses it, and Jack must be prepared to sail on Christmas Eve, or to spend the festive season in some foreign or colonial port, where the inexorable laws of latitude and longitude turn everything topsy-turvy. December 25 is, may be, a day of blistering heat, or it is well-nigh over before it has commenced in merry England—a disconcerting kind of arrangement this latter, and not realised without an effort of the mind.

Whether at home or abroad, however, and notwithstanding the delights of Christmas afloat, before described in these pages, the Bluejacket dearly loves his Christmas leave, though individuals may have widely diverging views as to the manner of spending it; and that very unrestful person, the senior executive, would in many instances prefer its abolition, regarding it simply as a disturbing element. But he does not get his way nowadays; it is ordained that leave shall be given, at the discretion of the senior officer, to all who can be spared and whose conduct entitles them to the privilege.

In our great Naval ports at home it is given, of course, to the fullest extent possible. Look at Portsmouth Harbour on a Christmas morning. There are the stationary ships, including the old "Victory"; the Channel Squadron ships, secured alongside the Dockyard; the great Gunnery School at Whale Island—all preternaturally quiet and deserted. The men have gone to their homes, or to London, or even merely for a "day ashore"; the Sailors' Home and other places of entertainment and refreshment are thronged, and every bed engaged. Jack prefers spending the day exactly as he pleases, subject to no restrictions, though if he celebrates the season "not wisely, but too well," he will find that there are certain limits placed upon his proceedings within the precincts of the town, as the picket, slowly and soberly pacing the streets, will very quickly impress upon him. On these days, if the weather is suitable, many a Bluejacket may indulge in a cycling trip, as numbers of them are expert wheelmen, and there are clubs established on board harbour ships which organise these excursions; and a very excellent thing, too.

We must not stay too long at home, however; so, availing ourselves of the journalist's magic flying machine—which would give points any day to

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ON THE NORTH AMERICAN AND WEST INDIES STATION.

The "Buzzard" among the icebergs off Newfoundland.

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the plucky Brazilian's—we land in a very different climate. No blue serge, overcoats, or waterproofs for "liberty men" here. Whew! isn't it hot! Pyjamas the only tolerable clothing, and thin ones at that. Topsy-turvy Land this, with a vengeance; why, they began their Christmas no less than ten hours before we did at Portsmouth, and by the time the church bells are ringing in England the day is practically over. This is Sydney, New South Wales, with its world-renowned harbour; that big cruiser is the flag-ship, as you can see by the Admiral's flag lifting lazily in the warm breeze. There is a smaller cruiser here, too, and a businesslike-looking gun-boat, all lying motionless at their moorings, with snowy awnings spread, and everything polished up to the pink of perfection.

These ships hold a total complement of a thousand or so of officers and men, and you may be sure that, short of the Old Country, there is not a more pleasant spot for spending Christmas leave, if only it were not—to put it mildly—so confoundedly hot! But did you ever hear of a Bluejacket permitting a temperature of a hundred degrees or so in the shade to interfere with his "private occasions"? Not a bit of it! There they go, in their dazzling white ducks and straw hats, as likely as not on the hottest side of the street, where the blistering sun casts purple shadows on the pavement, all on pleasure bent; and they will get it, too, in hospitable Sydney, as well as in Melbourne and Hobart Town, and wherever else a ship or two may be spending Christmas; except, perhaps, that unfortunate sloop which was sent up in a hurry last week to investigate some new atrocities in the Cannibal Islands. Not much Christmas cheer for her crew, and no possibility of leave, except at the risk of being selected as a special Christmas tit-bit by the enterprising natives.

Now, ring the bell, and slip in another slide. What is this picture? No need for very minute or prolonged scrutiny in order to determine, at any rate, the quarter of the globe, for all the boatmen who are busily plying among the shipping have long pig-tails, either hanging down their backs or coiled snugly round their heads. We are in China, undoubtedly; in fact, in the harbour of Hong Kong, where Christmas Day dawns some seven and a-half hours earlier than in London, and the weather, at this season, is quite ideal. The north-east monsoon is blowing, and the temperature, in spite of the low latitude—for it is within the tropics—is that of a pleasant day in early summer at home. A blessed thing that north-east monsoon! But do not go to Hong Kong, if you can help it, during the south-west monsoon—the Admiral does not; he is here now, however, in his battle flag-ship, and has brought a little fleet of cruisers with him, so there are, perhaps, including those of the receiving-ship, over 2,000 Bluejackets in the harbour. And what kind of a place is this for Christmas leave? Well, truth to tell, it might be a good deal better, and the Admiral is probably a little careful in exercising his discretion. There are some pleasant walks, though limited in number and extent; and you can toil up, if you feel disposed, to the Peak, some 2,000-ft. high, whence there is, at this season, a magnificent view of sea and ragged coast-line, with crumpled hills away over Kowloon and stretching north and south.

Now lay your rule straight across the two hemispheres in the map of the world, almost parallel with the Equator and just below the Tropic of Cancer, and from Hong Kong you will draw a line through the West India Islands to the Gulf of Mexico, the southern part of the North American and West Indies station.

Here is our next picture, tropical to the backbone. A snug harbour, enclosed by a long spit of sand, with a town at its extremity; lofty deep blue mountains, rising thousands of feet, behind; bright green mangroves, pelicans standing on convenient piles, a shark's sharp fin occasionally breaking up the calm surface of the water. Outside, the deep indigo of the sea, broken in numerous places into dazzling white foam on some coral reef. Do you recognise it? Port Royal, of course! Port Royal, of old repute as a nest of yellow fever, the haunt of sharks, the scene of many a "dignity ball"; familiar to readers of "Tom Cringle's Log," "The Cruise of the 'Midge,'" "The Saucy 'Arethusa,'" and other entrancing volumes. Christmas is the best time of the year here, but it is always hot, especially when the sea breeze fails to get in.

Port Royal, it must be confessed, has long had an evil reputation, and though it is probably a good deal improved nowadays, it cannot be considered a desirable place to give Christmas leave in. However, there is happily no necessity for Jack to spend it entirely in such morally and physically unsavoury surroundings, for Kingston is within easy reach, up beyond the mangrove bushes, and here more rational forms of enjoyment can be procured, including the hire of horses, on which the Bluejacket disports himself after his own inimitable fashion, and tumbles off repeatedly with a marvellous immunity from injury.

Among the smaller islands to the eastward—St. Kitts, Nevis, Grenada, Antigua, and others, forming a long string from St. Thomas to Trinidad—a very pleasant Christmas-time may be spent by a single ship; the weather is perfect, the islands beautiful, and the colonists most hospitably disposed. To the westward, however, in the Gulf of Mexico, there is much compensating discomfort; nothing more wretched could well be imagined than Christmas at Vera Cruz, and those who have had the bad luck to spend it there do not forget it.

Many another port might be described did space permit. Malta, with the Grand Harbour full of imposing battle-ships and cruisers, and a thousand church bells "cleaving" you from earliest dawn. Vancouver and Halifax, ice-bound already, with the tinkle of sleigh-bells in the keen crisp air. Trincomalee, in hot Ceylon, with well-kept recreation ground and bungalows on Sober Island—so named satirically, as is alleged, in former years; let us hope the title is well merited now, at all events! Then there is Simon's Bay, with the railway to take you to Cape Town, under the shadow of Table Mountain, within sight of which poor Vanderdecken is said to be still struggling to reach port. Sierra Leone, and the deadly West Coast, with its roaring bars and fever swamps. Away, again, in far Japan, where the mighty snowclad Fuji-san seems to follow you about continually.

To all these places our Christmas Number will find its way. Let us wish to all who read it, so far from home, a happy Christmas and a safe return.

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ON THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

Sydney Harbour as it usually appears in December.

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO NURSE.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

Christmas is traditionally the time when hands are stretched across the sea, and parted friends, who, at other periods of the year, do not cultivate penmanship, rekindle the embers of old acquaintanceship by means of His Majesty's ocean mails. The Christmas letter, which has reached nurse at Cape Town, is, doubtless, only one of many similar epistles addressed to her by her former patients who have been invalided home. We may be sure that all such letters contain no reference to past sufferings, but, at the same time, breathe throughout a lively recognition of the poet's ministering angel qualities assigned to the sex.

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM NURSE.

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

"ONE OF HER PATIENTS."

Only the other day the Commander-in-Chief described the impression made upon him by a visit, nearly fifty years ago, to the first Soldiers' Institute, founded by that great man Sir James Outram at Dum-Dum. From that time he determined to do his best to start such institutes whenever he had an opportunity. Not the least of their attractions in the eyes of Private Atkins is that they provide him with an agreeable alternative to the publicity of the barrack-room for attending to his correspondence. Seldom are the reading-rooms better filled than after church parade on Christmas morning.

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ON DUTY IN THE BUSH VELDT.

OUR VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

REAPING THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

AT this stage of the war it seems unnecessary to give details of the more conspicuous and historical services of the Volunteers in South Africa. The commencement of a new Volunteer year, however, suggests an enquiry into the probable effects of these services on the Force as a whole.

As a result of the War Office scheme of reinforcement issued in December, 1899, about 9,000 Infantry Volunteers left these shores early in the following year, one company being allotted to each line battalion in the field. Both as regards marksmanship and physique they were all picked men, and in those early days of the war the medical test was applied much more strictly than it seems to have been in the case of the recent Yeomanry drafts.

The details of the scheme necessitated the scattering of this auxiliary force over the whole war area—wherever, in fact, a line battalion was stationed, so that in a very short time Volunteers were performing every variety of military duty, ranging from the firing line to Cape Town baggage fatigues.

Some detachments, therefore, in the course of their year's service saw considerably more actual fighting than certain others, employed perhaps for several months at a time on lines of communication; but in many instances the scope of the work done constituted a valuable military education.

The work of the Volunteer Company 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders furnishes a good example of this "infinite variety." This company contained, in addition to the representatives of the regiment's ordinary Volunteer battalions, a strong contingent of the London Scottish, which regiment, although attached on a peace footing to the King's Royal Rifles, had obtained special permission to reinforce the Gordons.

At Ladysmith they were largely employed in erecting "sangars." When detailed for garrison duties at Newcastle they added to their already extensive knowledge of fortifications by building sand-bag forts, which work, it may be mentioned, was highly praised by General Burn-Murdoch. They also had considerable experience in convoy duty, and were specially selected to conduct a valuable convoy from Beaufort West to Fraserburgh.

The work of the company in the firing line was no less meritorious, for it is matter of history that they greatly distinguished themselves under General Hildyard in engaging the Lydenburg commando in July, 1900, while two months later they suffered severely at Paardeplaats.

From the day they joined their respective battalions the Volunteer Service Companies, almost without exception, were treated exactly as their more seasoned comrades. After the infusion of a little "regular" blood into the untried supernumerary ranks, and the addition, perhaps, of a subaltern of experience, the Volunteers took their turn with the regular companies in all the onerous and trying duties incidental to an advance or an encampment in a hostile country. And, at least so far as the men were concerned, it was quickly shown that the lessons learnt and re-learnt year after year at Aldershot had neither been wasted nor forgotten.

The spirit of good-fellowship which sprang up between Tommy Atkins and his auxiliaries has been another very gratifying feature of the scheme. The importance of such an element cannot be over-estimated. It would not have existed if the Volunteers had failed to reach the high standard that was set them; and the fact that many battalion officers commanding, both in farewell speeches and in unofficial correspondence, have commented upon the existence of this creditable comradeship, affords in itself direct proof of the determination and excellence which pervaded the Service Companies' ranks.

May we be permitted to turn for an instant to the work of the City Imperial Volunteers? The birth of this unique battalion and its dissolution, or rather its apotheosis, were signalised by extensive pageantry and the flourish of trumpets. Two excellent books at least have been written around its experiences. The details of its services are indeed so well known to our readers that any recapitulation, after so brief an interval, would be unnecessary. But the representative character of the C.I.V. makes it a valuable object-lesson for the purposes of this review. The men were drafted

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LORD STANHOPE PRESENTS MEDALS

To the Active Service Company of the "Buffs."

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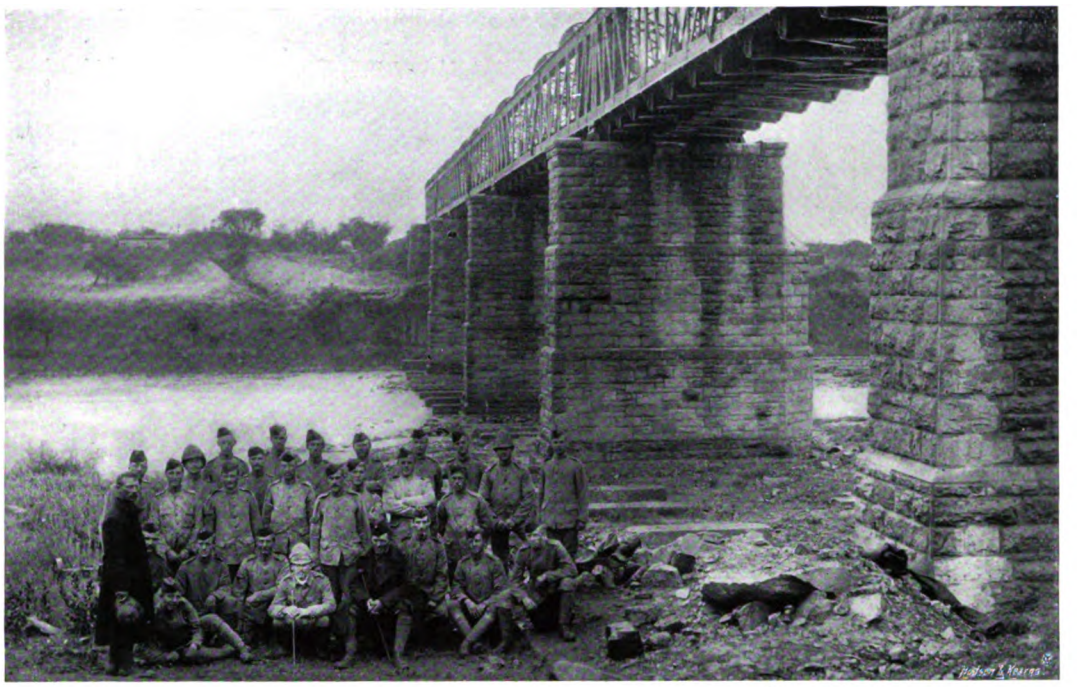
from no less than fifty-three Volunteer battalions, with headquarters in or near the metropolis. Almost every man, therefore, in these battalions watched the progress of the C.I.V., not only with the general interest of the outside public, but with the eager regard of a personal friend Had the regiment failed to do what was expected of it, the moral result would have been disastrous. The actual result has been proportionately magnificent.

Every arm of the regiment won distinction. Speaking of Doornkop General Smith-Dorrien said: "The attack of the C.I.V. convinced me that this corps, at any rate of our Volunteers, is as skilled as the most skilful of our regulars at skirmishing." The same general also said: "The C.I.V. Mounted Infantry have done the finest Mounted Infantry work I have seen in the campaign." At Elands River General Ian-Hamilton said: "With such troops I could go anywhere and do anything."

These are not words of empty compliment. They bear the stamp of enthusiasm, and their effect, both upon the men to whom they were addressed and upon their comrades in England, has necessarily been to strengthen self-esteem and promote enthusiasm.

The guns of the C.I.V., manned by members of the Honourable Artillery Company, also did extremely good work, participating particularly in the capture of Bethlehem and the surprise of Erasmus's commando in July and September, 1900. The signallers also, under Captain Cohen (signalling officer of the South London Volunteer Brigade), and the cyclists won words of praise from General Mackinnon. The cyclists' section was recruited in a body from the Inns of Court Volunteers (the Devil's Own), and in addition to their ordinary military duties the members had occasional opportunities of putting to practical use their knowledge of the law. One cyclist, indeed, was despatched to Pretoria to act as Crown Prosecutor, and in recognition of his services was granted a commission.

The work of the Imperial Yeomanry has not been dealt with here, because it is a Force of a distinct nature. It is true that to some extent it was recruited from existing auxiliary forces, but it was chiefly composed of novices, civilians who had no previous experience of military service. This Force, therefore, rather than strengthening previously existing military institutions, forms the nucleus of a new factor in the Imperial Forces. Its future cannot at this moment be defined with any degree of certainty, but if the official hopes are justified, its influence on the problems of home and colonial defence will be great.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

The 2nd London Service Section, 3rd King's Royal Rifles.

It is, however, to be earnestly hoped that the experiences of the Infantry Volunteers will without delay be turned to account, and the errors of the old defensive system remedied. It is possible, while great schemes of reform are in the air and Ministers are "thinking in millions," that certain mere details of training may be shelved as of minor importance.

There is, for instance, the question of increased facilities for training non-coms. General Mackinnon, in his "Journal of the C.I.V.," has frequently to lament the fact that the sergeants had not been educated in the importance of their commands and the art of effectively controlling them.

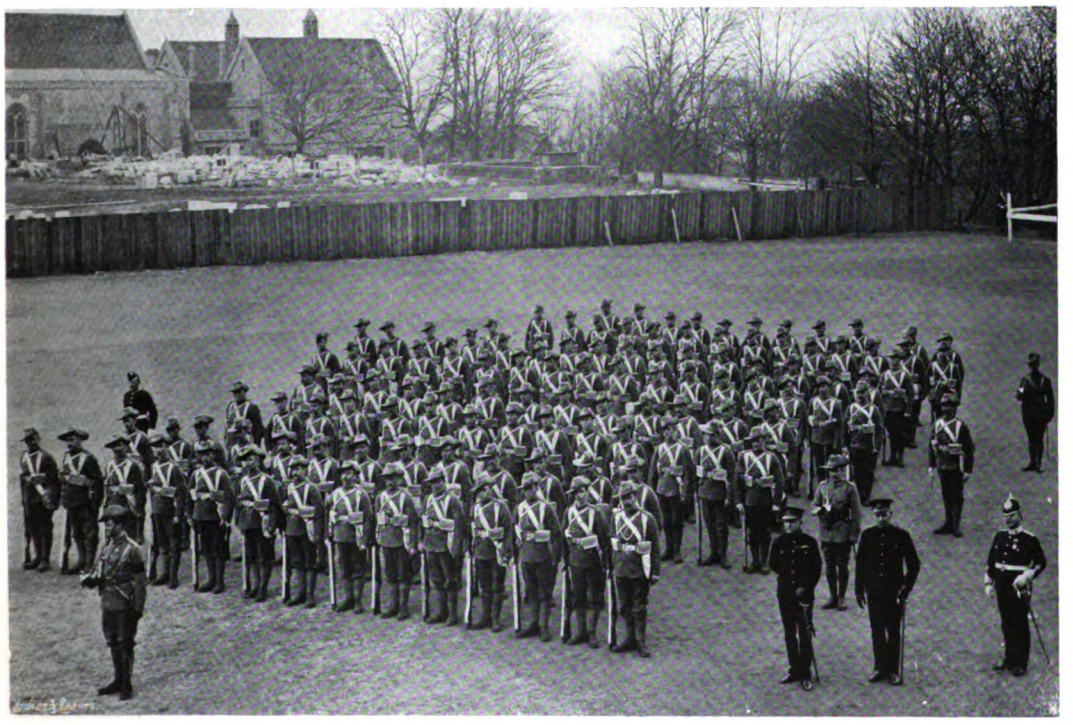
Executive officers will no doubt find opportunity to give these points attention while the authorities in Pall Mall are engaged in perfecting new schemes of administration.

This year's experiments in this direction have been admittedly unsuccessful. It has been found impossible for young men to obtain leave from their civil employments during the height of summer in anything like the numbers required by the War Office. At the same time, in the light of recent events, it is necessary that a certain number of men shall be always ready for service in case of emergencies.

It is true that the Volunteer Force exists primarily for purposes of home defence. On the other hand, it is unlikely that the precedent set during the present war will be forgotten in the event of future emergencies. It would be claimed not only by the military authorities, but by the men themselves, and, consequently, there can be no harm in looking the matter in the face and reorganising accordingly.

There are many alternatives, founded on this basis, which merit consideration. For instance, there is the formation from the ranks of each battalion of a permanent service company. The men would be marksmen of at least two years' service and of approved physique. They would draw an increased capitation grant, and would undergo a strict inspection at the end of each year, when inefficients would be replaced by other men from the ranks of the battalion. The men would sign on for three years, and mobilise for a fortnight each year with a line battalion, besides spending at more frequent intervals, say, twenty-four hours (Saturday and Sunday) in barracks or elsewhere under military rule. Each service company might also be provided with a Maxim gun.

Such a scheme as this would, in all probability, materially increase the efficiency of the Volunteer Forces, by fostering a spirit of emulation, and taking full advantage of the patriotic element of defiance which the Boer War has infused into their defence.



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AN INSPECTION BEFORE DEPARTURE.

The Volunteer Company of the Hampshire Regiment.

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BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN.

Photo. Copyright. **Gregory.**

AFTER A SPELL IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Your true workman prides himself upon the air of studied indifference with which he sets about a task, and if by so doing he can make the bystander believe that he is a novice at the game, the better pleased is he. Private Atkins possesses the same tendency; hence, when embarking for active service, he likes to conceal his smartness by turning up his great coat-collar, and handling his arms and equipment in as topsy-turvy disarray as possible, while his joy at the idea of getting a knock at the enemy is masked by the assumption of a phlegmatic countenance. This kind of pretence, however, is common to all artists. It may be, however, that our friends regret not being able to spend Christmas in England.

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THE DISOWNING OF AUNT CROW.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

(AUTHOR OF "BUNTER'S CRUISE," "WHEN ALL MEN STARVE," ETC., ETC.)

ALONGSIDE one of the jetties of Devonport Dockyard lay the battle-ship "Unexpected." The hour was 7.30 a.m., yet the yard looked as deserted as a street of shops on a Sunday. The building sheds were silent, for the workmen who usually before this time began to ply their busy hammers were lying snugly between the blankets, revelling in their exemption from toil. It was Christmas morning—the year is of little consequence—and on board the "Unexpected" four hundred officers and men were envying the other four hundred of their shipmates who had gone away on a week's leave the previous day. True, they too would secure a week's leave on the return of the other watch, but meanwhile they had need of all their philosophy, since the lower deck of a man-of-war, especially when that man-of-war lies temptingly near the shore, is hardly the place where a jovial tar would elect to spend Christmas. In boyhood one's philosophy is usually but a reed in the wind, so that two lads, at least, were regarding the decorations of their mess with a bilious eye. Bobby Gale, a merry-faced boy of fifteen, prodded one of the Japanese lanterns viciously with a two-pronged fork.

"Just our luck, Nick, being in the wrong watch," he said, discontentedly. "Now, if I was at home to-day, I'd just about be sitting down to a blow-out of eggs and bacon, with Christmas presents all round me, and a jolly good fire to look at, instead of this mucky paper and tinsel, and the deck cold enough to freeze your bloomin' toes off."

"It sounds all right," agreed his chum, Nick Batters, rather wistfully. "When a chap's been picked up at sea, tied to a spar, and never had no home to go to at all, he can put up with plum duff and coloured paper."

"It's a rum thing they've never made out who you are," said Bobby. "If I was you, Nick, I should put an advertisement in the paper."

"They tried that, and it wasn't any good," said Nick. He dived his hand under his flannel and produced a small coral ornament, mounted in gold, which was fastened round his neck by a piece of cord. "I hang on to this thing, old chap," he said, despondently; "but it don't seem likely I shall ever come across my people now."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by the Boatswain, who was making a round of the mess-deck. "Gale, my lad," he said, "just run aft to my cabin, and you'll see a kipper on the table. Take it to the galley and tell the cook I want it warmed for my breakfast at eight bells."

Gale complied, and his chum, having nothing better to do, followed him to the cabin. They found the kipper, which proved to be an unusually fine specimen of its race, and were making their way to the galley when they were stopped by a petty officer named Kedger. "What are you doing with that fish?" demanded Kedger, sharply. Batters was about to explain, but Gale signalled to him to be silent. The boys were mute, both assuming an air of guilt and confusion, which confirmed the erroneous suspicions of the petty officer. If there was one eatable in this world that petty officer Kedger loathed, it was a kippered herring. The mere smell of this dainty, he avowed, made him ill, and his friends surmised that Kedger had been subjected in childhood to a distasteful surfeit of dried fish. "I see what it is," continued Kedger, sternly, "you boys have smuggled that stinkin' thing on board the ship, and I've told you before as I won't have no kippers eaten in my mess, no, not by the Sultan of Turkey himself. Any other day but this I should take you both on the quarter-deck, my lads, but I suppose I must let you off with a caution." And still the boys were mute, hanging their heads in simulated contrition. "Hand it over," said Kedger, and, without further words, he opened a neighbouring scuttle and committed the kipper to the deep.

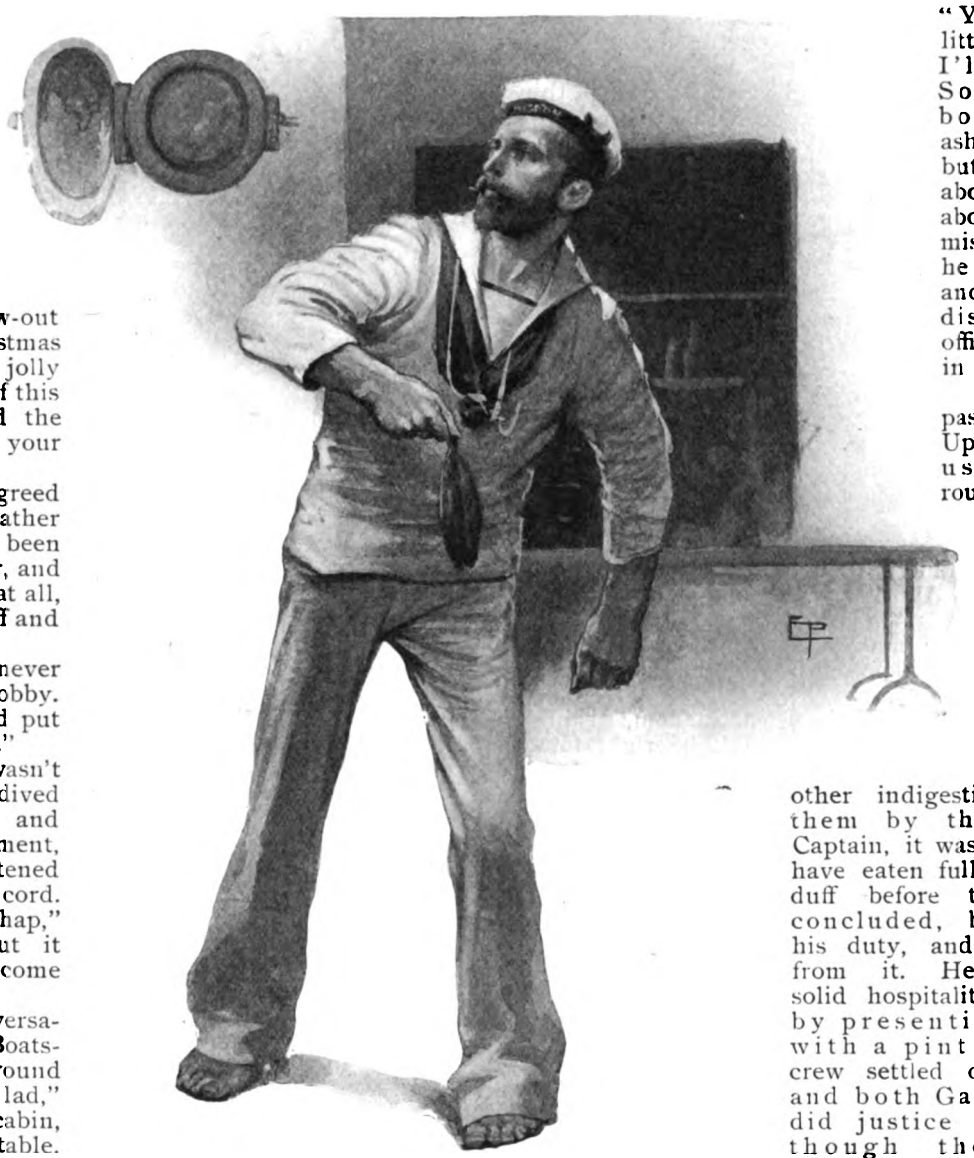
Then, and not till then, Gale spoke. "Please, Mr. Kedger," he said, "it was the Boatswain's kipper, not ourn."

"Then why didn't you say so sooner?" demanded Kedger.

"How was I to know you was going to chuck it overboard?"

"You jolly well did know," said Kedger. "Come along o' me, the two of you, and we'll see what the Boatswain's got to say about it."

Baulked of his favourite breakfast, the Boatswain took an unfavourable view of the boys' conduct. "All right, my lads," he said. "You've had your little joke, and now I'll have mine. Some of the boys are to go ashore after dinner, but you two will stay aboard and think about kippers." Dismissing the culprits, he turned to Kedger and reproved that discomfited petty officer for his share in the tragedy.



"HE COMMITTED THE KIPPER TO THE DEEP."

The morning passed uneventfully. Up till noon the usual Sunday routine was carried out. The Captain and officers made the round of the mess-deck, praised the decorations, and most gallantly sampled the duffs and other indigestibles offered to them by the men. The Captain, it was estimated, must have eaten fully two pounds of duff before the ordeal was concluded, but he knew his duty, and did not shrink from it. He returned the solid hospitality of the messes by presenting every man with a pint of Bass. The crew settled down to dinner, and both Gale and Batters did justice to the meal, though there came a time when even the charms of plum duff began to pall. The smoking regulations were waived in honour of the day, and soon the mess-deck atmosphere began to taste like the District Railway on a foggy morning. The dulcet strains of the concertina piloted many a rousing chorus, and revelry rent the air. In the temporary absence of Kedger from the mess, Bobby Gale's "Song of the Kipper" was well received:

"There was a jolly herring
Lived in the river Dee,
And there was a jolly Boatswain
Who wanted to eat he."

But song and dance began, after a while, to pall upon the boys, who presently went on deck in quest of variety. Leaning over the fo'c's'le rail to assist digestion, they became aware of the approach of a stout female leading by the hand a small boy, who carried a bundle. She was making

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for the ship, and as she drew nearer Gale recognised his Aunt Crow and his cousin Samuel. Aunt Crow had lost the symmetry of figure which is associated with classical beauty. She was broad, and red of face, and her figure might have reminded a severe critic of a steerage hammock unskilfully lashed up. A Bluejacket, who was also watching her approach, remarked that she put him in mind of a North Sea collier, with her dinghy in tow. Perhaps because he overheard this comment, but mainly, no doubt, from love of mischief, Bobby Gale conceived the idea of disowning Aunt Crow. He, too, began to comment upon the lady's appearance, and with such an impartial air that even Batters had no suspicion of the relationship. Having no relations of his own, it did not occur to Batters that any nephew could be so lacking in propriety as to deny an aunt. In due time Aunt Crow reached the ship, and waddled on board. Her son Samuel, clinging to the maternal hand, looked with awe upon his unfamiliar surroundings.

"I wonder who she's come to see," said Bobby, innocently. "Let's go down to the gangway."

When they reached that part of the ship the stout lady was in conversation with the Quartermaster of the watch. "To be sure," they heard him saying, "there is a boy of the name of Gale belongs to Number Fourteen mess. I'll send for him, marm."

"Why, there is Bobby," exclaimed Aunt Crow, suddenly catching sight of her nephew. "Come, my dear, come and give Aunt Crow a kiss. You didn't expect to see me, I allow?"

Bobby advanced a pace or two, and gazed very earnestly into her smiling face. "Some mistake, mum, I think," he said, coolly. "My name's Gale, but I aint got no Aunt Crow."

"Go along with your nonsense, Bobby," said Aunt Crow. "Give me a kiss this minute."

Gale looked at Batters and put his finger to his forehead. "Old girl's barmy," he whispered. The Quartermaster, overhearing the remark, was as completely deluded as Batters. Aunt Crow stooped and kissed the lad heartily. He did not resist, but neither did he respond. "Some mistake, mum," he repeated, innocently; "I haven't got an aunt to bless myself with, and it's hardly likely I should forget a full-sized one, is it?"

"Well, upon my word," gasped Aunt Crow. She turned to her son. Samuel was regarding his cousin with open-eyed amazement. He had not seen Bobby for some time, and he began to fear, even against the evidence of his own limited senses, that his mother might be in error. "You remember your cousin Bobby, don't you?" said Aunt Crow.

"I don't know," said Samuel, sulkily. To be thus publicly repudiated filled him with shame.

"Come," said Aunt Crow, reddening under the gaze of the men, "a joke's a joke, Bobby, but there's no sense in making a fool of me before everybody. Your Uncle Barby will be here presently, and——"

"I'm not joking in the least, madam," said Bobby, courteously, "but it wouldn't be right for me to deceive you, and I think you must have come to the wrong ship. Gale is rather a common name, you see, and maybe you haven't seen your nephew lately."

"You're a bad, wicked boy," cried Aunt Crow, growing quite as red in the face as a Marine's tunic. "I shan't stop here to be disowned by my own blood relations, and after coming five mile to see you too."

The Quartermaster interposed. A woman in distress touched him, even when that woman was stout and middle-aged, and possibly labouring under an optical illusion. "Boys is often very much alike, marm," he said, soothingly. "It's the sort of mistake anyone might make after not seeing a boy for a year or two. It's a rum thing his name should be the same as your nephew's, but, come to think of it, the boy aint got no reason for saying he don't belong to you."

"No, of course there wouldn't be any sense in it," agreed Bobby. "The kid says he don't remember me."

"He didn't," flashed Aunt Crow. "Speak up, Samuel. Is that your cousin Bobby or is it not?"

"No, he aint," said Samuel, sulkily. "Come on, mother; let's go."

Aunt Crow snorted with anger, and turned away. "If you knew what was in that bundle, you'd be sorry," she said.

Bobby immediately felt a pang of remorse, but it was too late to retract with dignity, besides which he felt that he had already forfeited the favour of his discarded aunt. He looked at the Quartermaster and again pointed to his forehead.

"I didn't come here to be insulted," cried Aunt Crow. "If your uncle was here you'd know better than to make people think me a lunatic." She turned her broad back upon Bobby, and again addressed herself to the gallant Quartermaster. "He come into the dockyard with me," she explained, alluding to her husband, "but on the way here we met a friend of his who asked him to take a glass with him just outside the gates. I might happen to miss him, and if he comes to the ship I'll thank you to tell him that Mrs. Crow has gone back to the Sailors' Rest, and will wait there in the tea-room till he comes for her."

The Quartermaster promised to deliver the message, and Aunt Crow, after shaking her fist at Bobby, waddled away, dragging Samuel by the hand.

Another boy, named Frickers, who had been a grinning spectator of the scene between Gale and Aunt Crow, followed the friends to the fo'c's'le. Frickers was a stoutly-built boy, and was reputed a good boxer. He greatly admired Gale, and was rather jealous of Gale's preference for Batters. "My word, you are a cool hand, Bobby," he said, admiringly. "It was rare fun to see the way you bluffed the old girl."

Batters expected an indignant denial, but his chum only grinned.

"Do you mean to say she really was your aunt?" he asked.

"Of course she was, chump-head," said Frickers.

"Chump-head yourself," retorted Batters, at a loss for a descriptive term, but at this moment the impending quarrel was arrested by a new diversion. Advancing towards the ship they saw a middle-aged man, whom Gale recognised as Barby Crow, the husband of his repudiated aunt. His gait was that of a seafarer. He wore a monkey jacket and a peaked cap, being, in fact, a carpenter in the Merchant Service. It was evident that he could not have met Aunt Crow, and had entered the dockyard by another gate. As he drew nearer, the boys noted that Barby Crow was rather unsteady in his walk. His cap chancing to fall off delayed him for an appreciable time before he recovered it, whilst the exertion of stooping to pick it up seemed to increase the unsteadiness of his walk. The boys laughed to see him circling round the cap, like an unskilful yachtsman trying to pick up a buoy in a swift current.

"If I only had a boathook on me," they heard him say, as he lurched past the cap and tacked again. Having recovered his headgear, Barby Crow steadied himself, and walked very carefully on board over the brow. The two boys hurried aft to receive him, for Bobby had already begun to repent the disowning of his aunt. They found Barby Crow in earnest conversation with the Quartermaster, who, it seemed, was inclined to be inhospitable. "These here fits is herry-

"A NORTH SEA COLLIER WITH HER DINGHY."

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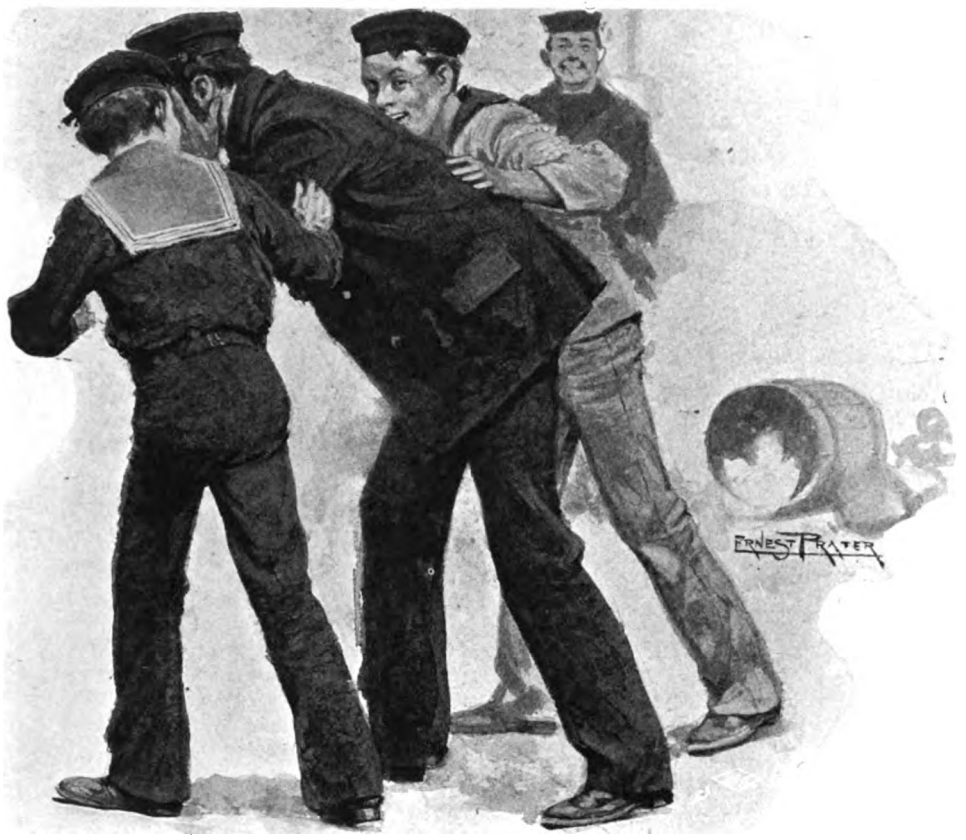

"'THESE HERE FITS IS HERRYDETTERY.'"

dettery," Barby was explaining. "The rum thing about 'em is, they generally come on about Christmas time." He took the Quartermaster familiarly by the collar of his jumper and dwelt at tedious and unconvincing length upon the nature of his "attacks."

"You'd best get back to your wife," said the Quartermaster, coldly. "She's waiting for you at the Sailors' Rest."

"No, mate," said Barby, reproachfully. "It wouldn't be right for me to chuck a fit all alone in that beastly dockyard. It took me a long time to get here, and here I'm going to sit till I've seen the doctor."

"You can't see him," said the Quartermaster. "You don't belong to the Service, and, for another thing, the doctor's asleep."

Barby Crow fixed him with a glazed and sorrowful eye. "Where's your humanity, mate?" he demanded. "It's plain you don't understand the nature of a fit. Suppose I fell into one of them dry docks and broke my blessed neck?"

"I know all about these Christmas fits," growled the Quartermaster. "You can't stay here." He was about to use force, when Bobby interposed.

"He's my uncle," he explained.

"That you, Bobby, me lad?" said Barby Crow. "I'm suffering from herrydettery fits, and I want to lie down."

"Not here, you don't," said the Quartermaster; "if he belongs to you, Gale, you can take him forrard. I've had quite enough trouble with your relations this afternoon. Take him forrard."

"No humanity about him," sighed Barby Crow. "You'll come to think different about fits some day. I want to lie down."

Supported by Gale and Batters, who grinned at each other behind his back, Barby Crow was led away, still grumbling at the inhumanity of the Quartermaster. They took him forward, and sat him down upon the deck, propping his back against a gun-carriage.

"Fine treatment for a ratepayer," grumbled Barby. "Here am I a-paying taxes to keep up the British Navy, and when I ask to see a doctor they tell me he's asleep."

"I'll go down to the mess and see if I can get you a basin of tea," said Bobby.

"Tea!" echoed Barby, contemptuously. "Whoever heard of giving slops to a man sufferin' from fits! Where's your aunt?"

"She's gone back to the Sailors' Rest to wait for you."

"Don't let her see me till the fit's passed over," said Barby. "Wimmen don't understand these here fits—it frightens them."

"I don't think it would exactly do that," said Bobby, grinning. "She'd be more likely to frighten you, uncle."

He proceeded to his mess to obtain the basin of despised tea, leaving Batters in charge of the invalid. A few men and boys had gathered round the visitor, including young Frickers, but the bulk of the crew were still smoking or sleeping on the mess-deck. Frickers was in a quarrelsome mood, and more than usually resentful of the friendship between Gale and Batters. Presently he amused himself by pushing Barby Crow's cap over his eyes.

"Stow that," said Batters; "leave him alone."

"Who are you givin' orders to?" said Frickers, aggressively. "He isn't your uncle, is he?"

"You let him be," said Batters. "I'm looking after him."

Frickers, without further words, knocked off the cap of Batters.

There had been bad blood between the boys for weeks, and so public an affront could not be swallowed. Batters rose, and confronted his enemy. "Do you want to fight?" he asked.

"I don't mind obliging you, Mr. Waif," replied Frickers, insolently, and began to roll up his sleeves. The assembled boys, welcoming the diversion of a fight, spurred them on.

One boy was posted to give notice if any ship's corporal or petty officer approached, and two others volunteered to act as seconds.

A regular fight on board ship is of rare occurrence, even when many boys are among the crew. Their differences are commonly settled on shore, if of so serious a nature as to involve fighting. The reason is not far to seek, since brawling has been rigorously punished in the Navy for centuries, whilst the decks of a man-of-war afford little privacy. The instincts of the human boy, however, cannot be entirely suppressed by Admiralty regulations, and there are times when a fight between boys is the only means of restoring amicable relations between them. Nick Batters was shorter than his opponent, and less skilled with his fists, but he had plenty of courage to make up for his lack of science. The worst feature of a fight between boys is that the combatants are so very rarely equally matched. A trifling superiority in age, strength, or skill in boxing may put the other party at so marked a disadvantage that real heroism is needed to face the ordeal of the British fist. There are probably thousands of boys who would not fight, unless under grave provocation, but for the everlasting force of public opinion. In boyhood, to decline a challenge—even when the challenger is bigger and stronger—is to court disgrace.

There is nothing in adult life to be compared with this disgrace, except cheating at cards. Does any man ever forget the feelings with which he stood up to be battered by the fists of a bigger boy? One hears more of the feelings of men during their first experience of battle; but the interval between a boyish challenge to fisticuffs and the dread moment when the combat actually takes place is no small test of moral courage. In this case there was no interval for reflection. The quarrel had been threatening for weeks, although the actual cause of provocation seemed slight. Batters felt that his chances of victory were small, but he was resolved to set his mark on the face of Frickers, and to hold out against his boasted skill to the last gasp. Keeping under such shelter as the gun afforded, the combatants began to spar warily, Frickers being at first content to guard and take the measure of Nick's skill in boxing. Barby Crow sat up and offered advice impartially to both; but they did not heed him There are crises in life when advice is particularly vain, especially in love and war. Batters felt that these scientific evolutions did not improve his prospects of "marking" Frickers. "Go for him," urged Nick's second. And Batters went; but neither saw nor conquered. We cannot all be Cæsars. He made a blind rush at Frickers, and was arrested by a blow upon the nose, which caused him to see sparks by the light of which the whole aspect of the world seemed changed, and not for the better. It was a vivid impression, which is probably recalled to this day by many a portly merchant, securely shielded from violence by a competent police force.

Some noses are designed by Providence to yield to the impact of the British fist, as a reed bends before the storm. Other noses are too rigid to lend themselves willingly to assault and battery, and the nose of Nick Batters was of the wrong kind. The personal heroism of Napoleon and Wellington on the field of battle was the admiration of the stoutest warriors of their day, but history omits to record whether these great generals were able to bear with equal fortitude a blow upon the nose. It is pleasing to be able to record of a humbler individual, our friend Nick Batters, that his pluck was undiminished by the injury to his sensitive organ. With a cry of pain, he returned to the attack, and succeeded in

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getting his right fist well home upon the eye of Frickers. In his turn, Frickers experienced a very disagreeable sensation. It is one which we all remember, though it defies precise definition. For the moment it seems that one's sight is destroyed, and the person of the enemy can alone be distinguished by his tendency to go on with the attack. This, indeed, is usually a critical moment in the ordeal of the British fist.

One knows that the cry of surrender will bring instant relief from blows which one can no longer parry or return, pending the restoration of vision. And the restoration of vision seems for several seconds improbable, whilst the blows are certain and very evident. Frickers, however, was too experienced a fighter to believe himself blinded by the fist of Batters. He guarded his face as well as he could until the call of time, and succeeded, largely by luck, in striking the nose of his opponent once more. The boys drew apart for the interval allowed by custom for refreshment. Spectators who boasted handkerchiefs were desired to lend those luxuries to the bleeding Batters, and complied not less reluctantly than the victims of a conjurer. The conjurer may be expected to return one's handkerchief, even after he has cut it into strips under your eyes. But a handkerchief reddened by the blood of the brave is of very slight service to the average lender. Handkerchiefs, however, were forthcoming, and Batters was dried up for the next round.

At this interesting point our history returns to the doings of Aunt Crow. The worthy dame, whose temper had been ruffled by the conduct of her nephew and the stupidity of little Samuel, proceeded to the Sailors' Rest, there to await her husband. Her annoyance was amply justified. She had heard of aunts and uncles disowning nephews of extravagant habits, but Bobby's action seemed a reversal of the order of nature, as Gibbon, the historian, remarked when an aunt tried to borrow from him. Arriving at the Sailors' Rest, Aunt Crow entered the public refreshment-room and took a seat near the cheerful fire. The room was empty; no sailors seemed to need rest that day, or they were resting elsewhere. The young lady in charge eyed Aunt Crow haughtily, entertaining, no doubt, a just contempt for her unfashionable clothes. "I want a Bath bun, ma," said Samuel, perceiving a large stack of those dainties on the counter.

"You will go without," replied Aunt Crow. "There are plenty of cracknel biscuits in the bundle." She raised her voice and addressed the young lady in charge. "I'll thank you for a cup o' tea, my dear, and a glass o' milk for the child."

The young lady tossed her head at this familiar address. "I'm not your 'dear,'" she remarked.

"Hoighty toighty," cried Aunt Crow. "Whose dear are you?"

"That's my business," was the reply. "Will you take anything to eat with your tea?"

"That's my business," retorted Aunt Crow, in her turn. "This is a Sailors' Rest, I believe, and, as the wife of a sailor, I choose to wait here, whether I eat or not."

"Who's hindering you?" demanded the young lady. She crossed to the counter, selected a stale bun, and offered it to the child. Samuel eyed it covetously, not aware that it was two days old and on sale at half price.

"No, thank you," said Aunt Crow. "We have plenty of nice biscuits in the bundle."

"There is no charge," said the young lady. "What a shame to make him eat dry biscuit."

"I don't want no impudence," said Aunt Crow. "A sailor's boy must learn to like dry biscuit, and cracknels is very wholesome."

"I want the bun," wailed Samuel, rebelliously.

"You want the stick," said his mother.

"Poor child," said the young lady.

"He's a very bad child," said Aunt Crow, still rankling over Samuel's failure to support her on board the ship. The young lady scorned to argue, and returned to her book. Aunt Crow finished her cup of tea, and sat communing with her own thoughts. Samuel cried, adding an undue proportion of water to his glass of milk, and in this diverting manner half-an-hour passed. At last Aunt Crow grew tired of waiting. She paid for the refreshment, offered the young lady a penny, which was indignantly refused, and set out again for the ship. Daylight was fast waning as she neared the vessel, and a mist was rising from the coldly grey waters of the Hamoaze, which gradually enveloped the ships lying in the basins. Aunt Crow drew her shawl about her stout body, and appealed to Samuel to mend his pace. She was growing uneasy about her husband, whose liability to "fits" during the festive season had many times caused her trouble. The same Quartermaster was still on watch, and confessed that a man corresponding to her description of Barby Crow was still in the vessel. "Where is he?" demanded Aunt Crow. "It's time for us to be getting home."

"I'm thinking you'll have some trouble to get him home," said the Quartermaster. "I think he's gone forrard to lie down for a nap. Best get along home without him, marm, and I'll take him to the Sailors' Rest this evening."

"Certainly not," said Aunt Crow. "Just you show me where he is." Seeing that she would not be advised, the good-natured Quartermaster told the Corporal of the watch to escort her forward.

The fight was still being contested as Aunt Crow and the Corporal walked forward, but the boy who should have given warning of the Corporal's approach was absorbed in the combat.

It was the fourth round of the fight, and Batters, though he still showed a bold front, was beginning to feel that he lacked skill in the noble art of fisticuffs. Just as Aunt Crow appeared, Batters closed with his opponent, clasped him round the waist, and tried to throw him. There was a sound of rending serge in the scuffle as Frickers struggled to free himself, and it chanced that the coral ornament which Batters wore around his neck was exposed to view. Aunt Crow rushed forward to separate the combatants, flourishing her fat umbrella, and crying out to them to desist.

"You bad, wicked boys to be fighting on a Christmas Day," she exclaimed, dealing each of them a blow with the umbrella, and stepping between them. "And see how your clothes have got torn," she added, turning to Batters. "Sit down there this minute, and I'll see if I can sew up the rent." Aunt Crow laid her hand upon the boy's shoulder, and immediately noticed the coral ornament usually hidden by his flannel. "Goodness!" she exclaimed. "How did you come by that coral, boy?" She took it from him and examined it eagerly. "I can't be mistook," she said. "How did you come by it?"

But Batters was too faint to explain. He sat down on the deck, and allowed another boy to relate the history of the ornament. Aunt Crow punctuated the narrative with exclamations of astonishment. So absorbed was she in the story that she did not even notice her husband, who had fallen asleep during the fight. The boys crowded round her; even the Corporal delayed in his duty of taking the brawlers aft to be reported. And Bobby Gale, arriving on the scene with the basin of tea for Uncle Barby, found Aunt Crow patting and caressing his chum Nick with most unusual tenderness and emotion.

And then, seating herself upon the gun-carriage, Aunt Crow explained to her deeply interested audience how the coral ornament afforded a strong clue to the parentage of Nick Batters. With one hand on the boy's shoulder, the other still grasping her umbrella, the dame told her strange tale in a voice that more than once betrayed deep feeling. Long ago, she told them, before she threw herself away upon Barby Crow, she had been in the service of a wealthy merchant named Halroyd, a widower with one fair daughter. Clara Halroyd, to whom the coral ornament belonged, fell in love with an actor, whom, unknown to her father, she used to meet when the merchant was chained to the desk. Aware of Mr. Halroyd's prejudices, she feared to ask his consent to their engagement. The young actor, Richmond Lightfoot, made but a poor income. Had he been famous in his art, Clara knew that Mr. Halroyd would still have opposed her marriage with him. So for months they concealed their engagement, until one day the merchant, chancing to take a half-holiday, surprised the lovers in his own drawing-room. His suspicions were excited; he demanded an explanation, and, having got it, ordered Lightfoot to quit the house. For some miserable months Clara tried to win her father over. Failing in this forlorn hope, she faced poverty and married in defiance of her father's threats. Mr. Halroyd repudiated her, swore that he would never see her again, and even refused to make his only child an allowance. A baby was born, and not long afterwards Lightfoot and his young wife embarked for New York in a ship named the "Dugdale," which was believed to have foundered with all hands in the Atlantic.

"But that there coral," concluded Aunt Crow, "belonged to my poor young mistress, so that there can't be a shadow of doubt that Nick is her son." And so it proved; at least, the evidence fully contented the hard-headed old merchant, who had mourned for his daughter for many lonely years. In response to a telegram from Aunt Crow, he arrived next day at Devonport, examined the coral ornament, and accepted Nick Batters as his grandson. The boy was bought out of the Service and sent to a public school, receiving an education befitting his brilliant prospects in life as the heir to Mr. Halroyd. And Nick, if I may continue so to call him, did not forget his chum Bobby Gale. Gale had no wish to leave the Navy, but Nick, who still retains a warm liking for his chum, is anxious to find a good opening for him in civil life whenever Gale quits the sea. As for Aunt Crow, Mr. Halroyd, you may be sure, did not neglect to show his gratitude. She and Barby Crow now keep a prosperous eating-house in Devonport, well patronised by the mariners and dockyard maties. So she has quite forgiven Bobby for disowning her on that memorable Christmas Day.

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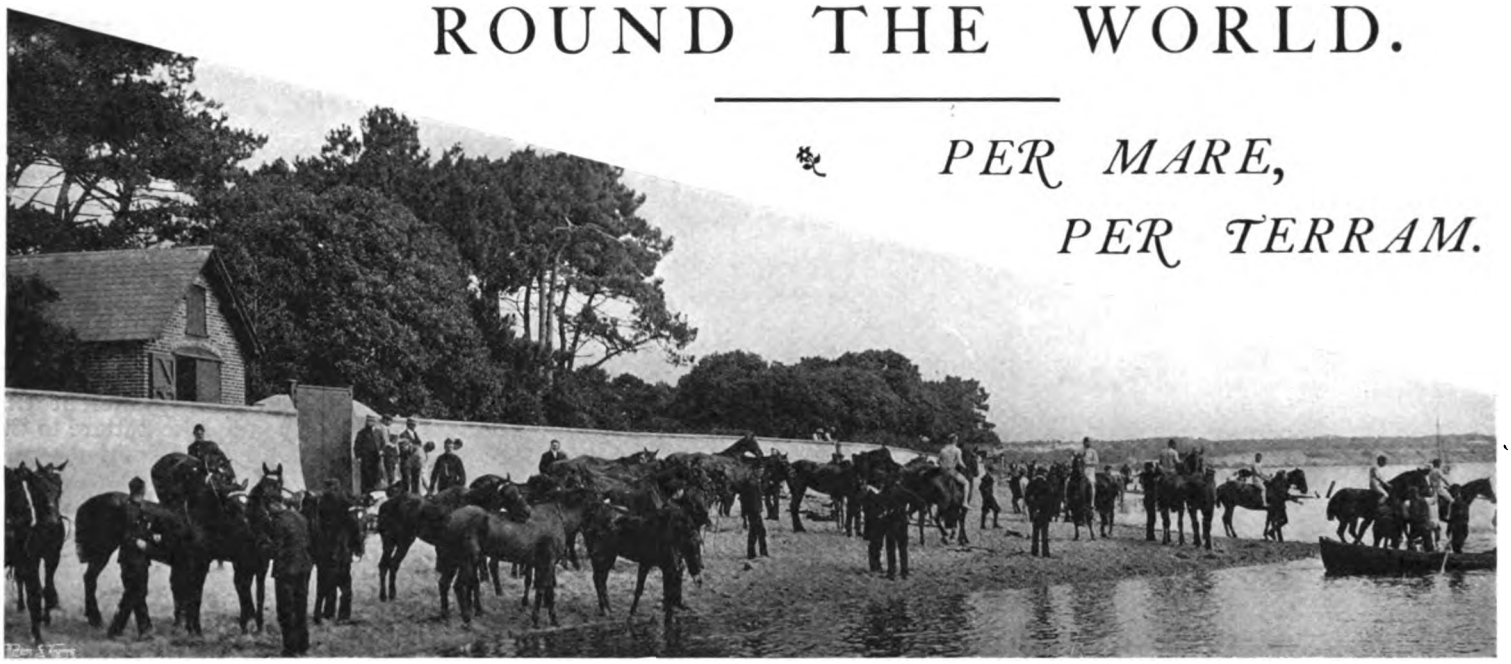
ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.



TEACHING ARMY HORSES TO SWIM.

AMID the many disappointments which we have had in South Africa, there has, of course, always been the knowledge that, sooner or later, the resistance would finally be broken down. One most gratifying recent sign is that a real cleavage exists among the burghers themselves. The level-headed men among them have come to the conclusion that their fanatical brothers, too numerous, unhappily, must be crushed. They see that the irreconcilables are criminally retarding the conclusion of peace, which can only be attained by a consolidation of our supremacy in South Africa. Not a few Boers who have been fighting against us are now on our side. Among them is General Andries Cronje, a brother of the more notorious Cronje, now imprisoned in St. Helena. This new recruit is in command of a corps of ex-burghers, who, it is believed, may be depended upon to do good work. Another Boer in command of a corps, at Middelburg in the Transvaal, is General Celliers, and Morley's Scouts, most of whom have been long fighting on the Boer side, are operating in the north. These are organised forces, but a large number of men who have appeared against us in the field are also now attached as scouts to various columns in the Eastern Transvaal and elsewhere. These men took the oath of allegiance voluntarily, and applied to be allowed to take the field alongside our troops. Without assigning to them any spirit of British patriotism, it is evident that they see as clearly as we do that the true advantage of their country will be found in a settlement under our rule. Some have cast doubt upon their fidelity, but their services are based upon such practical considerations, and the suspicion is not justified. They are excellent men, doing the best work, and they should play a part in dissipating prejudice and racial animosity when the war is over.

IT has often been said that Germans were nothing if not logical. But the view they took of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances must deprive them of some of the credit they have received on that ground. No reasonable man could think that, in justifying, or rather illustrating, our procedure by that of Germany and other nations, we were seeking to cast discredit upon ourselves, and, if we did not hold ourselves discredited, how could we think that the Germans were so? The strong feeling took us by surprise, but it is perhaps lost sight of that the German has a far greater interest in foreign politics than most Englishmen, though ignorance and misconception generally prevail. The newspapers have the smallest possible influence upon the Government, and in the recent singular and unjustifiable outburst of *furor Teutonicus* there was a strong guarantee of its friendly purposes.

THE letter to Mr. Kruger has long since been forgotten in the particularly kindly attitude of the German Emperor. Even in the case of the "Bundesrath," seized, it must be admitted, without real reason, there was no departure from strict neutrality, and when Mr. Kruger sought an interview with the Emperor he received a sharp rebuff. It would have been easy for the Germans to make difficulties for us, but the Government recognises the outburst of animosity against England as having its origin in the spirit of Pan-Germanism, which, unless it be checked, promises to be a danger for Central Europe. At least, the German Government views its activity with much apprehension at the present time.

HOW serious is the danger rising from this Pan-German propaganda may be seen by the condition of affairs in Austria, where it has raised a very bitter and irreconcilable antagonism on the part of the Czechs. The Emperor Francis Joseph has said that the divided interests in his Empire are enough to drive him to despair. The deadlock which afflicts Parliamentary business and administrative work has a demoralising effect, which cannot be exaggerated. The Czechs believe that a determined attack is being made upon their linguistic and other rights, and the result has been to create a strong national feeling among them which finds an expression in the proposal to canonise John Huss, who was not only a church reformer, but a Czech politician and nationalist. As a matter of fact, the Pan-Germans would not be unwilling to coerce the other party if they were able. Fortunately the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph counts for much, and an agreement is likely to be reached.

PUBLIC attention is now much directed to the views and policy of President Roosevelt. As Mr. Hay lately said, he is as incapable of bullying a strong Power as he is of wronging a weak one. In everything he has said and done he has shown a spirit of the greatest amity towards this country, and the good feeling that exists is a pledge of many benefits to both Powers. Mr. Roosevelt holds as firmly as any American politician could to the Monroe Doctrine, but, like Mr. Hay, he tempers it a little with the "Golden Rule." He makes it perfectly clear that the United States have striven to cultivate friendly relations with all Powers, and will continue to do so. The people are pre-eminently peace-loving, and their normal activity is towards trade and commerce, although Mr. Roosevelt does not hide the fact that the expansion of their political interests has involved a more vigorous Naval and Military policy. The Isthmian Canal, "under exclusive American ownership and American control," will be an immense advantage to the world at large, and we cannot question that American interests in the Pacific are as great as those of any other Power. The American papers are saying that we have been willing to sacrifice some strategical advantage for the sake of the material gain, and it may be suspected that there is a flaw in the Canal agreement. Mr. Hay said there could be no surrender or violation of rights on one side or the other so long as the administration of the United States remains in hands as strong and skilful as those which now direct it. We have no reason to think that the hands of American administrators will ever be weaker; but in view of our experience of sudden and unreasonable national impulses, some guarantee might have been satisfactory. However, that good feeling exists most strongly to which Mr. Choate recently referred so eloquently, and there is every reason to believe that our excellent understanding with the United States will long continue undiminished.

THE French have acted in regard to their claims upon Turkey in a manner that does them credit. M. Delcassé said that there was no purpose of territorial aggrandisement, and he has kept his word. The squadron of Admiral Caillard executed its purpose in a businesslike way, and, having wrung the desired concessions from the Porte—whereby it did something legitimately to increase French prestige in the Levant—it withdrew. The Nationalists have been, of course, furious. They are ready to seize anything or everything, especially if by so doing they can inflict some

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slight or disadvantage upon that *perfide Albion*. France, however, has no desire, at the bidding of meddlesome politicians, to create any complications, and in this she shows an excellent spirit. The Panslavist journals of Russia have been saying nasty things, and regard the evacuation of Mytilene as having been unspeakably stupid, or even insane, on the ground that it may help to consolidate German influence on the Bosphorus, and they even hint that France had a pusillanimous fear of creating a second Fashoda. It is more probably true that M. Delcassé did not seek to add another burden to the many that are already borne. It is doubtful if the occupation of Mytilene could ever have been of real advantage to France, while it would have called for defensive precautions. At the present time the other French possessions in the Mediterranean have not yet received adequate defences, and huge sums of money are being swallowed up by extensive works. Perhaps M. Delcassé hesitated on economic grounds; but it would be discourteous not to give the Government which he represents full credit for loyal consideration for the interests and sympathies of other Powers.

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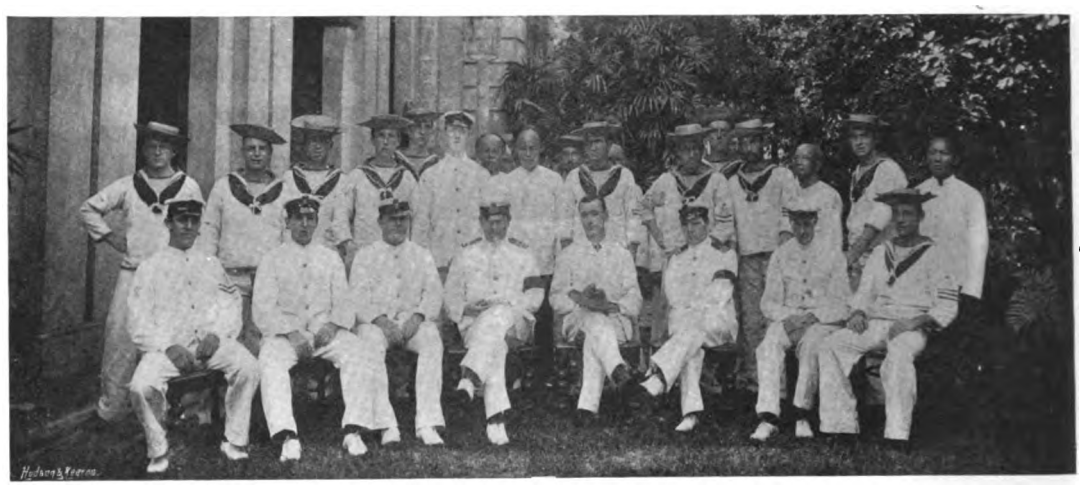
WHATEVER concerns Venice may be said to concern the world, or at least those parts of it which have inherited some part of the maritime glories of the great Venetian Republic. The mind goes back to the days of Lepanto, and to the triumphs of the admirals of the Republic which made Venice in the Middle Ages not only the Queen of the Adriatic, but the chief Power in the Mediterranean. The hand of the vandal should surely be withheld from a place so full of history. Unfortunately, practical considerations will sometimes outweigh sentiment, and so it may be in the case of the bridges which are proposed to be thrown across the lagoons and the Canale della Giudecca to connect Venice with the islands and the mainland. There is a proposal for such a bridge to San Michele, which is the Island of the Dead, the object being to make it easy for people to visit the Venetian Cemetery. A gondola or a steamboat, however, makes the matter one of no difficulty, and so perhaps the disfigurement of this particular bridge may be averted. Another suggested bridge is from Cannareggio to San Giuliano, over which would run wheel traffic and tramways. Inasmuch as there is already a railway bridge, as well as easy passage by boat, there seems no real reason for this desecration, and it is pointed out that there would be a danger, since the low-lying mainland is infested with malaria, while the city itself is not only free from fever but very healthy. Hence, practical considerations as well as sentiment weigh against the bridge to the mainland. The case may be different with a projected bridge from the Fondamenta delle Zattere to the Giudecca. The Giudecca Island in the golden times of a Republic was the dwelling-place of the patricians of Venice, who could there have gardens which were unattainable in the city. Now an enormous steam mill has been erected there, which takes upon itself something of the guise of a mediæval castle, and several hundred workmen are employed. The bridge would be in part for their convenience, and the proprietor, Senor Stucki, has offered to contribute about £25,000 towards the cost. There is some reason to fear that no amount of veneration for the vanished glories of Venice will weigh in the scale. However, there are many Venetians opposed to it, and a strong feeling has been raised throughout Italy. The sea captains of Venice are gone, but their memory lives, and there are successors to the merchant princes of the Republic, so that perhaps after all the danger may be averted.

IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

OUR two pictures are essentially typical. They show the officers and the men of the "Sandpiper" and the "Robin," and, after all, it is upon its officers and men that the British Navy must rely for its work in time of war. The best of ships would be of no use if they were inefficiently manned; and, on the other hand, inferior ships with perfectly trained crews might conceivably turn the scale. The lower we go in the class of ships, the more does this apply, because the more dependence of action is required of them. At the present time, there is a grave question as to the manner in which the development of China will proceed. Will it be spontaneous, or will it be carried out under the tutelage of the Powers? Upon such a point nothing can of course be said in this paper, but it may be pointed out that this country should have something to say as to the lines of development of Southern China, in regard to which, by virture of her position at Hong Kong, she has a special interest. A good many rivers meet at, or near, Hong Kong, and the result of the recognition of this principle was that the little gun-boat "Sandpiper" was sent up the West River. The commander of the ship, Lieutenant-Commander Carr, had already made a rough survey from a native junk, but when he tried in the "Sandpiper," after he had been once recalled on political grounds, he stranded for lack of water, but finally succeeded in getting through, and in reaching Nanning, which is 500 miles from Hong Kong. A French gun-boat tried the same exploit, but failed in the attempt. The expedition of the "Sandpiper" was very risky, as she had rocks to face.



THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "SANDPIPER."

And the Vice-Consul who accompanied the expedition.

Photos. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "ROBIN"

And Mr. E. D. Woolfe, Hong Kong Civil Service, with his interpreter.

The "Robin," Lieutenant-Commander Webster, ascending the North River, had only to deal with sandbanks. Nevertheless, her exploit was sufficiently creditable. She had to work along a practically unexplored river which had been traversed only by one steam launch before the "Robin" made her effort. It stands to her credit that she got to Shin Chau, 300 miles from Hong Kong, and both little gun-boats have done good work in the field of exploration. The political influence of their visits it is impossible to overestimate.

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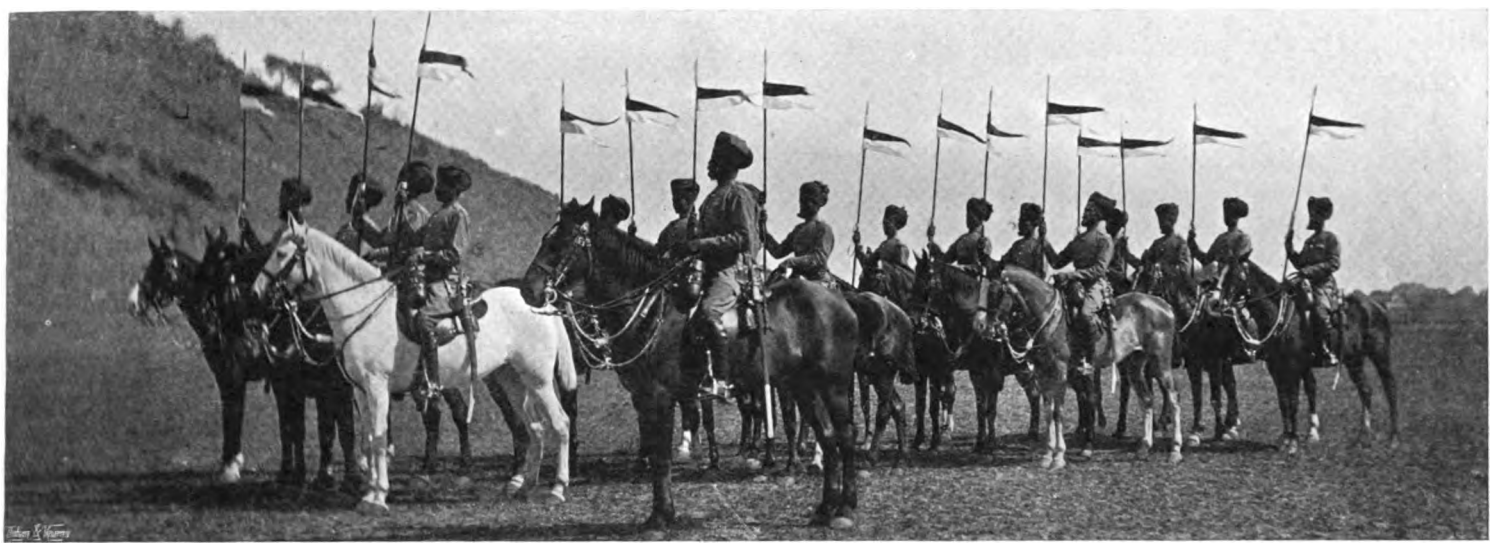
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By Captain Owen Wheeler.



THE 14th BENGAL LANCERS.

THE Viceroy's visit to Manipur will soon have become ancient history, so far as home readers are concerned, but the cabled accounts have reminded me of an amusing experience which happened to a brother officer of mine who was travelling in those parts some twenty years ago. Manipur is, as almost every one knows, the true home of polo, where the game flourished for many long years before ever it became naturalised with us. My brother officer was a keen polo player himself, and happening to arrive at a village when a game was going on, he asked that he might join. The natives were delighted, and my friend enjoyed himself amazingly, although he was not used to playing polo on a bare-backed pony, and had several spills in consequence. But he was particularly amused at noting that whenever he fell off all the other players did the same! He soon discovered that this remarkable phenomenon was the result of pure politeness on the part of these simple tribesmen, who thought it might serve to lessen the injury to their guest's feelings, at any rate, if they came precisely the same "croppers" that he did. I doubt greatly whether you would find equal courtesy in an English village, where the sight of a stranger falling off his pony would probably be greeted with rather rude and wholly undisguised merriment.

There is no question that the standard of manners is much higher in the East than it is, nowadays, in the West, and probably the Englishman never shocks the Oriental so greatly as he does by his disregard of what to the latter are not mere *convenances*, but simple rules of nature. "There is a devil, yea there are many devils, but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat," says one of the Eastern characters in Lord Beaconsfield's "Tancred," and many a time the Indian native must have similar reflections as he watches the vagaries of ordinary European social intercourse. For really high-class unaffected politeness, natives of India of the better sort are hard to beat, especially where they have had a military training. The frank courtesy of a native cavalry officer of a crack regiment is a thing to be remembered, because it is such absolutely correct "form," neither wanting in the polite acknowledgment of a superior officer's presence, nor tinged in the faintest degree by anything approaching self-depreciation. Best of all it is to see some grand old warrior, with a row of medals on his breast, presenting at a levée the hilt of his sword, to be touched by some famous leader, under whom he has served in the strenuous days gone by. No actor, however close a student of ordinary manners, could copy that splendid gesture which mingles affectionate devotion with respect, and seems, at the same time, to be telling everyone present that the two best flesh-and-blood men in the neighbourhood are those who are severally offering and accepting this stately homage.

Talking of levées reminds me, discursive prattler that I am, of a series of these functions I once attended as belonging to what is known as the "private *entrée*"—in other words, as one of the officers of the headquarters' staff who stood grouped round the Commander-in-Chief—while those who were being presented passed through the tent in which the function was held. There happened to be on the Chief's staff an officer whose long grey beard gave him a distinctly venerable aspect, and it also happened that we were touring through a rather out-of-the-way part of India, where there were numbers of officers to whom the Chief's personal appearance was wholly unfamiliar. Moreover, the light in the levée tent was rather dim, so it was hardly surprising that about two out of every three subalterns who entered from the strong glare outside should glance nervously round, cut the Commander-in-Chief dead, and bow solemnly to the officer who fulfilled the arduous duties of "Persian interpreter"! But it was very funny, and I do not think that anyone enjoyed the mistake more than the Chief.

Of the many sound and practical schemes which the Indian Government has of late put forward for the improvement of its military system, few appear to me more worthy of commendation than that of training soldiers as railwaymen, and of establishing a Reserve corps of skilled railwaymen for use either in India or beyond the frontiers. As regards the first part of the project, the idea is to spare a certain number of soldiers annually for training in railway work, these being supplemented by a Reserve corps, in which civilian railway employés, Volunteers, and Army Reserve men employed on the lines will be eligible to enrol themselves for service in time of war. By this means it is hoped —and the hope is surely a reasonable one—to build up an emergency staff which would be competent in time of war to work the strategic lines—they are little else—on the North-West Frontier, and whose services would also be invaluable in carrying out any great concentration of troops rendered necessary by a campaign of extraordinary significance or by some tremendous internal disturbance.

Only those who know India well and have studied the question deeply can have any accurate idea of what such an organisation properly carried out would mean as an aid to India's military strength. In the matter of possible, even though improbable, internal complications, India's greatest safety lies in its network of railways and the ease with which an impressive concentration can be effected, and an adequate British force of all arms suddenly "dumped down" in any disaffected district. But strength becomes weakness unless not only the control but also the everyday working of the lines of concentration are all they should be, and this cannot be taken for granted at a time of trouble. The Government of India might be willing to pay their weight in silver for a few hundred Europeans skilled in railway work whom they could dot along a few important lines, but they

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might be quite unable to raise them in a hurry, as none of the Indian railways are over-manned, the total number of European subordinates employed being only about 5,500, and of Eurasians under 8,000. The presence of an emergency staff of splendid material, a considerable proportion of which would be available without borrowing a single man from any of the railways outside the sphere of disturbance, might mean the saving of thousands of lives, and of lakhs upon lakhs of rupees, by enabling native, and possibly for the moment untrustworthy, railway servants to be withdrawn at a short notice from a particular area, their places being taken by soldiers perhaps not equally adept at shunting, signalling, and so forth, but sufficiently so for practical purposes, and infinitely superior, of course, in other ways.

This seems hardly the place to discuss large questions of policy, such as the despatch of fresh regiments from India to be replaced by "war-worn" corps from South Africa, but the subject is one of such grave interest and importance to India that I hardly like to pass it by without notice of some sort. It seems to me that if we have not already reached the point at which any further diminution of India's military strength is dangerous, we have gone quite as far as is advisable, and that neither a home Government, desperately anxious to finish the war, nor an Indian Army, "as keen as mustard" to see service somewhere, are quite the best judges of the situation. So long as we have in England any real reserve of military strength, which could be drawn upon to help India at short notice in time of need, there is not much to be said against the temporary reduction in the efficiency of the British military garrison of India, in order to meet Imperial requirements. But we have no longer any such reserve, and even to bring up the Indian establishment to its normal strength would just now take more time and trouble than might be generally supposed.

On the other hand, it may be said that a good deal of unnecessary stress has been laid upon the term "war-worn" battalions in reference to the reinforcement by exchange which is now being carried out. There is no question that some of the regiments in South Africa are getting a little stale; indeed, it would be altogether wonderful if this were not so, considering the nature of the campaign and the comparative youth of the men. But it does not, perhaps, follow that a war-worn battalion may not very speedily "pick up" on being sent to India, where the every-day soldiering is much less fatiguing than it often is at home, and where there is less inducement for a man just back from the wars to "let himself go." Again, it must be remembered that the Indian Government has its fingers always on the pulse of its home and foreign policy, and is altogether unlikely to be ever taken wholly by surprise by any really serious development within or beyond its frontiers. Events which may have seemed sudden to the outside world have almost invariably of late years been foreshadowed by some sort of precautionary measures on the part of the military authorities, warned by that secret service of which we get an inkling in Mr. Kipling's "Kim." It is not too much to say that if India has in the near future to prepare herself for war on a large scale, or for any contingency requiring the British garrison to be at its full strength, she will have at the least a month's warning, and in the meantime could do much in the preliminary tightening-up of the nuts and screws of her military machinery.

MILITARY PAGEANT IN THE LAND OF IND.

"O! I love to see the Hathis, with their trunks all in a row,
And I love to see the haughty, and high-stepping buffalo;
But most I love to see the sergeants, mounted on their kangaroos,
As they gallop past the General, and the ladies, at reviews."
—*Old Camp Song.*

WITH the commencement of the cold season the Army in India rouses itself from the lassitude that has crept over it during the long sweltering months, when everything in the shape of drills and exercises is reduced to a minimum, and any work out of doors carries with it the risk of sunstroke, or heat apoplexy, unless it be done in the cool hours of the dawn, or nearing sundown. Then begins a busy time for the British and Native soldier. Drills, musketry, and camps of exercise are the order of the day. Nor are the ceremonials of military pageant forgotten. The Christmas review is almost as regular an institution at every military station, from the smallest to the largest, as is the similar ceremonial always observed on the King's Birthday. Our illustration depicts a scene at one of these latter reviews, the moment selected for pressing the button being that at which the elephant battery is passing the saluting point:

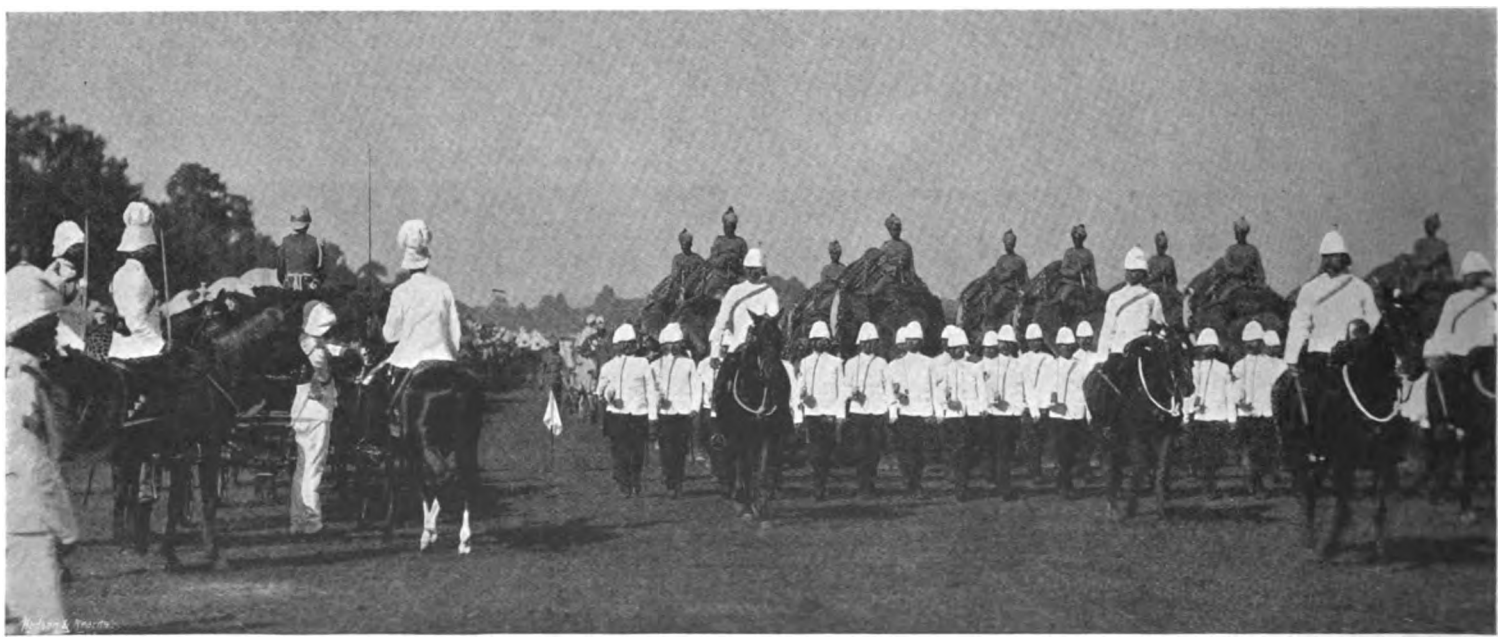
'We lent to Alexander the strength of Hercules,
The wisdom of our foreheads, the cunning of our knees;
We bowed our necks to service: they ne'er were loosed again—
Make way there—way for the ten-foot teams
Of the Forty-Pounder train!"

This is a feature of a military review that can be seen nowhere in the world outside the King's Indian dominions, and it adds to an Indian review an essentially Oriental character that is as picturesque as it is imposing. Nowhere as in India are animals utilised in the service of man so striking a feature of military, or indeed of any great state ceremonial.

Another verse of the old camp song already quoted runs:

"See that rough-rider Bombardier with a pole-axe for a whip!
Great Scot! what a seat on an elephant! My goodness! what a grip!
And see! the Farrier-Sergeant's camel halts as if he knew
That a shoe'd come off the Battery Sergeant-Major's kangaroo."

But whilst it is only in the imagination of a camp song writer that bombardiers bestride elephants, and sergeants curvet past the saluting point on kangaroos, yet the spectator at a big Indian review sees many military novelties. Cavalry and infantry he can see anywhere; elephant batteries and gun-bullocks, mountain batteries, European and Native, with handsome well-groomed mules carrying their deadly little pop-guns, or batteries of camel guns, and the same ungainly, but most useful, mounts bestridden by mounted infantry, he can see only in India. Anyone who has witnessed one of these great military pageants, such a one for instance as that which brought to a close the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi, at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, when 14,000 troops were on parade, has seen a sight that will never pass from his memory. Lucky will be the globe-trotter who will witness the military ceremonial that will commemorate in India the coronation of Edward VII.



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A MILITARY REVIEW IN THE PUNJAB.

An elephant siege train marching past the saluting point

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ATHLETICS IN THE NAVY.

Photo. Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON "SOCKER" SHIELD.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE "DAPHNE" WINNERS AT HONG-KONG.

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette*

"RUGBY FOR EVER!"—CHANNELS *v.* TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A RIFLE SHOOT AT AMOY.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

NAVAL SPORTS AT MALTA.

Our pictures show how ingrained is the instinct of competition in the Navy, and, at the same time, how diverse are the forms it takes. We have here no boat sailing or boat pulling as might be expected, but simply the winners of contests ashore. Our first picture shows the "Prince George's" football association team who have won the Channel Squadron shield for two years running. Another picture shows a group of the marksmen of the "Daphne"; while yet a third represents the Rugby teams of the Channel Squadron and Trinity College, Dublin, who played in College Park last month. In our picture of the competitors of the rifle match between the "Eclipse" and the Army Rifle Club, the representatives of the lower deck of the "Eclipse" are shown in the front, then the officers of the ship, and, finally, the members of the club; while our final picture, the winning field gun's crew of the "Royal Sovereign," who were successful in the 9-pounder field-gun competition.

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CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT

IT is repeating a worn truism to state that the Christmas tidings of peace and goodwill are in painful contrast with the hard and cruel realities of war. In his magnificent ode on the sacred event Milton sang of the peace that reigned throughout the world at that auspicious time:

"No war or battle's sound was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hookèd chariot stood unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by";

but all this, of course, was poetic licence, for soldiers cannot abandon the struggle for the ideal aim, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." Nevertheless, alone among festivals, Christmas has the magic that can still, even if military exigencies prevent it from absolutely hushing, the winds of strife; wherefore it is no surprise to learn that from time immemorial, whenever hostile armies of Christian powers have confronted each other on the anniversary, the day itself has, as a rule, been observed as an armed truce, though there may have been no written conditions to the effect.

The paradoxical contrast between the deeply-rooted religious feelings associated with the Christmas season and the varying news from the seat of war is nothing new to Englishmen.

It was at home a merry Christmas of the good old-fashioned sort in 1841, when suddenly joy was turned into sorrow by the news that a large British force had disappeared in Cabul; while an even more shocking surprise was that of the disaster at Bronkhorst Spruit, contained in the Christmas Day newspapers of 1880, and forming the first intimation, in a public sense, that any trouble existed in South Africa. Truth to tell, Christmas has not infrequently proved an unfortunate period to the British arms. The approach of the first Russian War Christmas of 1854 witnessed the initial national movement for proving to our gallant troops at the front how deeply non-combatants appreciated their heroic efforts and endurance.

Great were the exertions made by friends, relatives, and whole sections of the community to bridge over distances and ignore differences of climate by the timely despatch of presents and seasonable delicacies in abundance. Tons of plum-pudding, mountains of jars of mincemeat, a Smithfield of salted Christmas beef, and a brewery of porter sailed from the docks. Leech graphically imagined the delight that would pervade the camp before Sebastopol on the arrival of all this good fare by giving the public one of his happiest sketches, entitled "The Theatre of War: A Private Box for England's Dear Boys." Alas! those at home were then far from realising the perversity, stupidity, and incompetence that reigned, revelled, and rioted on the lines of communication.

A PICTURE FROM "PUNCH," DECEMBER, 1854.

A private box at the theatre of war before Sebastopol.

"Where," says the *Times* correspondent, writing with pardonable warmth a fortnight after Christmas, "are our presents, our Christmas boxes, the offerings of our kind countrymen and countrywomen, and the donations of our ducal parks? Where are the fat bucks which had, we were told, exhausted the conservative principles of a Gunter; the potted meats which covered the decks and filled the holds of adventurous yachts; and the various worsted devices for our personal comfort which had employed the fingers and emptied the crochet boxes of our fair sympathisers at home?" And echo answered "Where?" Some, it is true, were still knocking about among the Cyclades, or struggling against the storms of the Mediterranean, but the majority had been engulfed in the maw of the transport contractor, and were heard of no more. It is a fact that one ship, laden with all manner of delicacies for the sick and wounded, was "commandeered" by this official on arrival, and, with no attempt at unloading, sent off to Varna with a cargo of Turks. The latter, at any rate, had a splendid Christmas week of it, though certain liquid items in the menu furnished by the well-stocked hold must have called down the displeasure of the Prophet.

The national Christmas box to the troops at the front in 1854 must be written down a hideous and disgraceful fiasco. Great was the contrast, however, twelve months later, when Todleben's nut had been cracked, and the armistice permitted the amorous subaltern, sighing for Christmas gaiety at home, to ride out to Miskomia and gaze gloomily on the beautiful mistletoe growing on all the wild pear and apple trees in those fertile valleys. In 1855 luxuries were forthcoming in plenty for the Englishman's great festival, and the interiors of the huts (which had superseded the tents) were like retail grocers' establishments, with their shelves literally groaning under the weight of hams, tins of soups, preserves, and all those good things which were only a tantalising name in 1854. This, in short, was a joyous Christmas among those serving their Queen and country, as far as it could be away from friends and home. Since the second Russian War Christmas no recurrence of the anniversary finding the nation at war has been allowed to pass without the attempt being made to furnish the troops with well-deserved comforts and seasonable fare. And that such attempts have occasionally failed has only been due to the sudden or remote character of so many of our small wars; but even then officers and men have done their best towards improvising the traditional good cheer.

In 1878 Lord Roberts and his column, fighting their way towards Candahar, celebrated the festive season in quite

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A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT.

***Opening** cases of plum-puddings sent from England.*

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orthodox manner in the Kurum Valley, thanks to the raisins, currants, and almonds that abound in that part of the world, and invite the manufacture of plum-puddings. The terribly cold day was spent in all manner of violent exercise in anticipation of the Christmas dinner, and when darkness set in, and little parties began to assemble round log fires, every man had ransacked his baggage to find some preserved edible or precious bottle, to be passed over to the general pot. So the Christmas of 1878 was not entirely a vain and unsuccessful function with our gallant troops on active service, and the *pièce de résistance*, "Kurum Valley plum-pudding," was voted a great delicacy.

Sometimes, however, the local resources have proved the reverse of accommodating. For example, at the Christmas of 1884, as spent by the Egyptian Camel Corps at Korti, the failure of the plum-puddings threw a gloom — not unconnected with dyspeptic troubles — over the remainder of the evening. Plum-puddings had been concocted out of every imaginable edible, and eaten in due style as such. Unfortunately, great difficulty occurred in obtaining suet to make the puddings with, as the cows and sheep of the Nile region do not cultivate fat. However, suet or no suet, none of the puddings remained to tell the tale, but if the Dervishes had rushed the camp that night they would have found themselves confronted by men as mad as their own Mullahs—with nightmare. Doubtless this semi-failure of the Korti Christmas dinner would never have happened had but the force included in its composition a Naval Brigade. "Tommy Atkins" looks forward to the meal in a hazily confident manner, relying upon the Commissariat department to produce something extra good and seasonable; on the other hand, "Jack's" motto is "put not your trust in Commissariat officers," or, if you want your Christmas dinner, forage beforehand for yourself. An amusing illustration in point is furnished by the small Kaffir War of 1877-78, which necessitated the despatch of an expedition, starting from East London, in December. The Naval Brigade on landing immediately purchased turkeys, which travelled up country on the limbers of the guns, and were fattened on mealies. The sailors also kept turkeys in Ladysmith, the poultry run narrowly escaping extermination by the near explosion of a 94-lb. shell a few days before Christmas. The Christmas of 1899 called forth such a display of national eagerness for providing the great army at the front with every imaginable token of remembrance as quite put the famous Russian War movement in the shade. However, the story of the late Queen's chocolate boxes, and the public and private endeavour that successfully accomplished the loving task of giving every soldier some Christmas present—new socks, Tam-o'-shanters, comforters, pipes, tobacco, etc.—is all too familiar to need recapitulation. Again, the British soldier was seen at his best by the way in which he organised Christmas sports and entertainments for the civilian population shut up with him in Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley. Certainly nothing could have been more in keeping with the traditions of the day than the Christmas trees, games, and teas got up by careworn staff officers, in order that the poor little beleaguered children might not be deprived of the brightness which is their birthright at this season of the year. At both the Christmas of 1899 and of 1900 neither side indulged in active hostilities. On Christmas-Day, 1899, the garrisons of Mafeking, Ladysmith, and Kimberley stood to arms; but with the exception of Ladysmith, where the enemy's guns gave the garrison an early Christmas carol, and at intervals all day joined in the religious and social festivities, the Boers refrained from attacking, and kept their "Nachtmaal" as Sunday. At Ladysmith, also, the sporadic bombardment was little more than a bluff, and was accompanied by two shells, each painted with the Free State colours, and each engraved, "With the compliments of the season." The first shell was empty, but the second was found to be filled with plum-pudding, which no Dopper could have cooked. This grimly humorous shell incident is likely to be long remembered, inasmuch as it has no parallel in the light side of war. Lastly, it is satisfactory to note that the present, the third Christmas of the long and monotonous South African Campaign, will see our splendidly enduring troops well provided with what they of all men best deserve—substantial compliments of the season. H. G. ARCHER.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS IN LADYSMITH, 1899.

The Siege Band. All instruments and uniforms manufactured locally.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

CHRISTMAS-TIME IN THE PENINSULA.

Tramping through the snow.

THE V.C. annuity is nominally £10. In this year's Estimates, the total amount put down for these annuities is £693 11s.4d. This sum is divided among fifty-five recipients, of whom seven are cavalrymen, seven belong to the Artillery, two to the Engineers, thirty-one to infantry regiments, three to Colonial corps, four to irregular troops, and one to the Royal Army Medical Corps. These figures do not of course include those on whom the coveted decoration has been bestowed this year. Nor do they include any commissioned officers, for the annuity of £10 is only conferred on winners of the V.C. who are below commissioned rank. Major John Berryman, V.C., won the decoration, when he was a troop sergeant-major in the 17th Lancers, in the Russian War. He distinguished himself in the Balaclava charge, but it is incorrect to say that he won the V.C. clasp. Indeed, the clasp has never been awarded at all. The officer who commanded the Black Watch at Waterloo was Sir Robert Macara, K.C.B., and he was the only officer of that name who took part in the battle. He was the son of the Rev. — Macara of Fortingil, Glenlyon, Perthshire. He had previously served in the 94th, and joined the Black Watch as captain in 1803. He received the Peninsular medal with clasps for Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse (in which he was wounded) and a cross and clasp for having commanded the regiment in five general engagements. He was also made K.C.B. His death at Quatre Bras was very sad. He was wounded about the middle of the engagement, and was being carried off the field by four of his men, when a party of French Lancers unexpectedly surrounded and made them prisoners. Perceiving by the colonel's decorations that he was an officer of rank, the French cut him and his attendants down. Sir Robert Macara's relatives received the Waterloo medal. In the "Waterloo Memoirs" there is a poem to his memory, sung by the "Goddess of Fame."

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THE ARMY AND PHYSICAL DRILL.

Photo. Copyright. *Del Tufo.*

WINNERS OF THE BANGALORE CUP.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army"*

THE HOLMAN CHALLENGE SHIELD.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE QUEEN'S CUP AT QUETTA.

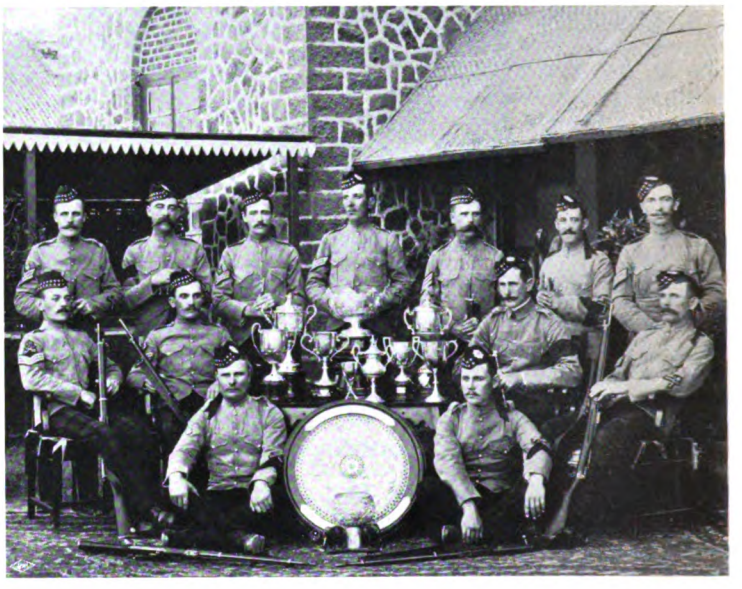
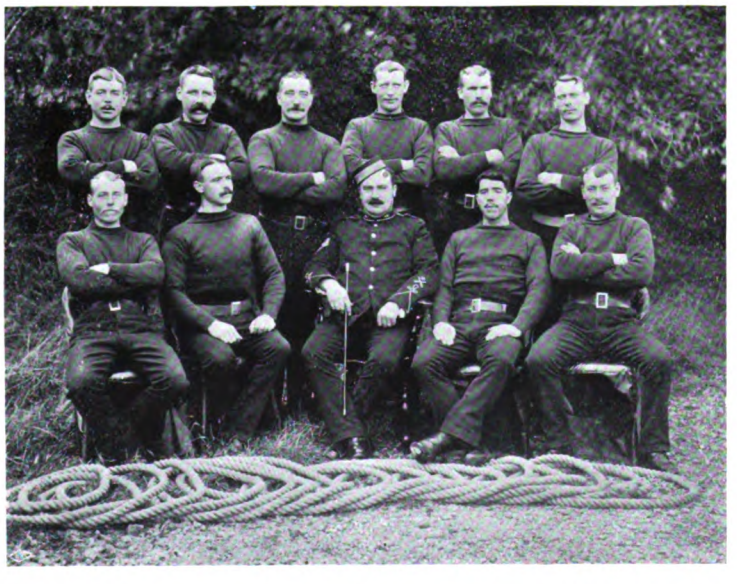


Photo. Copyright. *Stewart.*

THE RESULTS OF SEVEN YEARS' VICTORIES.



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STRONG IN MUSCLE AND SOUND IN LUNG.

Photo. Copyright. *Pallonjee.*

"SOCKERS" TO THE FRONT.

There is very little need for comment upon our pictures. Most of them tell their own tale, and they are drawn from so many sources that they are typical of the athletic instincts of the Army in all parts of the world. The Queen's Cup at Quetta was won by the 1st Wilts. The glory of having won the Bangalore Cup rests with the Royal Warwicks, while the trophies embodied in the results of seven years' victories are the property of the 2nd Royal Scots, and are the awards for shooting at all sorts of ranges, and under all sorts of conditions. This includes the Commander-in-Chief's Cup, won at Meerut, which is the "Derby" of Indian Rifle shooting. Another picture shows the tug-o-war team and No. 3 Company of the Southern Division, Royal Garrison Artillery, which has achieved an almost phenomenal success at Portsmouth and Dover for the last three years; while, finally, we have the football team of the 54th Battalion, R.F.A., which has twice won the Bengal Association Football Cup.

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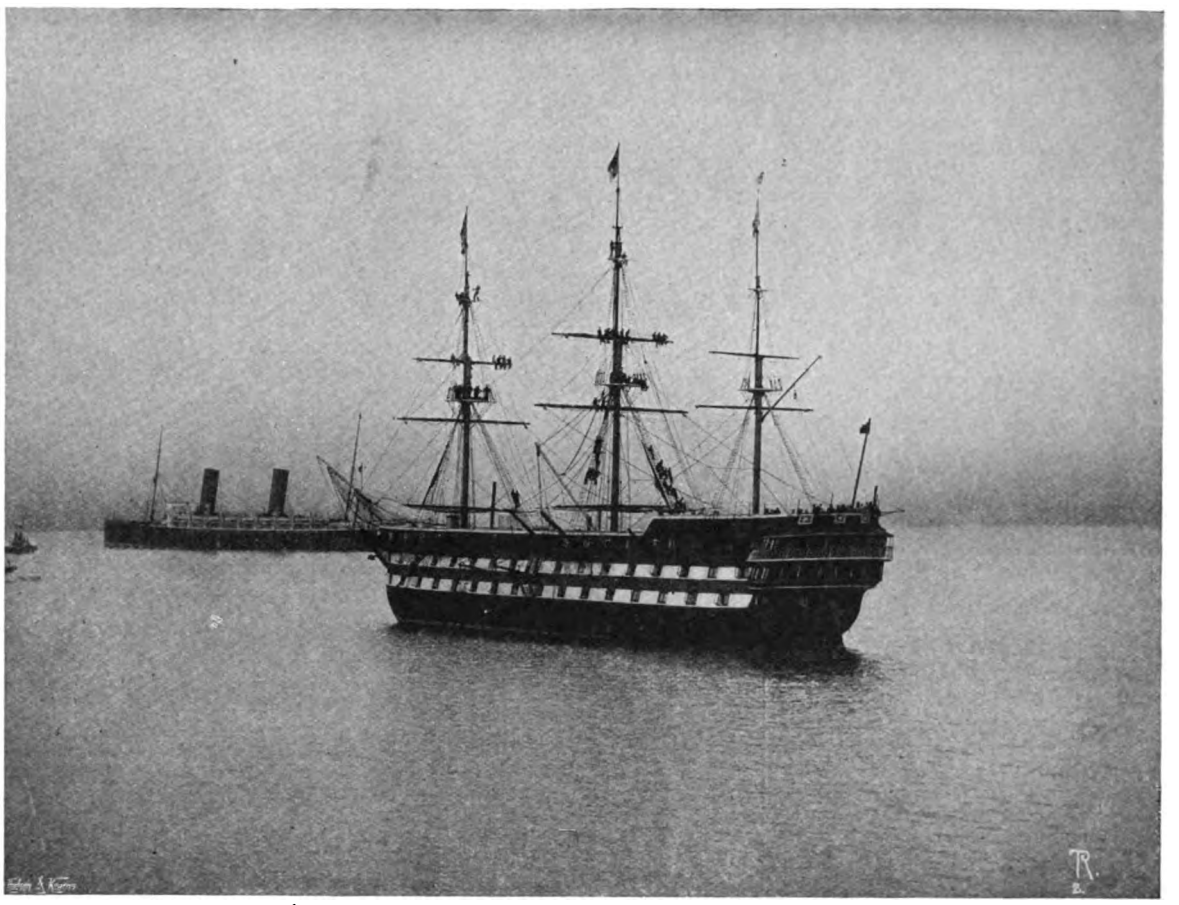
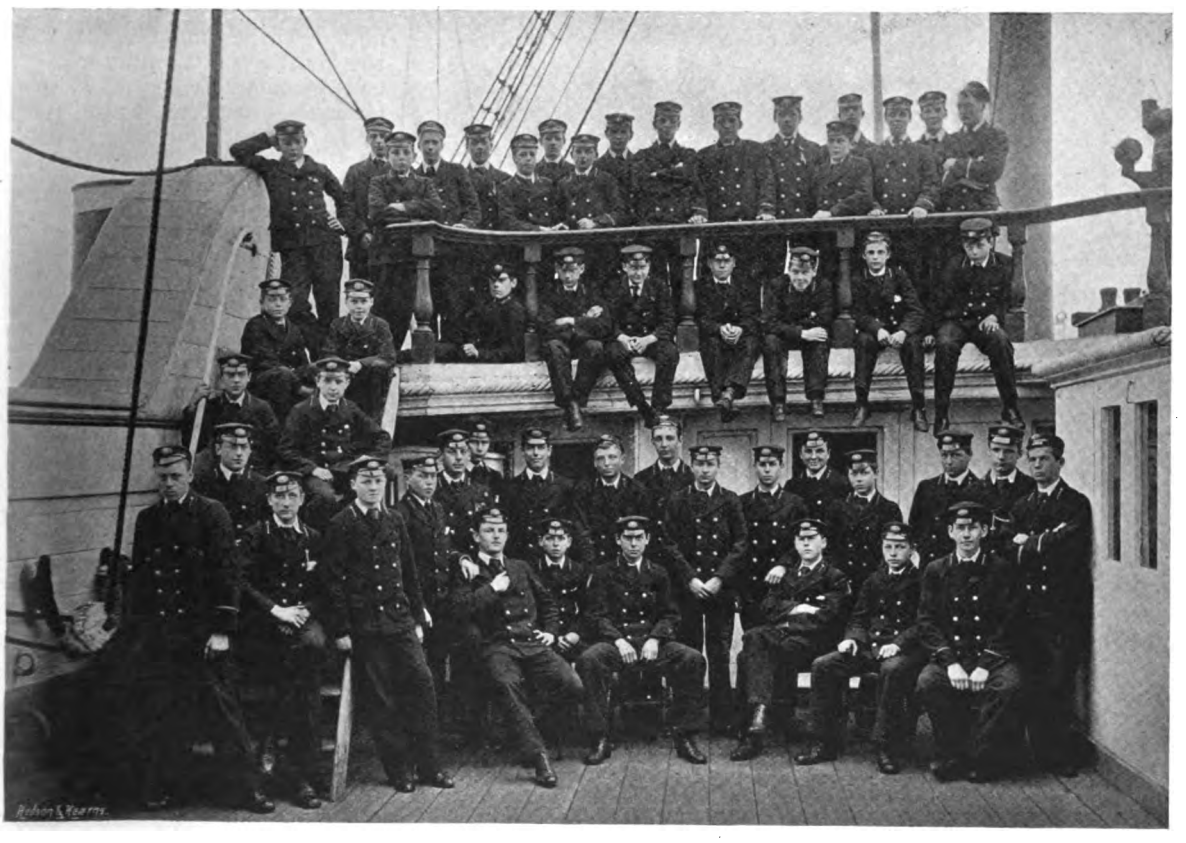
SEAMEN AND THEIR BOOKLORE.

EDUCATION, both secondary and technical, is very much in the air just now. Newspapers teem with articles and letters on the subject, but one rather important point is rarely alluded to. This is the question as to the desirability or not of stimulating the work of scholars by the giving of prizes. Some maintain the view that it encourages a sordid condition of mind to work only for some material benefit, when the object of study should be to open the understanding rather than the acquisition of mere facts or theories. Theoretically this view may be correct; practically it is not so to any great extent, as very little consideration will show, and as an example the results achieved on board the "Conway," school-ship for merchant service officers at Liverpool, lead to the conclusion that prizes do good to a large degree. It may, perhaps, be objected by those who hold to the contrary that the students of this maritime college are not the material from which lovers of learning are obtainable, and this is partially true, for youths who make good sailors are mostly robust of body, full of life, energy, and high spirits, though hating books. It is, however, this very physical power which, if properly directed, leads to very wonderful results, the *mens sana in corpore sano* being as true as ever it was; and experience shows that youths given up as hopeless at other schools become excellent scholars under the stimulus of an open-air life, plenty of hard manual work, and good plain food, with numbers of very valuable prizes for competition. Boys do not like book prizes, but when it is a question of a £10 sextant or £5 spyglasses, or binoculars or aneroids, as in the "Conway," the competition is of the very keenest, and lads who could not otherwise be induced to look at books set themselves to study with the utmost eagerness, and with an ability all the better perhaps because their minds have lain fallow so long. It is virgin soil, and produces abundant crops, especially as, besides intrinsically valuable articles, a career is opened to those who excel and come out at the head of the final examination lists, by gaining nominations as midshipmen of the Royal Navy and Royal Naval Reserves, and positions in the Government services of India. Prizes, therefore, do good—results proved by the increasing standard of merit, *pari passu* with the increasing value of the prizes, year by year ever since the school-ship was established on the Mersey in 1859, and by the increase of numbers competing for them. In 1859 there were but six prizes, with 100 cadets competing; in 1901 there are forty prizes, and nearly 200 cadets competing. Nor is it in any way remarkable that this is so. The child is father to the man, and we continually see examples of striving for the prizes of life amongst grown men in every profession, from the Minister of State who desires that "gilded slavery called Power," to the artisan who labours without ceasing till he becomes the millionaire manufacturer or merchant, each stretching out with all his might in the race for the prize of his fancy. Prizes are therefore a law of Nature; they stimulate work of every kind. "*Laborare est orare*," says the old saw—whatever brings men to prayer must be good; and the giving of prizes in schools should therefore be maintained and encouraged from every point of view.



THE SCHOOL-SHIP "CONWAY."

The training establishment for Merchant Service officers on the Mersey.



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CADETS OF THE "CONWAY."

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

A RICH argosy of good things has been launched by the publishers upon the swelling Christmas tide. Many have been the workers with pen and pencil; never daintier was the form given to their wares, and generally most successful is the result; so that those who wish to provide themselves with reading for winter days, or to procure presents for friends, have no difficulty save that of choice. There should be no dull fireside. Those who labour for the amusement and delight of the young are ready with a lavish and ever prodigal supply of adventures in every part of the globe. State intrigues, battles and sieges, hide-and-seek among kopjes, redskins on the warpath, stirring doings at sea, desert islands, icy floes and torrid plains, soul-thrilling mysteries, accidents without number by flood and field, have they provided for the Christmas fare of expectant youth. But not only for youth is this flood of winter literature. Novelists of repute who have long earned their places in the daylight, and others struggling manfully out of the gloom, have done excellent things, while many old favourites reappear in new and excellent style. Biography, history, and travel are not a whit behind, and works of solid value keep pace with the lighter exercises of the pen. There are some that appeal rather more specially to Service readers, and a few of these must take precedence here.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Among such books is a sumptuous "Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars," by Colonel Blackburne Hamilton (Longmans, 42s.), which deserves to rank with any regimental records ever brought together, and that not only in substance, but in form. The 14th, as all the world knows, is a very gallant regiment, which was raised as Dormer's Dragoons, and has been immortalised by Lever in "Charles O'Malley." The regiment has immortalised itself on many a glorious page of our history. It gained particular distinction in the Peninsular War, as afterwards in the Punjab Campaign and the Mutiny, and it has rendered excellent service in South Africa, having been present in the Natal operations and the relief of Ladysmith, where, under Colonel Gilbert Hamilton, it led the procession of the relieving forces into the beleaguered town For its share in later operations it won the unstinted praise of General French. Colonel H. B. Hamilton has done well to produce so fine a volume, which should be in every regimental library, and be possessed, of course, by every officer of the 14th. But the interest far exceeds the regimental circle, and many others will be fortunate who possess it. The illustrations of uniforms in colours are most excellent in quality, and there are many portraits very creditably executed.

"'NOW, GUY, I CAN TRUST YOU, CAN I NOT, TO OBEY MY LAST COMMANDS?'"
(From "Courage and Conflict." Chambers.)

A military biography of exceeding interest is that of "Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army," by Colonel J. Biddulph (Murray, 5s.). Stringer Lawrence was the gallant officer, predecessor and contemporary of Clive, who was chiefly instrumental in the defeat of the French in Madras, and who never met them without scoring a victory. It is a brilliant biography deserving of particular note.

"The Story of the Great Mutiny," by Mr. W. H. Fitchett (Smith, Elder, 6s.), is like everything else that comes from the same author's hands, full of vigour and patriotic fire. Few men have ever written so well in a popular vein upon military events. The great operations pass before the reader with dramatic force, and there are many striking portraits of the prominent soldiers who took part. No other such brief narrative of the Mutiny exists, and the story is so divested of technicalities, and so brilliant in its style, that we think there could be no better present for a boy who has a zest for such events in our history. To read the book is a pleasure, and the information it contains is good and accurate.

Another book which we should emphatically commend is a fourth edition of General Baden-Powell's "Matabele Campaign" (Methuen), which the gallant author concludes with a letter contrasting the Matabele operations with the present war. He insists that good scouting is more than ever essential, and that we must think out beforehand what we have to do. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* The Boer saying, "*Alles soll recht kommen*," will not do for Englishmen. Sarel Eloff told the General that Kruger used those words, to which he (Eloff) replied, "Yes, and God has given you an inside such as enables you to enjoy roast goose; but you must do your share and prepare and roast the goose first yourself." Therefore "B.P." concludes with the words, "Be Prepared!"

One of the best biographies of the season is "A Sailor's Log: Recollections of Forty Years of Naval Life," by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U.S.N. (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d.). Admiral Evans has all the spirit and hearty cheeriness which belong to the Naval character, and he has many friends in the British Navy. He was born for the sea, and, although his family sympathised with the South, he soon entered the Federal Forces, and he tells a very stirring story of his experiences, in the course of which he was several times wounded, and became known as "Fighting Bob." Since that time he has served in many parts of the world, and his narrative of what he has seen abounds in interest. He gives an excellent account of the German Emperor, and of the relations between them at the time of the Kiel celebration. In the war with Spain he was in command of the "Iowa," and describes most vigorously the battle of Santiago. We can promise those who procure the volume that they will revel in its perusal, for it is bright, breezy, and entertaining.

Two books from Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. claim more than a passing word, though in the busy crush we cannot say of them all we would. Yet Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. May's "Retrospect of the South African War" (5s.) is certainly one of the best books of the season on the campaign. Written from the gunner's standpoint, by one who commanded a horse battery, it has all the impress of life, and is far from being an Artilleryman's book only. The necessity of improving our Artillery is one of its cardinal points, but, from beginning to end, the book is full of breezy military criticism. Yet it is all excellent narrative, told with the pen of a ready writer. Colonel May is no carping critic. He has generous understanding of all he sees, appreciating with sound judgment all the difficulties and opportunities of the operations. Amid the crowd of war books, it is excellent to find so stalwart a volume as this. Messrs. Sampson Low's other book is "England and France in the Mediterranean," by Walter Frewin Lord (8s. 6d.), a broad and luminous study of the history of two centuries, leading to interesting conclusions, and giving to the author the opportunity of compassing within his pages a narrative of events such as it would be difficult to find elsewhere in any single work. Certainly a welcome addition to any library.

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BOOKS FOR EAGER YOUTH.

While we are speaking of boys' books, we shall make no excuse for alluding to "Britannia's Bulwarks, the Achievements of our Seamen and the Honour of our Ships," issued from this office (and Newnes 10s. 6d.), which is emphatically one of the gift books of the season. The wonderful beauty and fidelity of its large coloured illustrations of ships old and new, by Charles Dixon, R.I., of which a specimen picture is issued as a supplement to this number, and the national purpose that runs through the book, mark it out as a volume destined to give delight to boys who revel in things of the sea.

"With the Redskins on the Warpath," by S. Walkey (Cassell), is a story of much originality, told with unflagging spirit, and with thickening adventures as we go on. The scene is in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm, and the hero, with his silver tomahawk, accepted by the Five Nations as their leader, is able to control the destinies of North America, and, by holding back the Indians from throwing in their lot with the French, he enables Wolfe to complete the conquest of Canada. Truly an inspiring book, with no lack either of incident or excitement, and the very book for a boy. "Under the Great Bear," by Kirk Munroe (Cassell), is by a writer who has proved his right to stand in the very front line in this kind of work. It is an excellent thing to read a volume based upon actual personal knowledge of life in Newfoundland. The subject is new to most English boys, and shipwreck, and adventures with Indians and scouts, invest the book with a subtle attraction which draws on the reader until he closes it with regret. The author is an American writer, who deserves to be better known in this country. While we are speaking of Messrs. Cassell's books, we will allude to those veritable mines of enjoyment, the annual volumes of "Chums" and "The Saturday Journal." To extol them is unnecessary, for their qualities are already well-known. "Chums" is a catching, healthy publication for boys, and makes an excellent gift book in its volume form; while the "Saturday Journal," a masterpiece of excellent editing, is an encyclopædia of interesting things in the handsome volume before us.

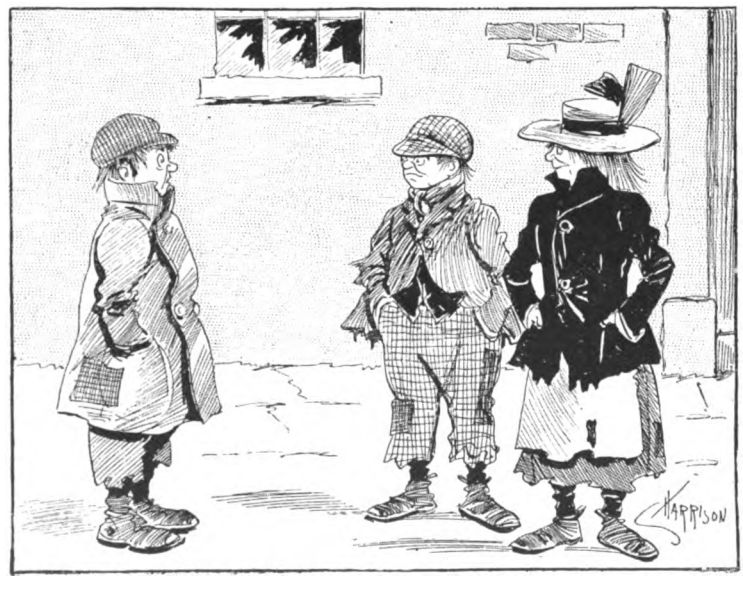
That tried and trusty friend of youth, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, adds to his laurels in "The Kopje Garrison" (Chambers, 5s.). His twin heroes, Drew Lennox, V.C., and Bob Dickenson, make a gallant defence, leading a small British force, and in the circumscribed stronghold of Groenfontein there is a constant succession of episodes, making a very telling story. "Jerry Dodds, Millionaire," by H. Barrow-North (same publishers, 3s. 6d.), is well described as a school yarn of merriment and mystery. Jerry's father is the real millionaire, but the stream of Pactolus is expected to flow into the boy's pocket, and the mystery comes in when his uncle kidnaps him in order to squeeze money out of his father. Jerry and his friends are a healthy, mischief-making set, and their doings make a bright and breezy book. Another book for boys (published by Messrs. Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is "Out of Bounds," by Andrew Home. It contains a number of excellent stories of school life, both humorous and tragical. "The Argonauts of the Amazon," by C. R. Kenyon (3s. 6d.), also from the same publishers, tells of the thrilling adventures of three young friends in quest of the treasures of the Incas, on the broad waters of the Amazon, and amid the mighty peaks of the Andes. In "Courage and Conflict" (5s.) Messrs. G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, F. T. Bullen, and other well-known writers have joined forces to make a first-rate book of stories, breathing the very spirit of adventure, courage, heroism, and chivalry, and uniting amusement with many dashing and perilous episodes, historical and imaginative. Messrs. Chambers do not confine their efforts to the delectation of boys. They have sent us five excellent girls' books also, being "A Nest of Girls" (6s.), by E. Westyn Timlow, in which we are interested in a circle of immensely smart girls, well up to date, and each one of them full of character, the record of whose occupations makes a very healthy story; and "A Popular Girl" (3s. 6d.), by May Baldwin, which is a vigorous and well told story of school life in Germany, where an American girl is a prominent figure. Also three books by L. T. Meade. "Girls of the True Blue" (6s.) will interest girls of every age by its pathetic and pleasing character; "A Very Naughty Girl" (5s.) is full of spirit, with a lovable heroine; and "Cosey Corner" (3s. 6d.) will attract many of lesser age. We must add that Messrs. Chambers have clothed all these books in excellent form. The illustrations are admirable in nearly all cases, while the bindings are very attractive. The stories are, therefore, well adapted for presentation.

Messrs. Nelson have sent us "Scouting for Buller," by Herbert Hayens (3s. 6d.), in which a very gallant hero is found in camp and in field, scouting in hazardous circumstances, taking part at Spion Kop, and in many other actions, and finally sharing in the relief of Ladysmith. It is a good story. From the same publishers we have an admirable "Boys' Book of the Army" (6s.), also by Mr Hayens, full of bright and vigorous sketches of many actions, from Crecy to the present time, giving, in brief form, a very excellent view of what the Army has done.

Messrs. Griffith, Farren, and Co. are also among those who provide stirring tales for eager youths. "Billets and Bullets," by Hugh St. Leger, is boldly conceived, and the story is told with great spirit. A villainous uncle has embezzled the hero's wealth, and proposes to marry his sister to a dark-skinned Egyptian pasha. Of course there is a rescue, followed by fighting at Tel-el-Kebir and elsewhere. The same publishers have issued (2s. 6d.) a new edition of W. H. G. Kingston's "Our Sailors," brought down to the end of 1900.

Let those who are seeking books for presentation not overlook several volumes published by Messrs. Newnes. "The Heart of the Prairie" (3s. 6d.), by John Mackie, is a story full of adventure in the Great Lone Land, and has a strong impress of reality, being by one who, as a mounted police officer on the frontier, has made practical acquaintance with Indians, cowboys, smugglers, and others in the Wild West, and who certainly has a very capable pen. "Long-feather, the Peacemaker," is another book by Kirk Munroe (3s. 6d.), which begins with setting a problem, and unravels it at the end. "Why did the powerful Massasoity permit the invasion of his country?" This is a question, in the answering of which many thrilling experiences are related. The book does credit to Mr. Munroe's large experience and literary ability. "Aston's Feud," by Frederick Swainson (3s. 6d.), is a public school story, with a thorough-going hero, who nourishes schemes of vengeance, and pursues a very dramatic course, which will surprise those acquainted with most school stories. "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells, defies time and space. Beginning with a burlesque, it develops into something of tragic intensity. Cavor, and his friend, Mr. Bedford, have strange adventures among the Selenites, or dwellers on the moon, and wireless telegraphy, and other devices do not relieve the misfortunes of the unhappy Bedford, who is veritably marooned on our satellite, at the mercy of the Grand Luna. The daring conception captivates the attention, and will stick in the memory. These books are very well illustrated, and artistically bound. From the same publishers we have received an excellent new edition of the famous "Swiss Family Robinson," by J. B. Wyss.

From Messrs. Ward, Lock we have received handsome volumes. "The Fighting Troubadour" (6s.), by Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," justifies its title, and is full of the clash of arms. The scene is Italy, and love and battle are the elements which have been skilfully used to make an excellent story. "The Warrigal's Well," by D. Macdonald and J. F. Edgar (same publishers, 6s.), is a very good story of life and adventure in Northern Australia. The theme is the exploration of a very rich district, and the heroes outwit the rival company. The story bears abundant evidence that the authors know well the country they are describing. "Tales of the Stumps," by Horace Bleackley (3s. 6d.), illustrated by Lucien Davis and "Rip," will appeal to every cricketing boy, and to many a senior player. The stories are good and real, and the illustrations are, of course, of the best.



JUSTLY REPROVED.

FIRST URCHIN: "Where are you goin', Jimmy?"
SECOND URCHIN: "Take off yer 'at an' call me Mr. Jones Can't yer see I m wiv a lydy?"

(*From "Chums." Cassell & Co.*)

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SOME CHRISTMAS PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS FOR EAGER YOUTH.

"CAPTAIN ISHMAEL; a Saga of the South Seas" (Hutchinson, 6s.), is by Mr. George Griffith, who has told many daring tales, but never yet one to equal the doings of this redoubtable South Sea rover. Captain Ishmael defies the world, and wins. He has been fortunate enough to rescue from peril a French *savant*, whose wily brain provides him with such engines of destruction that nothing can withstand his efforts, and in the end a treasure is secured which would make Mr. Carnegie or any other modern Crœsus marvel. The book is well written, has a very dramatic character, captivates by its very boldness, and has the advantage of being in handsome form with an excellent frontispiece.

In "Edward the Exile," by Mary M. Davidson (Hodder, 6s.), we have a thrilling story of travel in the Middle Ages, full of curious lore. The Edward in question is the heir of the house of Cerdic and the father of St. Margaret of Scotland, and his wanderings from Norway to Jerusalem are full of interest, and are based upon much reading of history. The story is ingeniously woven into the descriptive matter. We are not sure that the history is always correct, but the narrative is invariably good. The book is dedicated to the Princess of Wales, appropriately, because many of her ancestors figure in it.

"When the Land was Young," by Lafayette McLaws (Constable, 6s.), is described as a true romance of the days of the buccaneer. Its truth is, of course, that of fiction, and it takes us back to the times of the famous Morgan, the king of all buccaneers, and embroils us in fights between the English and the Spaniards in the days when there was much fighting in America, and when the Choctaws and other tribes were employed on one side and the other. The sensational incidents are numerous and exaggerated, but, perhaps, on that ground all the more entrancing. At any rate, there can be no doubt that the book will interest very many. It is charmingly produced, and has many very excellent illustrations by Will Crawford.

"Reminiscences of a Gentleman Horsedealer," by Harold Tremayne (Treherne and Co., 1s.), is a little volume embodying a number of good stories. "Athletics" (Ward, Lock, 1s.), is a suggestive book by Harold Graham, the famous Cambridge half-miler. "Concerning Marriage," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy (same publishers, 1s.), is a little book containing much of the curious lore which we are familiar with in Mr. Hardy's books, and he treats his subject with a good deal of sanity and *savoir faire*.

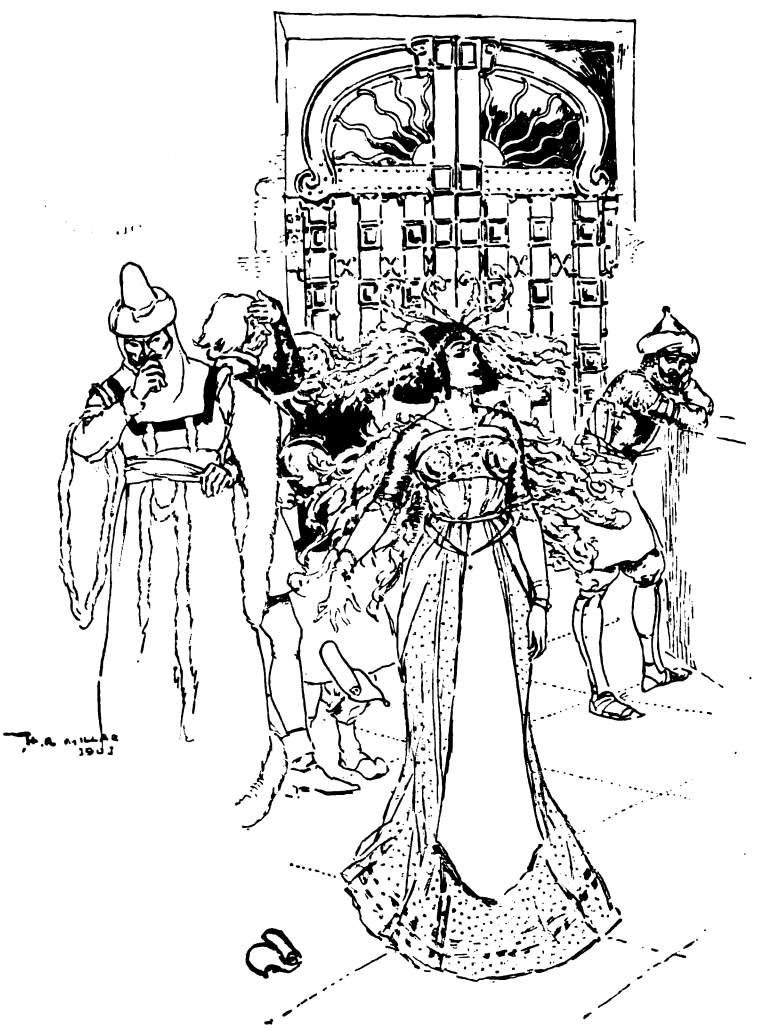
"Lord Roberts: A Life for Boys," by Violet Brooke-Hunt (Nisbet, 6s.), is a well-illustrated book, which tells the story of the Commander-in-Chief's military life just in a way that will interest the young.

Mr. Samuel Mirwin has broken somewhat new ground in "The Road to Frontenac" (Murray, 6s.). The scene is Canada during the French occupation, and love and gallantry, many desperate fights, a damsel in distress, adventurous journeys, and brave doings make an excellent book. The author knows his history well, and his French officers, Indian braves, peasants, and people in society all have the character of reality. "The Road to Frontenac" is one of the individualised books of the season, although its character is simple.

"Shoes of Fortune," by Niel Munro (Isbister, 6s.), tells the dramatic story of Paul Grieg, as skipper of the "Seven Sisters," and then lieutenant of the Regiment d'Auvergne, being a very excellent yarn of deeds by land and sea, well illustrated by A. S. Boyd.

We shall rank other books among those for boys, because they are peculiarly appropriate for youths, while they are just as likely to interest their elders. "With the Flag at Sea," by Walter Wood (Methuen, 6s.), illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright, most excellently combines instruction with vigorous episodes. Every incident is historical, and each one is full of gallantry. The selection is made from a whole world of Naval history, from the days of Drake and the Dons to the triumph of the "Calliope" over the Samoan cyclone. Mr. Wood writes with a picturesque pen, and tells his gallant story with spirit and accuracy. The book is well printed, and would be an addition to any bookshelf.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has long since proved his competence as a writer of the sea, and his "Deep Sea Plunderings" (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is not a whit inferior to anything he has written. He draws from an inexhaustible treasure-house, and his facts are touched with brilliant imagination. He has brought together an excellent set of episodes, which make a most readable and effective book.



"SHE CARED NOTHING WHATEVER ABOUT ANY OF THEM."

(From "Queen Mab's Fairy Realm." George Newnes, Ltd.)

Certainly one of the best boys' books of the season, and one of real value, is an addition to the "Young England Library" entitled "Sea Fights and Adventures" (Allen, 6s.), described by John Knox Laughton. This is all history, the incidents being selected for their heroic character and real interest, excellently treated by Professor Laughton, whose competence is unquestionable. One of the most interesting features of the book is that its chapters on "Spanish Treasure Ships," "Pirates," "Types of Invasions," "Blockades," etc., are profusely illustrated with reproductions of contemporary engravings and pictures, making it certainly a book to possess. The same publishers send us "Wonders in Monsterland," by E. D. Cuming (6s.), which is full of excellent humour, provoking much laughter, and introducing the young to Brontops, Dino Therium, Oh-Don't-op-Teryx, and many other antediluvians. An admirable idea well carried out.

But time cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the books prepared for eager youth, taking them sometimes into the wonder world of fairy land, sometimes bringing them out from many an "imminent breach," sometimes investing their school life with all its plots and suggestions of destiny. Least of all, perhaps, does custom stale the prolific work of Mr. Henty. "With Roberts at Pretoria" is a worthy successor to "With Buller in Natal." The hero enlists as a scout, undertakes hazardous missions, has hair-breadth escapes, fights on the Modder River, and becomes of use to Lord Roberts himself. It is a story full of action, cunningly blended with romance, gripping the attention, and admirably illustrated into the bargain. "At the Point of the Bayonet" is a captivating story of the Mahratta War, full of spirit and adventure, with a hero launched on a flood tide of stirring episodes, and no prison strong enough to hold him. Admirable illustrations by Wal Paget add to its attraction. "To Herat and Cabul" takes us back to the first Afghan War, and has a marvellous hero who makes his own opportunities in the defence of Herat and in a multitude of other operations. In this book, as in the others, Mr. Henty has plenty of history, so that the youth is being instructed while he is being enthralled. It goes without saying that Messrs. Blackie have given an excellent form to all these books, and, as we have suggested, the illustrations are of the best.

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WAR RISKS AND WAR PREMIUMS.

By F. HARCOURT KITCHIN.

THE South African War has taught the British public and British officers a great many interesting things. Modern rifle fire and machine guns have together remodelled tactics, and have altered to a quite remarkable extent the physical risks of warfare. They have made war at the same moment much more dangerous and much more safe.

This is not a paradox, although it may sound like one. To troops, and especially to officers, in the open the risk of death is far greater under modern conditions than it ever was in the days of short-range weapons, but to troops under cover the danger is much less. The effect of distance is in operation in both cases. Exposed troops can be cut up by an enemy two miles away, but hidden troops cannot be seen by an enemy even a mile away. And so the accuracy and long range of the present scientific weapons tend to defeat themselves.

During the early part of the South African War this simple truth had not been realised, and the British losses from battle were very heavy indeed. In the first year officers were killed at the rate of 71·48 per 1,000, and men at the rate of 19·62 per 1,000. In the second year, when the virtues of cover and scattered bodies were recognised, we lost officers at the rate of 21·94 per 1,000, and men at the rate of 10·37 per 1,000. So much for the risks of battle. Now for those of disease. Until quite recent times the danger of death from disease on a campaign has been incomparably greater than the danger of being shot in battle; but the advance in medical and surgical science has done much for our soldiers. Now the two risks tend to approach equality, and it is only under exceptional circumstances that disease gets beyond the control of our doctors and nurses. Such exceptional circumstances existed in the middle of 1900, with the result that for the first year of the Boer War we lost officers from disease at the rate of 29·09 per 1,000, and men at the rate of 31·07 per 1,000. As soon, however, as these exceptional circumstances had passed away the death-rate among officers fell to 15·03 per 1,000, and that of men to 20·56 per 1,000. Of course the different circumstances of the two years of campaigning had much to do with the diminished mortality; but circumstances are, after all, the servants not the masters of man, and by taking advantage of the lessons of the first year the lives of our gallant officers and men were to a large extent preserved in the second.

THE COST OF DELAY.

What I have already written will show that the physical risks of warfare, even under the most favourable conditions, are by no means to be despised, and that both officers and men who have a thought for those dependent upon them should, *before they are ordered upon active service*, take the necessary steps to insure their lives. The words "before they are ordered upon active service" cannot be emphasised too strongly. If an officer goes to an insurance company and says, "I am ordered to the front. What must I pay for a life policy?" the insurance official will reply, "You must pay the civilian premium at your present age *plus* five or six or seven guineas per cent. per annum." And the insurance official will only be doing his duty by exacting such a premium. The officer, by delaying his visit to the office until he actually receives his orders, has not given any opportunity for chance to operate in his favour. His departure for the front is then certain, and the risks which he will run are certain. He must therefore pay accordingly. It is true that a year ago, when in the opinion of Lord Roberts the war was over, several insurance companies accepted war risks at an extra of two guineas per cent. per annum; but the war, as it turned out, is not over, nor apparently likely to be, and insurance companies must protect themselves accordingly. During the first year they lost money, in spite of all the extra premiums which they imposed.

A life insurance company deals in probabilities. On some lives it loses, on others it gains. All its calculations are based on the principle of making the net gains more than cover the net losses. But in order that the life assured may also get the benefit of probabilities he must give them a chance. He must move before the wheel of fate has revolved and the black bean has fallen out against him.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

The object of this article is to explain to officers of the Navy and Army, and to all others who may be interested in the subject, the conditions under which the life insurance offices will assure their lives and hold them protected pecuniarily, whatever risks of service they may undergo. As regards the Imperial Yeomanry there is little to be said. If a man is insured in a modern progressive office under what is called a "whole-world indisputable policy," he may go to the ends of the earth or fight Boers at his pleasure without paying any extra premium at all. But he must have taken out the policy in good faith. He must not go to an office and say, "I am a man in permanent work in England. I have no present intention of going to unhealthy climates or of engaging in unhealthy occupations," if he has it in mind to volunteer for South Africa. An insurance company is a fair-dealing institution, which, very naturally and properly, insists on being dealt with fairly in return. If, on the other hand, a recruit for the South African Constabulary or Imperial Yeomanry is not insured under a whole-world policy, he will be called upon to pay about five guineas per cent. in addition to the civilian premium for a year of campaigning. Not being a professional warrior, no special conditions can be made for him, as in the case of Naval and Military officers.

Life insurance companies deal with officers in the two Services on the same terms. The risks are in practice the same. A Naval officer may not have so much land service—though he often has a good deal—but he has to go to all parts of the world, unhealthy and healthy alike, and has, in addition, to face the dangers of the sea, sometimes in torpedo-boat destroyers. For ordinary purposes, the risks of the Services are considered to be equal.

THE SIMPLEST INSURANCE SCHEME.

The commonest, and in some respects the simplest, practice is for life offices to charge an officer a permanent extra premium of 10s. per cent. per annum on the amount of his policy during the whole time that he is on the active list, and to let him go anywhere and do anything in return for this extra. That is to say, whether at home or abroad, at peace or at war, he pays just the same premium. Many officers find this system satisfactory, but it has two objections. If the officer insures "with profits," his extra premium does not, as a rule, bring him in any more bonuses than if he paid the ordinary civilian rates; and, secondly, he may pay the extra all his life, and never incur the risks of actual war. Still, the simplicity of the system has its own advantage, and very many officers have been satisfied with it. Among first-class offices which adopt this system are the Alliance Assurance Company and the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.

NO EXTRA: NO PROFITS.

The objections to the permanent extra system which I have pointed out were sufficiently felt among officers to inspire the Legal and General Life Assurance Society to issue in 1885 a special system of its own. The Legal and General said to officers, "If you will assure your lives under our with-profit tables we will not charge you any extra premium at all, but we shall not give you any share in the profits until you have retired from the Service." In other words, the company reckons the difference between the with-profit and without-profit premiums as equivalent to an extra premium for the risk of service. An examination of the company's prospectus will show that the difference between the with-profit and without-profit premiums is for the ordinary ages of officers less than the 10s. per cent. extra to which I referred just now, but against that advantage must be set the fact that the officer does not receive any bonuses at all until he has retired. As to which system is actually the more favourable can only be determined in individual cases, but the Legal and General system is undoubtedly sound and equitable, and has been extensively patronised by both Services.

FOR THOSE ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

The Equity and Law Life Assurance Society has adopted the Legal and General system, and has amplified it in some respects. As I have already emphasised, officers, in order to get the most favourable terms, must insure their lives while they are on home service, and before they are ordered abroad. If they wait until they are under orders, then the extra premiums must be raised in accordance with the risk involved. The Equity and Law has adopted a scale under which officers who delay their insurance may still receive considerable benefits, even though they are under orders for foreign service. For officers on home service the Equity and Law charges 10s. per cent. per annum extra, but waives the extra if the assured will consent to set the risk against the future bonuses. In this respect, the Equity and Law comes into line with the Legal and General. But it goes further. If officers are actually on foreign service, other than on the West Coast of Africa, or are expecting to be ordered abroad shortly, the company will cover all risks for an extra of 15s. per cent. per annum, and will reduce the extra to 5s. per cent. per annum if the bonuses are waived

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Assurance Company.

The Oldest Scottish Assurance Company, transacting Life Assurance, Endowment, and Annuity Business alone—without Fire, Marine, or other risks—which affords the **Additional Security** of a Substantial Capital (£500,000), besides a large ACCUMULATED ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY FUND, exceeding

£3,650,000.

NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS

MAY EFFECT

Ordinary and Endowment Assurances

ON SPECIALLY FAVOURABLE TERMS.

OFFICERS, by effecting their Assurances with the above-named old-established Office, under its Special Scheme (Prospectus on application), besides enjoying immunity from uncertain and sometimes heavy charges for extra risk, have the benefit of their Policies being protected, under the Company's **Comprehensive Non-Forfeiture Plan,** against the usual consequence of failure, by inadvertence or otherwise, to meet the premiums as they fall due.

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London Office: 11, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

Secretary in London: F. GRIFFITH.

IN THE SELECTION OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE for the purpose of providing Capital Sums at Death to meet Family Settlements, Partnership or other Business Arrangements, Estate Duties, etc., the main question, after that of Absolute Security, is which Office will provide this Fund on the most moderate terms, without sacrifice of the valuable right to participate in the Surplus. The distinctive system of the

ESTABD. 1837 **SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION** INCORPD. 1848

is especially suited for such requirements. **The Premiums** are so moderate that, at usual ages for assuring, **£1,200** or **£1,250** may be secured from the first for the yearly payment which would generally elsewhere assure (with profits) **£1,000** only—the **£200** or **£250** being equivalent to an *immediate and certain* bonus. **The Whole Surplus** goes to the Policy-holders on a system at once safe and equitable—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss* to the common fund. **Sixty-five** per cent. of the claims paid during 1900 shared in the surplus; and, notwithstanding the moderate Premiums charged, the bonuses added to the Policies which participated averaged considerably over **£500** to each **£1,000** assured.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS amount to £12,000,000.

All the Conditions of Assurance are arranged on the most Equitable Basis.

Officers of the Navy and Army

may cover War or Climate Risk, or both, by a moderate annual extra premium, payable for any period **not exceeding ten years,** but ceasing on permanent retirement from the Service. This arrangement secures relief from the necessarily heavy extra charges which would otherwise be imposed as occasions might arise; but it can be taken advantage of only when there is no near prospect of Active Service or Foreign Residence.

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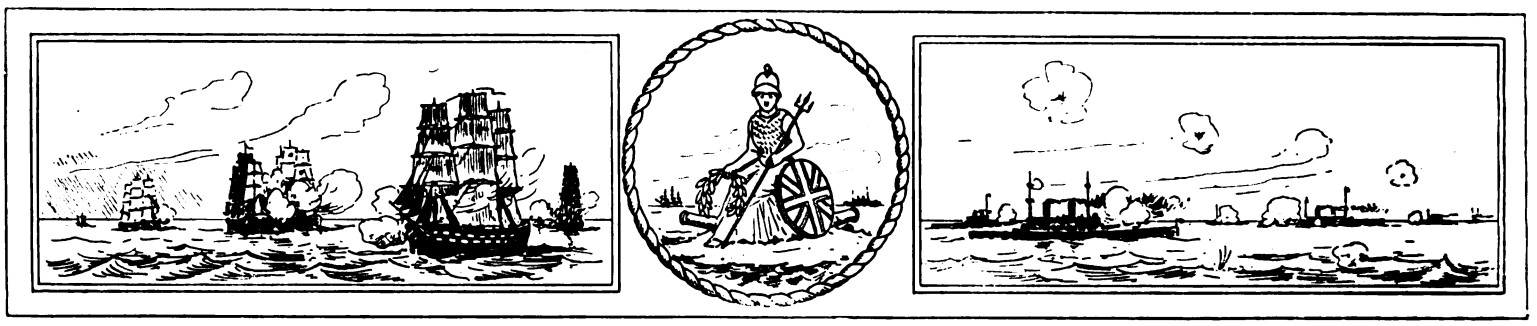
during the period which an officer is on the active list. For the Indian Services, the extra premium is £1 per cent. per annum, and this extra can be reduced to 10s. per cent. per annum by setting the bonuses against it. It will thus be seen that the Equity and Law provides for an intermediate class of officers, namely, those who are no longer in the safe seclusion of home service, but who are not yet ordered on war service. Once a policy has been taken out, all war risks are, of course, included.

The Latest Development.

A few months ago the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society brought out a scheme on lines which have some merits of novelty. Hitherto I have dealt with systems of charging a uniform extra premium and allowing bonuses to accrue, or of charging little or no extra premium and of setting the bonuses against it. The Clerical, Medical, and General combines the two systems with considerable ingenuity. This office has prepared a table of special premiums which include all war risks, and under which all policies participate in the profits *in proportion to the premiums paid.* That is to say, an officer shares in the profits in respect of the extra premium as well as of the ordinary premium which he pays. This is an excellent idea, as the greater share in the profits compensates to a large extent for the extra premium. The company goes still further, and, if officers choose, will discount the future profits in advance. That is, the company will knock off one-quarter of the premium, and accumulate it at five per cent. compound interest as a debt against a policy's share in the profits. This debt requires a return of twenty-nine per cent. of the premiums to meet it at the periodical valuations of the company, and hitherto the return of premiums in respect of profits has been in excess of this necessary rate. The company is exceptionally strong, and there is every reason to believe that the debts on policies of this kind will continue to be automatically wiped out. If, as has been the case in the past, the profits earned are greater than those discounted, the officer receives the additional profit himself. Under this "prime cost" method of discounting profits an officer can actually obtain an insurance policy covering all war risks for a smaller premium than that paid by a civilian under the ordinary with-profit tables. It will, of course, be understood that he pays for the extra risk out of his profits, and the extra risk will always put him at a disadvantage as compared with civilians; yet the company makes the payment so easy for him that its incidence is hardly felt. As has often been said in respect to taxation, it is not the amount we pay, but the way in which we pay, which constitutes the hardship.

I do not pretend for a moment that I have covered the whole ground of Naval and Military assurance; to do so would require a volume rather than an article. But I have dealt with the risks run by officers, and the principal means by which they can protect their wives and families in the event of their death on service. At another time I hope to return to this and other branches of life assurance. I must repeat again that time is of the essence of the bargain, and that it is not a bit of good for an officer who has neglected to insure on favourable terms while on home service to grumble at the "rapacity" of life offices as soon as he is ordered out. Life offices will treat him with perfect fairness, even with liberality, if he gives them a reasonable chance to do so, and to do justice at the same time to their civilian clients. The companies which I have mentioned may be taken as types, and as all being in the very first rank of British life insurance companies. They can all be depended upon to carry out their engagements in the spirit as well as in the letter, and to give an officer full value for his money.



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NEW SCHEME OF LIFE ASSURANCE FOR OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

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FREE FROM ALL RESTRICTIONS AS TO RESIDENCE AND OCCUPATION,
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The PREMIUM of a NAVAL or MILITARY OFFICER CAN NEVER AFTERWARDS BE INCREASED.

On the Profit Scale, such Assurances carry **INCREASED BONUS BENEFITS.**

WHOLE-WORLD AND UNCONDITIONAL POLICIES. All War Risks included.

Annual Premium for a Whole-Life Assurance of £1,000 on a Healthy Person.

NAVAL OFFICERS.								MILITARY OFFICERS.							
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	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£ s. d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£ s. d.
23	24	19	2	19	19	2	18 14 2	23	27	5	10	21	16	8	20 9 2
26	26	9	2	21	3	4	19 16 8	26	29	2	6	23	5	10	21 16 8
29	29	2	6	23	5	10	21 16 8	29	31	3	4	24	18	4	23 7 6
32	31	3	4	24	18	4	23 7 6	32	33	7	6	26	14	2	25 0 10
35	33	7	6	26	14	2	25 0 10	35	35	13	4	28	10	10	26 15 0
38	35	13	4	28	10	10	26 15 0	38	38	3	4	30	10	10	28 12 6
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* THE CHEAPEST FIXED BENEFIT. † FOR THE UTMOST VALUE—See special explanation of this system to be obtained on application.

Rates for other ages will be quoted on application.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Except in one or two special cases, all Officers assured in this Society were exempt under this scheme from payment of any Special War Premiums on proceeding to South Africa.

The Special ***Naval and Military Prospectus,*** *giving full details, will be sent on application.*

Persons desiring further particulars respecting the Society are invited to write for a copy of the Full Prospectus, which, together with all other information needed, will be at once forwarded on application. ***The New Bonus Report*** *also may be had on application after the 2nd January,* 1902.

Chief Office—15, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W. W. J. H. WHITTALL, Actuary and Secretary.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 254.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1901

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WAITING HIS TURN.

SECOND LIEUTENANT PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, 7TH HUSSARS.

The bond that knits Royalty to the Army has been notably strengthened by the announcement that wherever the Third Army Corps goes, its gallant Commander, Prince Arthur of Connaught's father, goes with it. It is a pity that the requirements of military training should have hindered this fine young Royal Hussar from accompanying his corps when it left the other day for South Africa. But we may take it that the delay will be as short as Prince Arthur's zeal for his profession, and his father's pride in his soldier son, can make it.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *With this issue of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is published a Supplement which will interest every garden-lover.*

The Horse in Warfare.

"THE horse," said the spelling-book of our childhood, is a noble animal and very useful to man." An up-to-date spelling-book for the use of the children of to-day would add to this incontrovertible statement another of equal truth, to the effect that the horse is particularly useful to soldiers. The horse, indeed, is the deciding factor in such warfare as our troops are waging in South Africa. In the eighteenth and nineteenth century kind of war mounted men were used merely to scout and to finish up jobs that the unmounted men had carried three parts through. In the new-fashioned kind of war every man ought to be mounted, simply for the purpose of getting about quickly. Now and then there may be an opportunity for a cavalry charge on time-honoured lines. Whenever there is such an opportunity, the effect is remarkable. The Boers do not care about waiting for cavalry charges. Ever since the battle of Elandslaagte they have dreaded the man with the long lance. Experienced officers say that, if Colonel Benson had had a squadron or two of Hussars or Lancers with him, the Boers would not have attacked him at Brakenlaagte. Nor do our troops make much more of a stand against charges of galloping horsemen than do the Boers. They are not accustomed to them. The only formation that is really serviceable against cavalry is the square, and that has been pretty well given up, and quite rightly so, in these days of open order and small fighting units. If riflemen cannot keep off a charge by making their zone of fire too hot to be charged through, then they must run themselves. That is the common-sense of the matter. Never to run away may be magnificent, but it is not war. "The better part of valour is discretion." Often the proverb is quoted as if it were ironical, and as if discretion were no better than cowardice. But it is literally true as it stands. The object of fighting is to win, and discreet calculation is more than a match any day for the courage that refuses to reckon up risks.

The message that the Government of Lord Salisbury sent to the Colonies when they offered troops for South Africa—"unmounted men preferred"—will rank in history along with the solemn declaration of the French War Minister, just before the war of 1870, that the French Army, down to its last gaiter-button, was in complete readiness to take the field. In fatuity and ignorance there is nothing to choose between them. Even now the Government does not seem to have altogether realised the fact that it is only counter-guerilla tactics that can wear down the guerilla methods by which the war has been so long protracted. Sir Charles Dilke in the *Fortnightly Review* shows by various examples from history that no other plan of beating out the intermittent and irregular flames of a roving warfare has ever been successful, or is ever likely to be. It may be presumed that, since Lord Kitchener's order to the "mobile" columns, they have ceased to drag about all their goods and chattels with them. At any rate, they have left their harmoniums behind. (A suggestion, by the way. If the British soldier is so devoted to music, why not send out to South Africa all the piano-organs which make life hideous in London and other large towns? They are on wheels, and could be galloped about at any pace. We should be happier, and so would Tommy Atkins. War Office, please note.) But, though the columns have left pianos and harmoniums at their bases, they are still very far from being anything like as mobile as the Boer commandoes. The accounts that have come by mail of the fight at Brakenlaagte emphasise this point with painful clearness. The disaster was due mainly to the difficulty of getting the waggons away from the Boer advance. If the column had consisted of men who carried all their food and baggage at their saddle-bows, there would have been no fight, merely a skirmish. And, remember, this column of Colonel Benson's was reckoned the fleetest and most daring of all the seventy columns in the field.

But even when it is recognised that our policy must be to send out small bodies of horsemen, unencumbered by any but the lightest of luggage, even then we have to consider how best their horses can be kept in condition. The complaint has been made frequently, and unfortunately it is being made still, that horses, when they reach South Africa, are sent up country at once, without being given time to recover from their voyage and to get accustomed to the change of climate. Horses suffer from "the rolling and the tossing of the sea" even more than their masters. Hunting people know that the short crossing from England to Ireland upsets hunters completely—sometimes it takes them as long as a year to get over it. Climate also affects horses more than it affects human beings, and we hear of great numbers of animals being lost for the reason that they have not been sensibly looked after. We British pride ourselves on our love of horseflesh and on our knowledge of stable methods. Surely, if this matter were in the hands of the right people, of whom there must be plenty available, there would be no further complaints that horses were not properly treated.

The movement for taking more care of wounded horses in war is apparently gaining ground. It is generally approved by all humane persons, and especially, of course, by lovers of the horse. The idea is that, after battles, when the wounded are collected and succoured, parties should also be sent out to do all that is possible for the wretched horses who lie maimed and bleeding on the field. In most cases the poor creatures would have to be put out of their misery. In a few they could be surgically treated and saved. There is everything to be said in favour of such a plan, if it is possible to carry it out. The only argument against it is that it would require a special staff of veterinary surgeons with a host of orderlies and bearers, and that often there would be too little time to carry out their humane work thoroughly.

Anything that we can do to lessen the sufferings of wounded horses in war-time ought certainly to be done. But of what is or what is not possible, the commanders in the field must be left to judge. There can, however, be no two opinions as to the absolute necessity of keeping horses in good condition while they are alive and well. Every mounted man ought to be a good horse-master. If this is a counsel of perfection, he ought, at any rate, to know something about the management of horses. The sooner we teach him, the sooner we shall end the war.

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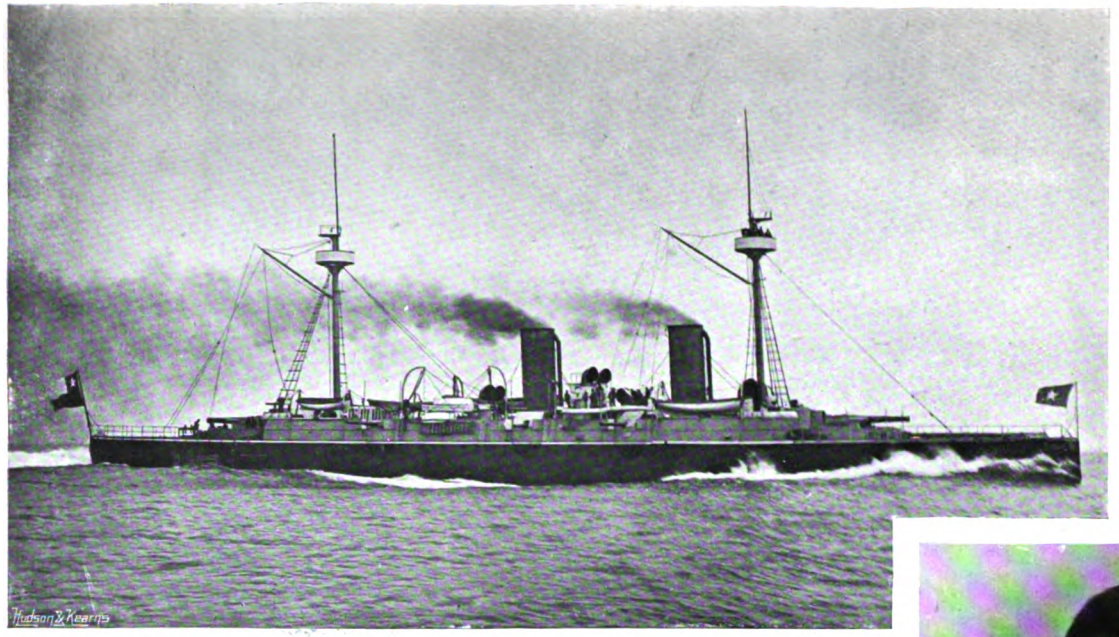
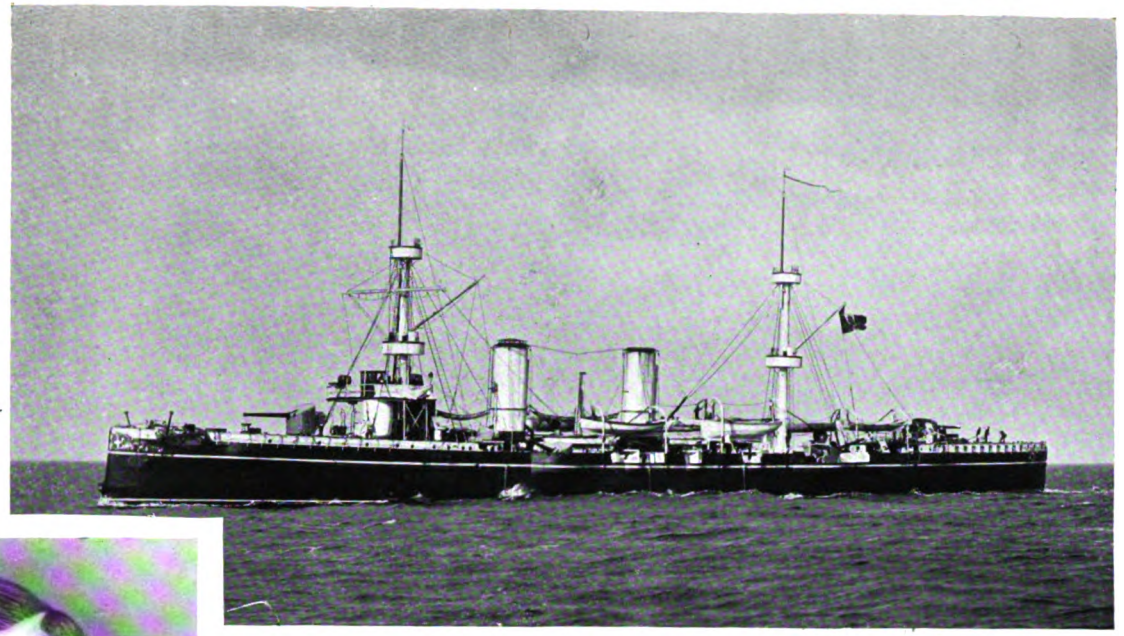
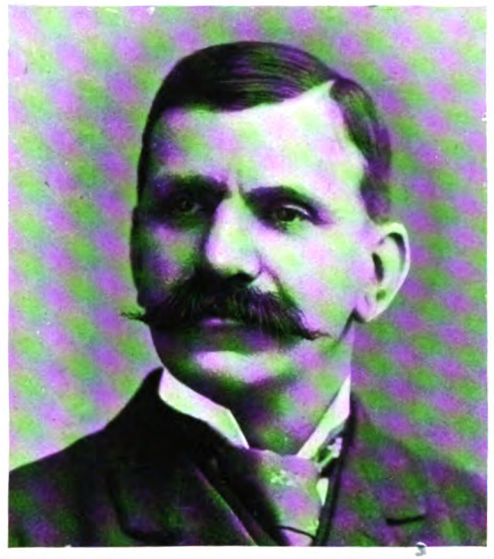
THE NEW DIRECTOR OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

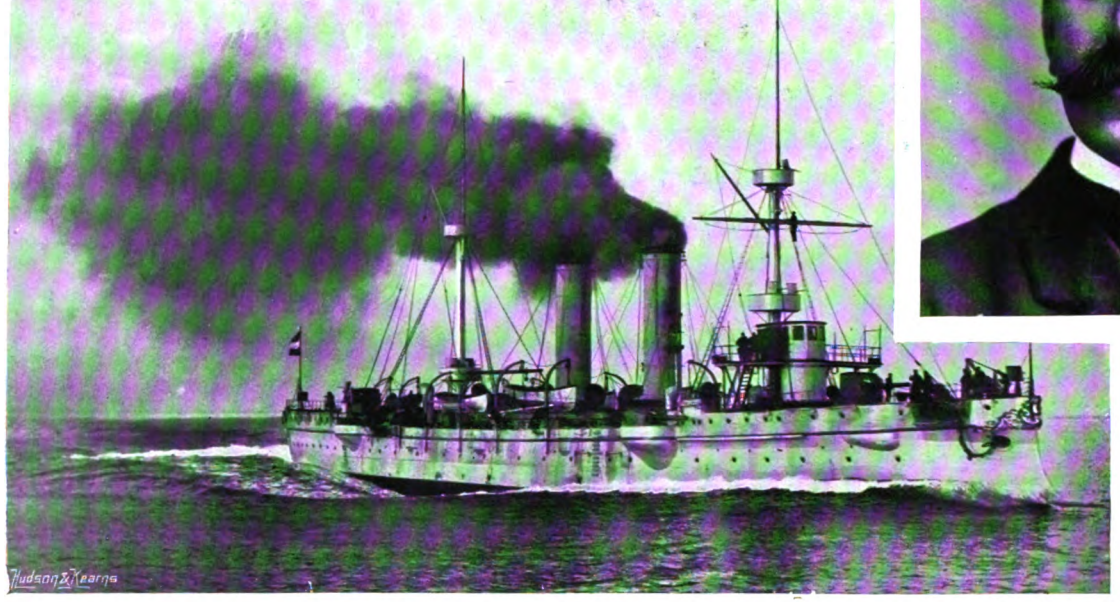


THE 2,950-TON CRUISER "IDZUMI."
Purchased by Japan from Chili, 1895.

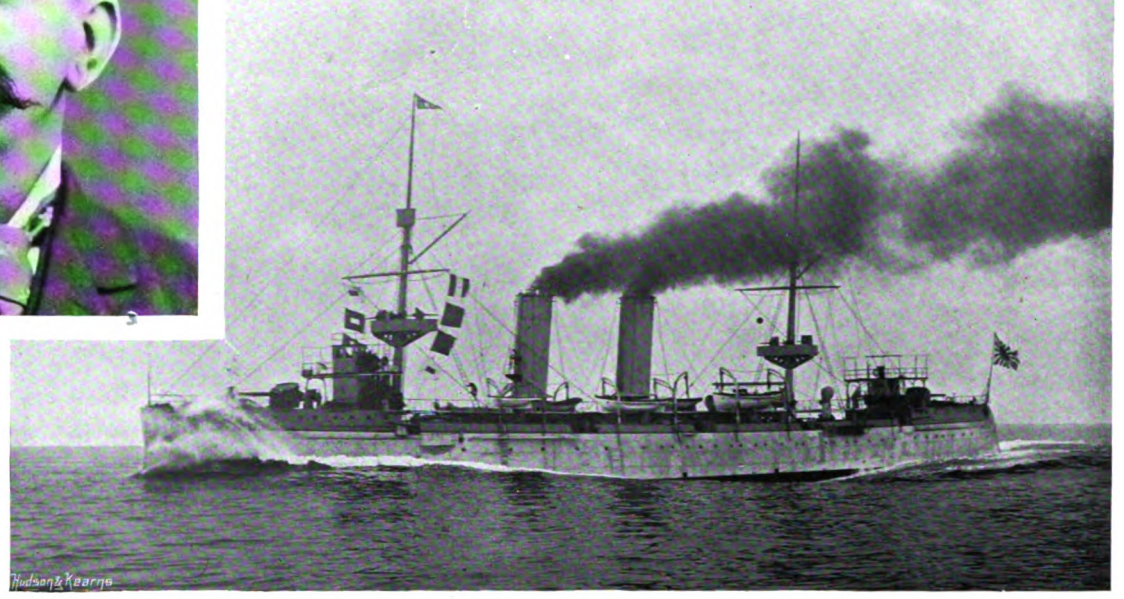


THE 2,640-TON CRUISER "PIEMONTE."
Purchased by the Italian Government, 1888.





THE 3,500-TON CRUISER "NUEVE DE JULIO."
Built for the Argentine Republic, 1892.



THE 4,180-TON CRUISER "YOSHINO."
Engaged at the Battle of the Yalu.

MR. PHILIP WATTS AND SOME CRUISERS OF HIS DESIGN.

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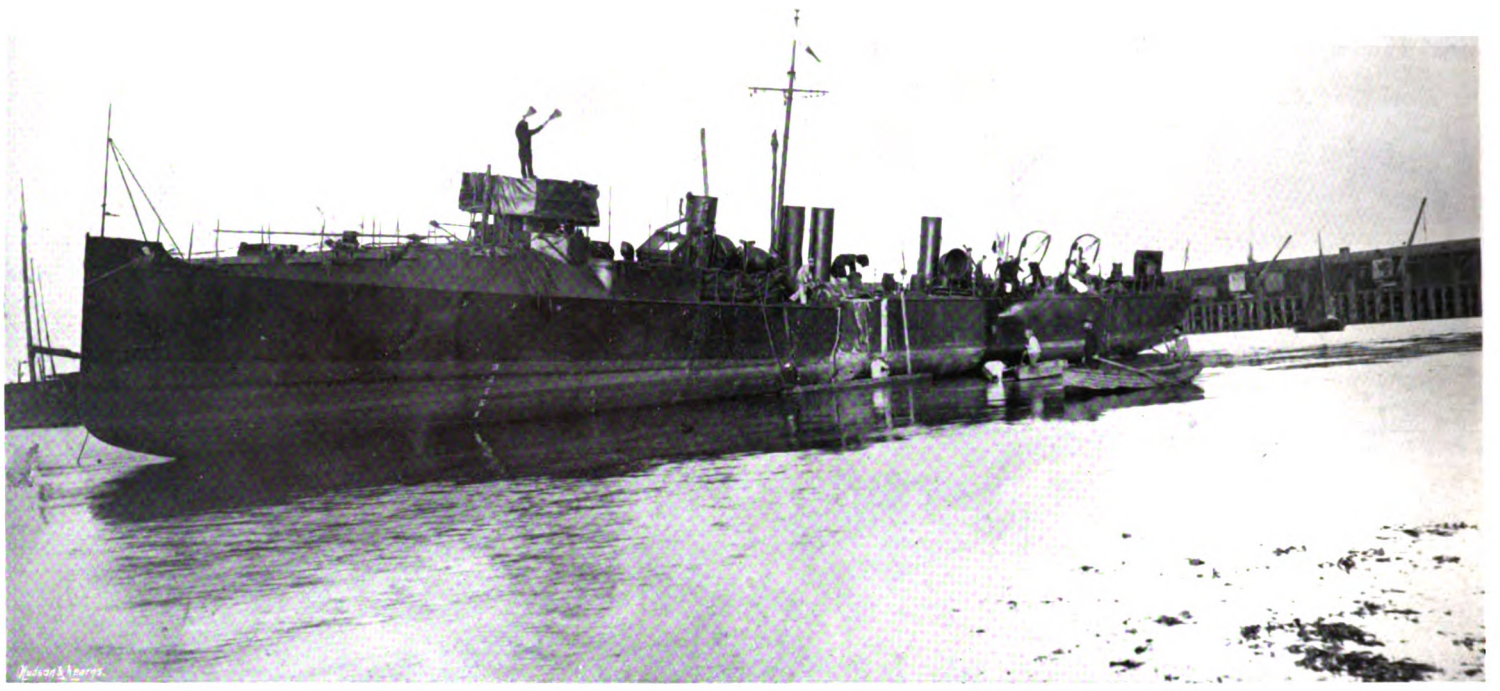
THE ACCIDENT TO THE T.B.D. "SALMON."



THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SALMON."

Run down by the Great Eastern Railway Company's steam-ship "Cambridge."

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army"*

THE CREW OF THE DESTROYER "SALMON."

Who commissioned her as one of the Chatham Instructional Flotilla.

Two stokers were scalded to death in the disaster which took place off the Essex coast on the night of Monday, December 2. Two others, badly scalded, were saved by a gallant Bluejacket who went below, and secured ropes to them, by which they were hauled on deck. The portrait of this brave fellow is shown in an illustration standing just behind the lieutenant in command.

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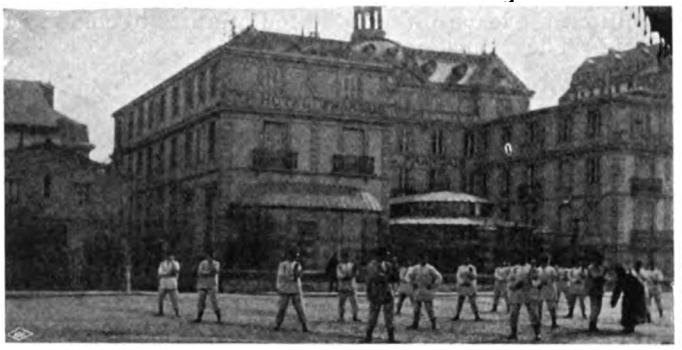
IN A GERMAN WAR-SHIP.



TEACHING FRENCH SOLDIERS "LA BOXE."

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A GERMAN QUICK-FIRER.

IF anything can bring our friends on the Continent to a sense of the foolishness of the cant habitually talked among them on the subject of duelling, it ought to be this grimy story of the death of Lieutenant Blaskowitz. It is constantly said by those who apologise for the antiquated barbarism that it serves as a check on bad manners. With what face people can keep on repeating this most inaccurate assertion it is hard to say. Duels are nowhere so common as in France, and there is no country in Europe in which so much blackguard language is used by men to one another in the course of every discussion that takes place. The fact seems, on the contrary, that where duelling is allowed, rudeness is considered by the more foolish sort as a proof of courage. They insult one another just to show that they are not polite out of fear. It is true that duels in France are seldom deadly, and that a very trifling injury to "the subcutaneous tissue" of one combatant brings them to an end. But that only increases the absurdity. Here you have a combat for honour which is reduced to a mere farce, and you persist in treating it as a very serious affair. We in this country are supposed to be great masters of humbug, but we may defy our critics to produce such an example of humbug in all our doings.

* * * *

There was a certain Italian condottiere of the sixteenth century, by name Giovanni dei Medici, called dei Bandi Neri —that is, John of the Black Bands—who stopped duelling among his officers by a device which may be recommended for imitation by the French Government, if it ever wishes to reform this bad practice. Two of his captains quarrelled and filled the camp with their dissensions. John of Turin was one, and the other was Sampiero the Corsican, a gentleman who was afterwards renowned for killing his wife in a very tragic way. Some assert that the enemy of John of Turin was Amic of Venafro, a Campanian. Whichever it was, Giovanni dei Bandi Neri shut the two in a room, saying, "You may both come out dead, but you shall settle your disputes for once and for all. Fight it out." They were heard fighting for a good space, and then all noise ceased except groans. Giovanni was inclined to leave them alone, but at the request of a brother condottiere, Louis of Gonzaga, he allowed the door to be opened. The two champions were found lying on the floor, slashed all over, and nearly dead from loss of blood. The intervention of Louis of Gonzaga was in time to save their lives, and from that time forward they were excellent friends; and, what is more, when the other captains found that Giovanni would not allow them to fight for the gallery, duelling fell out of fashion, and there was peace in the Black Bands. Perhaps if all mortal combats had to be conducted on this slugs in a saw-pit principle, and there was no chance for seconds to advertise themselves in France, we should hear less of duels there, too.

* * * *

About Germany and in the German Army one is not so sure. There is an air of implacable brutality about this affair at Insterburg which rather gives the impression that there is a real desire for blood among the defenders of the Fatherland. Lieutenant Blaskowitz, having got intoxicated at a bachelor farewell supper before his marriage, was found drunk in the streets, seemingly in a "we won't go home till morning" frame of mind, by Lieutenant Hildebrandt. Hildebrandt insisted on taking him to his lodgings, and when Blaskowitz objected, called him a pig, or said he was as drunk as a pig—a remark which was all the more offensive because of its obvious truth. Hereupon Blaskowitz punched his head. Another officer was present. In a civilised country these things could not all have happened. Gentlemen who are also civilised beings no longer make a point of becoming intoxicated at farewell bachelor suppers. When by an unfortunate accident they are overcome, and compassionate strangers help them, it is usual for the good Samaritan who helps them to remember that men "in the predicament of intoxication," as Bradwardine would have said, are not their own masters, and that it is only rational to abstain from provoking them. Again, nothing need have prevented Lieutenant Hildebrandt and the other officer from keeping silence about the transaction. They thought it necessary to tell all the world. As a result, Colonel Reisswitz, who commanded the regiment to which they all belonged, and the Court of Honour insisted on a duel, though it is said that Blaskowitz offered to apologise. They would not take the view of Baron Bradwardine that "undoubtedly if a man be *ebrius*, or intoxicated—an incident which on solemn and festive occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of honour—and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum loculum est*—the words cease to be his own." There was a blow in this case; but it was provoked, and allowance might have been made. The court would hear of none, and so the lieutenants fought. Again, one has to remark that it rested with Lieutenant Hildebrandt whether or no he would shoot straight or shoot to kill. Apparently he meant to have his opponent's life, and Lieutenant Blaskowitz is dead for having resented being addressed as a pig.

* * * *

Will the most ingenious person in the German Army, and the greatest stickler for honour, explain how duelling tended to the promotion of good manners, or decent feeling, in any one of the persons concerned, or at any stage of this odious transaction? It did not act as a restraint on Lieutenant Blaskowitz, though if it is any use whatever it ought to teach a man not to get into the state when his wine will not only speak, but is very likely also to do something brutal and lead him into a scuffle. As for Lieutenant Hildebrandt, who began by acting kindly, the knowledge that the code of honour would require him to resent insult seems to have hardened his heart. But for that he would probably have said nothing about the matter. Because the thing would be known, partly at least by his own action, he had to be angry, and to kill an unlucky brother officer who did not know what he was doing, and offered to apologise. Supposing now that Lieutenant Hildebrandt had been killed himself, what a highly absurd result that would have been. It might perfectly well have happened, and then it would have been the injured man who suffered. But the crown of it all belongs of right to the Court of Honour. This tribunal was set up by the Emperor in order that duels might be avoided as much as possible. In this case it exerts itself to bring one about. Hereupon the Emperor suspends Colonel Reisswitz, and makes him resign the command of his regiment. So we arrive at this remarkable result—that the

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court which was created to diminish duels causes them to take place, and is then punished by the Emperor for acting according to the best of its judgment. Would it not be a better course, if duels are not to be forbidden altogether, to make a rule that none shall be fought without the leave of the Emperor given under his sign manual? The Minister of War says there are only four or five a year. If that is so—though we are surprised to hear it—the War Lord of Germany could easily hear the pros and cons of each case, particularly since, if they are generally of this kind, it could not take him ten minutes to come to a decision.

DAVID HANNAY.

TWO SCHOOLS OF TRAINING.

OUR pictures show masters and scholars, though the one set does not teach the other, as they belong to very different schools. The first picture shows a group of British non-commissioned officers, good types of the class that has been so well christened "the backbone of the British Army." They are not embarking on the enterprise of "making riflemen from mud," as did their *confrères* who put the drill and confidence into the Egyptian fellaheen, till they made them stiff enough to stand like men the rush of the dreaded dervishes. The plaster these men will have to mould is of a much more virile character, for they have left for that part of Africa which, though nearest to Europe in actual distance, is centuries behind it in administration and organisation; they go to Morocco as drill instructors to that Moorish Army which is under the command of Kaid Maclean. He it was who decided to have British non.-coms. to instruct his men when with the recent Moorish Embassy to this country. The two on the right are Sergeant Appleby of the Lancashire Fusiliers and Sergeant Evershed of the Royal Warwicks. The man on the left is Colour-Sergeant Dooley, also of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The man behind the Maxim is Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Blackall of the Royal Berkshire, to which regiment the future drill-instructors of the Moors have been attached while at Gibraltar, and he is the sergeant under whom they have gone through a course of machine-gun instruction. That before they return they will have "drilled a black man white," as Kipling puts it, we may be certain.

A good deal has already been done in relation to this matter, and the recent parade of some 2,000 infantry under Kaid Maclean is a matter which no one can afford to ignore. They are trained fighting men, and not a mere native rabble.

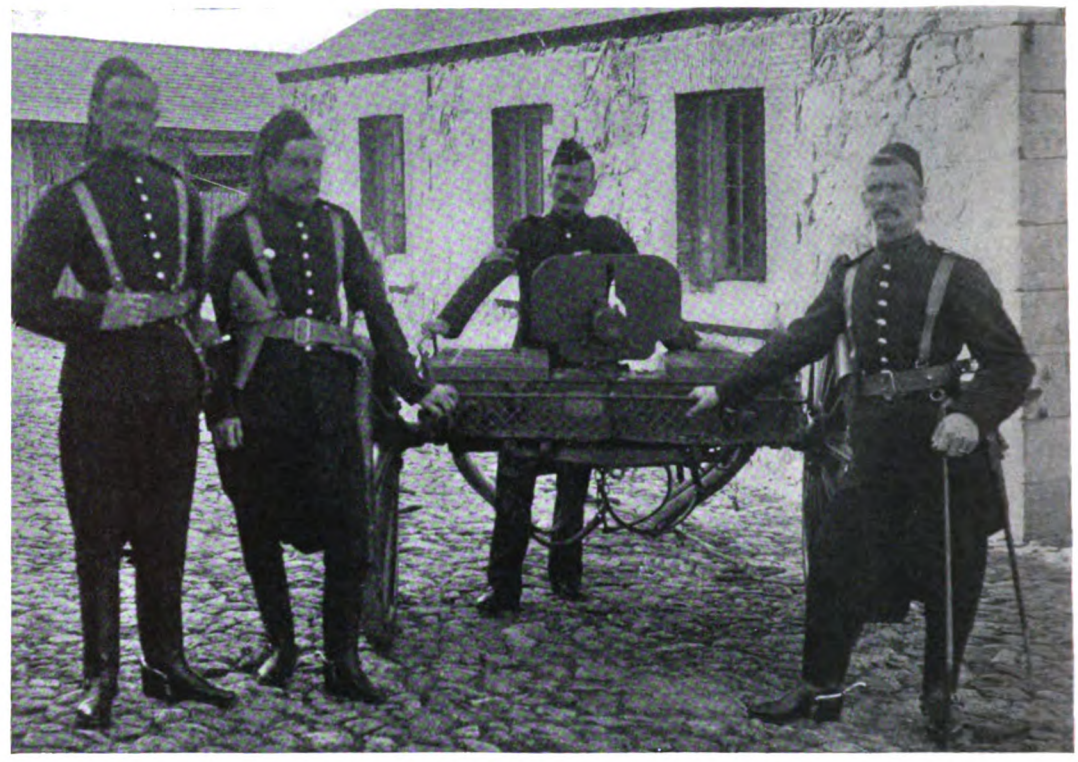

Photo. Copyright. Gibbs.

MEN WHO CAN HANDLE MEN.

British sergeant-instructors for the Moorish Army.

It is more than probable that they will be all the better for European leadership. If so, they only resemble all other African troops. We may go further, and say all other troops of dark-skinned races. But Morocco stands alone, and Kaid Maclean has done the best he can with the troops at his disposal, and he has been loyally helped by the men behind him. Here again, however, we have the value of British leading, and it is the work of British non-commissioned officers which has brought the force to its present pitch of perfection.

The second picture shows us something very different. These are not teachers, but taught, naval, not military. The group is one of Austrian Naval cadets on board the training-ship "Saida," a ship-rigged wooden corvette, which cruises with the cadets on board, and was at Naples when our picture was taken. The Austrian Imperial Naval Academy for the "Sea-Aspiranten" is at Fiume, and at different times of the year classes of 110 in number are embarked for a cruise to obtain practical training on board of a ship at sea. Austria has a small Navy, but a good one, as Tegetthoff showed when he beat the Italians at Lissa. The "Saida" (or "Sidon") herself is named after a victory in which the Austrians shared, for the Syrian town was bombarded and taken by assault by the men from a squadron of four British ships, four Turkish corvettes, and an Austrian frigate, the "Guerriera," the latter commanded by the Archduke Frederick.

There were Austrian ships at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, and the Austrian Navy has always stood on a high level of efficiency. It would be idle, therefore, to regard it as a factor which may be neglected. Its strength would be much greater if it had a wider seacoast, but the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy has only a limited coast-line, and relies for its sailors almost entirely upon the population of a certain section of territory.

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AUSTRIAN NAVAL CADETS.

On board the training corvette "Saida"

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COLONEL EVANS.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

NO one can say that our good friends abroad have not done their best during the past two years to make us "see ourselves as others see us" in regard to the war. The vigorous, sometimes brutal, sometimes malignant, and almost always spiteful frankness with which our Continental neighbours in particular have criticised us, has constituted a distinct and instructive feature of contemporary European history. But happily the process has not been without its compensations, a very recent example of which falls naturally and very pleasantly within the scope of these notes. In an article in the *National Review* on "The Influence of the South African War upon the Prestige of the British Empire," Captain A. T. Mahan formulates several great truths in a manner highly gratifying to our susceptibilities, and, coming from such a critic, the view that we, if we continue to prove true to ourselves and tenacious of our purpose, will gain far more than we shall lose by the war, however prolonged, is far more convincing than the yelping of foreign newspapers or the vagaries of the Pro-Boer mania in our midst. But our debt to Captain Mahan is multiplied by the admirable manner in which he drives home the fact that it is as an Empire we gain, and that the profit is almost entirely in the direction of an enhanced, an improved, a broader and fuller Imperialism.

How clearly, and yet how simply, Captain Mahan first brings out the gain in sea power due to the Imperial movement in the Colonies, to which the war gave rise. By strengthening the Imperial tie, that movement "gives assurance of local support in many seas—the bases—which sea power requires, and the experience gained by the Colonial troops engaged renders the defence and the security of these local bases much more solid than ever before, because dependent upon men more experienced in warfare." From this sagacious and far-seeing observation Captain Mahan proceeds to discuss the increased efficiency of the Army at large, Imperial as well as Colonial, consequent on this protracted experience of war. The gain, he thinks, will last for at least ten years, judging from the case of the "disbanded but tempered" forces of the United States after the Civil War. That "disbanded but tempered" is a finely cautious phrase in which is packed up a deal both of keen insight and regard for scientific accuracy.

On the broad question of improved community of sentiment and community of action among the numerous constituent parts of our widely scattered Empire, Captain Mahan speaks with no less authority and force. It is the Empire, not the Mother Country, he says, that is most interested in South Africa, a "comparatively ex-centric and remote dependency." He adds, "In development of power, both local and general, therefore, I believe the war to have strengthened materially the British Empire, and I believe it has likewise given renewed and increased force to the spirit of union, of concentration upon great ideals, without which material strength runs to waste." These are golden words of comfort and encouragement from an article which teems with observation and lucid argument, and which cannot but have a beneficial and stimulating effect upon the Colonies as well as upon England and her various enemies.

It goes without saying that already a good deal of solid evidence could be adduced in support of Captain Mahan's contentions, but a single example may here suffice. The writer alludes to the extraordinarily increased frequency with which the words "Empire" and "Imperial" are used, not only in connection with specific schemes of federation or territorial expansion, but also in the common language of everyday life. Especially are these terms finding favour in contemporary literature and journalism. That substantial enterprise, the *Empire Review*, has now reached its eleventh monthly number, and quite a little crop of histories and other records of Imperial progress is springing up on all sides. This is an eminently healthy sign, for it indicates the grafting of intelligence upon enthusiasm, a combination which is absolutely necessary in order to produce not only great but permanent results. It is somewhat curious, by the way, that, in view of the above fact, some system of military differentiation other than "Imperial" and "Colonial" troops has not come into common use. For ourselves, we employ, as a rule, in making such distinctions, the word, "Home," in preference to "Imperial," a term which should now surely begin to include just those very Colonial contingents which have been excepted from it. But while "Home and Colonial" affords a reasonable distinction, so far as we of the Mother Country are concerned, it does not quite meet the case of Colonies wishing to differentiate between their own forces and those of the Mother Country. Here is essentially a case in which our readers might usefully interest themselves in making apt suggestions, to which we shall be happy to give due prominence.

The arrangements for the despatch of the new Canadian contingent under the command of Colonel Evans, C.B., the Canadian cavalry officer who served with distinction in South Africa last year, seem all that could be desired both from home and Canadian standpoints. It is especially satisfactory that numbers of men who have served in previous Canadian contingents now disbanded are offering themselves for re-enlistment. It is not so because such re-enlistments are altogether desirable. On the contrary, however acceptable experienced fighting men may be, it is better for the Empire that the seasoning process should be extended over a further area of Colonial enthusiasm and goodwill. But it is obviously gratifying that the relations between former Canadian contingents and the military authorities in South Africa should have been so conspicuously friendly that men who have already served should be "asking for more."

In the case of young Australians there are other inducements to service in South Africa than those which primarily and superficially present themselves to notice. It is very forcibly brought out by a writer who is contributing to a leading magazine a series headed "Thirty Years in Australia," that there is a genuine lack of openings in that part of the world for young fellows of a good class, who are quite willing to work, but simply cannot get a decent chance. It may sound a little strange to a good many readers to hear of a healthy, vigorous, well-bred, and well-educated youngster spending five of the best years of his life in one of the leading city offices in Melbourne to reach a salary of £1 a week—filling his post all along, be it understood, to the satisfaction of his employers. Small wonder that such a one should have jumped at the idea of joining an Australian contingent; but what is almost more interesting is the probability that the end of the war may see hundreds of these youngsters settling in South Africa side by side with men from our own Regular and Auxiliary forces. Such a transfusion of Colonial blood will be a most curious incident in our Imperial annals, and it should give the future historian a most instructive task to trace the good—for one knows they will be good—results back to our struggle with Boerdom, coupled with lack of openings for young Australia in Australia itself.

In this journal particular pains have been taken from the first outbreak of the war to give careful attention to the local forces in South Africa as distinct from the various Colonial contingents from other parts of the Empire. There seemed some little danger lest in the mind of the home public, which does not always retain such things in a proper focus, there should arise a disposition to forget that these South African forces were by no means fighting altogether in self-defence, but as clearly in support of Imperial

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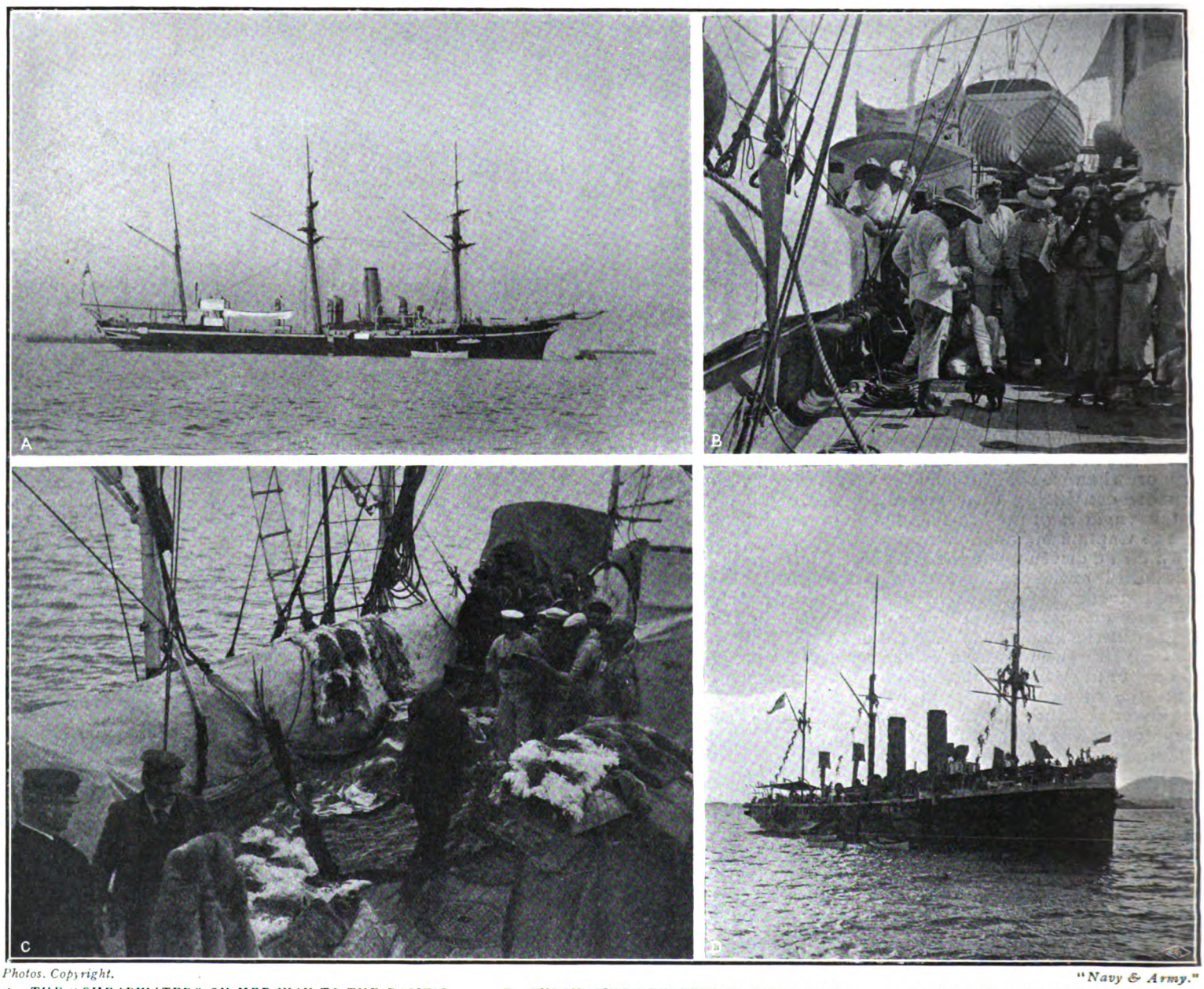
principles as any of their Australian and Canadian *confrères*. Accordingly, we have not lost any opportunity of illustrating and otherwise recording their admirable and well-sustained services. If any justification of such a line of action were needed, it is assuredly to be found in the announcement of the recent agreement between Lord Kitchener and the Premier of Cape Colony, whereby the Colony resumes control of the Colonial forces in certain districts. Under this arrangement practically the whole of the Cape Mounted Rifles and Cape Police, with the district mounted troops and town guards and seven irregular corps, are placed at the disposal of the Colonial Government. It is very certain that no such arrangement would have been entered into had not the South African local corps proved singularly efficient and trustworthy, and Cape Colony is to be congratulated on such a significant expression of the Imperial Government's approval and confidence.

There seems a prospect of fresh trouble in Southern Nigeria, where a powerful tribe called the Aros, against whom we recently sent an expedition, are again showing hostility. As things become gradually more and more settled in South Africa we are likely to see a good many interesting and important further developments in other parts of the continent. From a military point of view the progress of Nigeria will perhaps repay attentive study, more fully than that of British Central and East Africa, where, on the other hand, the ultimate commercial prospects seem brighter. In West Africa we have a good deal more fighting and military organisation still before us, and there are races yet unsubdued which may give us considerable trouble before we can gather them safely under the Imperial flag. But the work is in good hands, and the fact that Sir Frederick Lugard and Sir R. D. Moor, the High Commissioners of Northern and Southern Nigeria respectively, are both at their posts is a satisfactory feature of the present situation. Sir F. Lugard's headquarters, by the way, are being moved from Jebba to Wushishi, a more convenient and healthy centre, at which a steam tramway affords pleasant and striking evidence of extending civilisation

PACIFIC PLEASANTRIES.



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A.—THE "SHEARWATER" ON HER WAY TO THE PACIFIC. *B.—PURCHASING NEW PETS TO BRING HOME.* *C.—BUYING FURS AT SANDY POINT.*
D.—"HANDS CHEER SHIP." A SEND-OFF FOR THE HOMEWARD-BOUND VESSEL.

IT is, perhaps, not generally realised that the duty of the Pacific Squadron in the Western Pacific is by no means confined to guarding British interests on the coast of British Columbia, including Queen Charlotte Islands and Vancouver Island. There are a large number of scattered islands, or groups of islands, which are British possessions or under British protection, in that portion of the ocean which is not within the limits of a British colony. Among them are the islands known as Cato, Pilgrim, Ducie, Coral, Palmerston, Surprise, Willis's Islets, and many others, to which must be added Christmas, Fanning, and Penrhyn Islands, which were formally annexed in 1888, the Hervey Islands, over which a protectorate was established in the same year, and the Gilbert Islands, in 1892. A protectorate was also established over the Southern Solomon Islands in 1893. The Pacific Squadron usually consists of eight of His Majesty's ships, and its headquarters are located at Esquimalt, which is a victualling yard, and strongly fortified. It is a very long voyage thither, but all that will be changed in the dim and distant future, when our American cousins have constructed an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The annexed illustrations show the "Shearwater," which ship has recently been sent to the Pacific station, also the send-off which the crew of the "Amphion" are giving to another ship as her bows point homewards. The remaining illustrations deal with the subject of the mementoes of "furrin" parts that Jack brings home with him. In one we find him haggling over furs with the Chilian dealers at Sandy Point, or Punta Arenas, in the Magellan Strait. Jack is very fond of buying pets to bring home at the conclusion of a commission — parrots predominating, which latter, in all probability, will have enriched their vocabulary with not a few nautical expressions by the time they reach home.

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AN UNFREQUENTED COLONY.

Pitcairn Island of To-day.—II.

FLORRIE AND ANNIE WARREN.

MRS. YOUNG AND GROUP OF CHILDREN.

"THE judge, middle-aged and rugged, but with plenty of natural dignity, his grey hair close clipped around his dark face, a pair of blue eyes deep set beneath bushy black eyebrows, took his seat at the head of the long rows of desks and called for 'Elizabeth' (I do not give the right names, nor shall I describe the case) to step forward and be seated. Some years ago the islanders joined a religious sect called the Seventh Day Adventists, so no oath was administered.

"'Now, Elizabeth, you came to us awhile ago with complaints against your husband; do you still make those complaints?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then, Elizabeth, you will tell us truly and clearly what those complaints are.' The woman's story ended, no question was asked her, except whether she wished to be separated from her husband, and this she answered in the affirmative.

"'Henry, you will step forward,' and at the judge's summons the man seated himself in the woman's place. 'You have heard, Henry, of what your wife accuses you; is it true?' 'Yes.' 'Is there anything you wish to say for yourself in reply?' 'No.' 'Do you accuse her of anything?' 'I have nothing to say against her.' 'Do you wish to be separated from her or not?' 'I have done wrong, but I wish to live with her.' 'Will you, then, promise us to cease to do wrong?' 'I cannot promise.' 'Will you try?' 'I have tried; I cannot promise.'

"The man and woman were then told that they might withdraw; the trial was finished. It was certainly not law, but, applied to these primitive people, it had the ring of justice. The Court decided that it would be best to send the man away to Tahiti, where he had friends, for a few months at all events. The members and I had a long talk about some of their laws, and the necessity for firm rule and plenty of employment for the whole community, and then it was time to get back to the ship for the night.

"During the next two days the sun shone brightly, and a cool breeze blew; the roads quickly dried, and in most parts were perfectly shaded by the dense foliage of overhanging trees. On such days there are always some among the younger women and girls who can be spared from household cares, and who are ready enough to show you the beauties of their walks and nooks; and one envied them their loose gowns and bare feet, though on big occasions shoes and stockings, skirt and blouse, are worn. But before the walk, the old people who are unable to come and see the officers of the man-of-war have to be visited. There is Grandfather Christian, grandson of Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny, and called 'Thursday October,' after his father, who was the first child born on the island. His age is eighty-three, and his grip is the grip of a strong man of thirty. There is Grandmother Young, a grand-daughter of John Adams, and the only one of Adams's descendants who returned here from Norfolk Island. She is seventy-two, small and frail now, but with never a day's illness. These are the oldest man and woman, 'Grandfather' and 'Grandmother' by courtesy to the whole community, as, indeed, they are, in fact, to a good half of them.

"We visited several more of the older ones (two over seventy), finding them all happy and contented, and each anxious to make us accept some little remembrance of their loved island. Since the typhoid brought here by a shipwrecked crew in 1894, and which was fatal to many, there has been no epidemic, and the people have no medicines, and (fearing the danger of a little knowledge) prefer to have none.

"But your bare-footed guides step out bravely again, and you are soon on a narrow tangled path which—stopping suddenly in the midst of trees and undergrowth—has led you to a solitary tombstone marking the grave of John Adams. The inscription on the stone is 'In Hope,' and the old sailor lies at a spot on the hillside above his house which was chosen by himself. The present cemetery is some distance below on one side of the village. The only new grave is that of a small boy who fell over the cliffs whilst hunting goats.

"But the mountain paths very soon grow steep, and after your long spell at sea you are glad enough to bring your guides to a halt. How pretty they are, some of these vigorous maidens, with their brown legs and flashing black eyes, and often with a twist of brown hair where you expected black. Again, too, a fair face, as pretty, will surprise you from beneath a coil of blackest hair, a pair of small white feet peep from beneath the long loose gown. But from the lips of each comes the greatest and most gratifying surprise of all—your own English language.

"'You won't go to sea yet, will you?' is a constant question; and eagerly (there is

THE CREWS OF THE PITCAIRN WHALERS.

On the slip at Bounty Bay.

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no disguise here) the questioner awaits your answer. 'I won't go until I am obliged to,' is the very least you can say. 'Ah, that is nice. Because now we can feel we shall be longer together.' Simplicity to smile at, but distinctly pleasant.

"Now, what of the children, the boys and girls, who can make things so uncomfortable for everyone? Think of the obtrusive Chinese and American boy, the finicking, milksop boy of France, the—yes—the aggressive English urchin, the excitable Irish or Jap, the stolid, immovable German and North American Indian, and a hundred other sorts and conditions of boys; how thoroughly they can and do make their presence felt. But the Pitcairn boys annoyed no one. They never asked for pennies (perhaps they had no use for them), they looked generally healthy and clean—for boys. The little girls are pretty, well-mannered, and helpful. Each one has what she calls her missionary hen—in lieu, perhaps, of a doll—and every egg of this particular hen she sells to her immediate friends and relations, the proceeds going to the missionary box forwarded at stated intervals to some charity. I heard that the last went to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. One defect some of them have—fatal to good looks, since there is no dentist at Pitcairn—and that is the early loss of many of their front teeth. But whether this is due to something in the water, to intermarriage, or what, is not known. Robust and healthy as they are, it is difficult to ascribe it to intermarriage.

"The kids' meat we found excellent, and poultry and fruit was brought on board in great quantities. To prevent any one family obtaining an undue share of this world's goods, all sales and exchanges are arranged by Mr. McCoy, each of the seventeen families providing so many bunches of fruit and so many fowls in proper proportion. The price to be charged is also left to Mr. McCoy entirely, and is very reasonable, the proceeds going to the Reserve Fund of the island kept by the local Parliament for the general good.

"As soon as the two o'clock meal is finished, many of the people are free for the rest of the day, and they cluster in groups about the open spaces overlooking the sea, or pass freely in and out of the different cottages. There are no bolts and bars. Some thirty or forty merchant vessels touch at the island during the year, so that there is often a sail to watch or one of their own boats going or returning. But the merchant ships generally remain under way, the master only landing, so that little outside influence reaches the islander. The present religious feeling and sense of morality (both of which appear to have suffered a check a few years ago) ought under the firm rule which now obtains to long continue. There are, I think, certainly three difficulties which will have to be faced in the near future: First, the absence of anyone of early middle age capable of taking the place of Mr. McCoy; second, the surplus of females both in the present and the rising generation, a difficulty which is naturally accentuated in a small and secluded community—here philanthropy might step in and provide a home for some of the more youthful girls, who would be easily persuaded to leave if their future was assured; third, a growing tendency amongst some of the islanders to use a sort of language of their own, in which the words are largely clipped, and which is at the best a kind of Pidjin English.

"Each day there were pleasant walks and talks with these interesting people, and then late in the afternoon of Sunday, February 24, the big bell outside the schoolroom was rung to assemble the islanders together. In the open space near the middle of the village they sang a couple of hymns to the accompaniment of an American organ, and then 'God save the King.' It was time for us to leave, and we parted from some of them at the top of the steep road to the boat, the remainder accompanying us down.

"Most of them are very unlikely to see another fresh face until the arrival of another man-of-war, in two or three years' time, and those were sad good-byes on the rocks before we were pulled out through the breakers. The ship had steamed in as close as she could to the landing-place, and directly we were on board the islanders lay off in their whaler, and sang two quaint old songs in chorus—'Good-night' and 'Good-bye.' Then, with more lively cheers on both sides and much waving towards the patches of bright colour, which marked where the women and children still clustered on the rocks, we started on our 5,000-mile cruise back to Esquimalt. It is curious to note that in the whole of our five months' trip, covering some 12,000 miles of the Pacific Ocean, we did not see a single vessel at sea, except one or two passed on entering or leaving a harbour. How different to the Atlantic trade routes!

"Not yet, however, had we heard the last of our island friends. Another of their boats had gone out before we left the anchorage to communicate with an approaching merchant ship, and as we passed this vessel speeding before the breeze, her white canvas gleaming in the brilliant starlight, the voice of an islander holloaed lustily from somewhere out of the blackness of the hull, 'Three cheers for the "Icarus."'"

"IN HOPE."

The grave of John Adams.

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THE BOAT-SHEDS IN BOUNTY BAY.

From the cliff road.

The last opportunity of communicating with this far-off island was afforded by the Post Office a little more than a week ago. The few letters, papers, and periodicals posted were despatched to New York, and thence to Esquimalt, British Columbia, from which place they will be taken on to Pitcairn Island by the "Condor," one of the British sloops on the Pacific station. No doubt the islanders will be much interested in the pictures in the various papers and periodicals which have been sent to them, especially those referring to themselves and their home. It is intended to publish shortly some more illustrated articles in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED descriptive of visits made by our men-of-war to other little-frequented Pacific islands. These articles, written and illustrated from photographs taken by Naval officers, will, we trust, be appreciated by our readers.

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NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"CIVVY."—I fear that the qualifications you mention would hardly secure you a commission, although, if you could obtain one, such knowledge would, of course, prove most useful. The Imperial Service Troops are native troops raised by the various independent rulers in India, which are placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government in time of need. They are officered by natives, though a certain number of British officers have been lent by the Imperial Government to assist in training them. To obtain a commission in the South African Constabulary, it is, I believe, necessary to enlist as a trooper, from amongst whom the officers are selected after arrival in South Africa. You could, however, get full information from the office in Westminster. For information as to the various semi-military police forces in the Colonies, you should apply to the Colonial Office. A good deal would depend on your age and physical fitness.

* * * *

"CURIOUS."—A series of illustrated articles on the Royal Naval Engineering College appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of July 9, July 23, August 6, and August 20, 1898. These articles, which form the fullest description of the college that I know of, gave not only the conditions of entering the Naval engineering service, but also described very fully the course of instruction given, the cost of it, and the kind of life led by the students. Every year, in April, the Civil Service Commissioners hold an open competitive examination in London and the principal seaport towns for the admission of engineer students. Candidates must be over fourteen and under seventeen years of age on May 1 of the year in which they enter for examination. You should write to the Admiralty for particulars of the examinations. As to the rank of Naval engineer, you will find, if you consult a Navy List, that assistant engineers rank with a lieutenant in the Army, engineers of six years' standing with a captain in the Army, chief engineers with a major, but junior of that rank, staff engineers with a major, and fleet engineers with a lieutenant-colonel, but junior of that rank. Letters to midshipmen, sub-lieutenants, surgeons, engineers, and paymasters should be addressed —— Esquire, R.N., while letters to lieutenants, commanders, and officers of higher combative ranks should be addressed by their rank, with R.N. after their name, thus, Captain J. Brown, R.N.

* * * *

"MILITANT."—The Honourable Artillery Company, previously existing as an armed association, was incorporated by Henry VIII. in 1537, and has occupied its headquarters since 1650. The corps originally consisted of infantry alone, but about a hundred years ago artillery was added to the establishment, and in 1861 a troop of light cavalry was raised. On the reorganisation of the regiment in 1889, the light cavalry was converted into Horse Artillery, and the corps now consists of two batteries, each of four guns, and a battalion of infantry. The infantry division of the Honourable Artillery Company are clad in red coats with blue facings, and bearskins, and resemble the Guards in general appearance. The Artillery are clad like the regular Artillery, in blue with red facings, and they wear the old Artillery busby with a red bag. Since its incorporation by Henry VIII., under the title of the "Fraternity, or Guild of St. George," the Honourable Artillery Company has had an unbroken continuity. Its name is derived from the fact that it was at first a company or guild, like the other City Companies, with certain privileges in common with the other companies. In 1883 the Honourable Artillery Company was granted precedence before the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. The regiment enjoys the peculiar privilege of being perpetually commanded by the Sovereign or Heir Apparent. It is also the only non-regular or militia corps that is allowed to carry colours, and shares, with the Guards, the Marines, and the East Kent Regiment, the distinction of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets. If you refer to the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of July 24, 1896, you will find an illustrated article dealing exhaustively with the regiment.

* * * *

"PIERHEAD."—Bailey defines trade winds as "winds which at certain seasons blow regularly one way at sea, very serviceable in a trading voyage," and the term has become generally understood in that sense as referring to winds which favour trade or commerce. The correct meaning of the term is, however, "routine winds," *i.e.*, winds which hold a certain well-defined course, from the Old English and Provincial English "trade"—a beaten path or track:

> " . . . I'll be buried in the King's highway,
> Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
> May hourly trample on their sovereign's head."—RICHARD II.

Hakluyt uses the phrase, "the wind-blowing trade," *i.e.*, a regular course. "Bum-boats" get their name from the Dutch "boom"—German "baum"—signifying a harbour bar or haven, their use being necessarily confined to longshore work. Mayhew, in "London Labour and London Poor," writes: "The prototype of the river beer seller of the present day is the bum-boat man. Bum-boats (or rather baum-boats, that is to say, the boats of the harbour—from the German 'baum,' a haven or bar) are known in every port where ships are obliged to anchor at a distance from the shore." Bum-boat is also said to have been used, though the evidence is doubtful, as a term for boats employed to remove filth from ships lying in the Thames, *temp.* Charles II.

* * * *

F. J. HIGGINS.—I have searched in the military periodicals of the time for an obituary notice of General Robert Dudley Blake, without much success. The *United Service Journal* contains no mention of his death, but in the *United Service Gazette* of February 23, 1850, there is the following notice: "General Dudley Blake, an officer of fifty-seven years' service, has died during the present week. The General entered the Army in March, 1793, and by February 28, 1795, had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1802 he became full Colonel, and in October, 1809, a Major-General. His commissions as Lieutenant-General and General are respectively dated June 4, 1814, and January 10, 1837. We cannot trace any war services to the credit of the deceased veteran." A reference to an old Army List shows that in 1802 General Dudley Blake was on half-pay, and that his subsequent promotions were on the half-pay list. The absence of any account of war services is no doubt due to the General's being on half-pay so early in life. I am afraid that I cannot tell you why he was put on half-pay after nine years' service, and can only suggest that it may have been from ill-health.

"AGMEN."—It is not very easy to say which regiments at the front are most in need of comforts. I think you will find that there is a fund organised for each regiment by the ladies of the officers' families. If you were to specify a certain regiment, I could, of course, find out what is being done in the way of collecting for the men. For instance, you ask about the Royal Army Medical Corps. Until October 25 there was a fund of which Mrs. Charters Symonds, 58, Portland Place, was honorary treasurer, but I am given to understand that the balance of the fund has been now handed to the fund which has been formed for the Army generally. There is more than one fund intended to benefit the troops generally which is well worthy of support. For instance, quite lately there has been an appeal from Lady Dudley for her excellent fund for assisting sick and wounded officers and nurses a true charity in the best sense of the word. There is the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, with its special appeal, and many other similar funds, all working for the benefit of the men at the front or for their families. I daresay you did not observe a paragraph in the *Times* lately, to the effect that a cheque for £1,000 had been received by the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society from the Central British Red Cross Committee, being the first instalment of the sum of £5,000 set aside in aid of the work which the society has undertaken at the request of the War Office, to provide accommodation and maintenance for sick and wounded soldiers on sick furlough after arrival in this country from South Africa. I think that it is better to give to a general fund than to one for the benefit of a particular regiment, as some regiments have richer friends and admirers than others, and the general funds are given to those who need help most.

* * * *

ALFRED HALL.—It is a mistake to suppose that the arming of the front rank of cavalry with lances is an idea of yesterday, so to speak. The famous Marshal Saxe in his work "Reveries, or Memoirs upon the Art of War," published in 1762, when writing of cavalry, recommends "A rifled carbine which is loaded at the breech by opening; thus speed in loading is increased and a greater range obtained; the carbine to be slung over the shoulder, a pouch fixed to the waist-belt. The blades of the swords to be three square, so as effectually to prevent an attempt to cut with them, which method of using the sword seldom does much execution, and to be 4-ft. in length. Pistols to be totally laid aside; for they are only a superfluous addition of weight and incumbrance; the front rank to have lances, which Montecacalli in his 'memoirs' prefers to other weapons for cavalry, and says they are irresistible. The lance to be 12-ft. long, the staff hollow, and the weight about 6-lb." In writing the above, Marshal Saxe was giving his idea of how cavalry should be equipped.

* * * *

"J. W." (Cape Town).—Your query about the Victoria Cross necessitated an examination of *Gazettes* for some years back, as the latest book on the subject was published in 1898. This has taken a great deal of time, so you must excuse the delay in answering your question. Up to October 18, 1901, according to my calculations, there have been 497 Victoria Crosses awarded. Of these, 219 have been awarded to line regiments. For the purpose of comparing the number won by Welsh regiments with those won by English, Scotch, and Irish regiments, I have taken the line regiments only, as Wales is not represented in the cavalry. The decorations won by the line are distributed as follows: England, 122; Scotland, 56; Wales, 24; and Ireland, 21. The statement that the South Wales Borderers have won sixteen Crosses is quite accurate; but you will see by the above figures that it is sheer nonsense to say that Wales has won more Victoria Crosses than England, Scotland, and Ireland put together. The twenty-four Welsh Crosses were gained by the following regiments: South Wales Borderers, 16; Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 6; and the Welsh Regiment, 2. It may interest you to know that the Royal Artillery have won forty-one Victoria Crosses and the Royal Engineers twenty-six, and after them come the South Wales Borderers, whose possession of sixteen is a splendid record. The war in South Africa has brought no addition to the list of Welsh Victoria Crosses.

* * * *

"OLD INNISKILLINGS."—You will find an answer to a correspondent in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of November 2 dealing with the nicknames of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Both battalions served in the Peninsula. The 2nd Battalion won high praise from Wellington for its splendid conduct on the heights of El Bodon on September 25, 1811; during the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo—a performance which Wellington notified to the Army as "a memorable example of what can be done by steadiness, discipline, and confidence." The battalion also fought at Badajos. Both battalions were at Salamanca, the first serving under Picton in the "Fighting" Division. But it was not because the Fifth had served in the "Fighting" Division that they earned the title "Fighting Fifth." Wellington himself spoke of them as the "Ever-fighting, never-failing Fifth," in connection with their services in the Peninsula. In 1811, the Fifth were attached to headquarters, and earned the name in that connection of "Lord Wellington's Bodyguard." The title "Fighting Fifth," therefore, is no new title conferred by a newspaper correspondent with a love for alliteration, but dates back to Peninsula times; and it is universally given as a time-honoured nickname to the Northumberland Fusiliers. Any book which gives the nicknames of the regiments of the British Army will confirm the correctness of my statement.

* * * *

"ANTIQUARIAN."—In the ordinary way it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name the first regimental dinner held by a regiment. But there is a well-authenticated account of a Rifle Brigade dinner held in memorable circumstances, and it is believed to be the first ever held by the regiment. It took place a few days before the storming of St. Sebastian, when the three then existing battalions happened to be together, and it was resolved to commemorate the anniversary of the formation of the regiment. A trench was dug round a parallelogram of turf, which served as a table, and the diners sat with their feet in the trench. Healths were drunk and honoured with enthusiasm. The dinner over, as an immediate attack by the French was expected, the diners stood to arms for some part of the night. It was a dramatic occasion, and well worthy of remembrance, for it is seldom that the three battalions meet, and if the dinner was not the first regimental dinner it is a pity, for such an interesting occasion would be hard to equal.

THE EDITOR.

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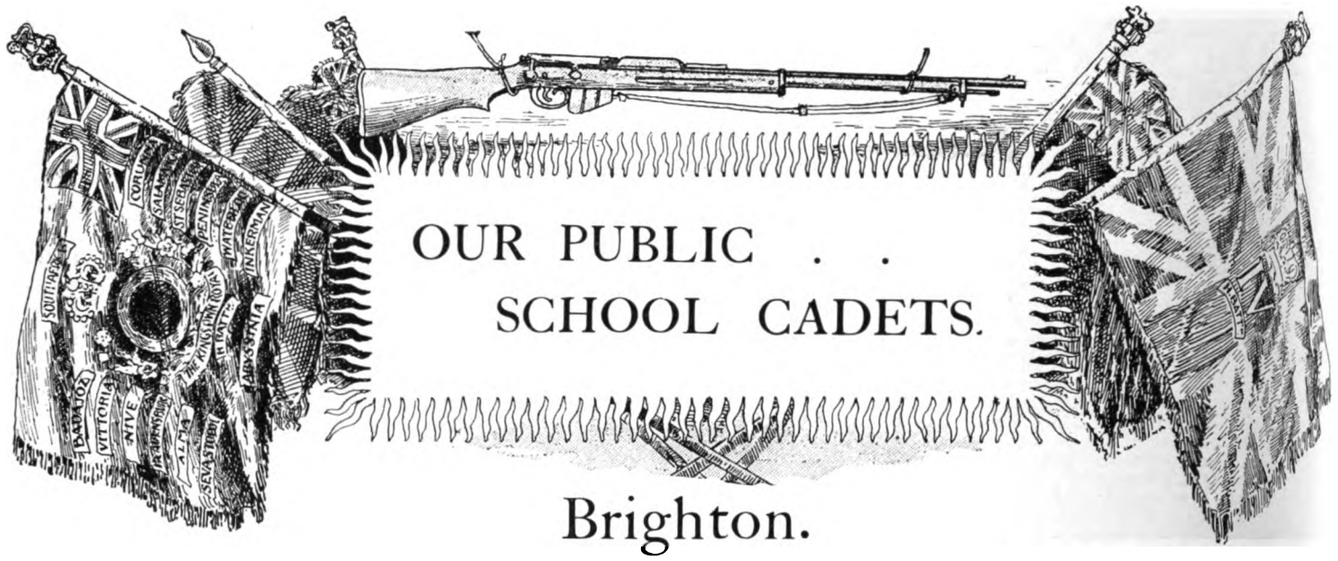

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Brighton.

By CALLUM BEG.

AS in the case of many other corps, a foolish and unfounded fear of a French invasion was responsible for the formation of a cadet corps at Brighton College as far back as 1860.

It was raised as the 4th Company of the 1st Sussex, with a strength of some seventy of all ranks, but the uniform was not calculated to encourage recruiting. Writing of the early days of the corps an Old Brightonian says: "Our uniform was a tight-fitting tunic of dark grey tweed (which, alas! was the death of the corps); a cap very much resembling the one which a postman now wears; trousers of a lighter grey tweed with black braid down the leg.

"We were armed with percussion cap carbines which had seen service in the Russian War—some of them being scored by bullets. We used to take long marches with them over the downs headed by our band, ringing the changes on the only three marches they knew, 'Garry Owen,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and 'The British Grenadiers.' We never got beyond firing blank cartridges and an occasional ramrod, and never saw the bull's-eye."

From this description it may be imagined that the present facilities did not then exist for training and equipping cadets as soldiers. For a time everything went well with the corps, and the members were pre-eminent for their military zeal, but "gradually and inch by inch," continues the same writer, "our legs came further through our trousers, and our arms through our sleeves, and the hooks and thread gave way before the awful pressure in the region of the belt. We applied vainly to our parents for new uniforms, but were met with the old cry—they must be let out, unless we could pass them on to our younger brothers. Physical courage we might have had, but it was never put to the test—our moral courage failed lamentably!! Thus ended our first attempt at soldiering, for the corps broke up soon after."

Until last year there was no renewed attempt made to form a cadet corps at Brighton College, when the headmaster succeeded by his influence in again raising the scholars to a sense of their military duties.

The present corps is attached to the 1st V.B. Royal Sussex Regiment, under the command of Colonel Somers Clarke, and it has occasionally joined in that battalion's field days. The Brighton Cadets have also since their formation taken part in field days in conjunction with other corps.

In winter, drill is held from 6.0 p.m. to 7.0 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays, and from 2.0 p.m. to 3.0 p.m. on Fridays. Squad drills, consisting of manual exercises, section firing, etc., are held in the evening. In fact, all ranks perform a fair share of "soldiering." The ordinary parades are devoted to company and battalion drill and to movements in extended order. In summer, drill takes place between 2.0 p.m. and 3.0 p.m. only.

The strength of the corps, which is commanded by Captain L. F. Duckworth, with Lieutenant Davis as a subaltern, is about eighty rank and file, and there are some

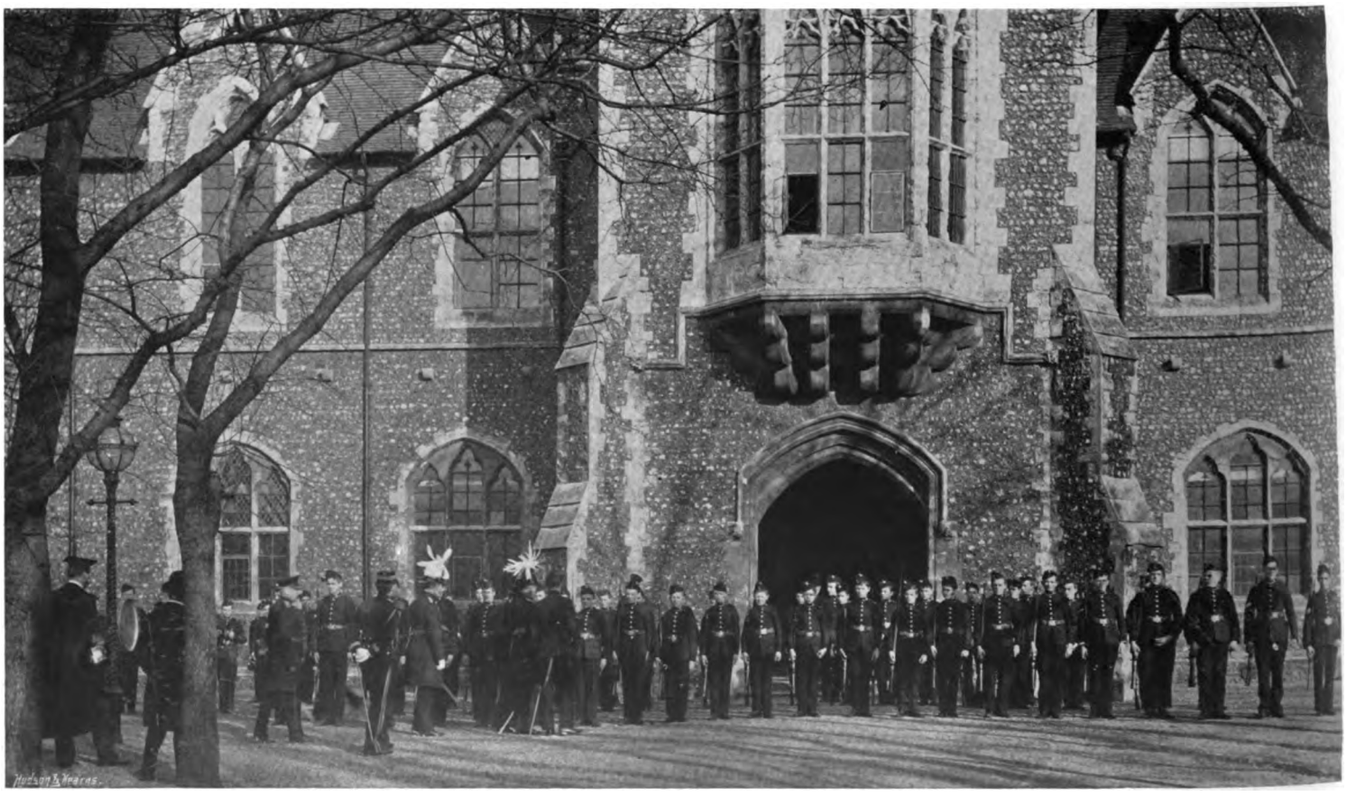

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

A VISIT FROM THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF AUXILIARY FORCES.

Inspection of the cadets by Major-General A. E. Turner, C.B.

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A. H. Fry.

A GROUP OF NOTABLES AT BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

Photo. Copyright.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Capt. Jellicorse, Adju'ant; Col. Le Roy Lewis, D.S.O., D.A.A.G. for Yeomanry, War Office; Col. C. Somers Clarke, Commanding 1st V.B. Royal Sussex; Col. C. G. Boxall, C.B., 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery (Organ ser and Depot Commandant C.I.V.); Capt. L. F. Duckworth, Brighton College Cadet Corps; and Lieut. H. S. Davis, Brighton College Cadet Corps. Front row: Col. le Comte d'Amande French Military Attache to England; Maj.-Gen. A. E. Turner, C.B., Inspector-General Auxiliary Forces; and Rev. A. F. Titherington, Head-master of Brighton College.

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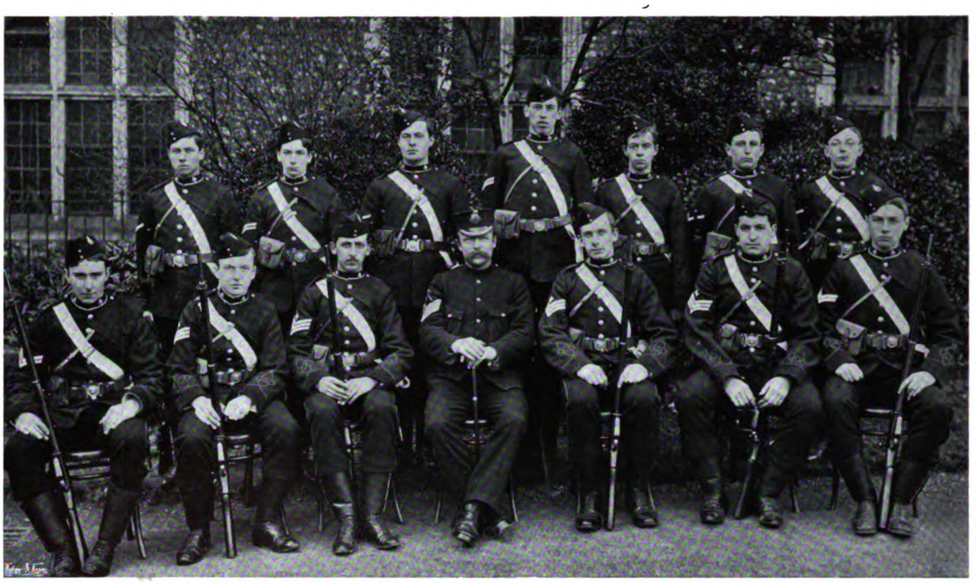
fourteen non-commissioned officers. As is usually, we are glad to say, the case, a strong feeling of *esprit de corps* exists between the junior corps and the battalion to which it is attached. The officers of the latter are always willing to lend a helping hand, and Colonel Somers Clarke has himself presented a cup for competition between the various Houses. Such acts of generosity, especially when a corps is yet in its infancy, are calculated to increase its usefulness and stimulate recruiting. The Old Brightonians, too, in the battalion have offered a cup for the best shot in the corps.



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lance-Corpl. R. Waller, Corpl. B. H. Billinghurst, Lance-Corpl. G. Belcher, Corpl. G. C. Denham, Lance-Corpl. F. B. B. Harman, Lance-Corpl. J. D. D. Wickham, and Lance-Corpl. C. E. Hoffmeister. Front row: Corpl. A. F. Crump, Sergt. F. S. Bond, Sergt. F. G. P. Carr, Sergt.-Instructor Davis, Sergt. L. H. Trist, Sergt. J. Keightley, and Corpl. V. L. Aspland.

A Morris-tube range in the college grounds is well patronised by the boys, who continually visit it, and every Tuesday during the summer term the Mile Oak Range is available for rifle practice.

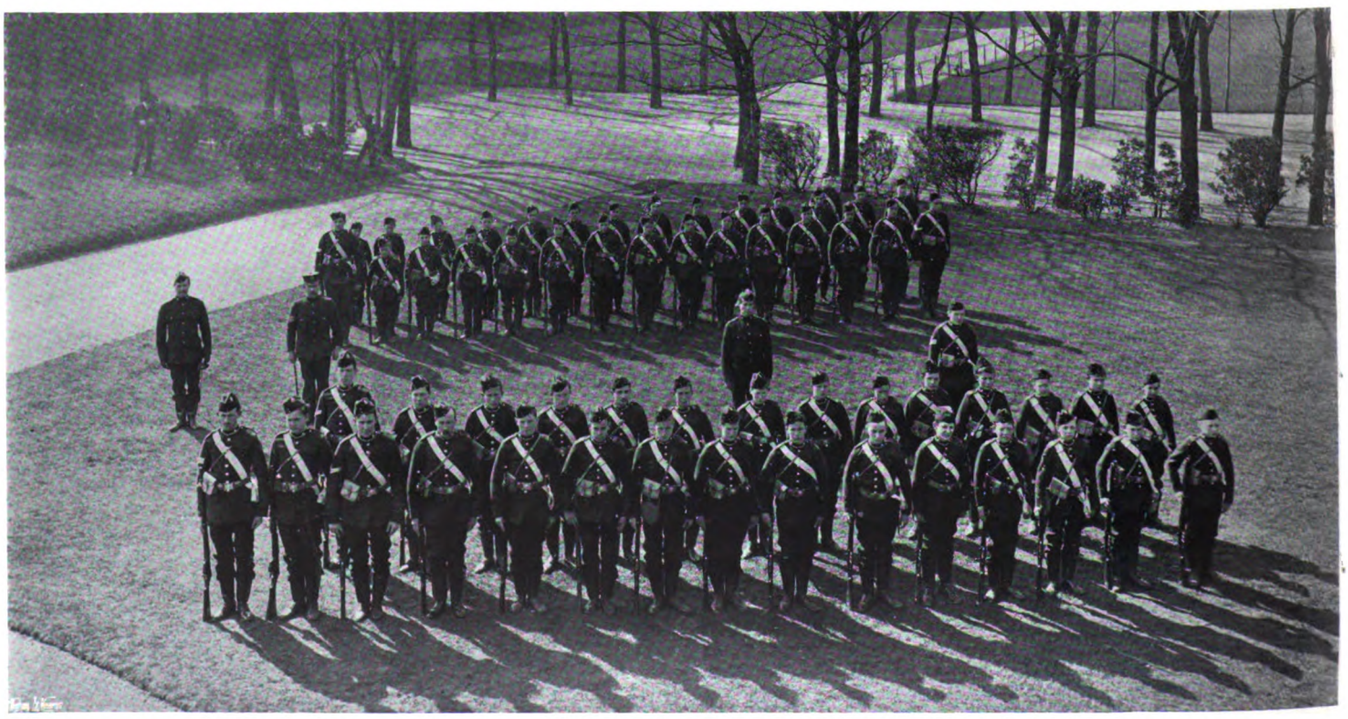
Having only been re-formed last year, the corps has done nothing very noteworthy in musketry, but its members do not despair of some day carrying off the junior blue ribbon of the Bisley Meeting.

A band is now being formed in connection with the corps. The instrumentalists are constantly at practice, and it is expected that they will have reached a sufficiently high pitch of excellence to accompany the corps to Aldershot next year. A signalling section is another feature of the corps. Great attention is given to the subject of "flag-wagging," and already there are in the ranks not a few very proficient signallers. The uniform consists of a scarlet tunic with blue facings, and brown belt and pouches—in fact, practically the same uniform as worn by the line battalions of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

On Thursday, November 21, Major-General Turner, C.B., Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, made an inspection of the corps. We reproduce photographs of this event, and of the officers who were present on the occasion. Major-General Hale Wortham and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, the latter just returned from South Africa, where he was second in command of the Metropolitan Mounted Rifles, also watched the proceedings in mufti.

Captain Duckworth was in command of the corps, which mustered on parade sixty of all ranks, including the bugle band. After an inspection of the kit in the Quadrangle, the corps marched on to the playground and there went through various evolutions. It performed excellently in extended order, the attack, and the march past in column and quarter-column. It formed up in review order finally, when General Turner addressed the corps. He expressed himself satisfied with its work, and congratulated all ranks upon their efficiency after only a year's existence. Their steadiness on parade and their marching especially struck him, while on the whole the extended order had been well done. In the volley firing, he regarded that as a thing of the past, and urgently advised the practice of individual firing, since it would be utterly impracticable in modern warfare for an officer to do more than give his men the range. He further remarked that now the needs of the Empire were so great the Volunteer movement was of vast importance. He would like to see drill compulsory in all schools. He hoped, when next he inspected the corps, that he should find it larger, as he saw many round him who might well be wearing the uniform. The corps then marched back to the Quadrangle, where it was dismissed. The general was enthusiastically cheered at his departure, and the school was granted a half-holiday at his request.

[*The Felsted Cadets were dealt with on June* 29, *Haileybury on July* 20, *Cheltenham on August* 3, *Stonyhurst on August* 17, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September* 7, *Rossall on September* 21, *Sherborne on October* 5, *Eastbourne on October* 19, *Whitgift Grammar School on November* 2, *Dulwich on November* 16, *and Wesley on November* 30.]



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THE CORPS ON PARADE.

General Turner complimented all ranks upon their steadiness on parade and their marching.

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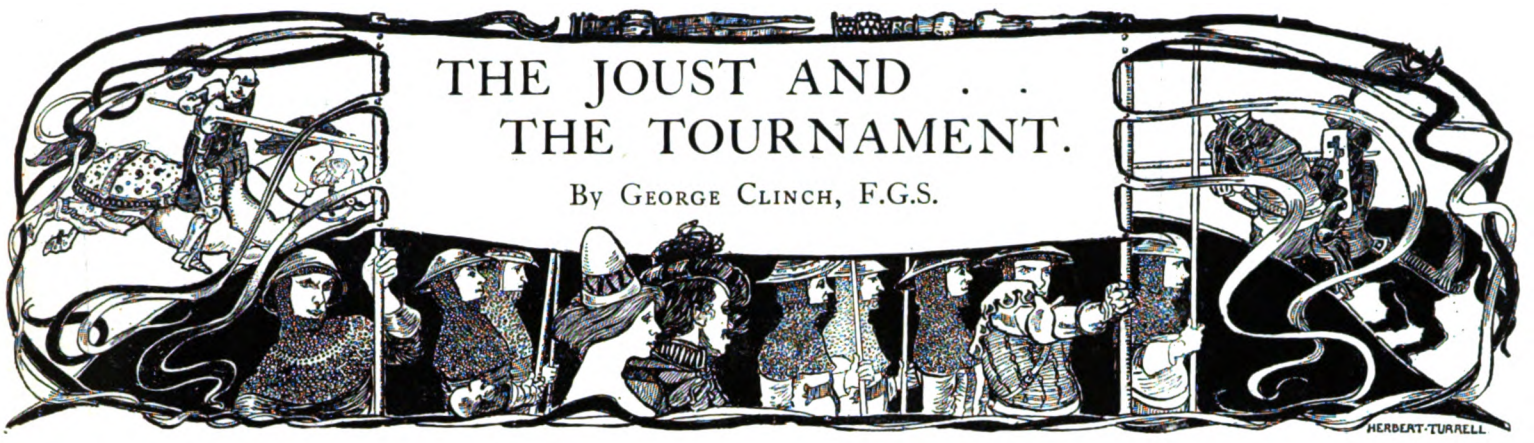


THE JOUST AND . . THE TOURNAMENT.

By George Clinch, F.G.S.

SOME rules for the tournament drawn up in the year 1466 by John Earl of Worcester, and which, with various modifications, long remained in force, provided that certain points for or against should be awarded the combatants, according to the position and character of the blow administered. Thus, if in breaking a spear the opponent were unhorsed and unable to run the next course, three points were given in favour of the man who delivered the blow. Striking coronal to coronal, and especially if the opponent were unhorsed, counted several points; but, on the other hand, the breaking of a spear upon the saddle of the opponent was equivalent to the forfeiture of one point.

Of course, it will be readily understood that tilting was not always performed in accordance with these just and comparatively pacific rules. It not unfrequently happened that those who fought had a little personal difference to adjust. At other times, perhaps, the fighting was carried on with too much zeal. In these cases it was not at all unusual for fatal results to occur, and the memory of some of the most famous of mediæval tournaments is tarnished and saddened by much loss of life, not always to be attributed to accidental causes.

A TILTING HELM.

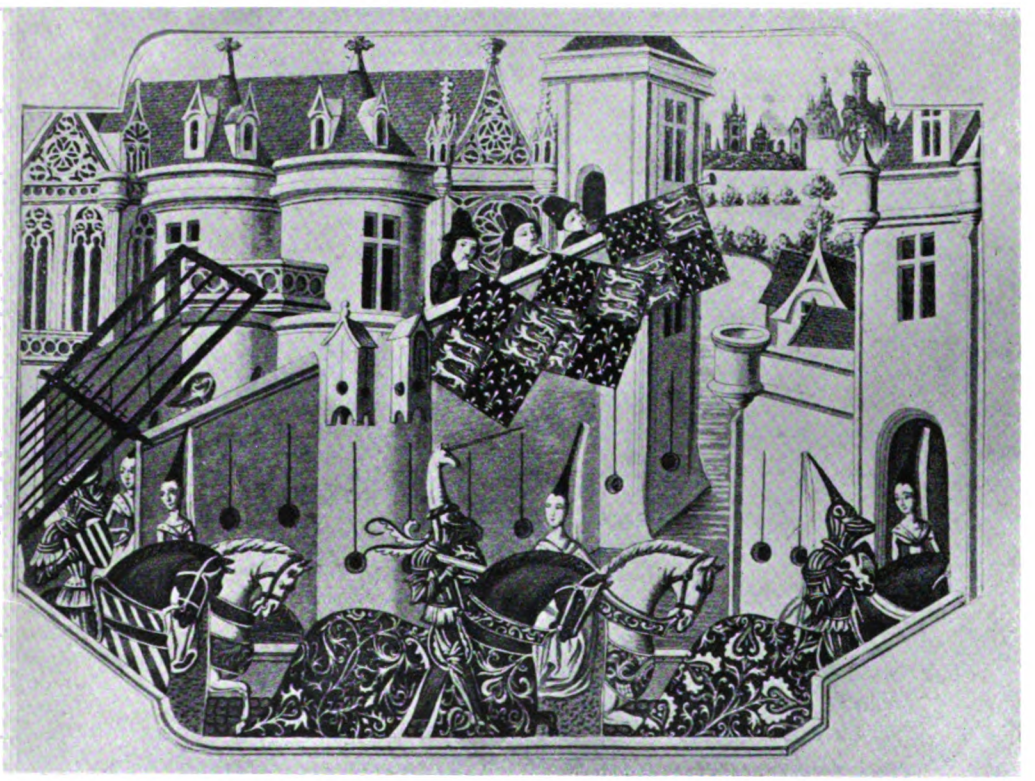
From the original in Haseley Church, Oxfordshire.

One of the most famous mishaps which ever happened at a tournament, and one which was also a pure accident, was that by which King Henry II. of France lost his life. The King excelled in every exercise of chivalry, and during a tournament held [illegible] in [illegible] received a [illegible] from the ragged end of a broken lance. The effect was that for a time the French dreaded the tournament. Montgomeri was made to pay for his accident many years afterwards, for in 1574 he was executed by the order of Catherine de Medicis.

It is recorded that at a tournament held at Nuys no less than eighty-two knights and as many esquires lost their lives. To such an alarming extent did this grow that the regal and papal authorities prohibited tournaments, the latter decreeing that anyone who should lose his life in jousting should be denied Christian burial.

Sometimes knights would publish a challenge to fight all comers. There were three French knights staying near Calais in the reign of Charles VI. who issued such a challenge. In 1389 a deed of arms was performed at Bordeaux, before the Duke of Lancaster, between five Englishmen and the same number of Frenchmen, of whom some were of the household of the Marshal of France. The tourney, which was held in the square before St. Andrew's, was graced by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, their daughter, and the ladies and damsels of the country. Each pair of combatants performed three courses with the spear, three with the sword, and three with the battle-axe, all on horseback, and the tournament occupied no less than three days.

At the marriage of Richard, the second son of Edward IV., and Ann, only daughter of John Duke of Norfolk, which was celebrated in 1478, the bridegroom and bride being only six years old, a grand jousting and tourney were introduced as part of the rejoicings. These took place seven days after the marriage ceremony at the Sanctuary at Westminster, "in the place accustomed," as we learn from a contemporary manuscript account preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.



A TOURNAMENT AT LONDON.

Proclaimed over England, Scotland, Germany, Flanders, and France.

Here, on January 22, 1478, the flower of English royalty and nobility assembled to see

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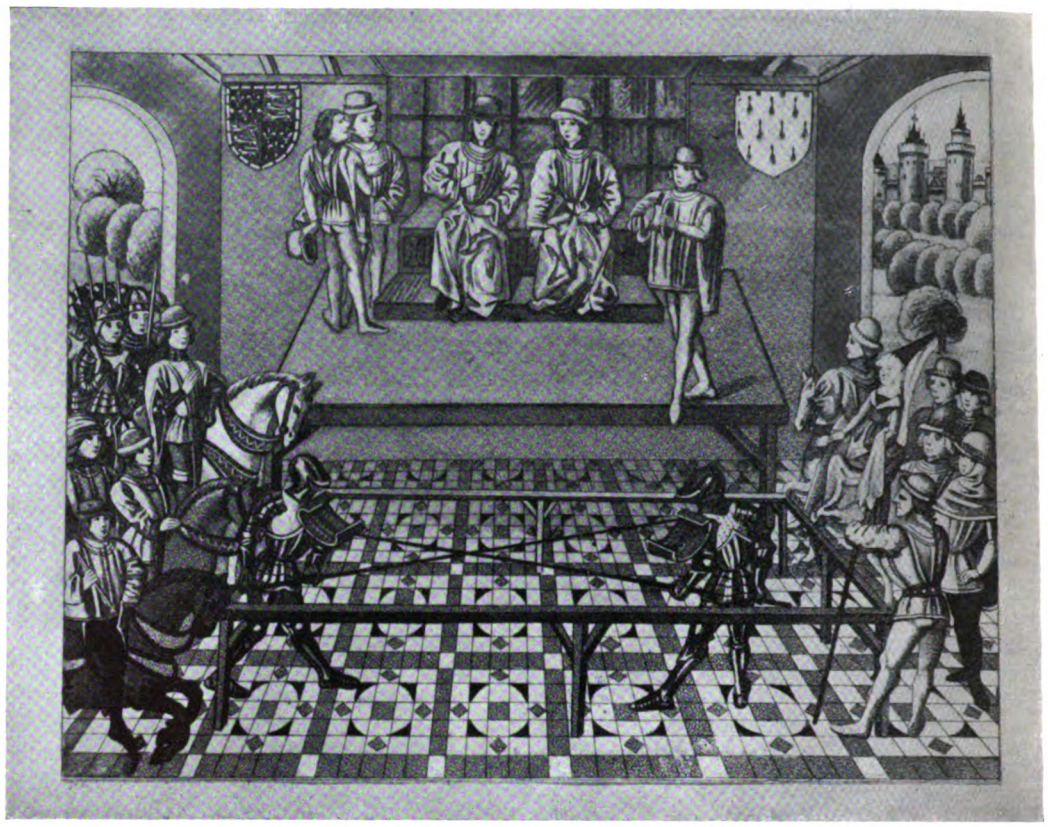
the sport and to do honour to the important event. The Marquess of Dorset, "armed in great triumph for the Justes Royall," and the Duke of Buckingham bearing his helm, were the first to enter the lists, accompanied, of course, by knights and esquires clothed in the Dorset colours, white and murrey embroidered. Five coursers followed, caparisoned with rich trappers of cloth of gold, cloth of tissue, and crimson velvet, powdered with the letter A.

Next came into the lists the Lord Richard, brother of the Marquess of Dorset, his helm being borne by the son and heir of Lord Arundel. These were accompanied by knights and esquires clothed in blue and tawny, and by three coursers trapped with crimson cloth of gold and tissue.

In or about the year 1398 Richard II. proclaimed a tournament to be holden at Windsor, between forty knights and forty esquires, to be clothed in green with a white falcon, but few persons of consequence attended the function.

Perhaps one of the most magnificent tournaments which London has ever witnessed was held in February, 1510, when Henry VIII. himself took part in the tilting. The jousting was in honour of Queen Katherine of Aragon. The College of Arms possesses a wonderful roll upon which is painted a coloured representation of the lists and the combatants who took part in the exercises. The royal pages are clothed in garments powdered with the letter K, in allusion to Katherine of Aragon, and the horses upon which they are mounted are decked with trappers of elaborate design, some being of purple cloth powdered with the rayed Tudor rose, red and grey counter-changed, others with the Tudor rose impaled with the pomegranate.



AT A TILTING MATCH.

Between Nicholas Clifford and Jean Bouemel, a Frenchman.

THE JOUST.

Knights about to commence the combat.

In Hall's "Chronicles" a detailed account of this tournament will be found, but it would be impossible to give anything like a complete idea in outline in the space at our disposal.

Queen Elizabeth in 1572 held, at the tilt-yard in London, a very elaborate and sumptuous tournament for the amusement of her lover, the Duke of Anjou, when he came over for the purpose of gaining her hand. A banqueting-house set up for the occasion is said to have cost £1,700. The Queen, no longer young, received every flattery that the charms of youth could claim. The combatants on both sides were persons of the first rank. Cannons, one filled with sweet powder, the other with sweet water, were discharged, and a regular pageant took place, in which the fortress of perfect beauty was assailed and, of course, vanquished by desire. This may be said to be a typical example of the tournament in its decline, when deeds of arms gave place to battles of flowers and soft speeches.

The days of tournaments and jousts have long passed away, but we still possess, in much-mutilated form, traces of those mediæval amusements. There are several seaside and river-side regattas in which the water joust still forms a harmless and interesting part of the proceedings.

A TEST OF SKILL, STRENGTH, AND BRAVERY.

Tournament in honour of Isabel of Bavaria.

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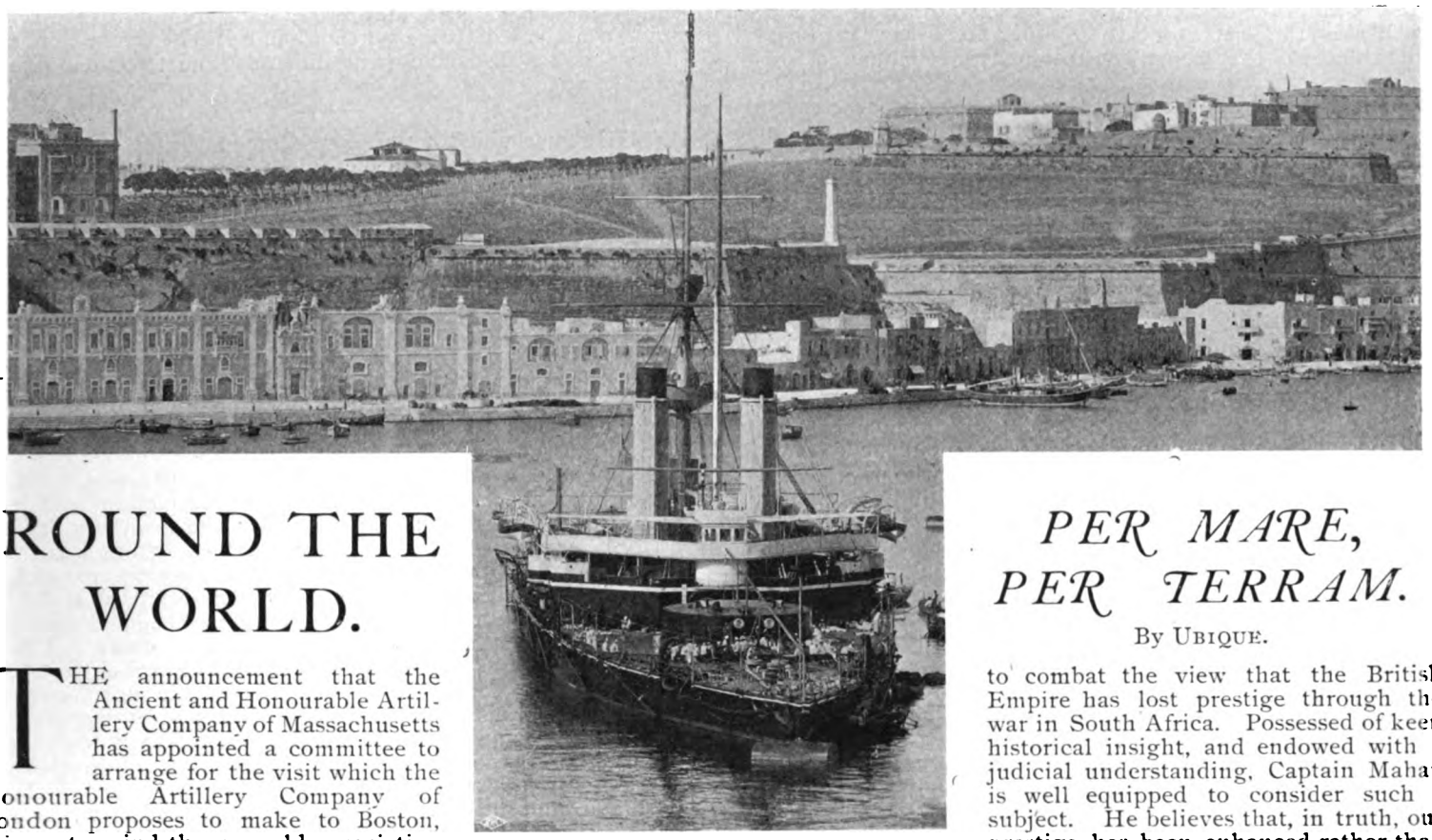

THE "NILE" IN MALTA HARBOUR.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE announcement that the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts has appointed a committee to arrange for the visit which the Honourable Artillery Company of London proposes to make to Boston, brings to mind the very old association which has existed between the two corps. This will not be the first occasion upon which they have interchanged hospitality and expressions of goodwill. Just forty years have elapsed since the Prince Consort died, and it is interesting to remember that he was the first "special honorary member" admitted to the Massachusetts corps, the date of his election being June 1, 1857. The second of these members was King Edward, admitted as Prince of Wales in June, 1878. These were honours rendered by the first military force organised in America. Several of the original planters in New England, who had belonged to the Artillery Company of London, united with the leaders of Volunteer Trained Bands in the Colony to establish a corps upon the London model, which obtained a charter, in March, 1638, under the title of the "Military Company of the Massachusetts." From that day to this the American Company has continued to exist, and has preserved some ancient customs which have died out even in the London corps. The revival of the kinship may be said to date chiefly from the election of the late Prince Consort, and, in the following year, when the Boston corps celebrated its 220th anniversary, a toast was drunk—"The Honourable Artillery Company of London—a century older than our own corps, and a noble monument of British patriotism; may the son ever emulate the sire in perpetuating the glories of the Past." These two military companies, therefore, form one of the many links which bind the two countries together, and the projected reunion will be a happy event cementing an old friendship.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S address made him one of the great men of the hour. We see that he exerts himself to preserve the friendly relations between the two Powers, which it is palpably to the interest of both should be maintained. It has been said of the President that his indiscretions have always been of speech rather than of action, but there has been nothing in his public utterances except friendship for England. This is wholly gratifying, because experience of the past has shown how great is the power for good or evil of the chief magistrate of the United States. His authority is really greater than that of King Edward and the Prime Minister together, and if there is a sovereign in Europe who exercises greater power than the American President, it is the German Emperor. There are controlling forces, of course, and Congress and public opinion may sometimes be too strong for the President, as in the case of Mr. McKinley, who, in his heart of hearts, was opposed to the war with Spain, and might, perhaps, have averted it, if he had chosen to brave the forces raised against him. Happily at the present time, notwithstanding commercial rivalry, all the forces in the United States make for most cordial relations with this country.

ONE American, possessed with the strongest national feeling, and yet who has always written with chivalrous admiration of England, is Captain Mahan, who, unlike our continental critics, has set himself, in his latest writing,

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

By UBIQUE.

to combat the view that the British Empire has lost prestige through the war in South Africa. Possessed of keen historical insight, and endowed with a judicial understanding, Captain Mahan is well equipped to consider such a subject. He believes that, in truth, our prestige has been enhanced rather than diminished, and still more that our real power and authority have grown. Taking into account the distance of our base of operations, and the now well-known characteristics of the struggle on the spot, Captain Mahan does not consider that we have done very badly. He thinks, indeed, that, in the unique achievement of placing in the field a large army perfectly equipped and supplied across 6,000 miles of sea, we have done very well. In the streets and cafés of foreign cities there may be those who sneer at our work, but the American critic believes that in the chancellories of Europe we have lost nothing of international status, while we have gained a vital advantage in the development of national purpose, and the strengthening of imperial ties, leading to a broadening and confirming of the basis of our sea power. At the same time, the Army has, on the whole, increased its value, and is now a far more useful instrument than it was two years ago. Real loss of prestige, says Captain Mahan, can only come when the nation itself loses heart, but that is a contingency which fortunately we have no reason to anticipate.

NOW that the violent ebullition of German feeling against England is a thing of the past, it is interesting to consider how much of genuine sentiment there was to ferment it. There is undoubtedly a large body of enlightened public feeling in the Fatherland, which desires nothing better than the maintenance of cordial relations with England, and the attitude of the Government of the Kaiser has been irreproachable. Educated Germany, for the most part, though swayed to some extent by public agitation, entertains no unfriendliness towards us. On the other hand, there is a large element in German Society possessed with a spirit of active hostility, and the outburst of vituperation which resulted from Mr. Chamberlain's words is really the symptom of a deep-seated and perhaps incurable popular disease of animosity against this country. The spirit was shown in the attitude of a section of the German people to the late Empress Frederick, and it was stimulated by Bismarck. It has since found expression from time to time, and there was a good deal of exasperation when it was seen that the Dutch Republics in South Africa, which had been regarded as a counterpoise to British influence, and therefore as an advantage to Germany, were destined to collapse. It is really difficult to determine how far the recent movement has sprung from this popular sentiment of hostility, or how far it has been fostered by the dangerous Pan-German agitators, acting independently from their own motives or as agents of Pro-Boers. It is clear, however, that some of the German papers which have been so freely quoted represent only those "half-cracked professors and pot-house politicians" who were lately denounced by the Hungarian Minister-President, and it is not yet necessary to lose confidence in the strong common-sense of the German people at large.

IF Count Finck von Finckenstein, now commanding the First German Army Corps, should, as is anticipated, resign his office, the incident will not fail to be connected

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with the notorious Insterburg duel, and the Court of Honour which was the cause of it. Colonel Reisswitz, who was senior officer of that Court, has resigned the command of his regiment, under the displeasure of his Sovereign. The Emperor has acted in this painful business with characteristic tact and discretion. He instituted these Courts of Honour four years ago as a check upon the bellicose tendencies of hot-headed young officers, and in this case, at least, the institution has been used for a purpose diametrically opposed to the original intention. Instead of finding a means to avert the duel, the Court actually precipitated it, and made any other issue to the quarrel impossible. One good result is likely to follow. Highly placed officers have had a lesson, which may not improbably lead to the decline and final abolition of the military duel in Germany.

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THE decision to use the establishment of martial law in South Africa as a means of excluding all unauthorised persons from the country was an excellent step. After January 1, 1902, it will be necessary for those who wish to land at a South African port to produce a permit, with the guarantee of some responsible person, and it will be necessary also that the immigrant should have at least £100 in his possession. Hence the needy adventurer and the unscrupulous politician will find it difficult to obtain a foothold. An immense amount of injury has been done by the landing of inflammatory persons, whose object has been to stir up hatred and to spread discontent at home. Even with a permit, though it may be possible to land at one of the ports, there will be no guarantee that the persons admitted will be allowed to proceed inland. In order to do this a further authorisation will be necessary, and the military authorities on the spot will doubtless examine very closely into the antecedents and intentions of strangers. This check will be most useful in the case of foreigners who come provided with permits through the authorisation of their embassies. There is too much reason to fear that the Boer ranks have been fed by the arrival of these persons, and it is certain that the agitation has derived a great impetus from their dangerous propaganda.

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THE remarkable tour of Lord Curzon through the North-Eastern Provinces of the Indian Empire brought to mind most strongly the beneficial influence of our rule in British Burma. The Viceroy saw no more striking example of the good that grows from the Pax Britannica. A few years ago Burma was given up to the sanguinary barbarities of Thebaw, and there were many who thought that the Dacoits who overran the country would never be suppressed. And yet, at the present time, the Southern Shan States are making enormous progress. Their people are keen traders, and they have a fertile soil, rich in minerals, and producing many kinds of grain. From a state of chronic rapine and disorder the country has passed to one of tranquillity and contentment within the space of fifteen years. Facilities for opening up the unfrequented districts are increasing, and education is proceeding apace. Already a railway connection with the main Burma lines is in view, and then the Southern States, as the Viceroy said, will become a great exporting area. At the same time, Upper Burma presents a glowing prospect of future advancement. So short a time has elapsed since its acquisition that comparatively little has been done, but that little is an earnest of vast things to come. There are settled tracts, where intelligent people are engaged in agriculture or commerce, and still, on the north-eastern border, barbarous tribesmen exist. Immense diversity is found in the country, but that diversity within a few years will melt into the unity which betokens settled prosperity, and a hundred years hence Upper Burma, with its immense resources and its valuable waterways, its communications improved, and its population multiplying, will be one of the brightest gems in our oriental crown.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THEIR CAREER.

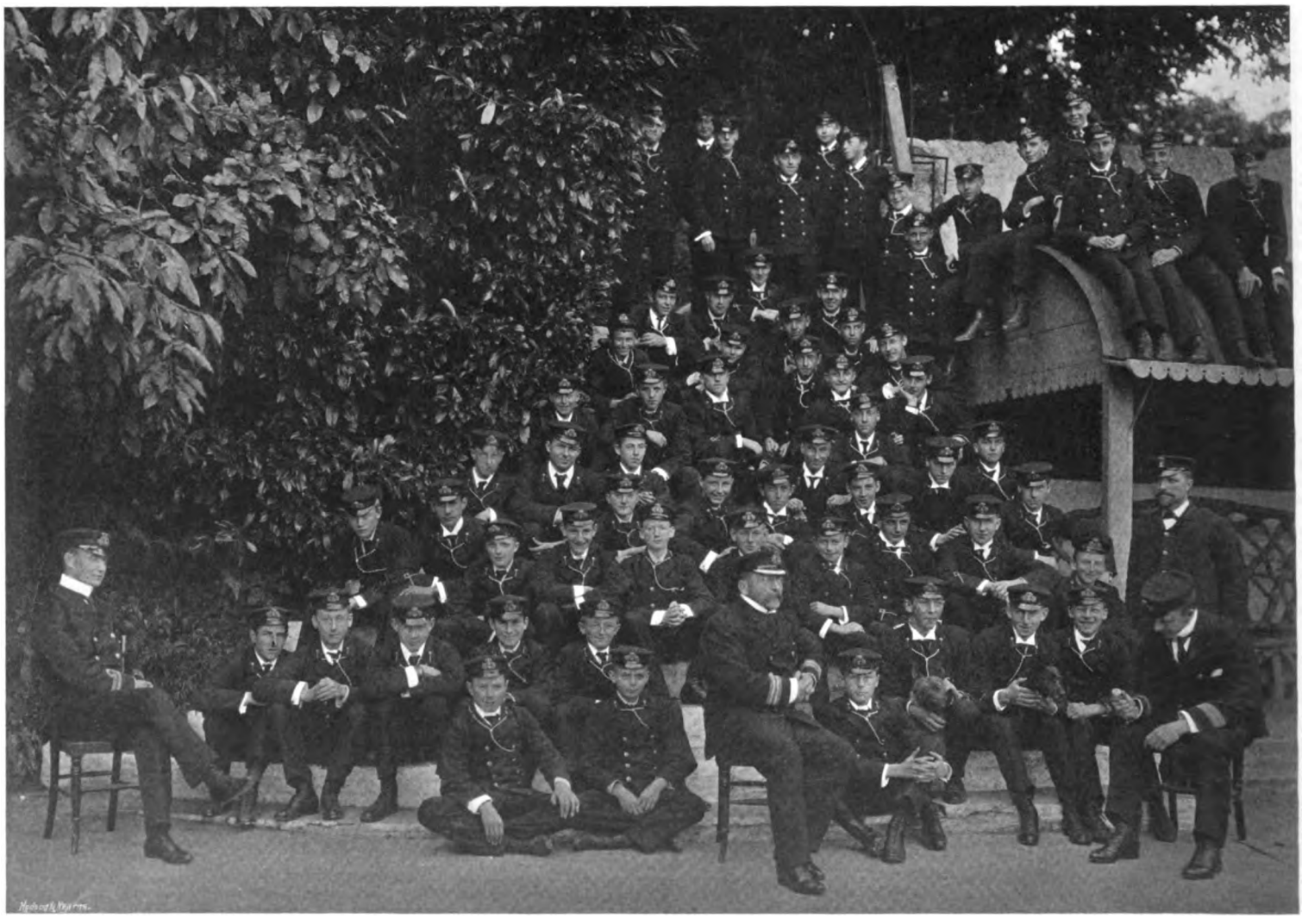

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

FOURTH TERM CADETS OF THE "BRITANNIA."

The group here shown will in a very short space of time be scattered over the globe, for their happy days in the "Britannia" are drawing to a close. Ere long they will be afloat under the White Ensign, officers, if only very young ones, in the finest Service in the world. Some of the officers of the great Naval training school for the commissioned ranks also figure in the group. On the left is Lieutenant Louis C. S. Woolcombe; while seated in the centre Naval Instructor A. E. Munro, B.A.

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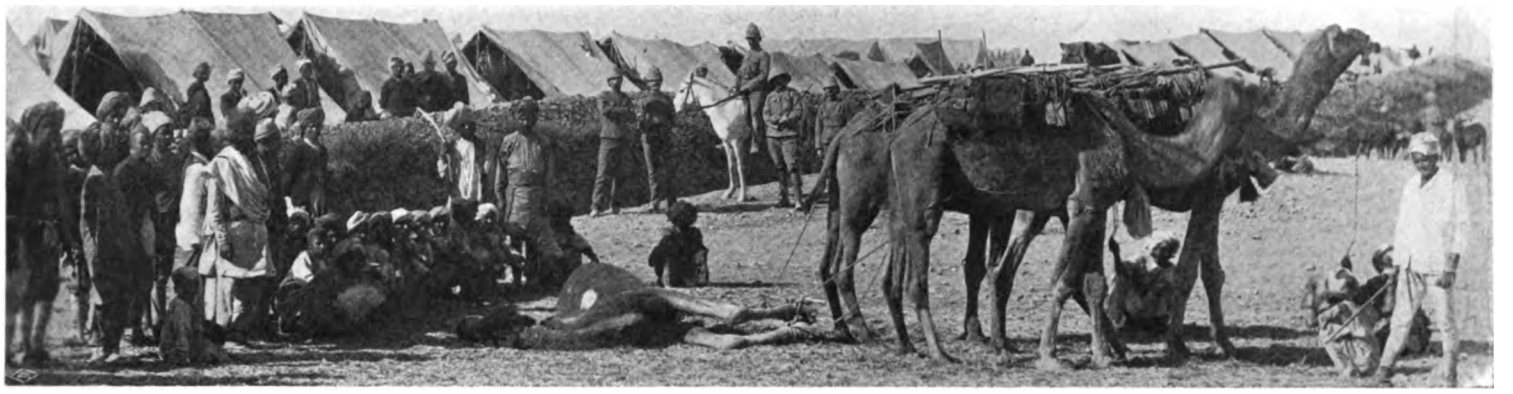

"THE LATE LAMENTED."

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

WHEN on November 2 I suggested that something more drastic than the mere continuance of the blockade was necessary to bring the Mahsud Waziris to their senses, I was indulging, it seems, in a highly "intelligent anticipation of events before their happen," as Lord Curzon puts it. It is now evident that the episode of the attack upon the escort of the 17th Bengal Infantry, of which separate and special mention was made in these pages, exhausted the patience of the Indian Government, with the result that the Mahsuds have been taught a very sharp lesson indeed. The procedure adopted has been so interesting, and the work done has been so brilliantly successful, that I think it well to give some prominence to these operations, more especially as they include some rather novel features.

Formerly, and for many years, it was the practice on the Indian Frontier to adopt as far as possible the principle of converging columns, of which the great text-book example is the campaign of 1866 terminating in the battle of Koniggrätz. Generally speaking, the system answered admirably, the tribesmen being utterly taken aback at finding themselves first gradually driven into a central spot and then assailed from an entirely different direction by fresh forces. But of late years the opposition which any one column may encounter across the frontier is apt to be very serious, and a well-planned concentration on any given point may be badly marred, if not altogether ruined, by unforeseen delay. Whether for this reason, or because they did not wish to enter into any organised campaign, the Indian Government evidently did not care to employ the converging column system against the Waziris, but preferred to adopt the plan of a four-fold raid, the entire success of which will doubtless lead to future developments in the same direction. Four columns under the control of Brigadier-General Dening—who did excellent work against the Mohmands during the Frontier risings—were ordered to enter the Mahsud country without guns or animal transport, carrying their own food and ammunition. These columns were from 900 to 1,500 strong, and composed largely of Sikhs and Punjab Infantry, a special feature being the co-operation of a number of the new tribal Militia, on whom the safeguarding of the Frontier is, for the future, largely to depend.

The manner in which these four columns, between the morning of November 25 and the evening of November 27, made the Waziris "sit up" was wholly admirable. I cannot enter into the detail of the operations here, but it may be recorded that the main portion of the most important of the Mahsud villages was destroyed, a number of the enemy killed, and 192 prisoners and quantities of cattle were captured. As might be expected, the Mahsuds, although here and there they showed fight, were a good deal bewildered by the four simultaneous and vigorous attacks from different directions, and it is quite probable that they will take the lesson deeply to heart. For the blow must have hit them hard, and without any compensations such as these highly sophisticated barbarians generally contrive to extract from any organised hostile incursion into their country. A borderer who has been driven for some weeks from pillar to post is to the good if he has looted a rifle in the process, and there is good money to be made by selling supplies to an enemy's column. But the sudden apparition of a thousand or so of objectionably active British troops bent on destruction, and disappearing as quickly as they came, is another matter altogether, and the thoroughly-raided Mahsud may well be utterly disgusted with this new method of reprisals. In all my recollection of Frontier warfare I cannot recall a more brilliantly effective little set of operations than this, time and space being taken into account, and the Indian Government may be warmly congratulated on having risen so well to what was really a very serious and, in some respects, dangerous occasion.

Underlying the success thus achieved there is a principle of which those who do not know India well may perhaps lose sight, and to which, accordingly, I would draw particular attention. It may be said that it is strange that we should have taken such a long time to find out the best way of dealing with turbulent tribes situated, as the Mahsuds are, just within striking distance. But it must be remembered that it is only recently that we have acquired that topographical knowledge of the Frontier which alone makes it possible to carry out such raids as that described with complete success. Four columns blundering among the hills of a little Switzerland like Waziristan might come to something approaching serious grief; but the case is entirely altered when each column is provided with up-to-date and absolutely trustworthy maps produced by some of the finest surveyors in the world. I have sometimes urged that in this direction the great Frontier risings were a blessing in disguise, and here is the first case which has arisen to demonstrate abundantly the soundness of that contention.

The statement that a number of British officers belonging to Indian Native Cavalry regiments were being sent to South Africa naturally excited at first some unfavourable comment; but as it has transpired that so far only fifteen officers have been selected, there seems no solid ground for complaining that India is being denuded to meet Imperial requirements. It will be remembered that some weeks back the *Pioneer's* suggestion that 100 Indian cavalry officers might safely be spared was deprecated in these notes, not indeed because the said officers are not wanted or would not prove extremely valuable in South Africa, but on the ground that a British officer in a Native regiment represents in peace as well as in war a most important responsibility, which should not be lightly disregarded. No one will be so foolish as to suggest that India cannot spare a round dozen or two of such officers; but between 15 and 100 there is a difference. In this connection it may be mentioned that Major-General Sir Edwin Collen in the *Empire Review* is a powerful advocate of the principle that India, in addition to safeguarding itself, should be able occasionally to supply a strong and well-equipped force for Imperial service. It is well to add that the limitations which should surround the putting of that principle into practice ought never to be for an instant overlooked. There are few men living who know more of the Indian Army than does Sir Edwin Collen, but it is possible that he modestly underrates the effect of such an article as his upon official and public minds, which will see in it only a justification of the dangerous policy of borrowing from India what the Imperial Government might find it difficult to repay in time to avert deplorable consequences. I tried to show last week that I am no foolish nor ignorant alarmist in this

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matter. The sole object of my criticism is to warn those who countenance such borrowings, to see to it that they stop in time, and to reflect that if the Indian Army is, as all the best authorities declare, neither over-officered nor over-manned, it can only spare for outside service such individuals or such a force as can be pretty promptly replaced. The Indian Army is not like the Militia of Canada, or the Volunteer Forces in Australia and at the Cape. It is a garrison army, and we have no absolute security that within six weeks even such a weakening as the garrison has sustained by reason of South African requirements may not be severely felt.

The Indian Intelligence Branch, having already lent our army in South Africa one distinguished head in the person of Sir J. Wolfe Murray, who is now a brigadier-general in Bengal, is increasing the obligation by sending out Colonel Nixon, who succeeded Colonel Wolfe Murray as Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Intelligence Branch. Colonel Nixon achieved distinction as an Intelligence officer in Chitral in 1895, and has seen a great deal of important service on the Frontier. From all accounts the Intelligence Department in South Africa will be none the worse for the introduction of a little fresh blood and of more direct and sensible methods. The officers of the Indian Intelligence Branch have, at least, the advantage of having been splendidly trained in a practical school, and amid surroundings sometimes quite as difficult as those in South Africa. Indeed there are those who think the Afridis quite as "slim" after their kind as the most up-to-date Boer, and quite as difficult to "get at the back of" from an Intelligence standpoint.

The Viceroy's tour through Burma is really an event of great historical importance. It has been the instructive progress of a modern satrap through a country in which conquest is being followed up by gradual civilisation on lines impossible in the case of any Empire but our own. Lord Curzon, too, has made worthy use of the dignified opportunity he has enjoyed of stamping the efforts of local officers and others engaged in the work of bringing Upper Burma into a settled state with Viceregal approval. For the rest, the tour has brought Burma yet a little nearer to home readers, to whom the country and its people are still very imperfectly known. Many an Englishman knows little more of this region than he has gathered from Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay," "The Storming of Ling-tung-pen," and that fine piece of lurid description which begins "A Snider squibbed in the Jungle," and tells how a British subaltern was avenged by his Madrassis. But even that is an improvement upon the Member of Parliament of five-and-twenty years back, who said he knew all about Burma because he had a brother who was stationed there. But his brother, he added, always wrote it *Bermuda!*

INDIAN FRONTIER WARFARE.

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION.

Shelling the enemy's sungars on a hillside.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army.

A PICQUET TAKING A "STAND EASY."

In a sungar from which the enemy have been driven by shell fire.

NOWHERE more than in India does the Army silently and unostentatiously carry out with most ardous campaigning, and very often the toughest of fighting, the service that, year in and year out, it renders to the Empire it safeguards. One such little piece of necessary work it is now drawing to a conclusion, viz., the blockade of the Mahsud Waziris. This arduous task has been going on for over a year, and has employed a force of 6,000 men—none too many when the cordon of troops has to hermetically seal some 300 miles of the most difficult frontier line in the world; and yet all the average man in the street knows about it, is a dim recollection of the name occurring in some brief paragraph he has seen in his morning paper. The object of this blockade is to enforce the payment of a fine of £6,666 inflicted on them, as a penalty for raids made into British territory. In spite of the force employed, and the severe punishment the duration of the blockade has inflicted on the recalcitrant tribesmen, the dogged Pathans have not yet made submission, and the force employed is now being strengthened by a squadron of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, the 1st-2nd Gurkhas, the 1st-3rd Gurkhas, the 11th and 13th Rajputs, and four guns of the Murree Mountain Battery. Our illustrations are typical of some common episodes of hill fighting. In one is seen a mountain battery in action, those deadly little "screw-guns" whose mules and gunners can "climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to the stick o' the paint." In the other is seen one of the sungars which the enemy, and our soldiers also, are such adepts in building, and from which only artillery fire can dislodge determined men, unless they are outflanked and fired into from the ground above. Many a gallant life has been lost in the capture of such a sungar as that in our picture, but a well-placed shell dropped within its stone walls would soon drive the survivors to a safer place of refuge.

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EXPLORING A WIDE, WHITE SEA.

The Expeditions to the Unknown Antarctic.

By Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, G.C.B.

A BRIEF account of Antarctic exploration from the earliest time to the memorable voyage of Sir James Ross in the "Erebus" and "Terror," between 1839 and 1843, was given in this paper on October 29, 1897. During that voyage a new continent, named Victoria Land, after our late most lamented Queen, was discovered, and the then position of the South magnetic pole was approximately fixed by this distinguished Polar explorer, who had discovered and stood not many years previously on the North magnetic pole when serving under his uncle, Sir John Ross, in the memorable voyage of the "Victory" down Prince Regent's Inlet, 1829-33. The names of the "Erebus" and "Terror" are well known as being the two ships of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition, which sailed from England in 1845, but, alas! never returned. For more than fifty years no other ship crossed the Antarctic circle. In 1874 the "Challenger," in her celebrated scientific voyage, almost penetrated to it, but, not being fitted to encounter heavy ice, returned to more genial climes. During the last quarter of a century, Arctic exploration has been as fascinating to the present generation as at any time since the first Polar voyages of our celebrated Elizabethan seamen, not only amongst ourselves, the pioneers of the work, but Americans, Scandinavians, Austrians, and Italians, from all of whom great additions to our knowledge of geography and the kindred sciences have resulted. The largest known meteoric stone, or rather rock, weighing nearly ninety tons, was brought from North Greenland to the United States by Peary, a feat even surpassing his geographical discoveries. The largest previously known weighed between six tons and seven tons, and is now in Brazil.

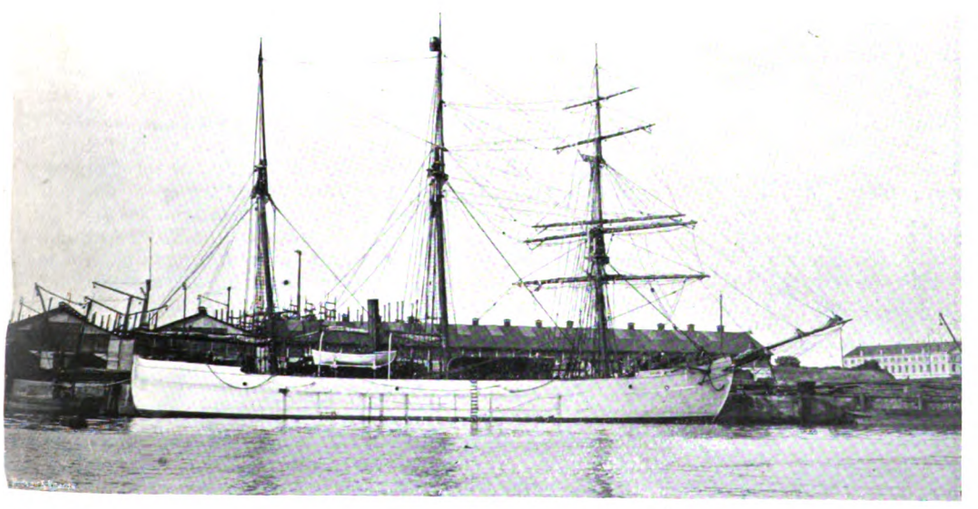
In 1892 four English whalers were sent by enterprising Dundee ship-owners to the South Shetlands, as a commercial speculation, in search of whales and seals. With regard to the former, only one whale was harpooned, and, after a fight of fourteen hours, escaped off several lines and harpoons. With seals the whalers were more successful, but as the experiment has not been repeated, it was probably a commercial failure. These ships, however, did not cross the Antarctic circle, their cruising ground being between lat. 60-deg. and 65-deg. S., long. 51-deg. and 57-deg. W. The pack ice they encountered was about the same thickness as in Baffin's Bay—6-ft. to 8-ft.

Photo. Copyright. *J. Valentine, Dundee.*

THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC SHIP "DISCOVERY."

Now entering upon her work in the Polar Sea.

Numerous icebergs were seen, one twenty miles long, another ten miles, the highest being estimated at 250-ft. and the average height 150-ft. "Nearly all were of tubular formation, much weather-worn in their long voyage from their birthplace, the Antarctic Continent." The medical officers of the ships, who were furnished with various instruments for scientific purposes, complained of getting but little assistance from officers and crew, who not unnaturally thought more of profit than of science. In many of the seals taken "the skins were much scored, one in particular having recent gashes, extending through skin and blubber into the muscle beneath." This was said to be the work of the grampus, but was more probably due to fighting among the seals themselves. Having no previous acquaintance with man, the seals were not frightened at the approach of their destroyers. Bottlenoses and finner whales were seen. The one already mentioned as having escaped was recognised by Professor Thompson, of the University College, Dundee, as "a hunchback" (Myoptera longuriana Antarctica). The usual Antarctic birds were seen; no mention is made of any new species. January 5, 1893, was the only day reported as a dead calm for the whole twenty-four hours. After a dense fog, on its thinning, "the position of bergs could be made out by the brilliant whiteness of the fog immediately over them." In five Arctic summers, and four on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, the writer has seen 2,000 or 3,000 bergs, but never observed this phenomenon, where the first sight of a berg through a fog was generally dark. A Norwegian whaler was fitted out by Mr. Swend Foyn, an enterprising Norwegian ship-owner, to cruise off the South Shetlands the same year as the Dundee whalers, with which she was frequently in company. The journal of her captain, Larsen (*see* Royal Geographical Society's Journal, October, 1894), affords much more information than does the log of the English whalers. He penetrated as far south



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THE SHIP OF THE GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

The "Gauss," well fitted and equipped for scientific work.

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as 68-deg. lat., so that his may be considered an Antarctic voyage, and he made some interesting geographical discoveries. On Seymour Island, off Graham Land, interesting petrifaction of deciduous trees was found. "The trees seemed not to have been thrown out of water, as we found petrified worms in them. . . . In one of the valleys we saw many dead seals, one of which was also almost petrified. Numerous resting-places of penguins were seen. The eggs could be eaten baked, but not boiled, as the white would not harden. On the eastern side of the island we found what appeared to be traces of a recent eruption, and in lat. 65-deg. 5-min. S., long. 58-deg. 40-min. W., a volcanic island in full activity named Christensen Island, on which we landed and found numerous seals, but too far from the water to make it worth while to kill them; they were quite tame, and stretched 'their flippers' towards us as we petted them." The summit of the island was clear of snow, as were the summits of several of the small islands seen, from which Larsen inferred they were volcanic, "as all the mountain tops on the mainland were covered with snow." A good number of seals were taken, but no whales appear to have been caught, although several were seen. The voyage has not been repeated, so probably it was not profitable.

An interesting voyage was made by the "Belgica," a small Norwegian screw sealer of 250 tons, equipped by Belgian enterprise, and placed under the command of M. de Gerlache, who was very enthusiastic in the cause of Antarctic exploration. The "Belgica" left the Straits of Magellan in January, 1898, and reached the South Shetlands, where some geographical discoveries were made, and the biologists discovered an insect and a spider, the first land fauna obtained in the Antarctic regions; also lichens, mosses, and grasses. An unsuccessful attempt to reach Alexander Island was made, but the polar pack was penetrated to 71-deg. 31-min. S., 85-deg. 16-min. W., and after several unavailing attempts to get out of it, the ship was frozen in on March 10, in 71-deg. 36-min. S., 87-deg. 39-min. W., and about sixty miles from the pack edge. In the spring a canal was made in the ice to facilitate release from the icy prison, which was eventually brought about on March 14, the ship having been a year and four days frozen in—the first to winter in an Antarctic pack. Only one death occurred. Seals and penguins were abundant, and, consequently, health was preserved. Various observations and collections were made, and doubtless the narrative of the voyage will be interesting and highly to the credit of Belgium's first maritime adventure in the cause of science. A comparison of the weather in the pack with that experienced by Borchgrevink at Cape Adare will be interesting. Mr. Swend Foyn in 1894 also despatched a whaler, which was appropriately named "Antarctic," to explore the vicinity of Victoria Land, discovered by Sir James Ross in 1839, in the hope of finding whales, as described by him. Although unsuccessful in the commercial speculation, the ship was enabled to penetrate a considerable distance along the shore of Victoria Land. In her went Mr. Borchgrevink, who on his return to England was given the command of the "Southern Cross" for Antarctic exploration, fitted out by the munificence of Sir George Newnes.

In his account of the Antarctic voyage Mr. Borchgrevink mentions: "We were the first people who ever saw the midnight sun on Christmas Eve." The "Southern Cross" left Hobart Town, Tasmania, for her Antarctic adventures on May 19, 1898. An unsuccessful attempt to reach the Balleny Islands was made, after which the course was laid for Victoria Land. On the evening of February 16 land was made; on the evening of February 17, "for the first time in the world's history, an anchor fell at the last *terra incognita* on the globe"; on March 2 "the Union Jack of Great Britain was hoisted on Her Majesty's latest acquisition"; and on that evening the "Southern Cross" left for Melbourne, leaving Borchgrevink and his selected companions

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THE "FRAM" HELD FAST IN THE ICE.

Illustrating the life of those who go out towards the Poles.

to spend the winter on this desolate and stormy coast. The only death that occurred was that of Mr. Henslow, the zoologist. The "Southern Cross" returned on January 29, and the coast of Victoria Land was explored, as well as Ross's ice barrier to lat. 78-deg. 34-min. S., long. 195-deg. 50-min. E. Borchgrevink landed on the barrier, and reached the latitude of 78-deg. 50-min., the most southern yet obtained.

The information gained by this pioneer expedition will doubtless be most useful to the members of the British National Antarctic Expedition, in their good ship the "Discovery," which, about this time, is leaving Lyttelton, New Zealand—the first ship ever specially built for Polar voyages. "The wooden walls of old England" are of world-wide renown, but it will surprise most people to learn that it was difficult to find a builder of a wooden ship in this country. At last, however, a firm at Dundee was found, and admirably the work has been done. The equipment of the ship has been most carefully considered, both in material and personnel, by competent authorities, based on long previous experience of the requirements of Polar research, and, as far as human foresight can provide, nothing will be

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wanting. Captain Scott is an excellent skipper, and the scientific staff is composed of men of eminence and skill. The best results may therefore be looked for in the coming "Antarctic season," and, when the veil is lifted from the operations that are to be conducted, we may confidently expect a rich addition to our store of knowledge. Already the fringe of the pack ice has been touched in lat. 63-deg. 5-min., and long. 141-deg. E., and presently the "Discovery" will be cut off from communication with the outside world. She sprang a slight leak, and has just been dry-docked at Lyttelton. She leaves with a supply of meat on board presented by the Canterbury stock farmers. Already some good work has been done, for a party landed on Maquarie Island and obtained some live penguins and some seals. It has all along been recognised that a relief-ship will be necessary, and Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, lately announced that he had been able to purchase in Norway a suitable vessel, the "Morning," which, after being fitted, will leave England for the Antarctic pack ice next August.

Photo Copyright. *J. Valentine, Dundee.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

In whose hands rests the great work of exploration and scientific discovery.

The German expedition left the Elbe about the same time that our own departed from the Thames, and is equally well equipped in every respect. The "Gauss," which is illustrated, is an excellent ship for the purpose, and the two expeditions are working harmoniously together, having mapped out the ground for their operations. The Antarctic circle is to be divided into two sections. The English line extends from 90-deg. E. to 90-deg. W., and the German from 90-deg. W. to 90-deg. E. For both there is more work to be done in its sphere than can be accomplished in one expedition; and, considering the chances and caprices of ice navigation, even in known parts, it is impossible to foretell, in totally unknown regions, which sphere will offer the most favourable opportunities. But of one thing we may be certain from what is known of those employed—the greatest advantage will be taken of those offered, and from their joint co-operation valuable results will be gained. The issue is in the hand of Providence. "'Tis not in mortals to command success," but we may be certain it will be deserved.

The quest upon which the British and German expeditions are engaged is one of inspiring character, and these bold seamen and scientists are worthily maintaining the traditions of many intrepid and resolute predecessors. Dr. Nansen, when he set out upon his memorable voyage in the "Fram," displayed supreme confidence and indomitable spirit, and was accustomed to illustrate the impulse that sent him forth by the enterprise and curiosity of a child forbidden to enter some chilly room in an upper storey of its father's house. The same desire to achieve inspired the Duke of the Abruzzi and gallant Captain Cagni in the expedition which reached even a higher latitude than did Nansen.

Such is the spirit that fills the modern Antarctic explorers. The Swedes also, and the Belgians, have felt the inspiration, and the former have indeed organised an expedition which is worthy to compare with our own. Their ship, the "Antarctica," has been fitted out and equipped with extreme care, and carries a navigating and scientific staff of great eminence. The leader is Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, nephew of the late Baron Nordenskjöld, of Arctic fame, who has shown his qualification for such work by his journeys of exploration to Spitzbergen, Tierra del Fuego, and Patagonia. He has with him zoologists, geologists, botanists, and other scientists, as in the case of the British and German expeditions; and Captain Larsen, who some years ago took the "Jason" along the coast of Graham Land, is responsible for the navigation of the vessel.

On October 25 Dr. Nordenskjöld and some of his companions were entertained at luncheon at the Royal Society's Club, and carry with them the warmest good wishes of Englishmen. Sir Clements Markham describes the way taken by the Swedes as the "fifth route." They are working in harmony with the British and German expeditions, and sailed from Falmouth for Buenos Ayres and the Falkland Islands. The first object is to determine whether Graham Land is an island or part of the Antarctic continent, and if the latter should be the case a considerable advance may be made by this route. Dr. Nordenskjöld will establish a winter station as far south as may be convenient, the "Antarctica" returning to the Falkland Islands, and as soon as the next southern spring approaches she will again go south to the neighbourhood of the South Shetlands and along the ice-barrier. The reunited expedition may then examine the route followed by Wedell in 1823, but this will depend somewhat upon the operations of yet another Antarctic expedition, which has not been alluded to—the Scottish one under Mr. Bruce, which is expected to co-operate

It will be seen that an attack is being made upon the Antarctic ice from several points, and that the work is being conducted systematically, and with friendly emulation. That the barriers of the unknown will be broken down in some degree is undoubted, and England is taking a right part in the work.

In conclusion something may be said concerning our present knowledge of the Antarctic regions and of the

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conditions of the problem which we may now hope is about to be resolved. This being by far the largest absolutely unknown part of the earth's surface, it is not surprising that many theories should have been hazarded. There is, however, a general agreement as to the probable existence of a great Antarctic continent, although it would not be astonishing if, as in the case of the North Polar regions, these indomitable explorers should sail over the site of land which some of their predecessors thought they had seen. It has to be observed in the first place that the Antarctic icebergs differ entirely from those found in the northern seas. They are huge table-shaped, flat-topped, perpendicular-sided islands of floating ice. The theory is that the immense South Polar ice cap, gradually forcing outward its margins over a great continent, is subject to fracture as the ice is pushed into deep water. Vast masses are detached, which float away, bearing with them fragments, large and small, of the granite, gneiss, red sandstone, and other rocks which they have ground away in their passage over the land. Thus a true ice-age still exists at the South Pole, and the explorers of the "Discovery" and sister investigation ships will witness evidences of that moulding of the earth under ice pressure and erosion which, in past ages, has produced some of the grandest scenery in more temperate parts of the earth, although the action of the ice-cap is not in all ways comparable to that of glaciers. We are now able to see what a great field of excellent work lies before the geologists of the various expeditions, for the floor of the Southern Ocean is covered with fragments of various rocks which have their counterparts in the lithological character of the land-masses of Antarctica. The "Challenger" observers, D'Urville, Wilkes, Chun, Borchgrevink, Larsen, and other explorers, have all observed or brought back these illustrations of the rocky character of the southern continent, and, if we are to regard Victoria Land, Wilkes Land, Kemp Land, Enderby Land, Graham Land, and Alexander I. Land as parts of one vast rocky and volcanic region of which Sir James Ross discovered some of the mountains and peaks, we must assign to Antarctica an area greater even than that of Australia. This is a matter which the explorers will, of course, throw much light upon. There will also be much information concerning the meteorology of the South Polar regions. It is at present believed that a permanent anti-cyclone occupies them, surrounded by a girdle of low pressure. Much should be learned in regard to the form of the Antarctic sea floor, which generally is believed to show a shoaling up from deep water towards the Polar shores. These are matters upon which much information has already been gained through the researches of the "Challenger," "Belgica" (under Gerlache), and "Valdivia," and Sir John Murray, who directed the reports of the first of these expeditions, is the great authority on the subject. A fruitful field of work lies also before the geologists and botanists who accompany the expeditions.

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THE "DISCOVERY" LEAVING SIMON'S TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

A parting cheer from the "Gibraltar."

Photo Copyright. *Lafayette.*

OFF TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

The picked crew of the "Discovery."

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 255.] *SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1901*

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

A SOLDIERS' GENERAL.

MAJOR-GENERAL F. W. KITCHENER, NOW ON SHORT LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

This highly-distinguished officer is only spending a few weeks at home, returning next month to South Africa, where he has held successfully the command of a mobile column. General Kitchener has an excellent record of war service, having obtained distinction for his work in the Afghan War, and assisted his famous brother as Director of Transport in both the expedition to Dongola and the final advance on Khartoum. He is a graduate of the Staff College, and has also commanded a battalion of the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshires, some non-commissioned officers of which met him the other day at Southampton, and presented him with the souvenir he is here shown holding under his arm.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

OUR NEW SERIAL.—In next week's issue will commence an interesting story entitled "Tammers' Duel," by E. and H. Heron. It is light and humorous, yet has a tragic vein running through it, and it is hoped will be well received by our readers.

The Character of John Bull.

WHATEVER be the cause, there is no doubt that we have been for some time past in a mood which inclines us, as a nation, to think poorly of ourselves. This was not always our custom—never has been our custom, indeed, until lately. A Venetian traveller who visited England in 1500 wrote his opinion of our forefathers thus: "The English are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them. They think that there are no other men than themselves; and, whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that he looks like an Englishman, and it is a great pity he should not be an Englishman." This content with all that is English found expression about the beginning of the nineteenth century in the outburst of a certain Mr. Fuller, a member of Parliament. To those who advocated various reforms, Mr. Fuller replied with choler: "If you do not like the country, d—— you, you can leave it." The same spirit prevailed for many years after that. Read the newspapers and the speeches of 1850. Their constant refrain was, "Let us thank God that we English are not as other men are." All was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. What a change in half a century! Now we are continually occupied in telling each other with long faces how inferior our institutions and our methods are to those of our neighbours. We cry up American enterprise and German education and French industry. We recommend British goods to British customers by putting foreign names upon them. We are exhorted to wake up, and to rouse ourselves from lethargy, and to march with the times. Canon Scott Holland asks how long we shall pretend that our national ideal can be embodied in that stout elderly gentleman in a flowery waistcoat and top-boots who does historic duty as John Bull. Mr. Max Beerbohm exhibits a series of caricatures picturing John Bull in humiliating attitudes, a travesty of his former sturdy self.

Now what does all this talk about our old friend John Bull mean? Has our national character changed, or is it changing? Canon Scott Holland says "yes." Mr. Beerbohm says "yes." The Church and the World for once agree. But are they right? Surely not more than in a very limited sense. Of course, the figure of John Bull does not represent all our characteristics as a people. No symbol can do more than suggest a leading idea. It took Emerson a long time to set down even a brief summary of his impressions of the English character. His summary occupies four pages of close print. Is it reasonable to expect that a single figure should be able to express with anything like finality the traits of a whole race? Writing about the middle of last century, Emerson discussed with insight and patience the good qualities and the defects of the English character, and this was his conclusion of the whole matter: "Here exists," wrote the American philosopher, "the best stock in the world, broad-fronted, broad-bottomed, best for depth, range, and equability, men of aplomb and reserves, great range and many moods, strong instincts, yet apt for culture; war-class as well as clerks; earls and tradesmen; wise minority as well as foolish majority . . . a race to which their fortunes flow as if they alone had the elastic organisation at once fine and robust enough for dominion." The English, in short, possessed, according to Emerson, "the golden mean of temperament."

Does not the figure of John Bull stand as well as any single figure could for a fair representation of the English temperament? Canon Scott Holland says he is fat, and that "the fat man's day is past and gone." It was the fat man's day when the Georges ruled. Well, it was not a bad day for England. We lost America under George III., but we had built up the foundations of her prosperity under his two predecessors. We conquered India while the Georges reigned; we won Canada from the French; we beat Napoleon; we took our commerce round the world; we made the English name respected in every quarter of the globe. But, in any case, can it be said that the typical John Bull is a fat man? Is he not rather just comfortably proportioned for doing a hard day's work and making no fuss about it? Leanness is not a merit in a man. Shakespeare made Julius Cæsar pronounce it a positive demerit, from the ruler's point of view, at any rate:

> "Let me have men about me that are fat;
> Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Another grievance of the Canon's against poor John Bull is that he will not think. "He has no brains . . . he is without an ounce of imagination." Let Emerson answer: "A saving stupidity masks and protects their perception as the curtain of the eagle's eye. Our swifter Americans when they first deal with English pronounce them stupid; but later do them justice as people who wear well or hide their strength." And as to imagination, the English race may not have the quick fancy of the Southern nations or the sentimentality of the Germans, but it has produced the finest imaginative poetry the world possesses. Its imagination is not a light flame easily kindled and as soon extinguished, but a deep-down smouldering glow which finds expression only when the depths are stirred by great emotions. John Bull goes about his day's work like a workman, not like a dreamer, but he

> "sees upon the night's scarred face
> Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

He is not for ever babbling of the impressions that Nature's myriad aspects leave with him, but he is as apt as any other to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," and beauty in whatever can be truly called beautiful.

The truth of the matter is that John Bull is much the same to-day as he has been all through the centuries, and we may hazard a shrewd guess that he will remain so. He stands for the mass of English people, not for the exceptionally wise nor for the exceptionally foolish, but for the millions who lie between the two extremes. Of late the world seems to have been running rather faster than usual. The exceptionally clever people have been given their head. One consequence of this is that John Bull seems to have dropped behind the times. "Seems?" you may say—"nay, madam, more than 'seems.'" Well, it either is so, or it is not; and, if it is, it was bound so to be. That is the humour of it, to borrow Bardolph's convenient catch-word. But we shall not set ourselves upsides with Fortune by abusing the qualities for which John Bull stands. They are indeed the qualities which have made us what we are.

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THE TALLEST MAN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Photo Copyright. *Stuart, Southampton*

A STALWART IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

Captain W. H. P. Gill, with his 6-ft. 9-in. of stalwart manhood, is, we should think, the tallest man in the British Army. He even dwarfs those historic giants of military pageant, Major Barnes, who read the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India at the Imperial Durbar at Delhi, and Captain Ames, 2nd Life Guards, who headed the Jubilee procession of 1897. He even outstrips the biggest of the two "giants in bearskins" who figured in a recent issue of this paper. Captain Gill belongs to the 65th (Leicestershire) Company of Imperial Yeomanry, and our picture shows him on board the transport in which he has just returned from South Africa.

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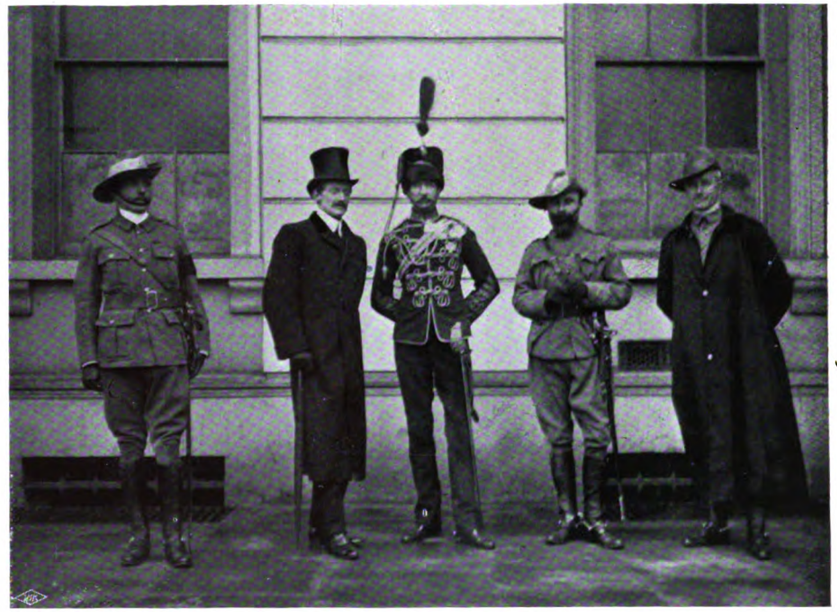
The Distribution of Medals ON Saturday, December 14, BY Maj.-Gen. Sir H. Trotter, K.C.V.O.

DISTRIBUTING THE MEDALS.

The recipients were encouraged by warm words of praise.



SOME OF THE OFFICERS.

The central figure is Colonel W. K. Mitford, O.C. Middlesex Yeomanry.

IN THE NAME OF THE KING.

The General conveys the thanks of His Majesty to the men.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

INSPECTING THE YEOMEN.

The troopers belong to the 34th, 35th, and 62nd Companies.

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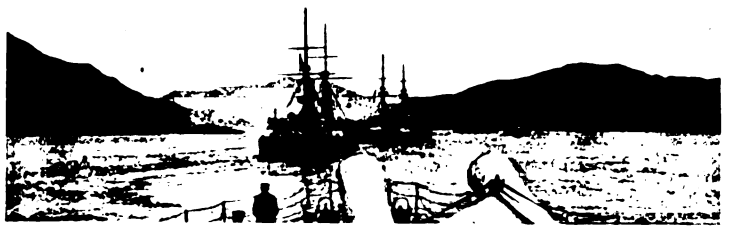
THE CANTINIERE OF A SPAHI REGIMENT.



A FLEET AT MANŒUVRES.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

A SERGEANT OF A HAUSA REGIMENT.

IT is really from no wish to damp the patriotism of anybody that I have to demur to the Navy League scheme for encouraging the Naval Reserve, which has the support of Sir J. Dalrymple Hay. Captain Crutchley, who speaks on its behalf and for the Navy League, stated the nature of it clearly in the *Times* of the 10th. An association has been formed "for the establishment of training-ships for boys of good character and physique desirous of entering the Mercantile Marine and the Royal Naval Reserve." He gives the usual reasons for believing that the association will do good, the principle of them being that it will open new sources of employment for these same boys of good character and physique, tend to diminish the proportion of foreign seamen sailing in our ships, will train Naval Reserve men, and generally tend to give shipowners a better class of men. These are all most excellent objects to attain if possible; but since, after all, it is as well to call things by their names, it is a pious imagination to suppose that any association can attain them, and, moreover, it is in the last degree doubtful whether the results aimed at are really what are wanted.

* * * *

In the first place, it is idle to suppose that stout boys of good character will be tempted to stay at sea by anything except attractive conditions and desirable wages. I do not say they will not go to sea. There is an air of romance about the business which tempts boys. What I do affirm is that when the bloom is rubbed off, as it will be in the first voyage, they cannot be trusted to remain at sea when better wages are to be earned more easily elsewhere. Poverty will also induce parents to allow their sons to go to the training-ships, where they will be fed and supported; but when the lads are grown up they will turn to other things unless it is made worth their while to remain at sea. But will it be made worth their while? I think not. Competition, native and foreign, drives the shipowner so close that he must economise; then the steamer is steadily displacing the sailing-ship, which of course means that the seaman in the proper sense of the word grows yearly less necessary. This may be, and in my opinion it is, a misfortune. So it was not for good when the modern manufactory routed the spinning wheel and distaff out of our domestic life. Yet fancy an association formed to supply the cottages of agricultural labourers and the tenements of workmen with spinning wheels and distaffs! So we must wear mourning for Tom Saunders, who could "Mouse a stay, pudding an anchor, and pass a gammoning, as well as he could work a Turk's head, cover a manrope, or point a lashing for the cabin table." He was a very fine fellow, and steel engraving was a beautiful art, but the marine steam-engine has deposed Tom, and what Mr. Andrew Lang in his frisky way called "photogravellers" have undersold the steel plate out of existence. Common-sense calls upon us to recognise and conform to the fact. What is wanted now is to keep the spirit of Tom Saunders in the new conditions, and we shall not do that by giving him an artificial training as a seaman and then turning him into a dying business.

* * * *

It is, I take it, no better than a waste of time to point out once more that even in the days of the wooden liner men bred to the sea never in the best-provided ship formed more than a third of the crew. In the Napoleonic Wars a captain was well content with his lot if he had a fifth and they were good men. The prime seaman was the skilled artificer of the old Navy, and he learnt his business in the long sea voyages of the merchant service. Now it is another skill that is required, and the trading ship is no longer the school where it is taught. As for all this business about the foreign sailors, it is an endless wrangle, and cannot be settled because the evidence is wanting. The old navigation laws allowed of the employment of a fourth in peace, and in war they were always suspended. That we know for certain, and we know too that in the year of Trafalgar there were foreigners among our Bluejackets and Marines, and black captains of guns even in the flag-ships. The majority of the crews of the East India Company's big ships were formed of Lascars, and the up-country trade was entirely in the hands of Lascars and Seedie Boys. If we did with this admixture of foreigners and men of colour in the old days, we can do with them now. Besides, many of these strangers settle and strike root here. When they come from the northern nations, whence so many others of us came in past centuries, they are a very welcome reinforcement at a time when young Englishmen are shrinking from both country life and the sea, and are turning to the towns. We must take the fat with the lean. The modern Englishman is far less drunken, less spendthrift, less reckless of the future than his father, but he is also less adventurous. He thinks more of comfort and security. His dearest ambition is to get a place with a pension in the police, and, failing this, then the next most sure thing.

* * * *

To me, at least, it appears that the wisest course for us is to ask ourselves seriously whether as a matter of fact it is the reserve of seamen we have to think about, and not the reserve of engine-room hands, and Marines. Every year adds to the importance for the Navy of the man who can be trusted about a machine, and reduces the importance of the man who can be trusted aloft in a storm and in the dark. There is no longer any aloft except on a military mast for gunnery, which is a very different thing from lying out to take in the weather earing. It is down below that a good man is wanted about the machines and the guns. There is no real necessity that he should be bred to the sea. What is needed is that he should be bred to the machine. I do not mean, of course, that seamen in the proper sense are not and will not always be required, or will not even remain the dominating type in a Service which has to navigate floating forts all round the world, and in all waters. What I deny is that the majority of our crews need be formed of them or that they can receive the education they need in the merchant service. It is well to be habituated to the sea life, no doubt, but a special training would have to be given to the merchant sailor to fit him for the entirely alien conditions of a man-of-war, and there are parts of his work for which he will be less fit than a workman from an engineering shop.

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Would it not be more to the purpose to provide an association which should work to increase the reserve of the engine-room and the Marines? To me at least this seems to

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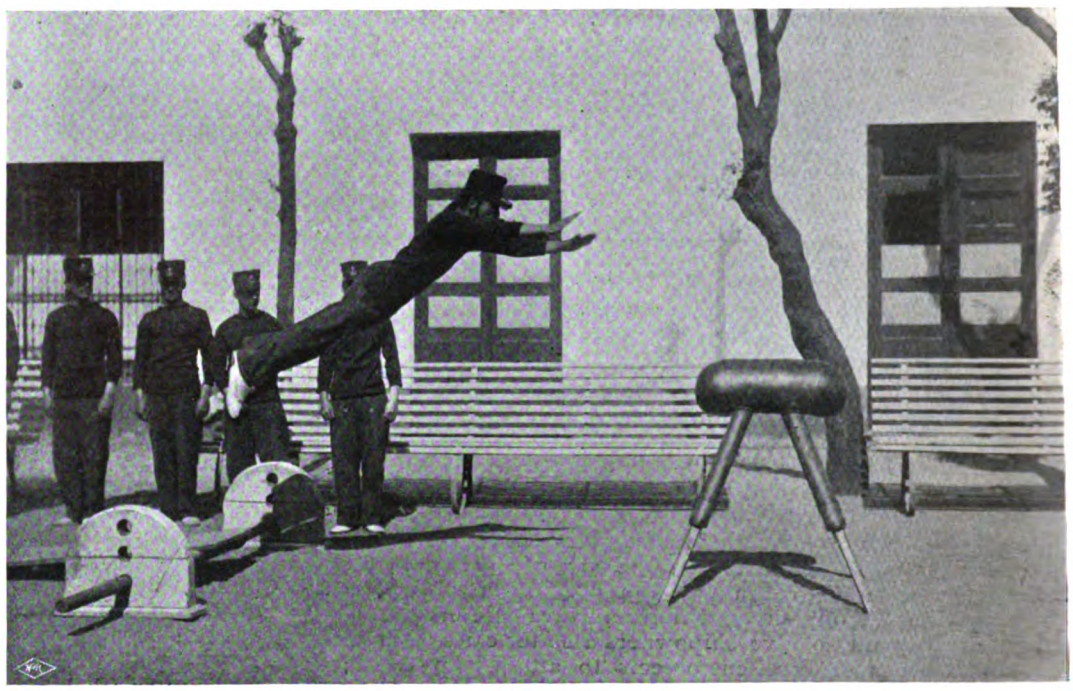
be incomparably the more promising undertaking. Lord Selborne has told us that the Admiralty contemplates allowing a corps of Naval Volunteers to be raised again. If it is to begin playing at being composed of Bluejackets once more we shall be better without it. Such a thing will never be more than a sham. But a corps of Volunteer marine engineers, artificers, firemen and stokers, and electricians, might be made of real value. So might a corps of Volunteer Marine Artillery. It would be necessary to stipulate that there must be no nonsense about home service only. A Navy which cannot go anywhere and do anything on the sea is an absurdity. After our late experience in South Africa, there can be no doubt that volunteers could be found to engage on those conditions, at any rate such a number as would represent a substantial addition to the number of men available for service in the Navy. It would not be proposed by anybody to send them out with the first fleets, nor would they be needed at that date. We could meet the first shock well enough. The doubt is whether we could meet the drain of heavy loss in a Naval war. For this purpose the Volunteers might be made to serve. Of course they would have to be embodied the moment war broke out, and put into such ships as were not to be used in the opening stages. They would then get all the practice it was possible to give them. By the time they were wanted they might be perfectly well trusted to fill up gaps and take their place under the eye of the veteran men. They would certainly be equal to the majority of the crews raised by the Inscription Maritime of our European rivals, and infinitely superior to much of the sweepings of the gaols and the workhouses collected in the receiving-ships and drafted into seagoing vessels at any date between the Spanish Armada and 1815.

THE ARMY OF THE ARGENTINE.

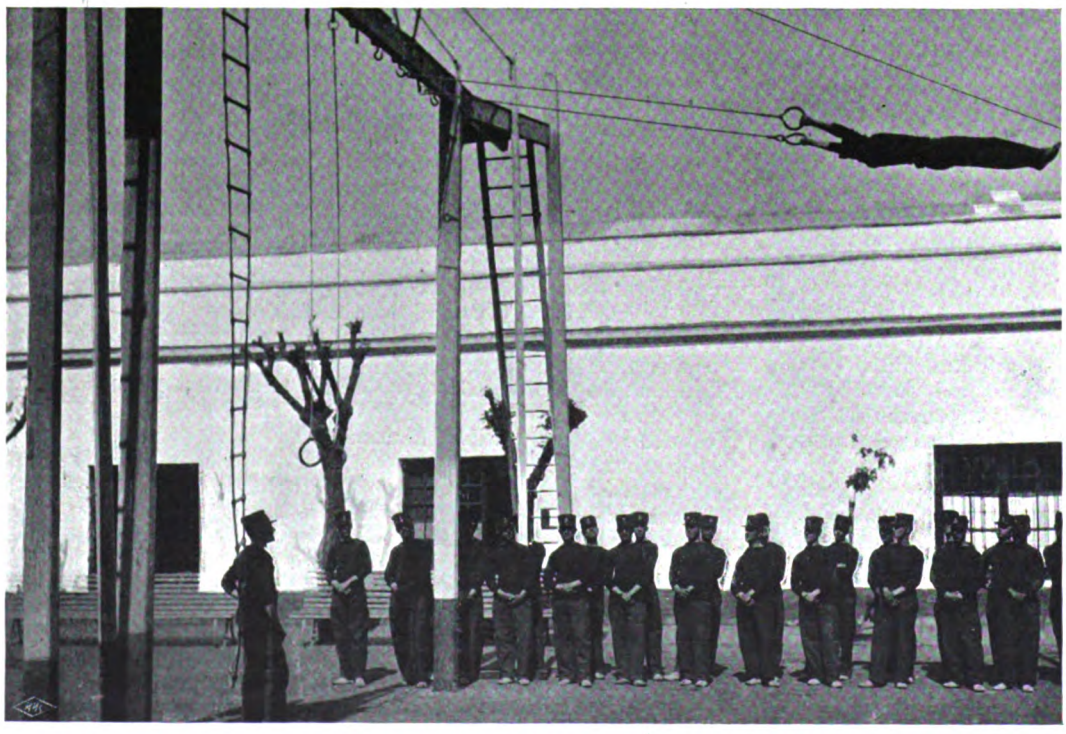
CONSIDERING that the vast territories of the Argentine Republic cover an extent of country that is more than ten times larger than Great Britain and Ireland taken together, it is somewhat surprising to find that the army which it maintains to safeguard these vast territories is of the most meagre proportions when compared with those of even the smallest of European States. One reason for this is the fact that the settled and organised provinces of the country occupy less than one-half its area, which includes a very large proportion of what is known as Patagonia, as well as certain provinces along the Andes line, and in the north, where the population runs from only two to four to the square mile. In fact, the total population of the whole country is barely 4,000,000. Another reason also is that the Argentine, with its long coast-line, has devoted its energies more to becoming a naval than a military power. The standing Army, of which the President is Commander-in-Chief, should, according to a statement presented to Congress in 1897, number a total effective strength of some 30,000 men, but as a matter of fact it by no means does so, and to call it 10,000 would not be overrating its strength, and some authorities put it at less.



CADETS OF THE ARGENTINE ARMY.

A gymnastic class at the Military Academy.

It has, however, an enormously large proportion of officers, numbering over 1,500. The proportion, however, is not so large as it seems, for in war-time many of these would find work with the National Guard, a militia force of nearly 500,000, of which those who are twenty years of age get two months' drill in camp a year, and the remainder are drilled every Sunday during two months. The standing Army consists of a regiment of engineers, one of mountain and six of field artillery, twelve of infantry, ten of cavalry, and the President's Bodyguard. The large proportion of the cavalry arm is not to be wondered at, for the people on the whole are horsemen, especially the Gauchos, or herdsmen of the plains. These latter are in a large proportion of partially Indian descent, and are a hardy and spirited race with the makings of good soldiers in them. There is a military school for the training of cadets, some of the physical part of which is shown in our illustrations. There has also been recently formed a War Academy, where officers are prepared for staff duties. Thirty first lieutenants and captains are admitted by examination each year proportionally from each branch of the service. The course, which lasts two years, is a complete and useful one, and officers who pass out amongst the first five are permitted to travel to Europe to study at the expense of the Government.



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GETTING A USEFUL TRAINING.

Military cadets at Buenos Ayres.

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"FIGHTING MAC" IN NEW ZEALAND.

Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald (1), the Right Honourable R. J. Seddon, Premier (2), and the Honourable Sir J. C. Ward, Postmaster-General (3), at Bellevue Gardens, near Wellington, New Zealand, with members of the Legislative Council, House of Representatives, and friends.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to the City on the 5th inst. was essentially an incident altogether outside that class of ephemeral happenings of which the daily newspaper is the appropriate, and only needful, record. On the other hand, the reflections grouped round this most significant and deeply interesting event are so numerous and grave that one cannot hope to embody a tithe of them, even after scrupulous and attentive consideration, in such brief notes as these. The writer is constrained, therefore, to seek refuge in the expedient of trying to pick out one particular thought, and laying what stress he can upon that, not to the exclusion of other thoughts and lessons, but merely, as kind editors say, "for want of space." Let us pass over, then, the mass of broad statesmanlike ideas to which the Prince gave utterance, and which have been ably handled elsewhere; let us postpone allusion to His Royal Highness's happy reminiscences of his tour in its military aspects; let us even forego the luxury of agreeing with Lord Rosebery's special commendation of the title, "Britain Beyond the Seas," and let us enlarge upon the Prince's epoch-making speech as far as possible from the standpoint of the greater Colonies, a standpoint in which we may be sure that Imperial and personal considerations are pleasantly commingled.

It is well, it is sometimes essential, to look at Empire as a more or less abstract idea, and to reflect that in every civilised Empire, at any rate, there are forces at work which are really and necessarily beyond the control of any Emperor. There is plenty of inspiration, too, in the thought of great Dependencies, splendidly loyal to the Imperial motto, "One Flag, One Fleet, One Throne," but working out their own development, and shaping their own internal administration, on lines of their own, and by methods with which no Sovereign, no home Government, would seek to interfere. But abstract ideas will never support great States without the controlling aid of strong personalities, and Imperialism itself, one of the two or three noblest ideas that have dominated the history of the British race, wants more personal colouring than we sometimes seem inclined to give it. In the reign of our late beloved Queen that colouring was given to it in a score of gracious ways, and we need be under no sort of apprehension that any diminution of personal feeling on the part of the British Colonies towards the Throne will occur while King Edward VII. holds the Imperial sceptre.

But a strong, clear note of personality has been independently struck by the Prince of Wales in his speech to the City authorities assembled to welcome him on his return from his auspicious tour. The Prince and Princess had surely won all Colonial hearts by their unflagging dignity, tact, and goodness of heart during what was in reality a State function prolonged over many weeks, not all, perhaps, of unmixed enjoyment. But the British colonist of the higher class, who knows what Imperialism and all its manifold responsibilities mean, looks with calm eyes beyond the momentary enthusiasm created by a Royal visit to a remote outpost of British rule. To him such a speech as that of the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall cannot but have a very strong significance indeed as showing on what a broad base our Imperialism, even in its personal aspect, continues to rest. The Prince, who a few weeks back so brightly and appropriately played his Royal part in colony after colony of his father's world-wide realm, would always have retained the affectionate regard of those whom he visited in that splendidly successful tour. But his delivery of such an impressive speech, lucid, statesmanlike, and admirably balanced, on his return, and on such an occasion as that in question, will make our Colonies right conscious of the fact that something more than the heritage of British citizenship is shared by them with us. When, too, in Canada, Australia, and the rest, the National Anthem is followed hereafter by "God Bless the Prince of Wales," few will forget that in the Prince they have, the British Empire has, a man who is lending to the maintenance of the Imperial idea a personality in which already the fair flower of promise is giving place to goodly fruit.

Turning abruptly from these lofty considerations to more domestic matters, it seems desirable, as these notes are apparently being studied with gratifying attentiveness by a very wide circle of Colonial and Military men, to point to the recent satisfactory removal of a slight misconception which had arisen on the subject of the award of the Distinguished Conduct Medal to men of the Colonial Forces serving in South Africa. In the case of men of the British Regular Forces this medal is accompanied by a gratuity of £20, and it is an unfortunate circumstance that some Colonials who had been awarded the medal applied for the gratuity and were refused. The matter became public, and Mr. Brodrick has completely rectified it by an Army Order, in which the fact that the gratuity is payable in the case of the Colonial Forces serving in South Africa is explicitly stated. The misconception is typical of others which have arisen, owing partly to the impossibility of anticipating Colonial claims by revised or additional regulations, and partly, one fears, to departmental want of tact and reluctance to temper a refusal by a promise to "see what can be done." In this instance, however, "all's well that ends well," and no Colonial who has won the Distinguished Conduct Medal will think any the less of it by reason of its pleasant accompaniment in the shape of British sovereigns.

Of all the various results of Colonial Volunteering in connection with the war, few have been more interesting than the formation of the new Volunteer Force for the Transvaal, which from the 1st inst. took shape under command of Colonel Capper, formerly of the Railway Pioneers. The force is a happy mixture of cavalry and infantry, twelve squadrons of the Imperial Light Horse, ten squadrons of the Scottish Horse, and a proportionate representation of Thorneycroft's and Bethune's Corps constituting

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the cavalry, while the infantry include contingents from the Imperial Light Infantry and the Railway Pioneer Regiment. The idea is to create a standing Transvaal Volunteer Force of 10,000 men, liable to service, during time of war, at the ordinary rates of pay when in the field. The plan is an admirable one, and, whether the Volunteers gradually supplant the more expensive Constabulary or not, they will prove a most valuable adjunct to the future military strength of the new Colony. Incidentally, a pretty sharp contrast is indicated between this organisation and the defunct Pretoria Volunteers, of which a special account was given in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED in the very early days of the war, and which, except in the Boer operations against the Swazis, never seems to have been of any serious account at all.

A few weeks back considerable public interest was aroused by the trial of a new rifle invented by Mr. Hylard of Melbourne, and now we have a Natal officer, Captain Choles, coming to the front with an improved adjustable back sight, which has received much favourable attention from experts. The Natal Government seems strongly impressed by it, for it has ordered fifty rifles fitted with the Choles sight to be sent out from Birmingham, and it is generally conceded that in the Colonies they have pretty practical notions on the subject of firearms, and do not embark on rather costly experiments without good reason. In these notes we are chiefly interested not so much in the technical merits of Captain Choles's invention as in its interesting source. A quaint but rather strong link in the chain of Imperial Federation would be the adaptation to Imperial armament of an important accessory designed by a Colonial military officer.

The recent ceremonial reception of the Sultan of Johore by Mr. Chamberlain awakens a passing doubt as to the extent of public knowledge regarding this personage and his State, which although not included in Greater Britain, has for a good many years been closely associated with it. For our treaty relations with Johore date back to 1855, and in 1887 the Sultan entered into still closer intercourse with our Colony known as the Straits Settlements, placing his foreign relations in the hands of the British Government, and consenting to receive a British agent. Those of our readers who "know these things" will be aware that, apart from Johore, we have in this part of the world to deal with four Federated Malay States which, in addition to mutual undertakings, are under an engagemant to supply a certain proportion of troops on requisition for the defence of the Colony of the Straits Settlements in the event of a war between Great Britain and any foreign Power. But the sum of popular knowledge regarding the Malay Peninsula can hardly be called large, in spite of the importance of Singapore, and such recent episodes as the Pahang rising of 1892. Sir Frank Swettenham has done something to improve our knowledge of the curious race concerned, and most of us know something of Malacca canes and "Penang lawyers." But it is strange how little interest the average man in the street takes in regions the undeveloped wealth of which is probably as great as that of almost any equal area in the world.

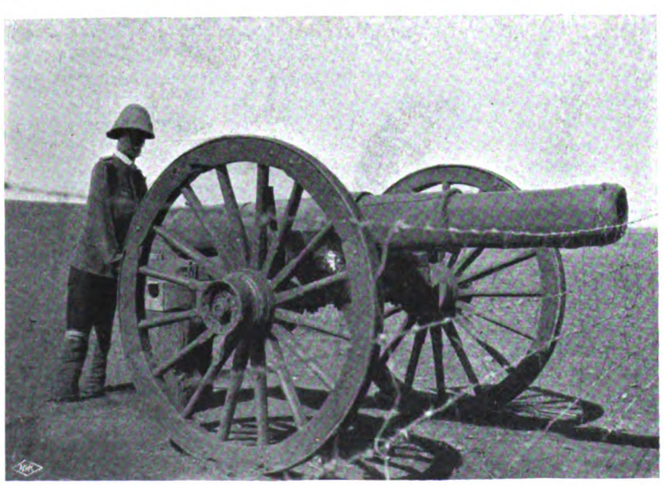
The appointment of Major-General Sir Herbert Chermside to the Governorship of Queensland follows happily upon that of Sir George Clarke to the Governorship of Victoria. The Royal Engineers, to which both these distinguished officers belong, may well be proud of such a notable contribution to the personnel of Imperial administration, and Queensland may well congratulate herself on having secured a Governor who, under difficult circumstances of diplomatic complication, as well as in the field, has already achieved considerable distinction. As Military Attaché at Constantinople, and as Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, Sir Herbert Chermside had previously done a quantity of excellent work in which his tact and ability were conspicuously displayed, and with such a varied experience superadded to personal qualities of a marked description, he can hardly fail to prove an acceptable and successful Colonial Governor.

The authorities evidently have no intention of allowing the Canadian links in the chain of Imperial communication to rust. There is something pleasantly significant in the manner in which the relief of the Royal Garrison Artillery stationed at Victoria, British Columbia, has just been carried out. The relieving detachment stepped out of a Canadian Pacific train, having travelled across from Bermuda, while the "outgoing tenants" embarked on a Canadian Pacific Railway liner presumably for shipment to China or India. It sounds simple, but a good deal of history has to be made before such grandly simple performances are possible.

ON GUARD ON THE VELDT.

"More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!"

NO more trying and tedious duty devolves on our men in South Africa than that which the soldier's laureate has brought home so vividly to us in the lines "Bridge-guard in the Karoo." The detachment on whom is imposed the duty of "sitting down" on the line, or in a section of blockhouses, finds out after a very few days how irksome the deadly monotony of the duty becomes. Our men in this war have been "fed up," to use a colonialism, with marching, and one would think that a change of this character would be a relief, for "trekking" is trying and arduous work: Burning heat one day, a deluge of rain the next; forced night marches, perhaps for the purpose of surprising a Boer laager, mayhap to seize and hold a position essentially for the covering of the next day's move of the lengthy and vulnerable convoy. Always, always that wearying marching, as a relief to which a fight is of all things the most welcome, and which draws from Private Thomas Atkins's lips forcibly expressed, if scarcely Parliamentary, comment on the war, the enemy, and South Africa and its ways generally. But even the "trekking" the British soldier would gladly return to after a brief spell of the monotonous duty entailed by guard mounting of this lonely character. One very popular method of killing time is by increasing the garrison and armament of his posts by very well constructed dummies. So much care is often expended on these ever-sleepless sentinels, that they are supplied with clothing so good as to rouse the indignant jealousy of their prototypes "on the trek."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

A menace to raiders and rebels.

WARRANTED UNSOUND.

But will not run away.

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BEMEDALLED AND BERIBBONED.

Keeping a sharp look-out.

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How the Navy is Manned in the Present Day.—II.

RECRUITING AT SPRING GARDENS.
Persuading his chums.

IN THE ATTESTING OFFICE.
Receiving recruits.

BY the middle of last century it had become evident to the authorities that it was necessary to organise some regular system for manning the Navy; times were changing, the Press laws had fallen into abeyance, and, except under the most dire necessity, public opinion would never sanction their revival. So during the war with Russia, 1854-56, and between then and 1860, a period when, owing to various circumstances, we were compelled to maintain a large fleet in commission in various parts of the world, it was found necessary to resort to offering liberal bounties in order to obtain men; and though a sufficient number of volunteers was forthcoming, yet the general result was hardly satisfactory, due to the indifferent character of many of the men so entered. The general supersession of sails by steam, the introduction of armour and of larger and rifled guns, coupled with the feeling that a vast revolution was impending in the whole field of Naval war, all tended to show that the time was ripe for a change, and that the efficient manning of the Fleet of the future was a matter of too great moment to the country to be left any longer to the haphazard methods of the past, and that to be satisfactory it must be placed on an entirely new basis. The solution of the problem was found in the adoption of continuous or long service, which brought into being our present system of entering and training our men from boys.

In 1854 the Admiralty commissioned the "Illustrious," an old line-of-battle ship, as a training-ship for volunteers at Portsmouth, and the following year the "Implacable," another old line-of-battle ship, was commissioned for training boys at Devonport, a couple of sailing brigs being attached as tenders to each of these two ships. In 1857 the first Naval cadets were sent to the "Illustrious," which ship was superseded two years later by the "Britannia." In 1862 the system of training boys was still further extended; the "Britannia," now a training-ship for cadets alone, was removed to Portland, and two years later to Dartmouth, where she has since remained, her place as a training-ship for boys being taken at Portsmouth by the "St. Vincent." The "Boscawen" was stationed for a similar purpose, first in Southampton Water, and then at Portland, the "Impregnable" was added to the "Implacable" at Devonport, and a little later the "Ganges" was stationed at Falmouth. To all these vessels sailing brigs were attached as tenders. In 1863, the system of training boys for the Navy being fully established, a captain was appointed to the "Impregnable," and the whole of the training-ships placed under his supervision, an arrangement which holds good to this day, his powers of late years having been greatly extended.

With the definite establishment of training-ships for boys at various centres, the system of manning the Navy by men entered for long service, especially trained for the Service from their boyhood, was fully inaugurated, and has produced, as its results, the magnificent and highly-trained body of seamen who now form the personnel of our Fleet. What the system is we will now briefly explain. In the old days men, whether pressed or volunteers, were simply entered for the term of a ship's commission, and when the commission came to an end the crew were dispersed to the four quarters of the globe, although many, in the nature of things, soon drifted back to other ships, having become accustomed to and liking the service, or, while the Press laws were in force, being simply reimpressed. Under the continuous or long-service system, boys are entered between the ages of 15¼ and 16¾, their parents or guardians signing an agreement that they will serve for twelve years from the age of 18. Great pains are taken in the selection of boys; yet, in spite of the stringent conditions as to qualifications of entry, there is never any difficulty in procuring the right sort of lads, and there are now nearly 10,000 boys passing through the various training-ships. All candidates have to be able to read and write, while

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THE RECRUITING OFFICE, PORTSMOUTH.

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not only must they bear a good character themselves, but their parents must be respectable people, a confidential report on this head being called for from the Superintendent of Police of the district where they reside. Boys can also be entered from the mercantile training-ships "Arethusa," "Warspite," "Exmouth," etc., on condition of their coming up to a certain standard in seamanship, drill, and general education; but no boys are ever entered from reformatory ships, although a few are sometimes allowed to join from industrial ships under special permission from the Admiralty. The boys spend from a year to eighteen months in the training-ships, during which time they pass from six weeks to three months on board one of the brigs. They are well looked after and their life is a pleasant one on board the training-ships, where they are more than well grounded in the rudiments of seamanship, gunnery, etc., great pains being still taken with their drill aloft; swimming baths and good recreation grounds on shore are provided for all the ships. As soon as qualified a boy is rated first-class boy, and discharged to one of the depôts for drafting to a sea-going ship. At the age of 18, or at latest 18½, a boy is rated ordinary seaman, and it then depends upon himself how soon he obtains his next step, which is from which rank many in these days are allowed to retire with the honorary rank of lieutenant. There are further additions a man can make to his pay by qualifying for and being appointed to perform certain superior gunnery and torpedo duties; for instance, as a gunnery-instructor he will receive eightpence a day in addition to his sixpence a day as a first-class seaman-gunner and torpedo-man; as a captain of a turret and as a captain of a gun he receives extra pay, while every man receives an extra penny for each good-conduct badge he has up to three. A man can obtain his first badge after three years' service from the time he obtains his rating as ordinary seaman, his second after eight years' service, and his third after thirteen years' service. It is therefore quite possible for a C.P.O. to be receiving as much as 4s. 9d. a day from different sources. After ten years of very good character a man becomes entitled to the good-conduct medal, and after fifteen years of such service to an additional gratuity on receiving his pension. Men can re-engage for a third period of service, and of course the longer they serve the better their pensions are on finally quitting the Service.

The most important part of a man's training is the gunnery course, for in the wars of the future the issue of a

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THE RECRUITING STAFF AT A COUNTRY "STATION."

Hon. Lieutenant G. South and his merry men.

that of able seaman. A smart lad will probably be rated A.B., as it is called, by the time he is 20, or soon after, but before obtaining the rating he must pass, besides the necessary seamanship examination, a qualifying examination in gunnery, becoming what is called a T.M., or trained man, which gives him an extra penny a day, whether as an ordinary or able seaman. As an A.B. he will in due course go through the gunnery and torpedo schools, and if he is smart and has not neglected his school opportunities since he left the training-ship, he will easily obtain his certificate as either a first or second class seaman-gunner; if first-class he gets an addition to his pay of fourpence a day; if second-class, twopence. If he obtains a first-class certificate as seaman-gunner, he may qualify as a torpedo-man in addition, when he will receive a total addition to his A.B.'s pay of 1s. 7d. a day of sixpence. After completing his first term of twelve years' service, a man, whether a petty officer or otherwise, can re-engage for a second term of ten years, which entitles him to an additional twopence a day and a pension at the end of his terms of service. From A.B. a man can rise to leading seaman, petty officer, and finally warrant officer and chief warrant officer, battle will depend upon the efficiency of the "man behind the gun," and it is satisfactory to know that the greatest attention is now being paid both in the gunnery schools and our sea-going ships to making men good shots; and a large cruiser is now attached to each of the three gunnery schools, in place of the old small gun-boats, for the purpose of taking the men under training to sea for special courses of target practice. Undoubtedly the gunnery standard of the Fleet stands higher now than it has ever done before. It is to long service that we owe these good results, for from the time of a boy joining the Service until he becomes a first-class seaman-gunner and torpedo-man will be from six to seven years as a rule; but by then he is of considerable value to the country and well worth all the money spent on his education, equally at home in the barbette of a battle-ship or skirmishing on shore, steering a torpedo-boat or working a field-gun, handling a torpedo or laying out a counter-mine. No mere well-drilled machine is the Bluejacket of to-day, but, a "handy man," with a head on his shoulders and a varied and extensive knowledge, which constitutes him one of the most valuable units in the defence of the British Empire.

[*The first article of this series appeared on July* 20, 1901.]

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VICTUALLING THE NAVY IN THE YEAR 1790.

SURGEON THOMAS TROTTER, M.D., in his classical observations on the scurvy, London, 1792, furnishes some most able and interesting facts regarding His Majesty's Navy at that time, which his experience of the Service fitted him to do. On the subject of "the prevention of all diseases on ship-board," he first treats of the predisposing causes.

Writing on the subject of discipline, he says: "It is certainly the proper study of every officer so to regulate his ship that a healthy crew may be always prepared for action; without this it is vain for physicians to prescribe rules of health." He recognises as the fortunate results of judicious forms of discipline in his time that "the rough sailor is daily losing the ferocity of his manners, while the true courage that distinguishes the British Tar is increased, and blending itself with more polished notions of principle and honour. This there can be no doubt of. It must be a pleasing sensation to the moralist to hear that some ships of the line, with a complement of 750, were really paid off at this port, Portsmouth, after the Baltic armament, without an intoxicated sailor appearing at the pay table." He refers to the remarkable health of Captain Cook's crew, "after performing so arduous a voyage their healthy state was no doubt wonderful," but points out "his ship was seldom long from land, and her commander was allowed to purchase all refreshments required, which others are not allowed to do at Government expense." He, however, attaches more importance to the case of "the 'Intrepid,' a ship of sixty-four guns, with a complement of 500 men, in Lord Rodney's fleet, last war, which did not lose a man but what died from wounds, for the space of two years and a-half." This he attributes to her captain's "complete mode of discipline and attention to the cleanliness of the crew and ship which he established; health was preserved in a climate reputed to be unwholesome, and that, too, when exposed to the hardships which follow a state of frequent or constant preparation for action." "The custom of dividing every ship's company into divisions and squads, under the inspection of lieutenants and midshipmen, has been productive of the very best consequences." This would appear to have been of recent introduction, as he dwells on the beneficial results, "the men grew emulous to appear clean . . . by these means the articles of dress are multiplied, and in the case of wet weather they have always a shift or two to put on while their damp clothes have time to dry." "As indolence and low spirits predispose to disease," he advocates that the commanding officer should "study the character or disposition of his men; it is the secret which to know is to execute every piece of service with address, resolution, certainty, and success. This discernment of character peculiarly fits the commander to become the father of his ship's company. . . . It is only, therefore, mild treatment that can reconcile an impressed sailor with his fate, and if he is so unfortunate as not to overcome it, some fatal disease, as scurvy, will be the consequence." He states that these impressed men "were always the first to suffer from scurvy, fevers, and dysentery, so that cheerful spirits or the active passions, when exposed to infection, are the best preservatives of health." He strongly advocates "flannel wore next the skin, even in the tropics, from having observed some sailors who wore their flannel shirts and thick woollen trousers escape the ague and dysentery, when others who wore checks and linen suffered from these diseases, though all were alike exposed, on shore in wooding and watering ship." The antiscorbutics in those times were "sour krout, elixir of vitriol, malt, and essence of wort." Trotter found, however, that they had little or no effect, but from his experience advocated limes, other acid fruits, and fresh vegetables, the accepted remedies for scurvy of the present day.

Pure water he also considered a preventative, and this was an exceptional supply in those days when water was constantly deficient in quantity and quality, as it was stored in wooden casks. "When confined in wooden casks or vessels, and not exposed by agitation to the influence of the air, it soon emits a disagreeable flavour; the taste of water in this situation is indescribable, its smell comes near to rotten eggs." The removal of this flavour and "putrid smell" from such water was then possible "by the machine of Lieutenant Osbridge," which aerated the water, or by boiling. He suggests as a preventative well-seasoned casks of oak staves, the seasoning to be effected "by steeping the staves for a length of time in a pond of water until the pond became putrid." He adds, "There were many instances during the late war where ships on foreign stations, by having well-seasoned casks and never having been under the necessity of unstowing their holds, found the water pure and sweet at the end of four years as when they left Spithead." Fresh water was even then distilled "by an apparatus now in use in His Majesty's ships for this purpose, fitted to the tops of the boilers, so that the process can be conducted in one boiler while the victuals are preparing in the other, by which means coal and wood are saved." Though officers and men of the present steam Navy, with distilled water as a rule, may consider this very ancient history, there are still those living who can from personal experience confirm Surgeon Trotter's report on the "stinking" water from wooden cask storage, and that even after iron tanks were in use in the Navy. In the "fifties" of last century iron tanks were in use, but watering from the shore was the usual source of supply to Her Majesty's ships, and wooden casks were much employed to convey the water to the ship to fill the iron tanks. When this was completed these casks were filled and stowed in the tank room as a supplementary supply for first use. At that time the captain of the hold's life was not a happy one when starting the bungs to pump out the water; the resulting odours have already been aptly described.

Water storage for sea use was the subject for which the Society of Arts and Manufactures in 1792 offered a "premium of a gold medal or fifty pounds for the best account, verified by satisfactory trials, of an efficacious method of preserving fresh water sweet during long voyages."

Provisions are Surgeon Trotter's next consideration, and their quality is usually favourably reported on. "The allowance of butter and cheese that is served out in King's ships is so small a proportion to the other parts of the diet that it scarce deserves notice. . . . The vegetable part of the provisions consists of biscuit, flour, and raisins, to be made into puddings; oatmeal, of which bargow or thick gruel is made for breakfast; and pease, which are boiled as soup for dinner. Every mess at sea is occasionally served with vinegar, and sour krout has been most carefully supplied of late, as also melasses which are mixed with the bargow for breakfast."

"The allowance of small beer—a gallon—is perhaps more than what most men can consume in twenty-four hours; it is generally of excellent quality . . . the beer seldom lasts more than a fortnight at sea, and on foreign stations it has never been supplied at all. Spirits and water, which is grog, or wine have therefore been substituted." He is strongly in favour of beer in preference to wine or spirit, suggesting that the beer should be of double strength, and the issue consequently one half instead of one gallon. This beer would thus last twice as long as the small beer, and keep better. "With respect to diluted spirits or grog, instead of wine or beer, it is certainly an unsalutary substitute. The use of it ought to be checked by every prudent precaution. Whatever exhilarating effects and pleasing sensations it may excite, it is, of all stimulants, perhaps the most dangerous to indulge in. Beer and wine, as abounding with sugar and mucilage, are nourishing and healthful, but diluted spirits have a contrary tendency. Grog exhausts and debilitates the constitution; as communicating a more sudden stimulus to the stomach, it is, of all liquors, the most likely to induce a habit of dram drinking. A quantity of sugar ought, therefore, to be always mixed with the spirits and water; orange, lime, or lemon juice where they can be procured, which make an artificial wine, may be added, as rendering the composition still more salutary and antiscorbutic." He favours "a much larger proportion of vegetables, consisting of all those in season . . . it is in this manner only that a ship returning from a cruise or long voyage can best recruit a sickly crew, and recover them in a very short time for the emergencies of service." Mentioning that "on the Jamaica Station, some time last war, the captains of several ships ordered their pursers to furnish the men with cocoa and sugar in lieu of oatmeal, butter, and cheese . . . their example has been made general in the West Indies, and it has now received the sanction of Government. The oatmeal, butter, and cheese are three articles very liable to spoil in hot countries, and cocoa has been very wisely substituted in their room. A breakfast is the most deficient meal in a seaman's diet, and if this alteration has been attended with so many good consequences abroad, why not extend it to the home stations . . . the mess is, besides, extremely nourishing." As a footnote he states, "It ought to be remembered that seamen in general are very averse to bargow, even when sweetened by melasses." In this matter, as well as several others especially connected with his own branch of the Service, Surgeon Trotter was much in advance of his day, but it is most interesting to note how many of his recommendations have been adopted by the Admiralty—one, however, the supply of surgical instruments to Naval medical officers, only in 1900. He suggests pickles "as correctors of salted provisions and advises "the occasional substitution of plantanes and yams in lieu of bread (biscuit) when the ship is in harbour. The fruits of the climate ought also to be frequently served out to the seamen, both as amusing them and for the preservation of health. It ought to be remembered that their wages are never paid abroad, consequently they have little chance of sharing such dainties."

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7th HUSSARS—ACTIVE SERVICE.

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IN ALL THE PANOPLY OF WAR.

Our khaki-clad trooper of the 7th Hussars presents a somewhat different appearance from his forbears in the historic old corps. In 1751 he would have worn scarlet coat, white breeches and waistcoat, and a three-cornered hat. In 1806 he would have figured in a blue "barred" Hussar jacket, with pelisse hanging from the shoulder, light blue "Cossack" trousers, full on the hips and pleated round the waist, and a Hussar busby. In 1830 his dress was scarlet, with a gold-laced shako and black horse-tail plume.

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7th HUSSARS—MARCHING ORDER.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

ONE OF THE "OLD SAUCY SEVENTH."

The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars just left for the front has an interesting record. It is one of the only four regiments of regular cavalry, past or present, of Scottish origin, the other three being the Scots Horse of Graham of Claverhouse, disbanded in the seventeenth century, the present Scots Greys, and the 17th (Edinburgh) Light Dragoons, raised 1759 and disbanded 1763. It is the senior of the old Dragoon regiments made Light Dragoons in 1784, and the senior of the Light Dragoons made Hussars in 1806.

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A TRUMPETER.

THE "FIRST" REGIMENT OF YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

The Prince of Wales's Royal Regiment of Wiltshire Imperial Yeomanry.

By H. G. ARCHER.

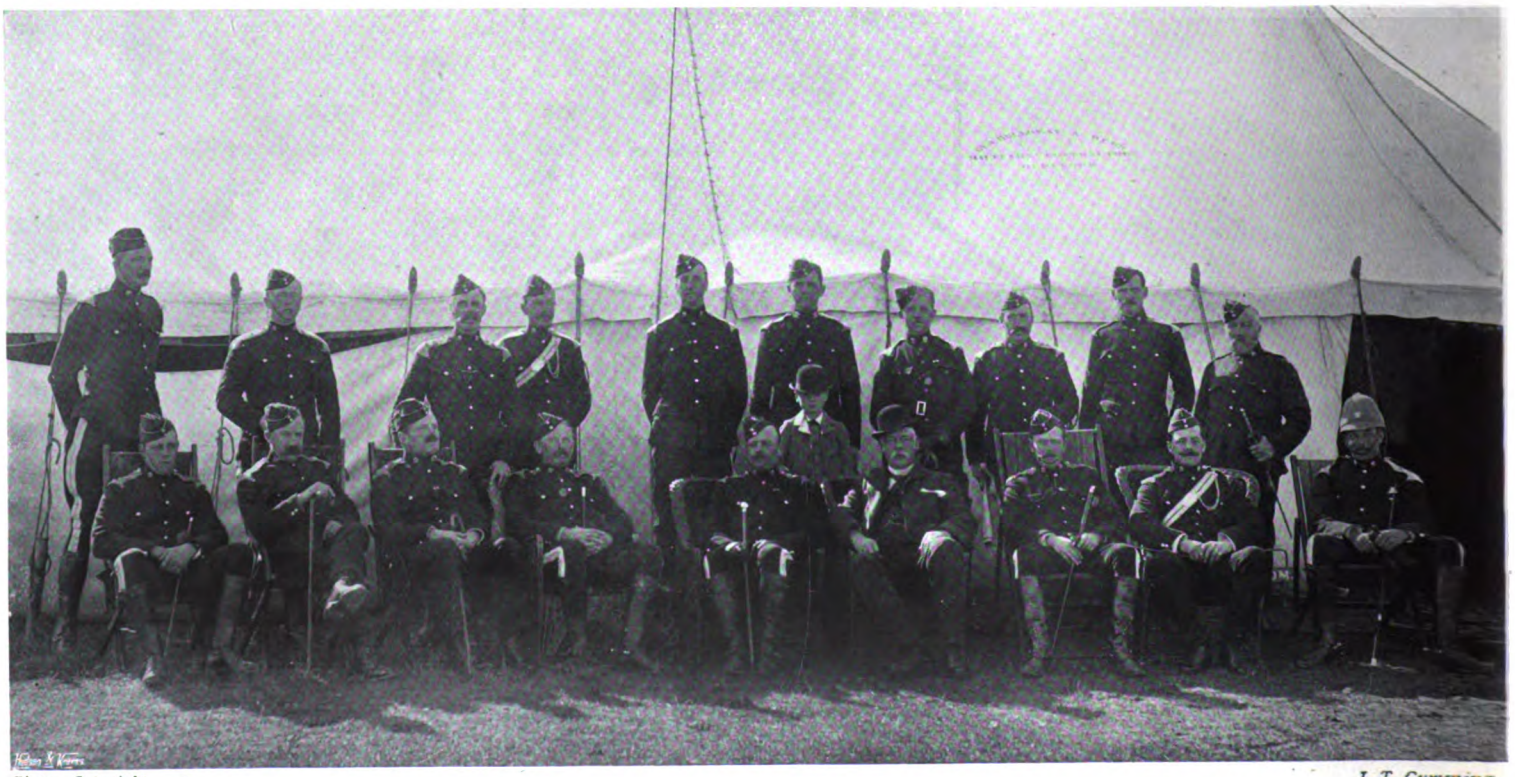
THE Wiltshire Yeomanry have as their motto "Primus in armis," signifying that they were the first local body of cavalry, chiefly drawn from the class of yeomanry, to be formed into a regiment. In March, 1793, the Government issued a circular to the Lord-Lieutenants and High Sheriffs of counties, suggesting, among other plans for the strengthening of the land forces, that volunteer troops of fencible cavalry be raised of from fifty to eighty men per troop, to serve during the war in the United Kingdom. In Wiltshire the idea was accepted with enthusiasm, and the first troop of sixty men raised from Devizes, under the command of Mr. James Sutton. It was resolved to raise nine more troops in the county as well; but this did not take place until the following year, when a fresh start was made with the formation of a Salisbury troop, which was placed under the command of Henry Penniddocke Wyndham, Esq. The circulars inviting recruits to join this troop announced that "Hunters, coursers, and other bold riders would be particularly acceptable." The first official notice concerning the Wiltshire Yeomanry appeared in the *London Gazette* of July 8, 1794, and the final arrangements of the officers in the issue dated August 22 following, by which period the county possessed its full complement of ten troops, namely, Devizes, Salisbury, Warminster, Bradford, Chippenham and Calne, Malmesbury, Swindon, Marlborough, Everley, and Hindon. The uniform of each consisted of blue coatee, white leather breeches, long black gaiters, and a black leather helmet, with black plume over the ridge, and a small red feather plume at the side; while the Devizes troop was allowed to have "Number 1" inscribed on its buttons, to denote the fact that it was the first raised in the kingdom.

In the year 1796 the Salisbury troop had the honour of being inspected by George III., who broke his journey through the county to the fashionable watering-place of Weymouth for the purpose. In the following year the ten troops were formed into the regiment of Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry, Lord Bruce being appointed colonel. A medal was then struck to commemorate the banding together of the troops.

In June, 1798, all the ten troops for the first time paraded together at Devizes for three days' duty, and marched to Beckhampton Down, where five standards were presented by Lady Bruce. The parade state of the regiment on this occasion showed 28 officers and 595 non-commissioned officers and men.

At the Peace of Amiens in 1803 the Wiltshire Regiment was not disbanded, as were others, and upon the renewal of hostilities in 1804 it recruited up to 804 of all ranks. In the following year the great strength and efficiency of the regiment caused it to be called out for permanent duty, when it was also inspected and praised by the Duke of Cumberland. In 1810 the county Militia, quartered at Devizes, mutinied, and the Yeomanry were summoned to quell the disturbances. The two forces faced each other in the market square with loaded firearms, and it seemed that nothing could avert a sanguinary conflict. Just as the Yeomen were about to fire, however, the Militia ringleaders surrendered.

Between 1817 and 1830 Wiltshire was in a very disturbed and unhappy state on account of labour troubles, and the Yeomanry were constantly being requisitioned to quell riots. In 1831 the King bestowed the title of "Royal" upon the regiment, through Lord Lansdowne, in recognition of its services during that critical period. In 1835, when the precedence of Yeomanry regiments was established, the Royal Wiltshire was given Number 1, both because it was the first raised in 1793, and because it had preserved its continuity.



Photos. Copyright. *J. T. Cumming.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Capt. W. V. Faber, Second Lieut. R. F. Fuller, Capt. Sir John Dickson Poynder, Bart., M.P., Second Lieut. W. F. Fuller, Lieut. W. O. Thynne, Maj. Marquess of Bath, Capt. and Adjt. W. F. Collins (Scots Greys), Capt. J. Joice, Second Lieut. E. Richardson-Cox, and Quartermaster T. H. Deacon. Sitting: Capt. G. E. MacKay, Maj. J. R. G. Gwatkin, Maj. G. L. Palmer, Maj. FitzRoy P. Goddard, Col. the Right Hon. W. H. Long, M.P., Maj.-Gen. Grant, C.B., Maj. J. M. F. Fuller, Second Lieut. Lord Ludlow, and Capt. Earl of Cardigan.

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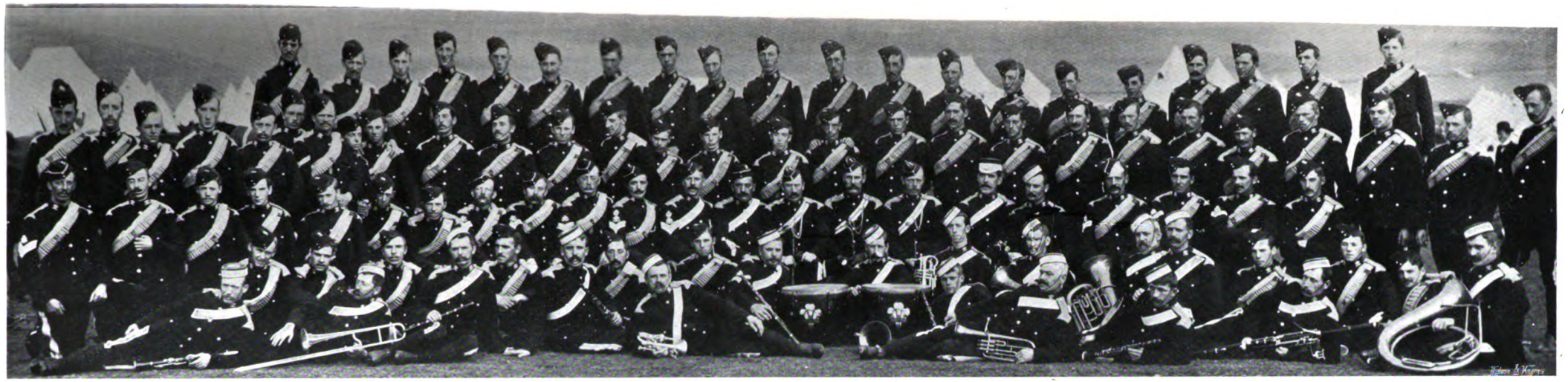

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Non-commissioned officers and men, with the band, of the Wiltshire Yeomanry.

Photos. Copyright. *Cumming.*

THE SERGEANTS OF THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: **Sergt. Garlick**, *Sergt. Hobbs,* **aSergt. Portch**, *Sergt. Passmore, Sergt. J.* **Pike**, *and aSergt.* **E. Butler.** *Second row:* **S.S.M. Bagshaw, S.Q.M.S. Highman**, *Sergt. Fox,* **aSergt. Wise**, *Sergt. Marshman, Sergt. Dutosse, Sergt. Burry, Sergt. Smallbones, F.S.* **Tallyn**, *aSergt. Bendry, F.S. Witts, F.S. Moors, and Y.S.M. Candy. Seated:* **aS.S.M. Thomas, Q.M.S. Griffith**, *S.Q.M.S.* **Austin**, *aS.S.M. Bartholomew, R.Q.M.S. Freegard, aR.S.M. Lawrence, aY.R.S.M. Morel, Y.S.M. Moore, aS.S.M. Witts, S.Q.M.S. Craxton, and S.Q.M.S. Ashby. Sitting on ground:* **aSergt.-Tptr. Batten.**

The "a" denotes men who have been out to South Africa.

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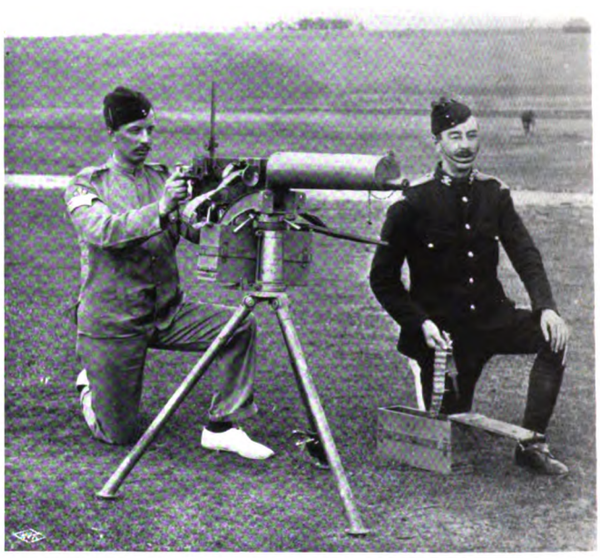
At a later date, when Light Dragoon regiments were converted into Hussars, the Wiltshire followed suit, the uniform adopted being—"Blue; facings, busby-bag, and plume scarlet." In the light of passing events a noteworthy innovation appeared in 1859. The then colonel, Lord Ailesbury, introduced auxiliary riflemen, who were not horsed, but transported in cars. These riflemen were young townsmen, not having the same facilities for equestrian exercise as the farmer class, but who proved themselves to be better shots. The system was maintained until 1876, when a War Office order disbanded them. In 1863 the Prince of Wales honoured Colonel the Marquess of Ailesbury with a visit at Savernake, and, as might have been expected, the Marlborough troop of the Royal Wiltshire supplied travelling escorts and guards of honour. As this was the first occasion on which His Royal Highness came into contact with the Yeomanry force officially, he conferred upon the regiment the distinctive title "Prince of Wales's Own." We have nothing more to record of the regiment until 1872, when it took part in the Salisbury manœuvres, and, again, until the training of 1893, when the centenary of its genesis was celebrated amidst great enthusiasm.

When in January, 1900, the Yeomanry were called upon to volunteer service companies for South Africa, the Wiltshire promptly produced three, forming the 1st, 2nd, and 63rd Companies of Imperial Yeomanry, which were the first to be ready, though for some reason they were not the first despatched. Two machine-gun detachments, equipped with Colt automatic guns and galloping carriages complete, accompanied the force, which was composed of picked men—good shots and riders. In South Africa the most notable engagements in which the Wiltshire Companies took part were the defence of Ladybrand—successfully maintained by the 2nd Company and some details—and the battle of Senekal. The defence of Ladybrand was a brilliant affair, and the gallantry of the Wiltshire men in foiling a greatly superior force of Boers was specially mentioned by Lord Roberts in his cable to the War Office announcing the relief. The third company had the honour of accompanying the present Commander-in-Chief when he entered Pretoria in triumph. When reinforcements of Imperial Yeomanry were called for at the commencement of the present year, the Wiltshire Regiment sent out an additional 100 men. The corps has had no less than eleven officers and three members of the permanent staff serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa or in other capacities, in addition to officers and non-commissioned officers specially enlisted for active service. Four officers have received the D.S.O., and several non-commissioned officers and men the Distinguished Service Medal, including Sergeant-Major Lyford, who at the siege of Ladybrand had the whole of his lower jaw shot away by a shell. The casualties suffered by the regiment were heavy, one officer and over thirty non-commissioned officers and men having been killed or died of disease.

The present regimental commander is Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. W. H. Long, M.P., whose ancestor, Mr. Richard Long, as High Sheriff of the county in 1793, issued the original call to arms, resulting in the formation of the "Number 1" Devizes troop. Under the new regulations the best class of recruit is being obtained—this year there have been 134 of them—and the influx of a quota of town candidates is an agreeable feature. In the person of Squadron Sergeant-Major Parrott, the Wiltshires possess a veteran Yeoman who claims to be the oldest of any. Since Sergeant-Major Parrott joined the force, as far back as 1854, it is hardly likely that his claim can be disputed. The headquarters of the Royal Wiltshires is located at Chippenham.

SERGEANT-MAJOR PARROTT.

The oldest Yeoman in England.



MODERN EQUIPMENT.

Maxim gun of the Wiltshire Yeomanry.

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INSPECTING THE "MOUNTS."

Officers going round the horse lines.

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THE "VICTORY."

ON THE MARCH.

ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

By UBIQUE.

TIME brings its revenges, and those who have prophesied ill of the war will yet undoubtedly discover that it must endow us with a profitable legacy in the end. The burdens it imposes are enormous, and pessimists aver that in money and credit we are losing very heavily indeed. Let us be sure that we shall show wonderful recuperative power. Let us set a right value upon our experience, and rejoice that we possess hundreds of young officers of fighting prowess in the field, having in them the makings of tried and efficient leaders in any future war. Captain Mahan thinks the British officer is not *instruit*, but the new South African soldier is trained in the best of all schools—the school of actual fighting. See how many have come to the front, who were, indeed, valued as good soldiers before Talana Hill, but whose names were to the general public almost unknown. Now, in such tried men as Ian Hamilton, Kekewich, Thorneycroft, Walter Kitchener, Dartnell, Rawlinson, Byng, and Bruce Hamilton, to name no more of the many who leap to the mind, we have officers in whom the country may place implicit reliance. These are still doing admirably, and ripening still further their experience. General French has himself been made by the war, for before the present hostilities who would have thought of naming him for the Aldershot command? What, in fact, the war has given us is a race of new men, and, when these return to take up the training work of peace-time, we shall reap the advantage. No other country in the world has such excellent material. The continental Press may sneer at our soldiers, but continental soldiers know what they are, and set the right value upon events which give new blood and new life to the Army.

THE agreement that is being arrived at in regard to the delimitation of the frontiers of the Soudan and British East Africa where they touch Abyssinia, marks very satisfactory progress in our relations with Menelik, who displays great goodwill. The settlement is, as Lord Cromer said, a matter of the utmost importance to Egypt and the Soudan. Few people are aware that, when the victor of Omdurman was starting for the Upper Nile, he was warned to be on the look-out as much for Abyssinian posts as for French. The warlike Abyssinians—who, in past times, were accustomed to descend from their mountains and to harry the region of the Blue Nile, leaving the Egyptians and Arabs little power to retaliate—had, in fact, before Fashoda, reached even the White Nile, but, in the malarious swamps, they died in hundreds from pestilence, and the main body returned to the hills, thus leaving the way clear. Considerable difficulties have arisen from conflicting claims in the country further south between Sobat and Lake Rudolf. The Anglo-Italian agreement of 1891 gave us an extensive tract over which the Negus in practice rules, and he is not likely to recognise an Italian arrangement made before the battle of Adowa, which inflicted so severe a blow upon Italian prestige and arms. Major Gwynn and Lieutenant Jackson, proceeding from the Abyssinian side, and Majors Austin and Bright, working from the direction of Uganda and the Soudan, have, however, collected all the necessary geographical information, and Colonel Harrington, our agent and consul at Menelik's Court, who has acted with great tact in very difficult work, is conducting the final negotiations.

SOME points of the agreement may be indicated. The general principle adopted is that territory which is effectively possessed or administered by one Power shall be retained by it, the effect of which will be to somewhat extend Menelik's dominions. Fortunately on the west of Abyssinia the huge plateau of the country is well defined, and the geographical and political boundaries will practically coincide. On the south some part of what has been British East Africa will, it is believed, fall to Abyssinia, which may be regretted, but the real loss will not be considerable, because we have forfeited all chance of uniting that territory with British Somaliland. On that side the Abyssinians have held Harrar since 1887, as well as a larger tract to the east of the Eritrean rift-valley. Officers of the Ordnance Survey are joining a private sporting and exploring party, organised by Mr. A. B. Butter and Mr. Darrah of the Bengal Civil Service, to report on that quarter. The difficulty in delimitating the frontier in the region between Sobat and Lake Rudolf is increased by the fact that the country is believed to be rich in minerals, and that the Negus has granted a concession to Count Leontieff to exploit a tract which has been regarded as British. It is most likely that the River Omo, which rises in Abyssinia and flows into Lake Rudolf, will form the new boundary, all to the east being Menelik's, and there is a doubt as to whether he shall have the north-eastern angle of the lake. There must be a certain give-and-take in these matters, and the satisfactory point is that an agreement has been assured.

RETURNING to Cairo last week from his visit to Khartoum, the Khedive had inspected a veritable monument to the advantages Egypt has derived from our occupation of the country. A few years ago the frontier had been withdrawn to Wady Halfa, but he found a country, long cut off from civilisation and progress by the rising of the Dervishes, returning rapidly to prosperity and content. He saw Khartoum rising from its ashes, and educational and other buildings springing up where barbarism had long held

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sway. Not two years have elapsed since the first through train steamed into Khartoum, and within that short space of time very great progress has been made. The railway marked the extinction of all danger from the spirit of fanaticism raised by the Mahdi, and the Gordon College should complete the work of peace and enlightenment. While on one hand the railway has linked Khartoum and Kordofan with Lower Egypt, the cutting of the sudd or floating vegetation in the White Nile has opened up communications with the Bahr-el-Gazal and Uganda, and the railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza will work marvels in that region of Africa, and make the Egyptian Soudan a highway. Further north Abbas Hilmi saw the great dam above Assouan which is to assure prosperity to Lower Egypt and the Delta by providing a constant supply of water for irrigation during the period of low Nile. During the early part of his reign the attitude of His Highness towards England was not particularly friendly, but he now recognises the advantages we have conferred on his country; his reception among us was most cordial, and his visit to Khartoum must confirm him in most friendly relations with us.

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THERE can be no excuse at the present time for an Englishman not knowing what his national defects are. He has only to consult the foreign papers to find a catalogue of them prepared by the eloquent pens of gentlemen possessed with a spirit of refreshing frankness. Perhaps not at any time within the past century has there been so considerable a deluge of such epithets as evoke from the schoolboy the uncomplimentary retort "You're another." It must be confessed that we have not ourselves always been reticent in the matter of criticism. "For all I can see," said Dr. Johnson, "foreigners are fools." It was a broad and convenient category in which to range them, but it betrayed something of a national arrogance that has been characteristic of us. There are some advantages in thinking you can lick the world, though a proverbial danger is incident to that comfortable assurance. It may induce a tendency to under-value an adversary, which brings with it disastrous awakenings. How many Frenchmen an Englishman can whip has never been accurately laid down, but the number has never been less than three, while as for "beer-swilling" Germans, they never entered into our calculations. That they are strong rivals no man can now ignore. This tendency to despise foreigners is doubtless one element in international dislike of us, though it would be easy to exaggerate the depth of the sentiment. Probably it is largely factitious. When good Saxon St. Guthlac of Crowland was hugely alarmed one night by sounds of horrid howling, which he ascribed to a party of marauding Britons, he hastily arose, and was relieved to find that they were "only devils." Perhaps, also, the cause of these national outbursts may be only newspapers, of yellow, green, or other unholy hue.

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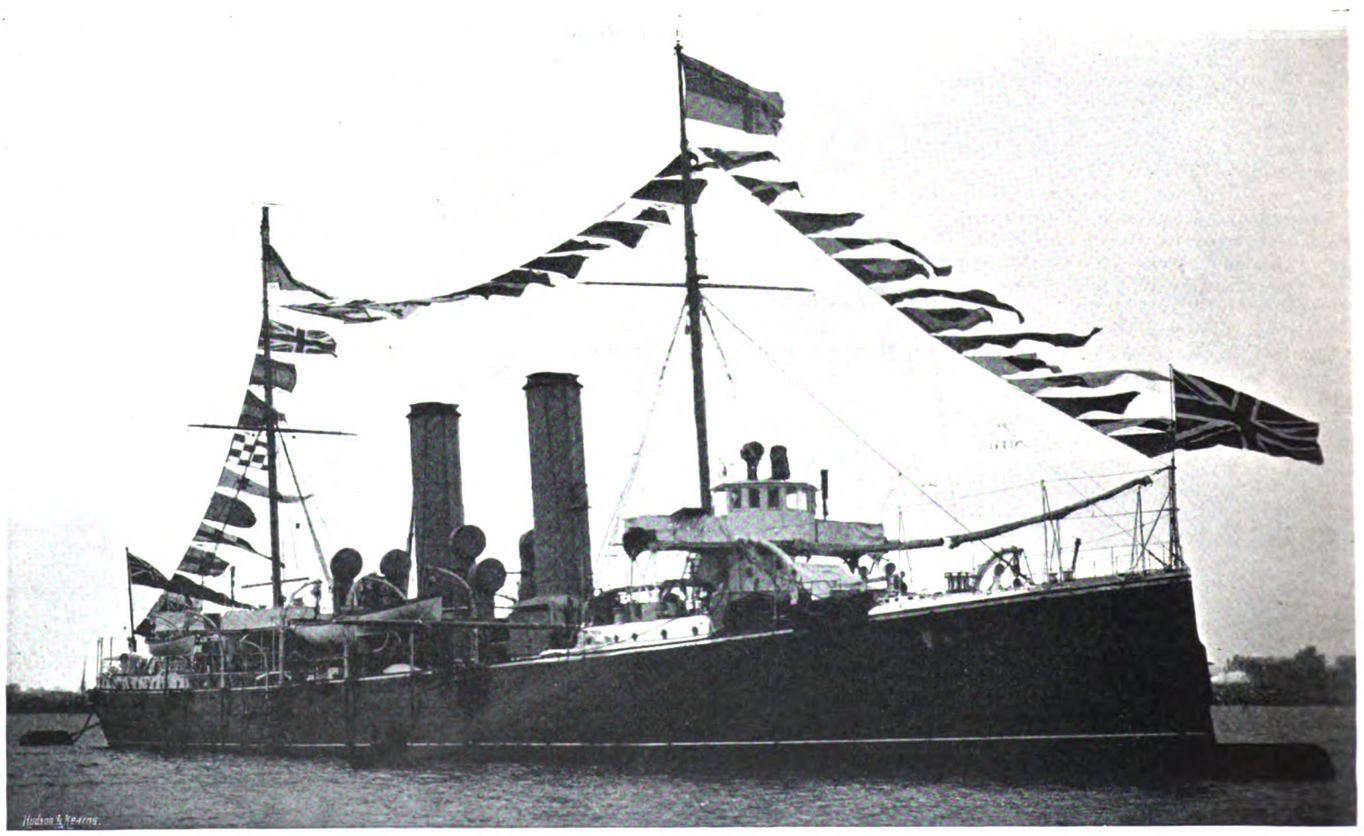
IT is believed that M. Santos-Dumont, the intrepid aeronaut, will next steer his flight "aloft, incumbent on the dusky air," from the neighbourhood of Monaco. A piece of land has been placed at his disposal there, and Prince Albert, whose scientific tastes have interested him in all atmospheric phenomena and experiments, will doubtless lend much support to the proposal. The balloon to be built, No. 7, will be 30-ft. larger than No. 6, which won the Deutsch prize. The full extent will be 120-ft., with a diameter of 18-ft. in the middle, giving a cubic capacity of 1,030-yds. The frame, with the car, will be suspended from the balloon by pianoforte wire, and there will be two motors, each of 45 horse-power, disposed one at each end to work the propellers. This arrangement will enable a better balance to be maintained, with more efficient manœuvring. Gasolene will be used as ballast instead of water, and can be consumed instead of being thrown overboard. M. Santos-Dumont's plan is, about next February, if the apparatus should be ready, to attempt to cross to Corsica, and if he should succeed, he will later on try the passage of the Mediterranean to Africa, wherein the Count de la Vaulx failed. No. 7 balloon will be able to keep much longer in the air than its predecessor, and is calculated for greater flights and better speed, exceeding, it is said, that of the steam-ships plying between the mainland and Corsica. A shed 150-ft. long and 80-ft. high is to be used for constructing the apparatus, and a large plant for generating hydrogen will be laid down. Count Zeppelin did not undertake his work under such good auspices as the courageous Brazilian, to whom we offer all our good wishes for complete success.

FOR HER FIRST BIRTHDAY AS QUEEN.



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THE DRILL SHIP FOR THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The "Apollo" has given her name to a class of cruisers which is becoming ancient, but which has done good service in its time, and is doing so still. Our picture shows her duly decked with bunting on the first birthday of Queen Alexandra since she became Queen, and it is typical of the dressing of the British war-ships on this auspicious occasion throughout the world.

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OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

A DETAILED statement has just been made with reference to the new Imperial Service Cadet Corps, to the formation of which allusion has been made in several previous instalments of these notes. It now transpires that while the executive command of the corps will be vested, as I have already mentioned, in Major Watson of the Central India Horse, with Captain Cameron of the same corps as British adjutant, the post of honorary commandant has been offered to and accepted by Colonel Sir Partab Singh of Jodhpore, who forms the subject of a character sketch contributed to the current *Empire Review* by Colonel G. H. Trevor, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, twenty long years ago, when I was a very callow subaltern stationed at Nusseerabad. I made some personal remarks about Sir Partab Singh in the Indian notes which appeared in this journal on November 16th, but naturally Colonel Trevor in his extended sketch has many additional details to give of this fine officer, of whom Lord Curzon truly said that he was "a gallant Rajput gentleman, a brave warrior, a genuine sportsman, a true gentleman, and a loyal and devoted subject." He recalls, for instance, the late Sir William Lockhart's encomium on Sir Partab Singh, who accompanied him on the Tirah Expedition as extra aide-de-camp, and who when wounded in action characteristically concealed the fact until Lockhart discovered it by accident some days after the occurrence.

In his "Forty-one Years in India," Lord Roberts recounts an exciting episode in which Sir Partab Singh played a very gallant and sportsmanlike part. The Commander-in-Chief had wounded a fine boar which was making for some rocky ground where he could not well be followed on horseback. Lord Roberts accordingly shouted to Sir Partab Singh to get between the boar and the rocks, so as to turn the animal, and this Sir Partab promptly did. But, unfortunately, just as he faced the boar his horse fell, and the boar, rushing on the prostrate rider, ripped up his leg. Lord Roberts on coming up found Sir Partab bleeding profusely but standing erect, and "holding the creature (who was upright on his hind legs) at arm's length by his mouth." As Lord Roberts found some difficulty in getting his spear into the tough hide of the boar's back, Sir Partab Singh performed a feat which only a man of extraordinary strength, dexterity, and courage would have attempted. He let go of the boar's mouth, seized his hind legs, and turned him over on his back so as to give Lord Roberts a better chance of inflicting a fatal wound. Incidentally, it seems worth mentioning—though, of course, Lord Roberts does not do so—that, as this brisk performance took place in 1893, neither of the two heroes of it were exactly in their first youth, Lord Roberts being sixty-one, while Sir Partab was within two years of completing his half century.

Turning to the Imperial Service Cadet Corps, it is interesting to note that four ruling chiefs and thirteen members of princely and aristocratic Indian families have been selected, the majority having already undergone a special course of education at the Chiefs' Colleges of Rajkot, Ajmere, Lahore, and Indore. These latter institutions have already done good work in the way of weaning young Indian noblemen at a critical period of their lives from the enervating and generally pernicious influences of palace life in an independent Native State. But too often the youngster on being freed from the restraint of the Rajkumar, as the Chief's Colleges are called, reverts to the indolent and luxurious life which his forefathers have lived from time immemorial, and to which an effective allusion is to be found in the late Aberigh Mackay's "Twenty-one Days in India." It is here that service in the Imperial Service Cadet Corps will come in as a useful supplementary corrective, and it is extremely interesting to note the wise discretion which the Viceroy has exercised in imposing strict discipline and rules of simple living among the cadets when in camp at Meerut, or in quarters at Dehra.

A very sensible course has been taken in limiting the number of horses, ponies, and personal attendants which each cadet may bring with him, for otherwise the Oriental tendency to showy emulation would have probably asserted itself rather inconveniently. In such a competition the young Maharajah of Marwar, who is one of the selected cadets, and is about twenty years of age, might have had little difficulty in cutting a pre-eminently gay figure, as his State yields a yearly revenue of five million rupees, and Jaora, Ratlam, and Kishengarh, with only about two millions between them, might also have achieved a certain spectacular distinction. As things are, however, the sumptuary code in force will prevent any foolish extravagance, a simple uniform will be worn on ordinary duty, a more striking one being donned for State and ceremonial functions, and, while the closest attention will be paid to caste rules, any individual attempt at self-assertion will evidently be gently but firmly discountenanced. To this end the guiding influence and example of Sir Partab Singh, who wrote lately from China that he valued the command of his regiment on service above all the honours he had received, should prove, indeed, invaluable.

The highly important series of articles in the *Times* on "The New Frontier Province" contains a very significant and instructive allusion to a

THE NABAH LANCERS.

THE BHADNAGAR LANCERS.

CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

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subject upon which I have touched lightly in these notes, the effect, namely, of the recent operations in China upon the Native troops which took part in them. An instance is given of an Afridi non-commissioned officer who returned on furlough to Tirah, and there addressed a meeting of his fellow-tribesmen on the power of the British Government and the superiority of its troops. According to an authentic report this orator declared that the difference between the British and Continental armies in China was just the difference between the Indian Army and the armies of Native States. He described the Americans as our cousins, the Germans as our relations, and the Japanese as our friends. "The French and Russians were differently classed." The Japanese were specially commended for their supply and transport, the Germans for their smartness on parade. "As for the Russians, concerning whose powers the most mythical ideas are often current in the Indian bazaars, he observed that it was difficult to distinguish the officers from the privates; that the latter paraded without their boots, that their rifles were dirty, and their persons overloaded with kit."

Well may the writer of the article from which I have quoted say that the conquest of Tirah is going on in Africa and in China, and on the plains of India, and wherever a Pathan sepoy is serving under the Imperial flag. But, for all that, I fear that a good many life-long students of Indian affairs will be reluctant to accept the new Frontier policy to the extent that those responsible for it seem to think we shall be able to accept it with complete security to ourselves, and satisfaction to the dwellers on the borderland in question. The Frontier is a strange mixture of different, sometimes jarring, elements, and the condition of affairs at any one period is not a safe criterion of what it may be under a totally distinct set of influences. Tribal militia, again, are no new invention. In August, 1897, we had 500 Afridi militia guarding the Khaibar for us, and when they were attacked by their brethren we left them to their fate, and the Frontier risings were immensely increased by that untoward, some call it disgraceful, circumstance. Such things are not likely to recur, and for the idea which underlies the formation of the new tribal militia there is much to be said, which I have partially repeated here, and which will doubtless become crystallised in future fact. But when we look back on the peaceful opening of 1897 and its lurid ending, we should remember that history may repeat itself, and that religious fanaticism and foreign intrigue may in a few months produce complications which the withdrawal from strong posts and the reposing of too complete confidence in tribal militia may tend disagreeably to emphasise.

The authorities evidently seem to think that the Mahsud Waziris require a pretty comprehensive chastisement, for they have been taking steps to emphasise the raiding operations carried out at the end of November, to which I referred last week, and the "blockade" is beginning to assume a very lively character. On the 5th inst. General Dening made another incursion, in the course of which seven villages and seven towers were demolished, and many Mahsuds were killed. As we lost ten men killed and had fifteen wounded, among them Captain McVean of Rattray's Sikhs, it is clear that the enemy are showing fight, and they will doubtless continue to do so until a final settlement is arrived at. Meanwhile, four more battalions of infantry, with a squadron of Punjab Cavalry and four mountain guns, have been ordered up to support the blockading force, and it is quite possible that further interesting developments may follow.

In operations of this sort the greatest danger lies, perhaps, in the tail-end of a hard day's fighting, when the tribesmen follow up the column, and often succeed in doing a good deal of damage, more especially now that they are much better armed than they used to be in the old days. In the expedition of 1881, one or two effective checks to this following-up game were inflicted by the simple plan of constructing an ambuscade from the rear guard, a method of warfare eminently calculated to impress a borderer, and to inspire future caution. As regards destruction of villages, the fact that the average frontier village can be reconstructed in a week rather discounts the punitive value of this operation, while the added circumstance that it is common among the Mahsuds to have a cave-dwelling as well as a hut, renders it peculiarly difficult to make a really strong and lasting impression upon these troublesome scoundrels.

At a recent sale of medals a number of extremely rare bars came to light, bearing such inscriptions as "Capture of Deig," "Asseerghur," "Argaum," and "Gawilghur," all of which recall important traditions of the Indian Army. A very interesting group, too, was one of four medals awarded to Sergeant-Major Michael Brown of the 13th Regiment for Ghuznee, 1839, Cabul, 1842, Jellalabad, 1843, and meritorious service. It seems a pity that such a relic as this should not by law revert to the sergeants' mess of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, who have "Cabul, 1842," and "Ghuznee" on their colours, and the Mural Crown superscribed "Jellalabad" as one of their badges. If it were Sergeant-Major Brown's widow or children who profited by the £41 which his medals realised, one could hardly object to their being a marketable commodity, but this, judging by what usually occurs in such cases, is, I fear, unlikely.

THE MAHSUD BLOCKADE.

THIS illustration gives a capital idea of some of the country in which the troops under Brigadier-General Dening have recently been operating against the recalcitrant Mahsuds. The latter are a powerful clan of the great Waziri tribe, and on various occasions have given us a good deal of trouble. In 1881 they had a punitive expedition all to themselves, and they were also a good deal in evidence as raiders during last year. Latterly they have been blockaded for their sins, and quite recently the monotony of the blockade has been varied by some brisk incursions of British columns into the heart of the Mahsud country. The latter has been described as a "little Switzerland," but there are other features in it besides lofty peaks and deep valleys. It will be noted that such a region as that depicted is highly favourable for the following-up tactics at which the Mahsuds are adepts, and the practice of which has during the past few weeks cost us some regrettable casualties. The cautious but impressive advance of British troops into trans-frontier country is here admirably shown.

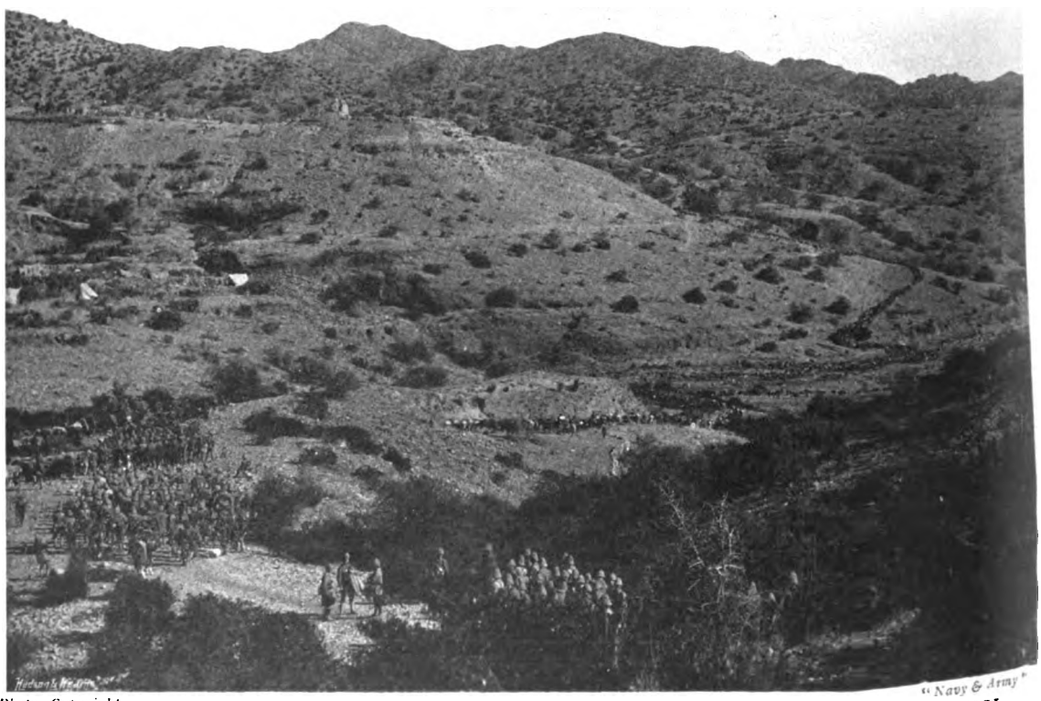

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army"

THE ADVANCE OF A COLUMN INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

With our troops on the Indian Frontier.

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SOME IMPORTANT HISTORICAL WORKS.

AMONG the publishers who have devoted themselves to the production of works of naval and military importance, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have come very markedly to the front. Since they issued Captain Mahan's monumental works a considerable series of notable volumes has issued from their press, and two of the latest lie before us to-day. "The Royal Navy, a History from the Earliest Times to the Present," by William Laird Clowes, is a very serious and remarkable book, and very cheerfully do we recognise the great thoroughness with which the author and publishers have carried it onward to its present stage. The sixth volume, just issued, was intended to be the last, but there has been a laudable desire to do justice to the Naval events in South Africa and China, and accordingly another volume is promised. We are not sure that it is good to attempt to write history at such short range, but, on the other hand, the work will gain completeness by being brought down to the end of the century. To write such a book would have been almost impossible for one man, and Mr. Clowes has been ably assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., Mr. H. W. Wilson, Mr. Edward Fraser, and, last and not least, by President Roosevelt.

A large part of the new volume is devoted to a treatment of the war with the United States, 1812-15, by the latter eminent authority. When Mr. Roosevelt undertook to write the chapter he was neither Vice-President nor President, and when he corrected the proof sheets he was Assistant-Secretary of the United States Navy. It might be questioned whether any part of a British Naval History should be written by an American, but we agree with Mr. Clowes that Mr. Roosevelt has produced a piece of work which, while fair-minded and generous to a degree, is remarkable for analytical insight and impartial plain speaking. Writing at the present moment, it is impossible not to seek to discern the American President in the Naval writer, and it is interesting to find Mr. Roosevelt beginning by laying down the principle that, in a clash between two peoples, not only may each side deem itself right, but each side may really be right from its own standpoint. Mr. Roosevelt writes consistently and frankly as an American, and as if he were writing for Americans. He says that in 1812 there was only one possible way by which to gain and keep the respect either of England or of France, and that way was by the possession of power and the readiness to use it, the power being a formidable fighting Navy. From an economical standpoint, he adds, a sufficient Navy would have been the cheapest kind of insurance to the United States, while morally its advantages would have been incalculable, for "every American worth the name would have lifted his head higher because of its existence." The President says that unfortunately the nation lacked the wisdom to see this.

His candid mind is shown where he admits the fraudulent naturalisation of British seamen that was carried on openly in American ports, and describes how the American flag was used to protect, not merely American skippers engaged in carrying goods which we said should not be carried, but also a few Frenchmen and Spaniards and many recreant Britons who wished to share in the business. It has, of course, often been said that the reverses we suffered in the course of the war had an effect far out of proportion to their real importance, because they were the first check to the British Navy, which then, after its triumphs, was standing at the height of its splendour and glory. Mr. Roosevelt considers that our officers felt overweening confidence, and committed the crucial error of under-valuing their foes; they were less fit than formerly to contend with an enemy on equal terms, and had ceased to pay adequate attention to gunnery. In this matter our ships did not show to great advantage, it must be confessed, though there are various opinions as to the cause. In the case of the "Guerrière's" fight with the "Constitution," or that of the "Macedonian" with the "United States," or of the "Java" with the "Constitution," much was wanting. But there was no lack either of gallantry or of nautical skill, and our ships were generally handled with judgment.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière said that the American ships constantly fought with the chances in their favour, and that the Americans had secured a better organisation than ours. Upon the matter of organisation Mr. Roosevelt lays very great stress, and he constantly insists upon its importance, and upon the folly of trusting to the creation of adequate force at the outbreak of war. We think the President speaks where he says the one lesson which should be most clearly taught by the war is the folly of a nation's relying for safety upon anything but its own readiness to repel attack. Upon the deeds of the commerce destroyers, the fighting on the Lakes, and all the other events of the war, he writes well, and he concludes with the sound remark that, when the day of battle comes, "the difference of race will be found to be as nothing compared with differences in thorough and practical training in advance."

Mr. Laird Clowes himself has written an extremely interesting chapter upon the civil history of the Navy in the period under review, 1816-56, in which he deals with administration, expenditure, improvements in Naval architecture, the introduction of steam, iron, and steel, armament, and the personnel. To his pen also we are indebted for a very long chapter upon the military history of the Royal Navy during the same period. Why did he not break it up into subjects? It includes a narrative of a great number of important events, including Navarin, the China wars, the operations on the coast of Syria, the war in the Parana, the Russian War of 1854, and other matters. We must be content to say that Mr. Clowes has embodied all that was necessary for his purpose, and that his treatment is adequate and well balanced. Sir Clements Markham has had an extremely attractive subject in his chapters upon voyages and discoveries, 1803-56, and he has dealt with it in a fascinating manner. The lists of ships, of flag officers, and of officials add to the value of the book. The illustrations also are numerous and good, and we have very great pleasure in welcoming this addition to what will undoubtedly be an important standard work.

The other book to which we refer is "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland, 1806-7," by F. Loraine Petre, which fills a gap in our military history. There is no adequate treatment of this important period of history in the pages of Alison, and Sir Robert Wilson's account is not all that could be desired. The French printed materials are extensive, but Mr. Petre has not been content, and has investigated manuscript sources at the Ministry of War in Paris. He approaches his subject strictly from the military point of view, and, after explaining the military conditions, describes the opposing armies and their leaders. Napoleon's forces were almost at their very best, and his marshals, like himself, were in the prime of life, but they had a resolute foe possessing many advantages. In a book so full of interest we must direct attention to the two great battles of Eylau and Friedland. Pultusk and Golymin had given indecisive results, and it was necessary for Napoleon to re-establish his prestige. Eylau, however, was itself indecisive. Alison regards it as having been a defeat for the French; Savary could not consider it a victory; Comeau spoke of it as a lost battle; Ney exclaimed: "Quel massacre! et sans résultat!" Murat claimed to have saved the day by his brilliant charge, but Lannes and Augereau were both angry that his claim should be allowed. The storming of Eylau, on the previous night, had not been what Napoleon desired, and he was in serious danger on the next day. His dispositions had been masterly, but they were revealed to his enemy by the capture of an important despatch, and thus the effect of them was marred.

Whether a victory or a defeat, Eylau had inflicted a severe blow on the reputation of Napoleon for invincibility. The siege of Danzig followed, and when the campaign was renewed it was to lift the Emperor once more to the height of his glory. Friedland, however, was itself a victory not pushed to a really decisive conclusion. The inaction of the cavalry, temporarily under Grouchy, is a puzzle to Mr. Petre, and the failure of Napoleon to pursue, "l'épée dans les reins," is confessedly difficult to explain. The contention has been put forward by Napoleon's apologists, and is forcibly urged by Mr. Petre, though it was contemptuously dismissed by Sir Robert Wilson, that the Emperor did not wish to make a permanent enemy of Alexander. The action had the effect, in combination with those of the detached forces, of enforcing a peace, and that treaty was negotiated at Tilsit, in the floating pavilion on the Niemen, which so gravely preoccupied British statesmen at the time. The deep-laid scheme was baffled by our decisive course of action in falling upon the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Mr. Petre's dispassionate, judicious, and generally exhaustive treatment of his subject is as good as could be wished, and we have no hesitation in ascribing to his book a very notable place in military history, as a valuable addition to our knowledge of the campaigns of Napoleon.

Many will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are about to issue a volume upon the work of the Naval Brigades in South Africa. Much as has been written about the war, this is an aspect of the subject to which no justice has been done. The forthcoming volume has been written by a number of officers who have themselves been engaged in the operations, which is a sufficient guarantee of accuracy. They will no doubt do ample justice to the gallant work of the Naval Brigade, and will put in a clear light the highly important character of the timely help that was rendered to the military forces.

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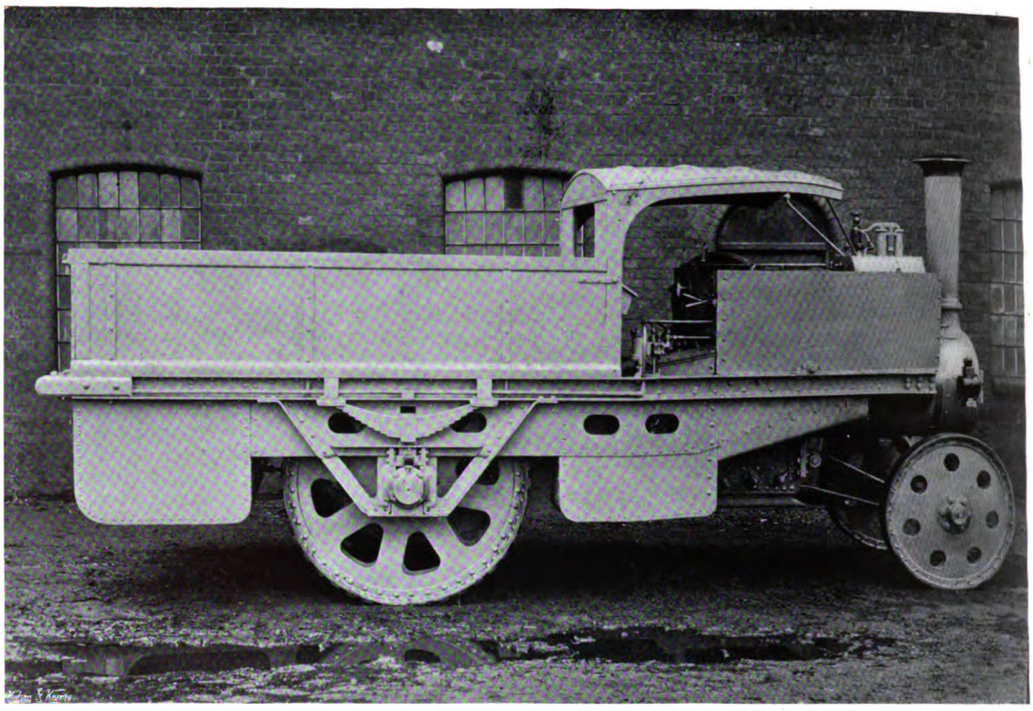
THE MILITARY LORRY TRIALS AT ALDERSHOT.

FOR the last fortnight the roads traversing the hilly district around Aldershot have witnessed an epoch-making series of trials, undertaken with the object of selecting a system of mechanical traction suitable to the personal requirements of troops on the march, taking part in manœuvres, or in the field. These trials, however, which commenced on December 4, are for self-propelled lorries or waggons alone, and must not be confused with a second competition for a much heavier and more powerful class of road locomotive, which will be held at Aldershot in about eighteen months' time. The conditions for the latter are by no means the same as those for the lorry competition, which terminate on December 21. Both competitions have been instituted by the Secretary of State for War, who has appointed a Mechanical Transport Committee, of which Lord Stanley, M.P., is president, to supervise and report upon the trials.

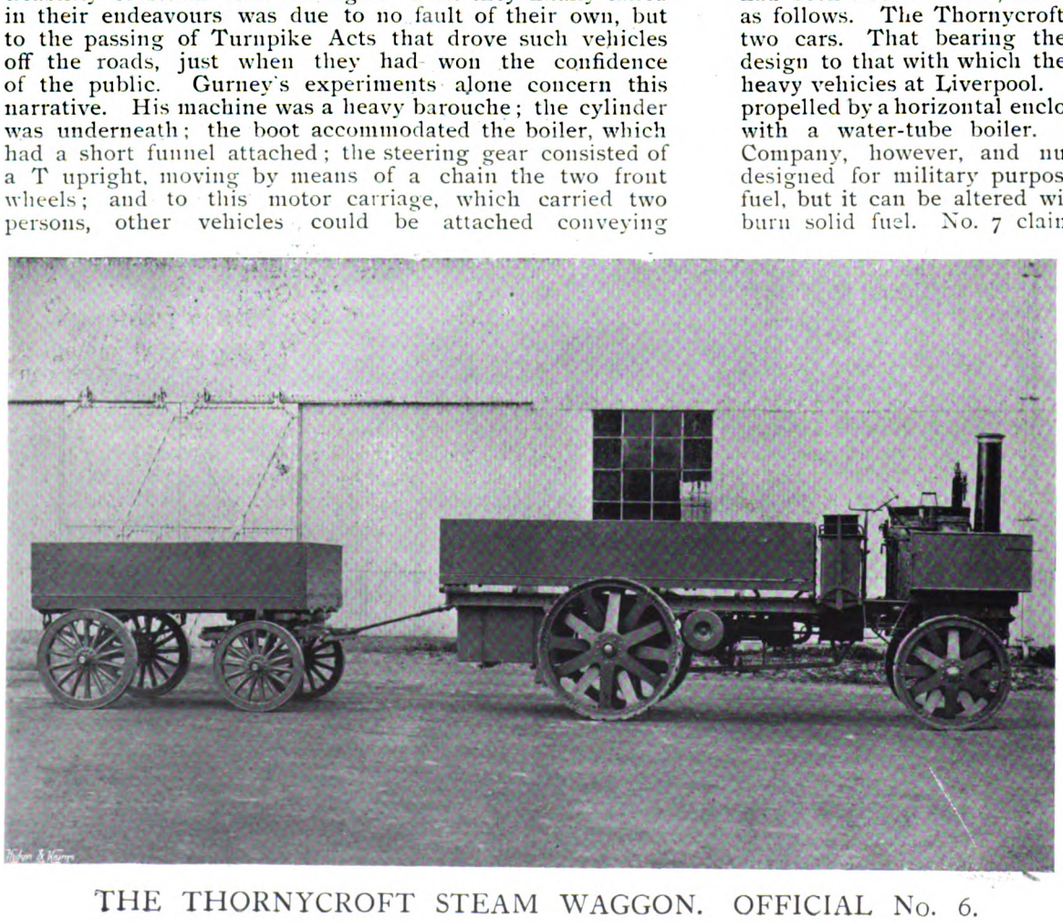


THE FODEN STEAM LORRY.

Neat and efficient.

It has been said that these military motor-car trials are quite unique; but this is scarcely correct, though to find the parallel it is necessary to go back over seventy years. Probably most persons are by now aware that the idea of self-propelled road vehicles is of comparatively ancient origin, though, perhaps, it is not as generally known that between the years 1824 and 1838, at which period railways were in their babyhood, three painstaking and inventive men, by name Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, Sir Charles Dance, and Walter Hancock, did all in their power to demonstrate the practicability of steam road carriages. That they finally failed in their endeavours was due to no fault of their own, but to the passing of Turnpike Acts that drove such vehicles off the roads, just when they had won the confidence of the public. Gurney's experiments alone concern this narrative. His machine was a heavy barouche; the cylinder was underneath; the boot accommodated the boiler, which had a short funnel attached; the steering gear consisted of a T upright, moving by means of a chain the two front wheels; and to this motor carriage, which carried two persons, other vehicles could be attached conveying passengers or merchandise. Gurney suggested that his machine was admirably suited to military requirements, and in July, 1829, at the request of the Quartermaster-General of the Army, the patentee made a memorable journey with his steam carriage from London to Bath and back, at the rate of speed of fifteen miles per hour on the common road. This journey, therefore, was the first attempt to demonstrate the feasibility of the employment of military mechanical traction, and also it was the first long journey at a maintained speed ever made by any locomotive on road or rail.

The "meet" of the recent trials took place on December 4 at the South Aldershot depôt of the Royal Engineers. There had been eleven entries, but only five put in an appearance, as follows. The Thornycroft Steam Waggon Company sent two cars. That bearing the official No. 6 is similar in design to that with which the Company obtained a prize for heavy vehicles at Liverpool. It is fired with coke fuel, and propelled by a horizontal enclosed compound engine, equipped with a water-tube boiler. The second car sent by the Company, however, and numbered seven, was specially designed for military purposes. Primarily, it burns liquid fuel, but it can be altered within a short space of time to burn solid fuel. No. 7 claims to be specially adapted for climbing steep gradients at high speed. The whole of the motive machinery is placed over the driving axle, and the power transmitted entirely by means of toothed gearing, so as to give a maximum tractive effort. The Foden steam lorry is of singularly neat appearance, and resembles an ordinary traction locomotive. It burns coal. The machinery consists of a compound engine mounted on the top of the boiler, while the power is transmitted from the top of the boiler in front to the rear axle by means of a chain and gearing. As yet, of course, it is too early to pass any criticisms upon the relative efficiency of the competitors, as revealed by the trials, but the fact may be mentioned that the Foden lorry has acquitted itself admirably.



THE THORNYCROFT STEAM WAGGON. OFFICIAL No. 6.

Fitted with a patent central fired water-tube boiler.

No. 4 is the Milne 5-ton lorry, built on the world-famous Daimler principle

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throughout. It is usually fired either by petroleum or petrol, but occasionally makes use of hydro-carbon oil. The machinery consists of a four-cylinder internal combustion engine, with patent water cooler of marine-condenser type. A great advantage claimed for the Daimler system is that it does not require to generate steam prior to starting. Lastly, there is the Straker steam lorry, burning coke fuel, of which sufficient is stored to last a working day. The boiler has concentric water spaces, connected by short horizontal tubes, and the engine is a compound, attached horizontally to the under-framing, whence the power is transmitted to the rear axle by means of a specially constructed chain, capable of withstanding a strain of thirty tons, and by gear wheels. Every lorry has a four-wheeled trailer behind, connected by a spring draw-bar.

The distance of the routes over which the trials have taken place averages a little over thirty miles, and the routes themselves embrace the stiffest gradients to be found in the neighbourhood of Aldershot. The trials also have included hill-climbing and brake tests, loaded, and the same unloaded, while there have been speed trials, rough-country trials, and manœuvring tests as well. In addition to what has been revealed by these tests, the judges will give consideration to the weight, load, and tank measurement of each competitor when making their award.

It must be distinctly understood that the military lorry is not meant for the conveyance of heavy military stores, or for hauling heavy guns about the country. Those functions are reserved for the heavy class of road locomotive, whose trials have yet to take place; for the steam sappers in use in South Africa, though they have done excellent work, have been found to be rather too cumbersome a kind of locomotive, and non-economical where fuel is concerned.

Of course, the subject of military mechanical traction is by no means confined to this country. For some time past the French War Office has been conducting experiments with the same object in view, and French military lorries, or "tractors," as they are termed, together with powerful traction locomotives, played a prominent part in the last big manœuvres.

THORNYCROFT'S OFFICIAL No. 7.

Specially designed for military purposes.

Photo. Copyright *Knight*

THE MILNE 5-TON WAR LORRY.

Built on the Daimler principle throughout.

The machine of the latter class adopted by the French Government is that known as the "Train Scotte," burning liquid fuel. It an extremely powerful engine, weighing only five tons, and doing the work which formerly entailed the use of thirty-two horses.

THE STRAKER MILITARY STEAM LORRY AND TRAILER.

Fitted with the water-tube type of boiler.

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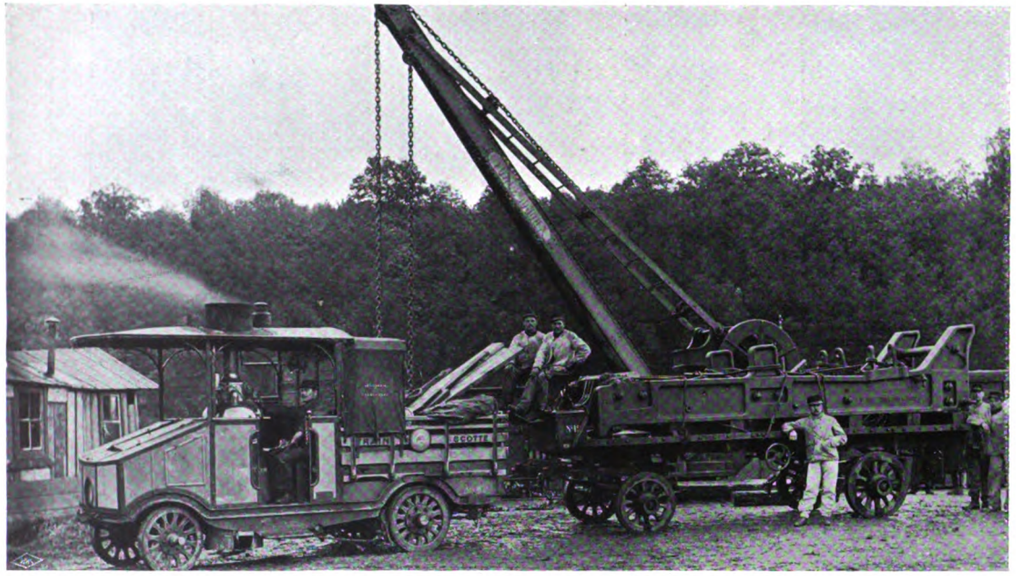
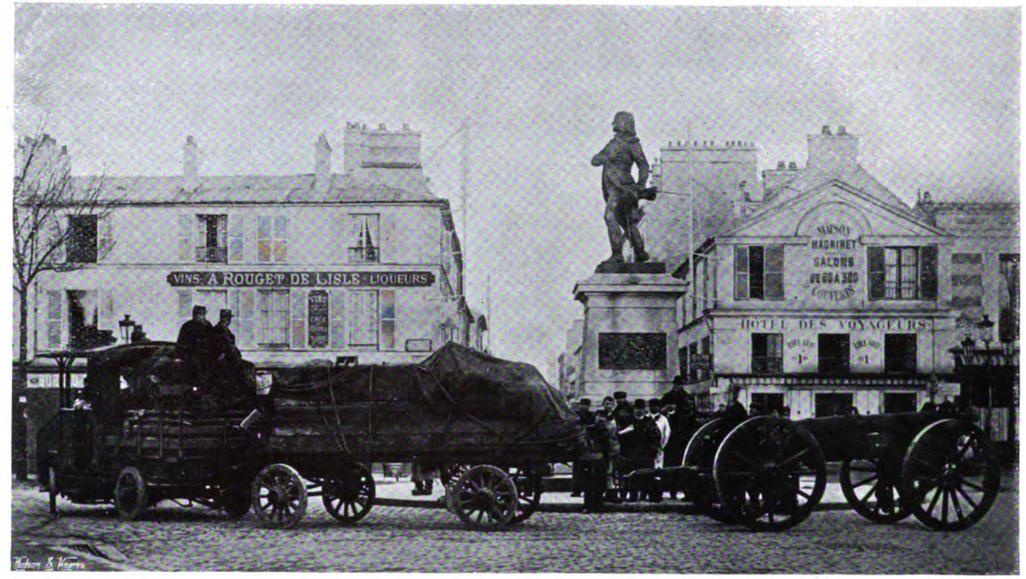
SOME FRENCH MILITARY MOTORS.



"LA TRAIN SCOTTE," BURNING LIQUID FUEL.

Does the work of thirty-two horses.



PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH TOWN.

Frightening the old and delighting the young.

A FRENCH MILITARY TRACTION WAGGON.

Built on the Dion principle.

THE SCOTTE WAGGON HAULING A GUN.

Can haul two guns of position ten miles in ten hours.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 256.] *SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1901.*

Photo. Copyright. *Bassano.*

AUSTRALIA'S MILITARY CHIEF.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. T. HUTTON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

The appointment of Major-General Sir E. T. Hutton to the command of the Federal Forces of the Australian Commonwealth has met with a general chorus of outspoken approval. At the Antipodes General Hutton is as popular as he is at home, he having already held for three years, and with conspicuous success, the command of the forces of New South Wales. His fitness for his new and highly important billet is accentuated by his later services as General Officer Commanding the Canadian Militia, and by an excellent war record, including the leadership in South Africa of an important force of Mounted Infantry, in the handling of which General Hutton is one of the greatest of our living experts.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

*** *With this issue of* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is published a Supplement which will interest our readers.*

A Last Look Round in 1901.

THE end of a year again. Another opportunity for looking forward and looking back. A fresh bout with Time begins, and there is a moment's breathing-space. The conflict does not, indeed, cease even for an instant. There is no chance for the combatant to sink back in his corner and have his face sponged and let his second fan his fevered brow. But, as the 1901st round ends, and the 1902nd is about to start, Humanity can snatch occasion to pull itself together, to reckon up the blows that have had effect and the efforts that have failed, and to make a hasty plan for renewing such efforts with greater likelihood of success. To-morrow we must be in the ring again, alert, active, on guard, striking and parrying for very life. To-night we can relax our strained attention for a short hour, and take stock of a year's results.

They are not much to boast of, the visible results of 1901. But neither are they such as to make us despair or be ashamed. We have "striven and agonised." We have framed good resolutions enough to pave the way "from here to Mesopotamy," and thence to another place where such paving is said to be familiar enough. Some of them we have kept, some we have broken. What of the Navy and the Army and our good intentions in their regard?

Well, there is one thing which can be set down to the credit side of 1901's account. That is the gradual acceptation of the truth that the Navy is our first, and, in the case of an attack upon these shores, our only line of defence. This truth has been dinned into the ears of the nation for many years past, but only now is the nation really beginning to believe it and to act upon it. So far as action goes, we have not done very much. But it is the first step that counts most dear, and that we have at last persuaded ourselves to take. There is some uneasy talk, we notice, of a reduction in next year's Navy Estimates. It is not likely to be more than talk. The war expenditure has hit us hard, no doubt, but to starve the Navy on that account would be as foolish as if a wealthy man who had lost money over putting out a conflagration in his fields should thereupon leave off paying fire-insurance policies upon his home. We are making up arrears in our ship-building programme. The mishaps that have lost us two new destroyers and too many valuable lives will bear fruit, since "most poor matters lead to rich ends," in a more solid construction for such craft. We are not turning an idle or lack-lustre eye upon the problem of the submarine. We are thinking about and discussing the best means of training both officers and men. In short, we are awake to the tremendous issues which depend upon the strength of our Naval Service, and to the urgency of keeping it in every respect up to the highest possible standard of ability and readiness for war.

We are awakening as well to the needs of the Army. We have been roughly shaken out of our slumbering state, and, as we rub our still sleep-laden eyes, the immensity of the task that must be faced at first appals us. But it is being faced already. The War Office has set about reforming itself. Decentralisation is the policy of the day. In many directions there is movement. The committee which has been sitting to consider the education of military officers is likely to issue its report early in the New Year, and it will probably recommend changes that may be counted upon to make for good. There are complaints just now of scarcity among candidates for commissions as well as amongst recruits for the rank and file. As soon as we make the Army a profession for officers, a serious business to be seriously learnt and strenuously attended to, commissions will go a-begging no more. Directly we put the private upon such a footing that his occupation shall compare not unfavourably with other semi-skilled trades, there will be no lack of men. How we are to accomplish these things we have yet to find out. They are questions that must be marked "urgent" in our programme for 1902.

Remains yet to be spoken of the war. What comfort can we extract from the South African Campaign of the past year? We are nearer the end now than we were twelve months ago, but it looks as if we may still have a weary time before us. Assuming that the issue be left to the arbitratment of arms, we certainly cannot hope to finish off our task for some time yet to come. Negotiations are in the air, but they may, quite as probably as not, stay in the air, and in that element they are useful to no one, save to the imaginative journalist. Suppose, however, that fighting continues for another year, or even two years, that need cause no depression to such as take a far-sighted view. Nowadays we live so quickly that we are all for doing things in a hurry. Mr. Rhodes wanted to make the greater part of the map of Africa "all red" in a few years. We expected to overturn the Boer Republics and to see their territories thriving and contented under British rule within a few months. What we will not recollect is that years in the history of the world are but as minutes in the life of man. We cannot hope to estimate the results of our own little actions and counsels. Our children and our grandchildren may sum them up and praise or blame accordingly. For ourselves, we cannot see the forest for the trees. When the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. When one generation plants good grain, the harvest is richly gathered by succeeding ages. We have only to look into the past and to note what contemporary opinion was concerning wars long gone by. Take the conflict between French and British in Canada. At the time people here at home were wringing their hands over that and declaring that it would never end, just as some of us are doing to-day. Yet it ended in due time, and the blood that had been shed cemented the foundations of the great Dominion of to-day. Take comfort from this and from such a passage as the following, which occurs in Mr. C. P. Lucas's admirable book on Canada, lately issued by the Clarendon Press:

"Colonial wars which end where they began, with indecisive treaties tending to further bloodshed, may well be the subject of national sorrow and regret; but it is otherwise when a great issue has been achieved, and when it has been decided once for all what lines shall be laid down for the future of a great country, not yet peopled as it will be in the coming time. Then the millions of money, which seem to have been wasted, are found to have been invested for the good of men; and the mourners for the lost sorrow not as without hope, inasmuch as those who have gone have died that others may live. The foundations of peoples are the nameless dead, who have been laid amid North American forests or under the bare veldt of South Africa."

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LORD ROBERTS AT THE "SHOP."

Photo. Copyright. *G. Higgins, Plumstead.*

CADETS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.

The inspection by the Commander-in-Chief of the two great military educational establishments at Woolwich and Sandhurst is always a function of large interest, and one to which much sentimental significance is rightly attached. In the case of Lord Roberts's visit to the "Shop," as the Royal Military Academy is affectionately called, the occasion is emphasised by the presence at an institution which gives us nearly all our Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer officers of one who has always evinced the utmost pride in being himself a "Gunner," and the deepest interest in the welfare of both the two "scientific corps."

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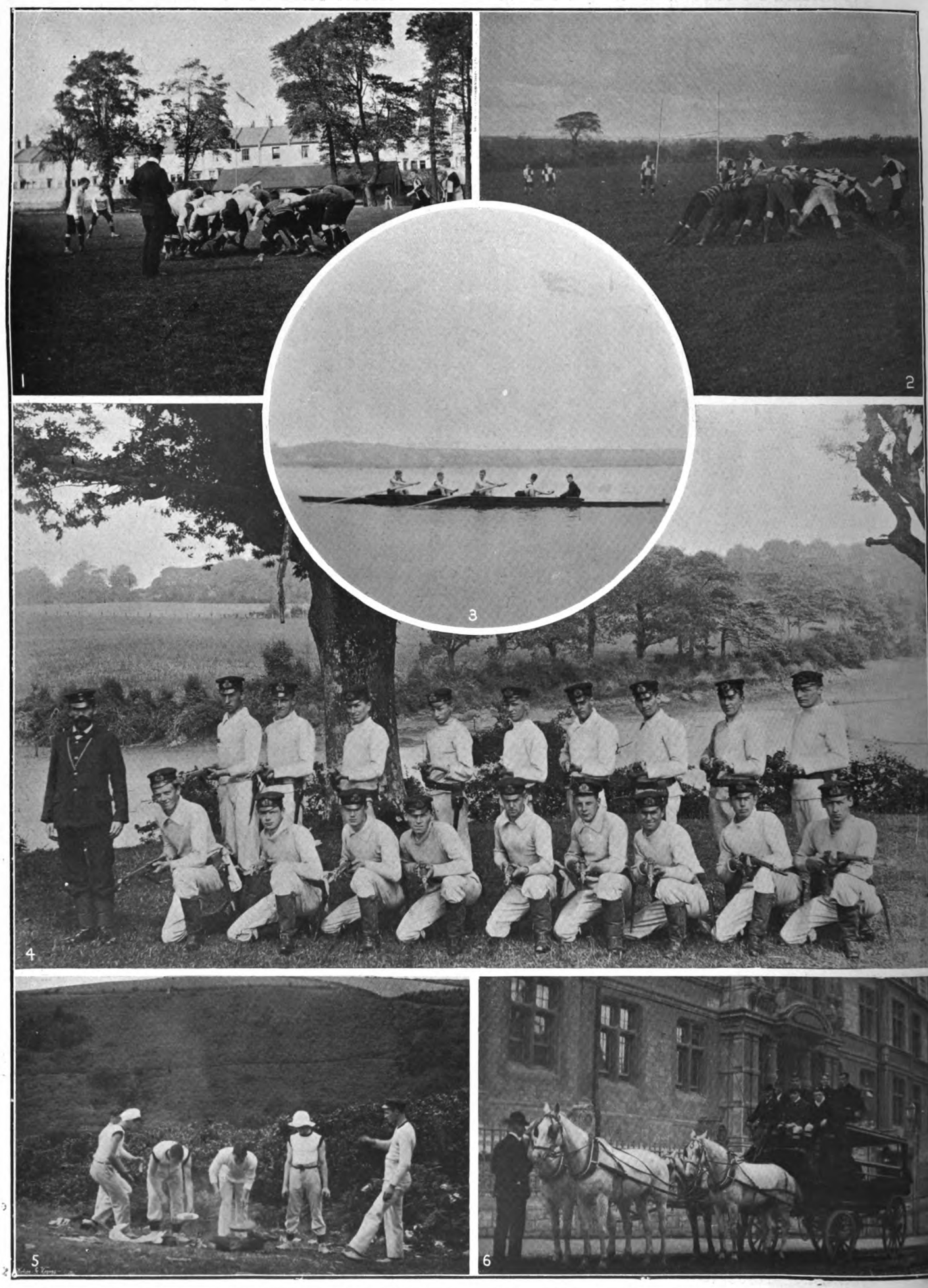
NAVAL ENGINEERS AS PHOTOGRAPHERS.



The above are from winning photographs taken by Messrs. Carlisle, Bedford, M. Baker, Brown, and Johns, for the Royal Naval Engineering College Photographic Club Monthly Competition. No. 1 shows a junior practice game (Rugby) at the Recreation Grounds, Keyham. No. 2. A "scrum." No. 3. The first four-oar at practice. No. 4. Fifth year students at gunnery. A group of first-class shots. No. 5. Third year students camping out during September leave. No. 6. The R.N.E.C. Second Fifteen off to play a match at Bladderley, their football ground.

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A FRENCH DRAGOON.

THE SPANISH ARMY COMMISSARIAT.

A SOLDIER OF ITALY.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

FEW questions are more emphatically Naval than that of how we are to provide for our food supply in war time. It is, as the newspapers show, constantly recurring. There was a long letter about it, signed "Preparation," in the *Times* of December 14. He quotes facts and figures with which we are all familiar, and draws a number of deductions which also possess no great novelty. The facts and figures amount to this, that some four-fifths of our breadstuffs are imported, and that the bulk of them come from America and Russia. The deductions are that the supply *might* fail, and that "democracy," which is now master of the situation, would refuse to starve. As for what "democracy," which is talked about as if it were one angry old man, and not a combination of classes with great differences of character, would do, that is mere guess work, or little better. It may be allowed, however, that if starvation prices come upon us for a long time together democracy would have to yield. So, for that matter, would aristocracy. The most high-souled patrician cannot go on for ever with an empty stomach. It is true, no doubt, that he could afford to pay six times as much for his bread for a space. But then the general starvation would very soon ruin him. The landlord would get no rent, the shareholder would get no dividend, and before long the noble earl would have to dismiss his servants, put his 600 guinea motor-car in a shed (there would be nobody to buy it), retire into three small rooms of a wing of his gilded hall with his elegant family, and turn his horses into butcher's meat. Before it got to that he would probably have recognised the necessity of making peace.

* * * *

But would it come to that? Of course if the British Navy were thoroughly beaten it might. I do not mean if it lost a single battle, There never was and never will be a navy, army, or horse which absolutely cannot be beaten. But a lost battle may be a mere incident in a campaign. What is more an admiral may be worsted in a fight and yet protect the commerce of his country. Take for instance the case of Villaret de Joyeuse. He got the worst of it on June 1, and yet he covered the passage of the corn convoy from America. While his fleet remained together, Howe could not scatter his own out to look for the enemy, and after battle he was worn out, being a very old man, who had been cruelly tried on the days preceding the battle, and had, moreover, his crippled ships and his prizes to think of. So the convoy got in unmolested, sailing over the very waters on which the battle was fought and seeing the wreckage of the fight. What Villaret de Joyeuse did a British admiral might do. A succession of such disasters would be required to confine a sound and energetic force in harbour. Even that might not be enough, since the conqueror might very well be worn out by the sacrifices required to gain his victories. Nothing short of the reduction of the British Navy to the level to which the French fell in the revolutionary epoch would leave any opponent or combination of opponents so masters of the sea that they would prevent our trade from coming in steadily round the north of Ireland. The North Sea and the Channel might, indeed, be made too dangerous for trade if we were as hard pushed as in 1779, but the ports in the west would still be open. That very year shows as much, for while the great combined French and Spanish fleets were cruising on the north of the Channel, the convoys from the Indies went into the Shannon and waited till the road was clear. Glasgow and Liverpool were as yet undeveloped harbours. But to-day the convoys or isolated merchant ships would go direct to them Loss and delay there must be when we are fighting formidable enemies at sea, and it is a childish delusion to suppose we can escape them. But there need not be a suspension of the whole or even of a great part of our total trade.

* * * *

Neither democracy nor aristocracy, nor any other "cracy," including autocracy and theocracy, can help having to yield when it is beaten. But the question is whether our dependence on imported food renders us liable to be starved out as a consequence of a war in which the Navy was not overpowered. The writer of the letters in the *Times*, and not a few others, seem to hold that we could. They speak of the rise of price a war would produce, and of manœuvres by which our enemies would make corners in breadstuffs. To me it seems that there is much exaggeration here, and not a little which is fantastic. The rise in price would, of course, take place. When the war broke out between Spain and the United States the price of bread went up, simply because the traders saw a chance of profit, and behaved as men of business must be expected to do. It was an artificial affair, and did not last long. Supposing we ourselves went to war with the United States or France, with or without Russia, there would be a greater rise, and it would last longer. Part of our supply would be cut off, and some of our ships would certainly be captured by the enemies' cruisers. Bread would infallibly be dearer all through the war than it had been in peace. Yet in the normal course of things competition would soon begin to reduce prices. Everybody who had grain to sell would be tempted to our market by the prospect of profit, and breadstuffs even from the countries we were fighting would be brought through neutral ports, so long as our own were open. While there was money to buy there would be traders to sell, even if they had to run blockades to reach the purchaser. All would depend on whether or no the Navy kept our harbours, or a good part of them, open.

* * * *

It may be allowed that in one possible though most improbable contingency we might be brought to starvation by a means which neither Navy nor Army could defeat. On the supposition that Russia, the United States, and the Argentine Republic stopped the export of breadstuffs, we could be practically starved. They would have to make the prohibition universal or else the supplies would reach us through neutrals. To themselves the sacrifice would be great, and that too just when they wanted all their resources to meet the cost of the war. Still, if some of our more exalted Imperialists were allowed their way, and we made ourselves such an aggressive nuisance to our neighbours as Napoleon was, the sacrifice might be made by them in self-defence, and the denial of food would soon bring us up with a round turn. But our easy defence is not to behave like a general aggressive nuisance, and then we may be certain that nations which have breadstuffs to sell would be delighted to supply us to the extent of their power of production. Whether they would or not would depend largely on our power to keep the ports open—that is to say, on the numbers and the efficiency of the Fleet. As for talk about making corn contraband of war that is merely idle words. The neutral states would never allow it to be so treated, and no belligerent could force them to do so. Besides, what would it matter if the name were applied if we had merchant ships to carry the food and men-of-war to protect the convoys.

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The conclusion of the whole matter is that while a maritime war would cause the price of bread to go up, and while the increase would be all the greater if our opponents were wheat-producing countries, there is no probability that we could be starved out except in the almost impossible case that we were blockaded all round. To store vast quantities as a measure of precaution would be a mere waste of money which had much better be spent on the Navy. The practical course is to keep the road to our ports open so that the merchants could come in safely and then trust to the natural desire of all men to sell in the dearest market. It would work very quickly, and would soon defeat the attempts of speculators to extort famine prices. Bread might indeed never be as cheap as in peace, but "war is war," as we know, and its conditions must be submitted to. We cannot reasonably expect to fight an enemy with a numerous and active Navy at no more cost to ourselves than is incurred when we send an expedition against a negro king on the West Coast of Africa.

DAVID HANNAY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE GERMAN NAVY.

Photo. Copyright. DELIVERING A CHRISTMAS MAIL ON BOARD A GERMAN WAR-SHIP. *Renard*

Our picture shows the arrival of a home mail in a German war-ship at the season that is as well honoured by the natives of the German Fatherland as it is amongst ourselves. With them as with us the thoughts of those at home now turn to their kin doing their country's work overseas, whilst to those so employed home news is received with more than usual gladness.

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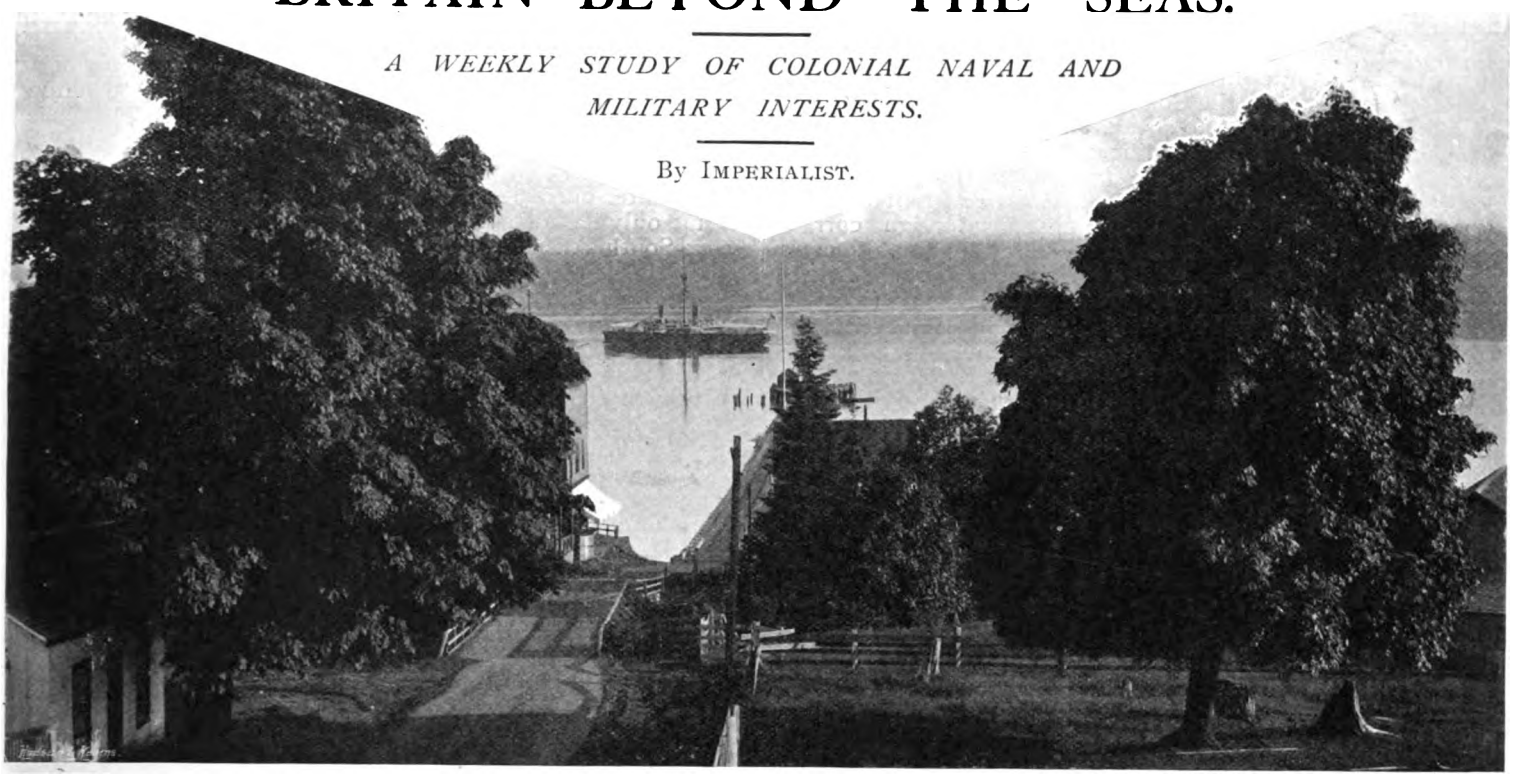
BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A WEEKLY STUDY OF COLONIAL NAVAL AND MILITARY INTERESTS.

By IMPERIALIST.



ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

THE difficulty of giving expression to seasonable sentiments is rather more than ordinarily marked in the case of the conscientious writer who wishes to deal with Colonial affairs in a Christmas spirit. For him it is hard indeed to break anything like fresh ground, to introduce any original thought, partly because Imperialism, in the modern British accepted sense of the term, is as yet rather a young, though splendidly vigorous idea; partly, again, because it may be taken for granted that all over the world so many, and able, writers are hard at work illuminating the same subject from various points of view and with conspicuous brightness of intelligence. It is safe to say that in scores of quarters this week the lesson will be driven home that Christmas has a special significance as emphasising the family character of Imperial union. Hundreds of writers will urge that, just as in the family circle we look to the season as one in which old misunderstandings should if possible be obliterated, and fresh starts of friendly intercourse begun, so in our great Imperial connection the prevailing note should be that both of general goodwill and of genuine concord.

Such sentiments, if trite, are irreproachable and edifying to the last degree. Indeed, the writer feels that in attempting to graft on them a single additional thought he is running some risk of adverse criticism, for British Conservatism generally dislikes any sort of dictation in the matter of "seasonable ideas," other than those which are fully recognised by precedent and practice. Yet it seems well, especially at this historical juncture, to deviate a little from the beaten track, and to suggest as an Imperial sentiment, specially adapted to this particular Christmas, the reflection that the true future of Imperial union lies a little outside the political developments, and patriotic manifestations which have hitherto marked so strongly the growth of the relations between the Mother Country and her grand Colonial offspring.

The history of our Empire is a history so strangely chequered, so variegated by local circumstances, so largely dependent upon racial peculiarities, that it is utterly impossible to derive from it any set rules of Colonial development other than those which have to do with our own national character and ideas of truth, and justice, and right behaviour generally. The manner in which the British Empire is asserting itself in India is utterly distinct from that in which it is being expanded throughout Australia; the growth of the Dominion of Canada is on quite different lines from that of the Crown Colony of Hong Kong. Happily there is the link of loyalty and patriotism as well as of common blood, at any rate so far as the white ruling races are concerned. But should we not strive to remember, especially just now, when we seem to be within measurable distance of emerging from a tremendous Imperial ideal, that the future touchstone of our Imperial strength is not only the magnificent British capacity for handling inferior races and bringing them into useful fealty, not only the bonds of consanguinity and common love of Country and King—but also, and, for the future, in, perhaps, far greater measure, the conduct of Great Britain and the British people from the Imperial, and emphatically *not* from the Continental or Little English standpoint?

We have had a notable reminder of the force of this argument within the past week or two. On the 13th instant a despatch from Wellington intimated that Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, had cabled to the War Office offering 1,000 men for service in South Africa. Mr. Seddon, it was added, had expressed the opinion that, if all parties in Great Britain were guided by patriotism and love of their country, an additional contingent would not be required. This Christmas message may, without hesitation, be described as an epoch-making one. Apart from the splendid offer itself, which hardly creates surprise, so used have we become to these splendid gratifications, surely there is something deeply, in some respects sadly, instructive in the expression of Colonial opinion with which it is accompanied. It is painful to think that such an expression should have been deemed necessary, but it will be much more painful if we, as a nation, are so criminally foolish as to disregard it. There was a time when we might with more or less reason have resented such a message as savouring of presumption, but that time is past, and common gratitude impels us to listen, whether we like it or not, to such remarks from sources upon which we have not hesitated to draw for substantial help in time of need. But, apart from that consideration, we shall be wise if we accept advice of this sort in the spirit in which it is offered, and endeavour to extract from it a lesson of National conduct as well as of Imperial well-being.

We have nothing to do, in these notes at any rate, with pro-Boerism as a form of popular mental and moral aberration to which party feeling seems to contribute to an extent unlimited by sense or decency. But pro-Boerism as an Imperial factor is a thing which, it is clear from Mr. Seddon's expressed conviction, not only must be reckoned with, but is taking shape in Colonial minds as an objectionable and contemptible lapse on the part of a faction in the Mother Country, which may, conceivably, do real damage to the relations of the Mother Country with the great self-governing Colonies. This is a very serious reflection indeed, and one the inferences from which have a somewhat solemn interest for us this Christmastide. It is bad enough to have in our midst a band of fanatics to whom any Boer slander of a British soldier seems acceptable, while such ghastly atrocities as the enemy stands convicted of on evidence which would satisfy any honest man are regarded with indulgence. But if we are in danger of sacrificing the further goodwill and respect of our Colonies because pro-Boerism is beginning to become something much more malignant than a mild epidemic, it is time for us to look very closely at the state of affairs in this important connection, and to take drastic measures to prevent results of really tremendous consequence.

Without attempting to sound the more disagreeable depths of this large question we may learn from such reminders as that quoted one great and truly Imperial lesson, namely, that the time has come when, in many respects, hitherto largely unheeded, Great Britain may well endeavour to tread a new path of national conduct, for the simple and sufficient reason that she has henceforth an altogether new

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and singularly powerful set of critics. Of course, the Colonies have always taken a keen interest in the broader expressions of thought and larger political movements in the Mother Country. But we must not forget—indeed, we shall not be allowed to forget—that in accepting, as we have been thankful to accept, the help of the Colonies in respect of the war in South Africa, we have, so to speak, taken these Colonies into partnership. Whatever a junior partner has to say with reference to the affairs of the firm is a widely different matter from the chatter of the clerks in the "front office," or even the respectful suggestions of "foreign correspondents." Yet there is compensation, surely, for a somewhat restricted independence in the immensely strengthened position of our Imperial "firm." Messrs. Great and Greater Britain can "defy competition" a good deal more confidently than Mr. John Bull alone could have done under the changing conditions of the world's politics. It is vastly stimulating, too, to feel that we have for the future not only to live and move, but to shape our national behaviour with a view but to maintaining our peace with the Continent and with other outsiders, and also to preserving the respect of our "junior partners." If, incidentally, it becomes necessary to bring pro-Boers who exceed the limits of mild fanaticism to their senses, it is not altogether unsatisfactory to know beforehand that, even if the means adopted are somewhat harsh, they will probably be hailed in the Colonies with complete and outspoken approval.

The above attempt at a seasonable dissertation has carried us rather away from the course of general events, to which otherwise allusion might have been made in this week's notes. But it has at least included a reference to the most important Imperial development of the past few weeks—the offer, namely, of a fresh New Zealand contingent—with which we may now proceed to couple the gratifying intelligence that in about a fortnight from the appearance of these notes in print the new force of Canadian Mounted Rifles for service in South Africa will be actually on its way. The intense enthusiasm and magnificent spirit which have been exhibited in the formation of this new contingent are a wholesome corrective to the pro-Boer propaganda among a certain section of the French-Canadians, for which, it seems, we have to thank certain conspicuous politicians only too well-known "on this side." The interested malevolence of the latter movement is pleasantly discounted by the fact that not only have these hundreds of fine fellows, many of them ex-South African fighters, been collected without an effort but that, in the view of a well-informed correspondent, a force more than three times as large could have been formed with equal facility and promptitude. Foreign nations, as they watch these things, must sometimes be moved to envy, for the distinguished characteristic of British Imperialism seems to be not only its staying power, but the fact that truly, and in the best sense, *vires acquirit eundo*.

In Australia there is a growing feeling that individual Colonial efforts should henceforth be concentrated under Federal responsibility. This undoubtedly correct view should contribute to a more complete understanding between the War Office and Australia generally, and should also go far to divert local emulation into perfectly sensible and practical grooves. At the time of writing, a slight misunderstanding appears to have arisen as regards the location of the headquarters of the Commandant of the Federal Forces, but doubtless this will be speedily removed. It had been suggested that Sir E. T. Hutton would have his headquarters at Melbourne, but to this New South Wales, as the Mother State in the Australian Commonwealth, has vigorously, and, it would seem, reasonably demurred. The matter appears to be one which must be left to the decision of Australia itself.

A MOBILE COLUMN IN CAPE COLONY.

Photo Copyright. THE OFFICERS OF DORAN'S COLUMN. "Navy & Army."

Reading from left to right the names are—Top row: Lieut. Lohm, Lieut. Collins, Lieut. Hawkes, Captain Jackson, D.S.O., Lieut. Sheares, and Lieut. Hinton. Second row: Lieut. Penistone, Lieut. Brunette, Lieut. Jansen, and Lieut. Elliott, R.H.A. First row: Lieut. Richter, Lieut. Jones, Maj. G. Richey, D.S.O. (Staff Officer to column), Lieut.-Col. Warren, C.M.G., Surg.-Capt. Comber, and Capt. McGee.

COLONEL DORAN'S is one of those mobile columns whose exertions have by now gone near to clear the Cape Colony of the Boer commandos. These latter now find footing, in what in South Africa is known as the "Old Colony," only in the extreme west, in the district lying south of Great Bushman Land, and in the north-east, in the mountainous districts near Basutoland and Griqualand. The bulk of the commandos are in the former country, and it is here that Doran's column has been doing such good work. Only a few days back Colonel Doran and his merry men succeeded in completely surprising Abraham Louw's laager at Leeuven Drift, between Fraserburg and Calvinia, capturing prisoners, rifles, and horses, and completely breaking and dispersing the commando, the casualties on our side being only one man wounded. Such work as this column is engaged upon is necessarily slow in being brought to a successful finish, and it is work far heavier on the men of the column, and infinitely more harassing to the officer in command than any amount of hard straightforward fighting. An enormous extent of country has to be ranged over, and two out of every three of the inhabitants are more or less disguised rebels, and in sympathy with, and where they can, actively aiding the most elusive enemy. Our picture shows the officers of Colonel Doran's column, and it is a specially interesting picture, for every officer shown in it has been right through the war from its commencement, and all of them except two, Lieutenants Jones and Jansen, are still in the field. Major Richey, D.S.O., is staff-officer to the column, and was formerly Adjutant of Kitchener's Horse.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

CHAPTER I.

The Stars of Chance.

WE foregathered in Jersey at an hotel overlooking the harbour of St. Helier's and Elizabeth Castle. My acquaintance with Tammers began about four o'clock one sunny afternoon late in September, and from beginning to end it lasted something over three days. Inside that time everything happened — our first meeting, the memorable dinner, and the conclusion of the whole matter.

All of us who took part in the little drama were birds of passage, men who came and went, with the exception of the cadaverous captain of the French boat, under the shadow of whose suggestions I lived for so many doubt-blackened hours. There were the Count and the ever-polite De Boivet, Colonel Algar, Pluvitt, and lastly Tammers. Within the space of three days we had vital dealings with each other, things which touched on life and death; on the morning of the fourth we were scattered, and the affair became history.

They say that man is master of his destiny, but is it not rather true that he is the victim of circumstances? That I, essentially a man of peace, a timid man in fact, should have been mixed up in such an affair is inconceivable, but events were too strong for me. Adventure rarely comes to him who seeks it—he may possibly attain it in some qualified form, but the true adventure is hurled upon you at unawares from the Stars of Chance.

As far as I am concerned, the original responsibility lies upon the head of the bus conductor, but for whose insistence I might never have gone to the Soleil Levant. For as I landed from the London and South Western Company's steamer, he—or the gods working through him—laid hold upon my Gladstone, and I climbed into the bus with the purple wheels, and, slowly and unknowingly in that Chariot of Fate, I rolled into the kismet of Tammers' duel.

We drove along the windings of the longer pier till we reached the Soleil Levant, and turned into its square courtyard. The hotel stands facing the harbour, so near that when the tide runs in before a southerly gale the flying scud and foam flick against the window-panes. But in the warm summer nights, when the harbour lights twinkle through the velvet blackness, and the sea murmurs under a night-blue sky, the hotel, with its open windows, its big green boxes of shrubs, its lighted balconies and outdoor benches, gives an impression of something Southern, something very far removed from homely England.

I have since thought that it may have been this suggestion of the South which attracted Tammers to take up his abode there.

After breakfast, I made an excursion to the eastern side of the island, and from the summit of Mont Orgueil saw France lying like a delicate sea-shell on the farther rim of the Channel.

In the afternoon I first saw Tammers. We met under the portico, on the wide threshold of the hotel, both of us stepping outwards in an indeterminate way into the changing lights. It was clear that we neither of us knew what to do with ourselves at the moment, and I took occasion to remark that the mud in the harbour had a way of appealing obtrusively to the senses at certain stages of the tide.

He sniffed contemptuously.

"Nothing to quarrel about," he replied. "The tide's running in fast now." And he pointed to a distant line of spume crawling along the black harbour-bottom.

Upon this we strolled towards the shorter of the two piers, where the mailboats from Weymouth come in, and hung about, waiting for the arrival of the French packet, which Tammers told me would come in with the tide.

We lounged together on the higher level of the granite pier, beyond which the shining water danced and glittered. I shall always connect Tammers with the shimmering blue and gold that go to make up the afternoon atmosphere of the islands.

In the meanwhile he had time to tell me a good deal about himself. I gathered that he had made a respectable pile, the outcome of twenty odd years of labour at some fifteen different trades, including those of elephant-hunting and gold-mining in South Africa; also that he was now engaged in enjoying himself, and, with a view to carrying out that purpose, had taken rooms at the Soleil Levant, where, from the distinguished elevation of the first floor, he looked down from a green wooden balcony on the world below.

"I've done my share of hard work, you know," Tammers said, "and what's the good of money? It's money's worth you want."

I replied that I entirely agreed with him.

Then I drew him on to talk of his past life. He seemed to have wandered on one errand or another throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, and for many years his fortunes had ebbed and flowed between set limits. At last, however, he found his luck, I believe, somewhere in the Matoppo Hills, and, having consolidated his fortune and being for the time tired of wandering, he had come home, and presently drifted to the Channel Isles, where the Soleil Levant had now known him for the space of a fortnight.

I sat on a bench and listened, not guessing that the hour was big with fate. On the contrary, I felt thoroughly content, gazing through the blue tobacco smoke at the bluer sea. It is the way of man to walk into moments of crisis with a cigarette in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, though he may have to scramble out on the other side, hatless and dishevelled, with the pungency of a bitter experience stinging in his nostrils.

In the course of talk I mentioned that I had a brother in South Africa, and Tammers looked at me.

"He'd be in a Government post," he remarked after this examination, "not on my beat."

My brother happened to be surveying somewhere between Bulawayo and Fort Salisbury, and it turned out that Tammers had met him after all beside some camp fire, I forget where.

In my turn I looked at Tammers, and concluded that my brother would probably not remember him. He was bullet-headed, and square-set, with a steady, slaty-blue eye. The sun of his wanderings had neither reddened nor bronzed him, but left him of an even sallowness that gave no hint of his original complexion. His features were cut out on the commonplace pattern—in fact, Tammers was a type, and as such took too much after his kind to be easily differentiated.

Then he told me various incidents of the Zulu War, and I gathered that he held distinct opinions as to how it should have been managed, and also that he had had a fair opportunity of judging. He described marches through the scrub with the enemy only betrayed by the wink of the sun on their steel. He spoke of the sudden whistle of assegais through the dim dawning, and the wild gallop of the scouts under cover of the long grass and thorny thickets.

Tammers excelled as a *raconteur*. There was an elementary directness in his style which I was inclined to think owed its origin to some deep corresponding strain in his character. Tammers was many things, but he was not a Little Englander. In fact, he described himself as an Imperialist.

"What is an Imperialist?" I enquired with interest.

"An Imperialist," replied Tammers, thinking out his answer as he spoke, "an Imperialist is a man who takes his hat off when the band plays 'God save the King.'"

"And a Little Englander?"

"That's the other thing—he's the man who gets his hat knocked off for him."

His words embodied his creed. Further, I gathered from Tammers that while we in England hear words, plans, and promises, in Africa they see how far these tally with deeds and fulfilments, and make their choice accordingly.

Finally, after roaming nearly round the world, our conversation drifted back to Jersey. Tammers and I jointly

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admired everything—on his side from a rudimentary and purely practical point of view. Incidentally it struck me that a wandering life is apt to lend point to a man's conversation, and that our tepid, conventional existence at home is insipid as compared with the zest of living as Tammers had lived.

I remember asking him if the life he was now leading did not appear rather flat.

"No, I suppose it's the change that makes me like it," he said; "though there are times when I wake up and think that the bedhead is the tilt of my waggon until I see the window-panes against the moon. It seems a bit queer now and then, but I'm glad I shall never shoot again except for pleasure. Traders and hunters get tired of it in the end."

"There will come a time," I told him, "when you will want to go back to the old ways. A man can't shake off his old life like an old coat."

"Now, I wonder if that's true?" said Tammers, reflectively. "Sometimes when I hear a horse galloping past in the dark the old feeling comes over me. England's small—next to no horizon about her, the nearest hedgerow cuts into the sky—and it's curious meeting the same faces twice a day or more. Still, you know there's peace and safety here, and that's not to be had everywhere. I went away young," continued he. "I was maybe twelve years old. I wanted to go to sea, and travel the world and be my own master."

"Then you don't recollect much of home?"

"Not much," he answered, rather sadly. "When I wanted to come back and look at the old place where I was born and all that, I found it different to what I remembered. It was so little and changed that I could hardly believe it could be the same. You see I came too late."

I remarked that most of us find our childish impressions fail to coincide with opinions formed in after life.

"Is that so?" he said. "Well, it's not pleasant. But there's a good deal that's new left for me to try. I've a fancy for settling down. And if you want to settle down, the Old Country's the place to do it in."

"You'll find it humdrum," I repeated.

"Yes, it will be a considerable change, but I've kicked round the world long enough, and I'm going to sample it anyway."

"In collars and top-hats for all time," I suggested, prosaically.

Tammers smiled.

"You wouldn't think it," he replied, "but there's a good deal in a collar. Abroad when a man leaves off his collars he leaves off a good many other things he'd best have stuck to."

"You mean a collar is an outward and visible sign of some remaining inward grace?"

"I learnt that when I was a kid. It's in the Catechism; isn't it?" he asked, after a moment's pause. There was an anxious look on his face, as if the effort to piece the manhood of the present into the half-lost identity of the far-off boy of a quarter of a century ago was not devoid of pain. Then he returned to the subject in hand.

"It's truer than you'd believe," he resumed. "A collar keeps a man together somehow. Take my word for it."

I said I hoped my young brother had retained his use of collars when Tammers saw him.

"That's what I recollect him by," he answered, simply. "I could see it was in his breed."

Unconsciously Tammers was avenged. So Wynyard was a type too, and only as such had he gained a place in Tammers' memory!

In due time we reached the pierhead, and Tammers showed me the lifting hull of the St. Malo packet, then a dark blot upon the Channel brightness.

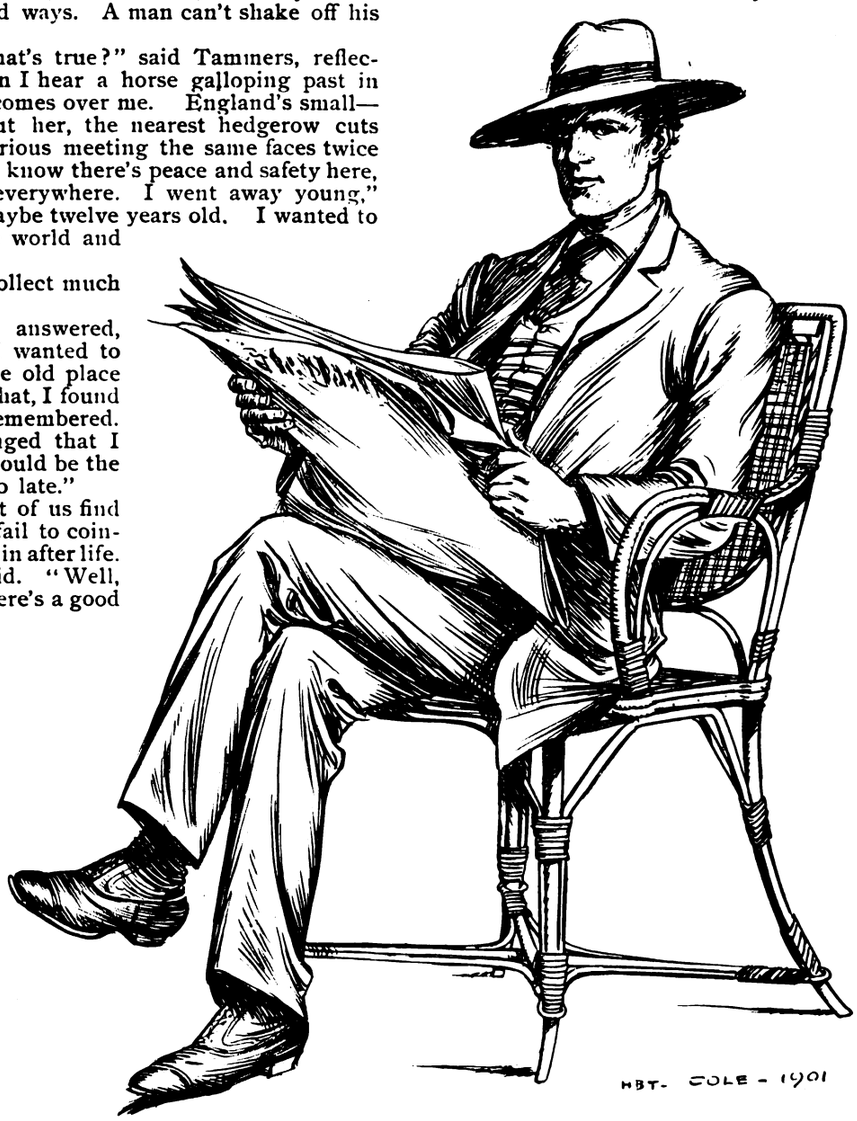
I asked Tammers what he thought of Jersey.

"It's a pretty little potato-patch," he replied, "but they have a bad habit of lopping all the trees in the hedges till they look like lines of lepers along the roads. I don't say it's an exciting place, but that's what recommends it to me."

This was some three hours before it became very exciting. I watched the mailboat sweeping round in a fine curve, well beyond the ragged, rock-ridged shallows, to enter the harbour mouth, and little dreamt that she was a link in the chain of circumstances which was to bind Tammers and myself together in such a disturbing series of events.

She swung handsomely in between the two pierheads, and disembarked her passengers on the landing-stage opposite.

"A lot of those frogs come to roost at our shop," remarked Tammers. "They like it because we've a good *chef*, as they call him, and the English come because the place looks so continental — so Pluvitt says."



TAMMERS.

"An Imperialist is a Man who takes his hat off when the band plays 'God Save the King.'"

I asked if there were many people at the hotel.

"A good few. They all eat too much. The Frenchies tie their table-napkins round their necks, and go at it for all they're worth. And the ladies belonging to them wear white stockings, and don't do any credit to the French fashions. Give me an English girl, if you want something smart and neat and handsome!"

"The girls here are notoriously good-looking," I remarked.

"They're all that!" Tammers assented. "If pretty girls are in your line you'll find them here right enough."

I mentioned that one pretty girl was, but that she didn't happen to be here.

"I've thought of marrying lately," Tammers observed on this, "but it's a deal you've to stake your bottom dollar on. I've seen a good many wives and daughters while I was knocking about, and it's an ugly bargain when the woman you're hooked to don't come up to sample."

(*To be continued.*)

THE Navigation Acts were repealed in 1849. In that year 14,004,000 tons of shipping entered and cleared the ports in the United Kingdom, of which 9,670,000 tons were British. We owned at the time 25,902 ships of 3,486,000 tons, while the colonies owned 8,188 ships of 658,000 tons, making a total for the Empire of 34,090 ships of 4,144,000 tons, manned by 238,000 men. Of this total about 4,000,000 tons were sailing ships. For comparative purposes the following figures for 1802, the Peace of Amiens having been agreed upon on March 27, 1802, are given. There entered and cleared at the ports of the United Kingdom 3,448,000 tons, of which 937,000 tons were foreign. In 1801 we owned 1,786,000 tons of shipping, and in 1802 1,901,000 tons. By 1901 we owned 11,514,000 gross tons of steam shipping, and the colonies 635,000 tons, making a total of 12,149,000 gross tons of steam shipping. Of sailing shipping in 1901 we owned 1,728,000 net tons, and the colonies 384,000 tons, making a total of 2,112,000 net tons. The total tons of steam shipping in this case are not given, because a steam ton is three times as efficient as a sailing ton. In 1899 we carried 67 per cent. of our own trade, as compared with 65 per cent. when the Navigation Acts were abolished, and 63 per cent. in 1802. In 1899 the British shipping entered and cleared was 63,000,000 tons, out of the total of 89,500,000 tons. It is thought best to give these figures for the United Kingdom for 1899, because in 1900 we had 2,000,000 tons of shipping employed for the war in South Africa.

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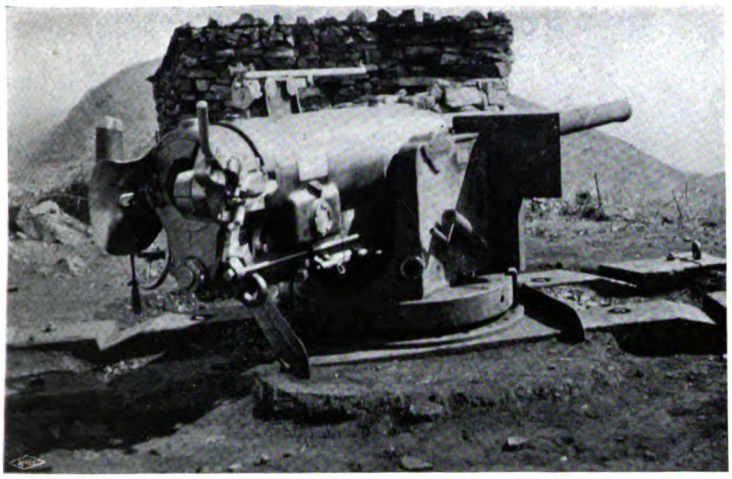


A 4·7-in. GUN IN WONDERBOOM FORT.

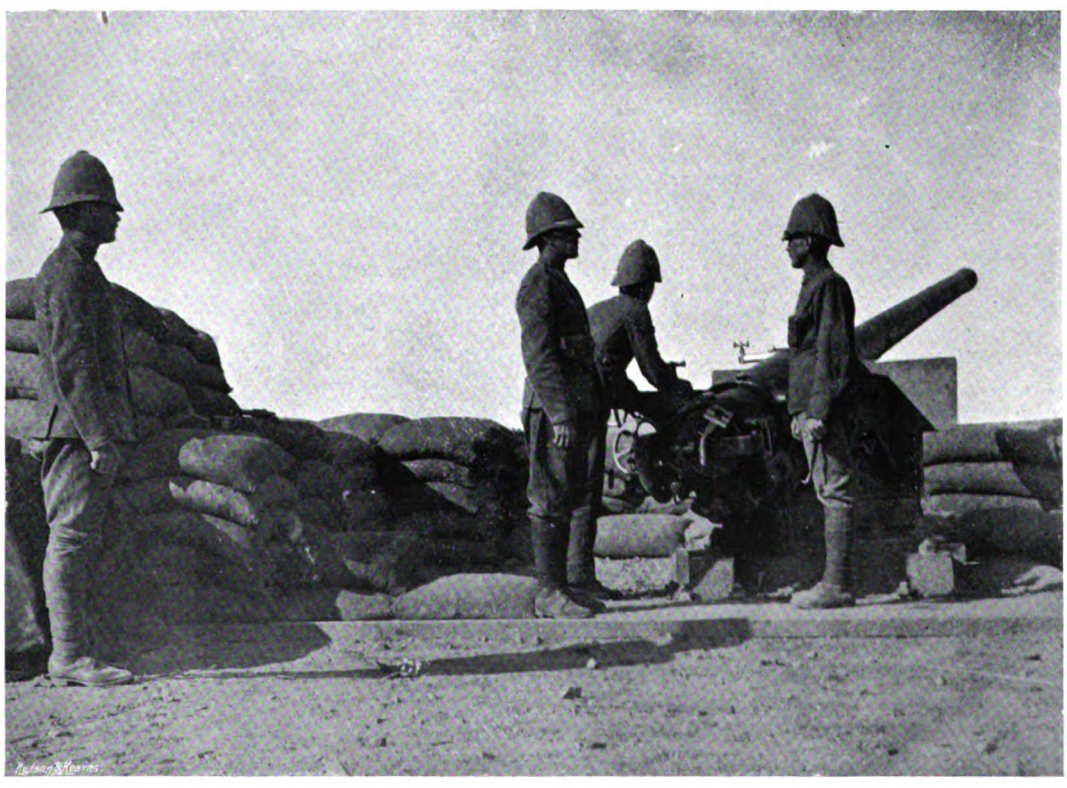
ANOTHER OF THE SAME FAMILY.

THE STORY OF THE PRETORIA FORTS.

An Attempt to Elucidate some Mysterious Points.

DOUBTLESS, some day the full and true history of the Pretoria forts will be revealed, but at present considerable mystery exists relative to their specific objects (and their original armament), also as to why they were allowed to fall into our hands without offering any resistance. Now the town of Pretoria is built in a hollow; there are hills on all sides, none of them of any altitude, however; and between these hills are several passes, or poorts, traversed by roads and a line of railway. In default of any authorised explanation, the history of the forts may be assumed to be as follows: It would appear that the idea of fortifying the capital of the ex-Transvaal Republic was not only conceived but commenced prior to the Jameson Raid. The original scheme, though, was little more than a perfectly justifiable precautionary measure to protect the seat of government and the national armoury from any disturbances that might arise in the neighbouring seats of the mining industry. The corrupt oligarchy that exploited the interests of the latter were 'cute enough to realise that sooner or later not only the British and cosmopolitan population of Johannesburg, but a large proportion of their own countrymen as well, would resort to force of arms for the purpose of ameliorating their lot. Theoretically, therefore, the Government were justified in undertaking certain defensive measures for holding their capital against a revolutionary party, though such party might have had right upon their side. After the unfortunate Raid, however, the complexion of affairs became entirely altered. It admirably suited the machinations of Oom Paul and his colleagues to express disbelief in the assurances of the British Government that they had not by word or deed participated in Dr. Jameson's fatuous invasion; and on the plea that their country was in danger from a repetition of that event, but on a larger and more menacing scale, the Transvaal authorities set about fortifying Pretoria in such a manner that its strength might form part and parcel of those other formidable armaments, which, whether commenced before the Raid or after, were, now we know, undertaken for the express purpose of driving us out of South Africa.

No less than seven forts were projected on the hills around Pretoria, and their erection entrusted to Colonel Schiel, who travelled to Berlin in order to obtain the best technical advice. Of the seven, however, only four were completed, two others being mere shells, and one never commenced. Extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure secrecy among the workmen engaged thereon. The gangs at work on each fort were housed in different parts of the town, and forbidden to communicate with each other, while spies made themselves as offensive as possible to strangers venturing within a mile of the site. In the actual work of construction jobbery and corruption reigned supreme. The original estimates are said to have been exceeded twice or thrice over; but then, as members of the Government were the contractors, and the money was being wrung out of the pockets of the unhappy Uitlanders, this did not matter. For arming the forts a large number of 15 c.m. (5·9-in) Creusot guns, mounted upon special travelling carriages, thus rendering them available for use in the field, were purchased from the Schneider-Canet firm. This gun has a muzzle-velocity of 1·897-ft.-sec., and hurls a 94-lb. projectile to a range of 11,000-yds. Another extremely powerful fortress gun, with a calibre of 9·45-in., and a range of 17,500-yds., and throwing a projectile 346-lb. in weight, was also ordered for the armament of the completed fort on Hermann's Kraal; but it was never delivered. It is a moot point whether or not the 15 c.m. guns, better known as "Long Toms," were ever mounted in the remaining three completed forts, namely, Wonderboom, Daspoort, and Schantz Kop; certainly they were not there when Pretoria fell into our hands. The supposition is that by the



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IN SCHANTZKOP FORT.

British gunners testing a Boer gun

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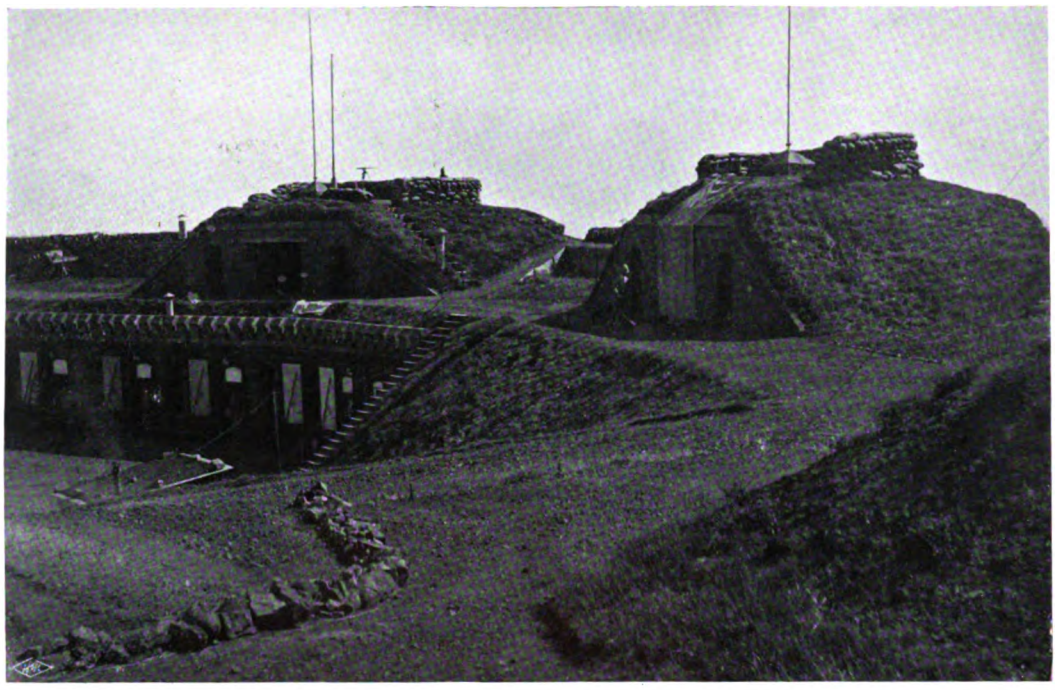
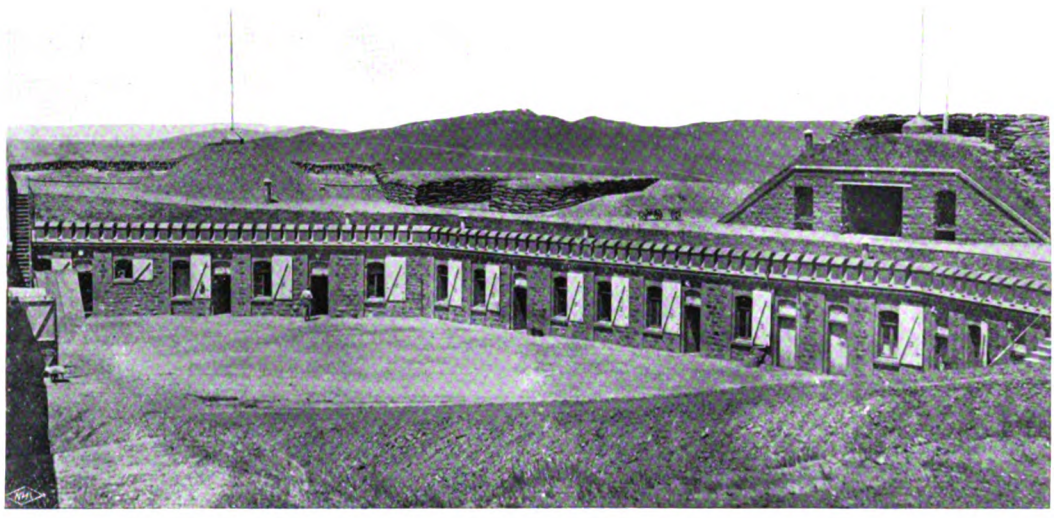


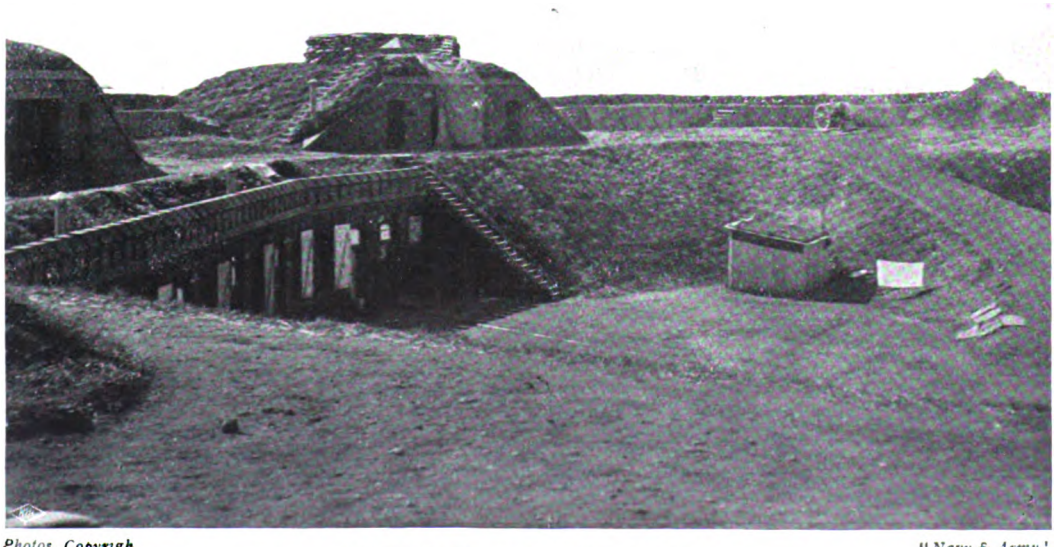
WONDERBOOM FORT.

A view from the inside.



SCHANTZKOP FORT.

Showing the home of the garrison.



Photos. Copyrigh *"Navy & Army."*

WONDERBOOM FORT.

Six miles from Pretoria.

time four forts were completed the Transvaal field armaments had grown so strong, and the co-operation of the Orange Free State and disaffected Cape Dutch being assured, that the Federal Government no longer feared the advance of a British army from the south. All that they did fear was an invasion either from the north or from the west, wherefore, Forts Wonderboom and Schantz Kop defended Pretoria in those two directions respectively; while, strategetically, Fort Daspoort had neither rhyme nor reason, unless it was that it commanded ex-President Kruger's stock farms. As has already been explained, Hermann's Kraal, the only other completed fort, and protecting the southern approach, never received its batteries. The reason, therefore, why Pretoria was not defended against Lord Roberts's army was because it was never really defensible against a large army, well supplied with siege artillery, advancing from the south.

The enemy realised this, and the armament of the forts—which had played such a conspicuous part in holding the heights of the Tugela—was not returned thither when General Buller had cleared Natal, but withdrawn to dispute the British advance north of Pretoria. On June 4, 1900, our mounted infantry occupied the ridges five miles south of Pretoria, whereupon the enemy fell back upon a strong position under the protection of the fort on Schantz Kop. Our siege and Naval guns came into action at two o'clock, the enemy returning the fire with big guns. It was afterwards discovered, however, that the latter were not in the forts, but on travelling carriages outside. Schantz Kop, distant three miles from the capital, bore the brunt of a rather unmethodical bombardment on our part.

Of the three Lyddite shells aimed at this fort, one went right over and burst in the valley, another landed on the breastwork marked by an X in the annexed photograph, and a third knocked down a gate pillar and smashed a few windows. This was the sum total of the damage inflicted.

On our taking over the four completed forts, it was found that all had outer walls of solid masonry, many feet thick, flanked by earthworks on the outer faces. The interior of Forts Wonderboom and Schantz Kop were completely equipped with electric light, oil engines and dynamos for generating power, huge water-tanks, holding enough water to last their garrisons at least three months, and underground bomb-proof magazines; while both had two powerful search lights and three signalling lamps of 800-candle-power each, and telephonic communication with their neighbours and all parts of the town.

The equipment of these two forts has been left as they were, and a formidable armament supplied in the shape of 4·7-in. guns, mounted either on improvised land carriages or fortress cone mountings.

They are strongly garrisoned by our Artillery and Infantry of the Line, and render British Pretoria absolutely secure from any attack, should such a wild project be attempted.

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RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY.

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

FROM BLACKBERRYING TO BATTLE-SHIPS AND BARBETTES.

The experienced seaman who, wearing his best frock and his medals and all the insignia of his rank and service, is examining, while smoking his pipe, what we may assume to be the certificate of good character of one of the lads with whom he is in conversation, is one of the staff by whose help Lieutenant South has done such good service to recruiting in the West of England. It was a good idea of the Admiralty to establish a recruiting depôt, and to appoint that officer to it, and the system has since been extended with advantage to other parts of the country.

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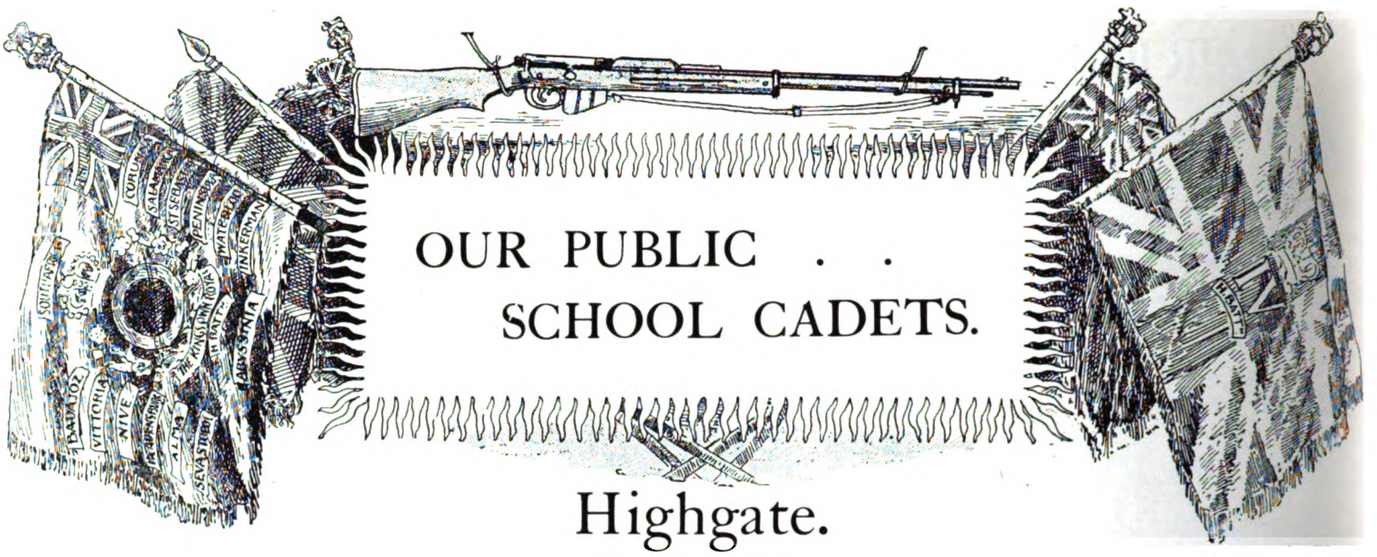

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Highgate.

By CALLUM BEG.

THE Highgate Cadet Corps is attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion Middlesex Regiment, a battalion largely officered by old Highgate boys, and commanded by Colonel T. F. Bowles, M.P., who succeeded Colonel R. G. Hennell, D.S.O. Both these officers have done much to improve and encourage the younger body, and there is naturally a bond of union between the cadets and the battalion to which they are attached.

It was some ten years ago—in February, 1892—that Highgate School decided to contribute its quota of junior volunteers to our Citizen Army, and it has continued year after year to instruct in the elements of military training about seventy of its scholars. The corps owes its formation to a small number of boys then in the school, who thought that such an institution would benefit it. They accordingly approached the then head-master, Dr. McDowall, and the present commanding officer on the subject. The former readily consented, and gave every assistance. Some account of the good work performed by the latter will be found in this article.

Parades are held during term twice a week, and the boys are required to put in a certain number of drills per term. This number, however, is always exceeded. The school is fortunately situated near Hampstead Heath, which, with Parliament Hill Fields, is adapted for tactical exercises. The cadets, however, are wont to go further afield to take part in mimic warfare, and with Haileybury, St. Paul's, and other schools in and around the metropolis, attend such field days as those held in the neighbourhood of Hitchin, Hertford, and Hatfield. The school also sends detachments to the regular Public Schools field days at Aldershot and to the Public Schools Camp.

Although the corps, like many others, has been brought face to face with the range question, it continues to carry out

Photo. Copyright *A. H. Fry, Brighton*

SMART AND SOLDIER-LIKE.

Orders of dress of the Highgate Corps.

Private: ***Drill Order.*** *Corporal:* ***Marching Order.*** *Bugler:* ***Drill Order.*** *Sergeant:* ***Inspection Order.*** *Officer:* ***Drill Order.*** *Drummer:* ***Review Order.***

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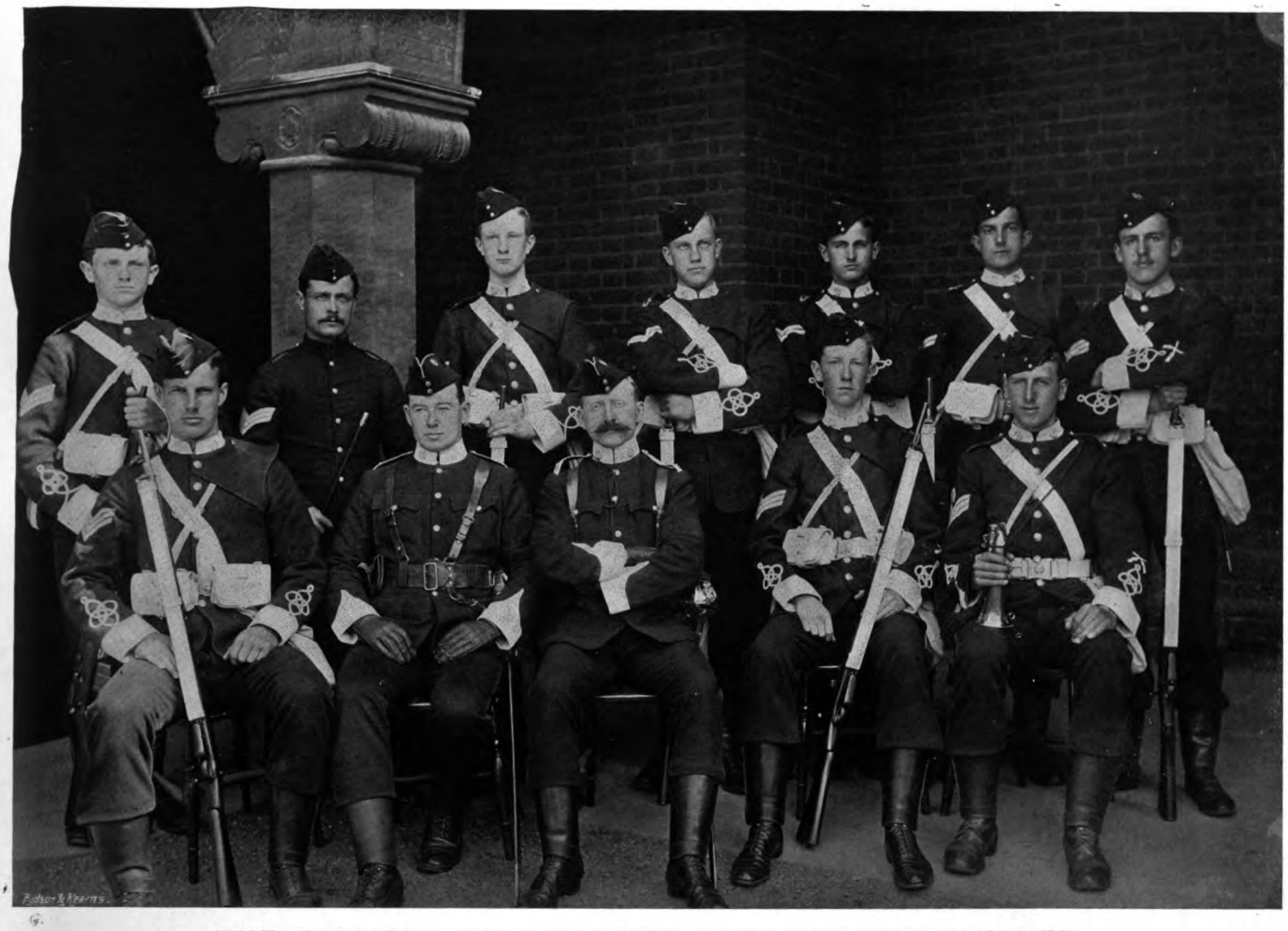

THE OFFICERS, COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Sergeant J. R. Watson, Sergeant-Instructor Mardell, Corporal G. G. Mosley, Corporal A. W. Farrer, Corporal G. Nash, Corporal H. L. Knollys, and Sergeant P. N. Pocock. Sitting: Sergeant F. A. Athey, Lieutenant C. A. Evors, Major J. G. Lamb, Sergeant J. R. Hetherington, and Sergeant-Drummer R. N. Pocock.

musketry practice at Staines, and to send an Eight every year to compete for the Ashburton Shield at Bisley. Despite the disadvantages resulting from want of range accommodation, Highgate has trained not a few good shots, who have been included in both the Oxford and Cambridge University teams and in the "Queen's Hundred."

Photos. Copyright *A. H. Fry*

THE DRUMMERS AND BUGLERS.

Trained by an enthusiastic old cadet.

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Since 1892 one of the National Rifle Association's recruits' medals for the County of Middlesex has been won three times by a Highgate cadet. Morris-tube shooting is also greatly encouraged, but at present a range has to be borrowed for practice with miniature ammunition. The supporters of the corps, however, hope ere long to have a range constructed for the sole use of the school.

Like many more Public School corps, this one is organised on the "section system," each section being formed from boys of one of the school houses. To promote efficiency, a section competition takes place every year, and the winning section is selected with reference to its qualifications in (1) manœuvres, (2) drill, (3) average attendance at parades, and (4) sectional firing with the Morris tube, and the competition between sections is very keen. Challenge cups, presented by the late head-master (Rev. C. McDowall, D.D.), Colonel Hennell, and other friends of the corps, are given for section competitions, for the best score in competitions to decide the Bisley Eight, for the Morris-tube competition, and for the 500-yds. competition. Prizes are given, in addition, for the most efficient section commander, for the highest attendance at drill (in each section), for Lloyd-Lindsay and tent-pitching competitions, and for drummers' attendance at practice.

With such inducements to study every branch of military art, it is not surprising that the Highgate cadets are conspicuous for their all-round efficiency.

Attached to the corps is an efficient drum and bugle band, trained by an enthusiastic old cadet, and a number of signallers have lately been trained with satisfactory results. The uniform is similar to that of the territorial regiment, viz., scarlet with white facings, and buff equipment. For drills—one of which takes place in uniform every week—a blue serge jumper and brown leather equipment are worn. Indeed, one seldom finds a cadet corps so well equipped. The equipment and uniforms, which are provided largely by subscriptions of the cadets and donations of their friends, are kept in a store-room, which, with the armoury, is in the school buildings.

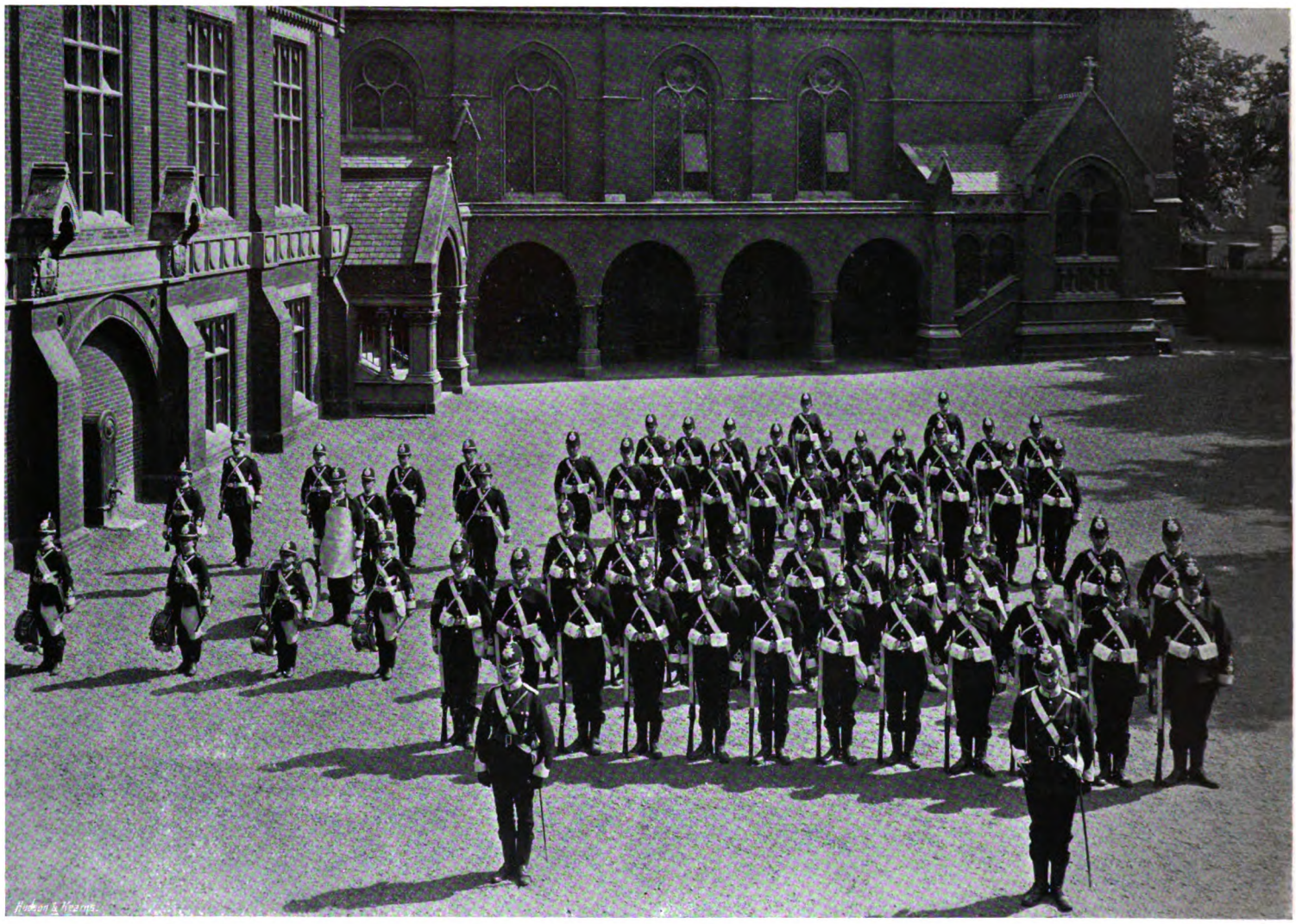
The cadets are usually inspected twice during the year, with their battalion, by the officer commanding the 7-57th Regimental District, and by the officer commanding the 1st Volunteer Battalion Middlesex Regiment. The latter inspection takes place in the school field.

Quite a large number of "old boys" are serving, or have served, either in the ranks or as officers of Volunteer corps. Of these a goodly proportion have taken part in the South African Campaign, both in the Imperial and Colonial forces, and the lessons learned by them as cadets in camp have doubtless proved invaluable when they have been thrown, to a large extent, upon their own resources. Promotion in the corps is given by merit, and candidates are required to pass both a written and a practical examination before being promoted. For those who enter for the examination, special instructional drills are held.

Captain and Hon. Major J. G. Lamb, who is also an officer in the 1st Volunteer Battalion Middlesex Regiment, has ably commanded the corps since its formation. At that time he was an officer in the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, and was transferred to his present regiment in 1894. He was in 1899 granted the honorary rank of major, and has just completed seventeen years' commissioned service. His subaltern is Lieutenant C. A. Evors, of the same battalion, who has been an officer of the corps since 1894. Both officers are masters of the school. The lot of a Public School master who also commands a cadet corps is not an easy one, for he must be his own adjutant, quartermaster, and commanding officer all in one. Yet Captain Lamb has succeeded in performing his multifarious duties with marked credit, both to himself and to his corps.

From the four illustrations of the corps, our readers may form a very good idea of the appearance of all ranks. The first shows the various orders of dress. On the left looking at the picture is a private in drill order. Next to him is a corporal in marching order with field service cap. Standing with his back to the pillar is a bugler in drill order. The fourth from the right is a sergeant dressed in the same manner as the corporal, except as regards his head-dress. The drummer on the left is in review order, and the officer on his right in drill order.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, Haileybury on July 20, Cheltenham on August 3, Stonyhurst on August 17, Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September 7, Rossall on September 21, Sherborne on October 5, Eastbourne on October 19, Whitgift Grammar School on November 2, Dulwich College on November 16, Wesley on November 30, and Brighton on December 14.*]



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THE HIGHGATE SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

Drawn up in quarter column by the right with the band on the directing flank.

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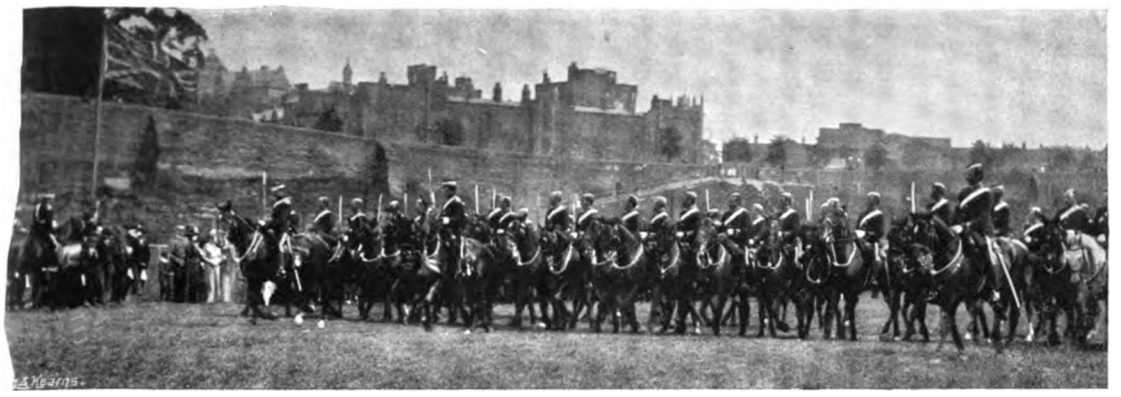

YEOMANRY ON THE MARCH.

HOISTING OUT A BOOM BOAT.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE season of Christmas is always a suitable occasion for a survey of the past, and a standpoint from which we may reasonably consider how we stand. Much has happened within the twelve months past. We have lost the good Queen of unfading memory who ruled over us so long. We have found a King who is an ideal ruler of Englishmen, and we have found a Prince of Wales who speaks with a voice that experienced statesmen might envy. Two years ago we had just emerged from the black week of Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso, but we were at the threshold of the most marvellous Imperial development that the world has ever seen. The sons of Empire were already gathering at the knees of their mother, and we have witnessed them going forth to fight in her cause. They have done more than fight: they have shown of what the British Empire is made. This is still the most admirable thing we can behold, and an inspiring memory encouraging us to look onward. There were those who said the enthusiasm would fade—we should witness some little rift within the lute working to a wider breach. Now let us set in the scale the loyalty of Canada, with her 600 additional troops, a number which might be trebled if there were need. Let us add the straight language of Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, who says that if all parties in England were guided by patriotism and love of their country an additional contingent would not be required. That is how the question presents itself to the Colonial mind. The enormous difficulties of the settlement are realised, but there is still the determination, as Lord Rosebery said, to see the thing through.

INDIA'S new contingent—in the shape of the 4th and 20th Hussars, the Black Watch, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, and the Essex Regiment—will be one of the most valuable forces which have ever taken the field. The men are all seasoned soldiers, many of them time-expired or approaching that point, trained and hardened, and worth a dozen striplings, and they have practically got over any liability to enteric fever and other ailments which played such havoc in the earlier stages of the war. They are selected men, retained for twelve months, who serve on the condition of receiving a bounty. At least 15,000 soldiers in India have entered to serve in this way, so that a strong force is available of the very finest quality. These are what the French call *hommes d'élite*, and it would have been a thousand pities to lose them at this juncture of affairs. The reduction of the period of service is one of the burning questions of the Continent, but we are showing the advantages of possessing a sound body of men who have served long abroad. These, at least, are what England needs, and the policy adopted by the Home and Indian Governments is certainly most judicious and sound.

IT is rapidly becoming apparent that the American President is a man of many parts, having a way quite his own. His predecessors have loved to gather about them some appearance of the dignity that doth hedge a king, but Mr. Roosevelt dispenses with formality and has a mind to get quickly to the heart of things by plain and direct methods. He leaves the private executive office to receive his interviewers in a large outer room where many are gathered together. The *New York Evening Post* has described what happens. Forty or fifty persons may be waiting, but President Roosevelt dispatches them quickly. He grips the hand of each with a heartiness that almost tears it off, and instantly begins to drag the business out of them. One may be a Congressman seeking an appointment for a constituent. "Can't do it! Can't do it! All full! Mighty sorry! Come again! Good-bye!" Perhaps the visitor has a nice little set speech. The President cuts him short. "Now, right there. That's where you're all wrong. It's like this——" And he is instantly pounding one hand into the palm of the other, forcibly and briefly enforcing a contrary view. His method of finishing the business is conclusive. Out goes his hand, grasping that of the visitor with an eager farewell that almost takes him off his feet. "Good-bye!" and it is all done. Before the astonished enquirer can recover the President is ringing the hand of another, dragging the purpose of his visit from him with a force and address not to be surpassed. Such is the President goaded by interviewers, but examine his statesmanlike speeches and writings; you will find him just as strong and direct, but doing things with the leisure and scholarship that befit the chief magistrate of a great people.

NO one supposed that the decision of the Court which has reported upon Admiral Schley's conduct during the Naval operations of the campaign of Santiago could give satisfaction. Bitter feelings have been aroused, and there was already the strongest partisanship among the witnesses, which, it is to be feared, was not without its influence upon the members of the Court. It was impossible to acquit Admiral Schley of blame without severely censuring Admiral Sampson, and a most unsatisfactory conclusion has been reached. Admiral Dewey, who is perhaps the most highly respected of all American Naval officers, while signing the condemnatory report as a matter of form, has made a separate report, in which he traverses all its most important conclusions, and says that Admiral Schley, as senior officer off Santiago, was in supreme command, and is entitled to the credit due for "the glorious victory, which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish Fleet." Could any praise be higher? And yet by the majority Admiral Schley was condemned. There is a radical defect in American procedure, and judgments are often worse than the Scottish verdict of "Not proven." These majority and minority reports on vital questions leave all in doubt, and are satisfactory to no minds. They lack the finality of the verdict of twelve good men and true. They enable doubts to be ventilated and opinions to be expressed, and, in some cases, where executive matters are at issue, they throw the duty of actual judgment upon those conspicuously incompetent. Admiral Sampson has many friends in this country, but there is much sympathy with Admiral Schley.

THE curious fluctuations which have been observed in the birth-rate in France have brought our neighbours once more to a "slump," and the spectre of depopulation is stalking through the land. The danger is very real, because, not only is the birth-rate low, but the death-rate of children is high, and the sinister effect is not to be ignored. How shall the ranks be filled, or how shall colonies be formed? The apprehension is all the greater, because the state of affairs presents so marked a contrast to the conditions

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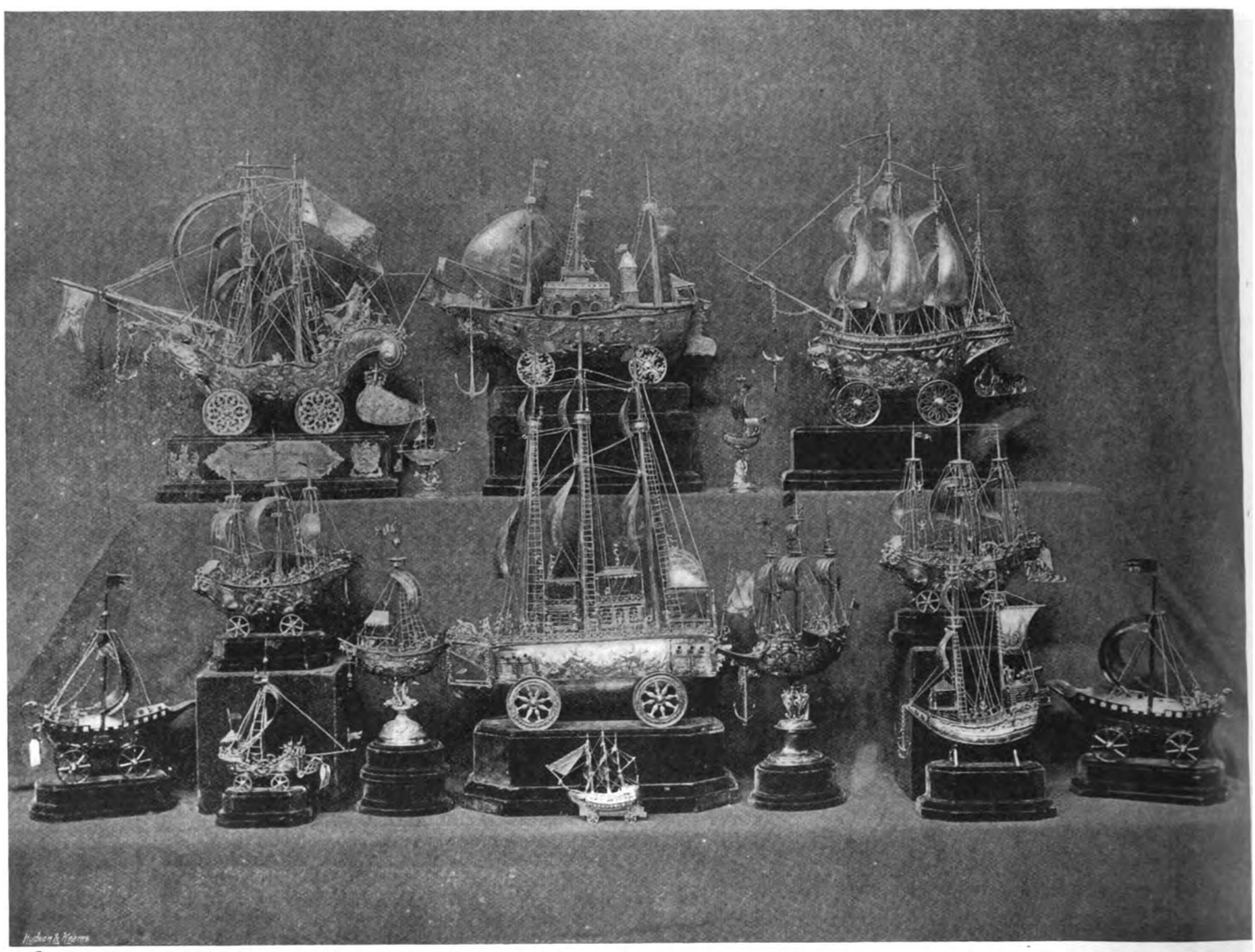
found in Germany. France is the country of bounties. Sugar, silk, flax, the merchant marine, and various classes of workmen benefit by them, and now it is proposed to create pensions for everyone. Far better, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, give bounties to families. He is modest in his wishes, and a three-children standard would content him. The parents who make this modest approach to the standard of "Ancient Norton," with his "eight good sons," must be exempted from all service after leaving the colours, and the sons should have their time of service reduced. There shall be no place of profit under central or municipal government in France filled by the father of less than three children, and, if the functionary, in a medium or small employment, should have more, his salary shall be increased in proportion. There is sound sense in these proposals, and to the argument that the strength of the forces would be reduced by these concessions, M. Leroy-Beaulieu replies that there would be a real gain in the end. It is sad to think how many eminent Frenchmen, even some Presidents of the Republic, would have been debarred from office if these provisions had been in force when they came to the front.

COLONEL MONTANARO'S expedition against the Aro tribesmen of Southern Nigeria is one of those "small wars" which we are constantly called upon to wage. The villages of these debased and cruel people are made horrible by savage Juju excesses, and the country west of the Cross River enjoys even a worse reputation than the erstwhile notorious city of Benin. It was impossible that such savagery should be allowed to continue unchecked in a region under our sway, even if practical considerations had not enforced the necessity of action. Sir Ralph Moor has for several years been endeavouring vainly to bring the Aro chiefs to reason by peaceful means. Major Leonard and Mr. James, who endeavoured to penetrate the region in 1897, had to turn back, and the Aros have since refused either to recognise our authority or to suppress their savagery, and the expedition could not therefore have been delayed. These tribesmen are the chief traders from Itu and Enyon up to Afikpo, and they control the interior trade behind Opobo, Okrika, and New Calabar. It was important to break a way through for commerce, and it was urgent also to put an end to brutal excesses which have been a reproach to West Africa.

"NEFS," AN INTERESTING HOBBY.



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OLD-WORLD SHIPS IN SILVER.

From the collection of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

ONE of the features of the Royal Naval Exhibition of ten years ago was the superb collection of silver plate, in the shape of beautifully-executed models of old-type ships, or "nefs," as they are technically termed, which was lent by H.R.H. the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. These most artistic specimens of the silversmith's craft were mainly executed by the silversmiths of Nuremberg and Augsburg, in Bavaria, and it was the workmanship of these two towns that was represented in more than half of the twenty-nine pieces exhibited by the Duke, but many fine specimens came also from France, and more especially from Holland.

One of the most superb specimens ever fashioned was that given by our Queen Elizabeth to a Czar of Russia, and which is to-day still preserved in the Kremlin at Moscow. The collecting of these superb specimens, to which the silversmiths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries devoted so much of their skill in handicraft and artistic genius, was a very great hobby of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and some of the finest specimens in his collection are shown in our illustration. One of the most interesting is a fine model of Nuremberg workmanship, over 2-ft. in length, which was presented to the late Duke by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his being appointed Master of that most ancient corporation, and it was amongst the finest as it was probably the most valued in the late Duke's collection. This collection at his death numbered near fifty pieces, and must to-day, considering the high value attached to genuine specimens of this art, be of very considerable monetary worth.

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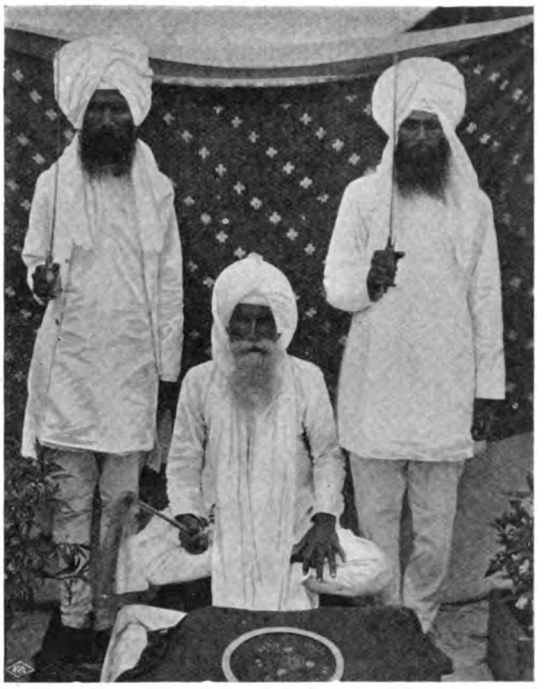
IN THE TAILOR'S SHOP AT AN INDIAN DEPOT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."



A REGIMENTAL SIKH PRIEST AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

I LOOK back, with rather mixed feelings, on a curious variety of Christmas weeks spent in India, or in connection with Indian service, but none, I regret to say, amid those warlike surroundings of which a writer in the Christmas number of this journal has compiled an interesting record. That record, by the way, to which the heading "Christmas at the Front," was appropriately given, and included an allusion to the Christmas spent by Sir Frederick Roberts's column in the Kurum Valley in 1878, but did not stretch back far enough to embrace the Sikh Wars, and other various samples of lusty fighting which has taken place in India at this period of peace and goodwill. It would be rather strange to find such a crowd of sanguinary contests grouped round Christmastide if we did not remember that this may be described as the height of the fighting season in the "Shiny East," and that brisk leaders are apt to take advantage of such facts in total disregard of sentimental considerations. I note, however, that, speaking from the records I have by me, Christmas Day itself has always been held sacred in the annals of Indian warfare, so far as active offensive operations on the part of our commanders have been concerned. No doubt here and there a force beleaguered or on the defensive has had to fire a few shots more in anger than in sorrow, but it is scarcely an Englishman's "form" in any circumstances but those of dire compulsion to make such a dreary mock of the national festival as an organised attack on Christmas Day would be.

For the rest, muskets have cracked, and guns have boomed, and swords have flashed, to some purpose both just before and just after the 25th, both in the Land of the Five Rivers and on the southern plains. To the 21st are credited the anniversaries of Mehidpoor, 1817, and Ferozeshah, 1845, and to the 29th those of Punniar and Maharajpore. Of these, my own "favourite fight" is Mehidpoor, to which I made passing allusion some weeks back in reference to the promotion of one of the Malcolm family. For it was at Mehidpoor that the gallant Sir John Malcolm, a soldier-statesman of the best Anglo-Indian type, smashed the power of the Mahrattas once and for all, with the result that the dominions of the Peishwa, the traditional head of the Mahratta Confederacy, were annexed to the Bombay Presidency, and a great dynasty of terror came to an end. It is a queer side light on history, by the way, that the adopted son of the Peishwa who surrendered after the battle of Mehidpoor was the infamous Nana Sahib of the Great Mutiny.

It must have been a proud and happy Christmas that Malcolm spent after crushing Holkar eighty-four long years ago last Saturday. Something of this is reflected in the letter he wrote his son, afterwards Sir George Malcolm, G.C.B., then a child at school. "You bade me promise," says the veteran, who had just gained a great and really decisive victory, "to write to you if ever I went to battle. I have been at battle. Mamma will tell you I have tried to behave so that you should not be ashamed of papa. If you become a soldier you must recollect this, and behave so that papa will not be ashamed of you." A touching glimpse this of the home life and thought of one of the best of the great Anglo-Indians who have made our Empire in the East what it is and always will be so long as "England to herself is true."

And now to turn to more peaceful aspects of Christmas in India, of which, as I have said, my personal reminiscences provide a pleasing, though far from thrilling, variety. My own first Indian Christmas was spent at Madras, my second or third—I really forget which, as I was only two or three at the time—at Calcutta. That was a very fair beginning, which I subsequently improved upon by eating turkey and plum-pudding one year in the Central Provinces, another at Poona, several years at Simla, and one year at Lucknow. When I think of the yards of geographical and historical reflection I could reel off on the strength of this instructive series of experiences, I am, like another notable Anglo-Indian character, "amazed at my own moderation" in preserving a graceful reticence. Of all those Christmases perhaps the one of which I retain the liveliest—not necessarily the happiest, for that would be another story—recollection is the first that I spent in the bosom of my old corps. How well I remember the keen relish with which the colour-sergeant of my company—one of the "old sort"—communicated to me some days beforehand the arrangements which, with the aid of various subventions, he had made for the forthcoming company Christmas dinner. It seemed to me as if the average would come out at about one duck and a quarter of a turkey per man, with liquids on a corresponding scale. But of course I was charmed—a subaltern just joined is easily charmed—and highly gratified when my captain (shrewd man) said that he should prefer that I should represent him, and visit the company at dinner, and drink its jolly good health.

It is not difficult to recall a scene the counterpart of which will be enacted in scores of Indian stations in the week in which these lines appear in print. Picture the young, and extremely amiable, subaltern entering the big whitewashed barrack-room which has been specially decorated for the occasion, and has been otherwise altogether changed in aspect by reason of collected tables set out with scrupulous regularity and crowded with baked meats. At one end of the line of tables is a vacant place with a suggestive bottle of wine, an equally suggestive wine-glass, and an empty chair. At the other there is a goodly barrel in charge of a brawny private, who may be trusted to see that the subsequent draughts upon his resources are conducted with some degree of regularity and fairness. The subaltern, having been duly coached by his captain, advances to the bottle-of-wine end of the table, and, being provided with a bumper, drinks it with right goodwill to the health of the company. Then—hey, presto!—in another moment he is forced gently back in the chair held aloft by strong arms, and carried round the table in token of that genuine regard which, at any rate, twenty years ago used more often than not to exist between the regimental officer and his men.

And after? Well, the subaltern having regained *terra firma* and shaken hands warmly with a dozen or two of his hosts, discreetly retires, and it may be that later the fun waxes just a little fast and furious in a regiment which has learnt to "do itself well" in Indian surroundings. In my time there was a peculiarly Anglo-Indian Christmas institution known as the "cook-house guardroom," which was really a very useful adjunct to the Company Christmas dinner, as it was run on purely company lines, and saved the regimental guardroom from having undue and very ungracious demands made upon its limited accommodation. All that was necessary was to clear out and, perhaps, partially disinfect one of the company cook-houses, and if after dinner any man became obtrusively or inconveniently Christmassy, he was more or less gently, but

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always firmly, led or carried to the "company guard-room" and kept there till he had slept off or otherwise got rid of his evil humours. Not a very edifying expedient, perhaps, and doubtless there are several points about a military Christmas in India, or anywhere else, which are open to acrimonious criticism, from the standpoint, especially, of the regimental temperance societies in India, which usually undergo marked fluctuations in their rolls of membership during December and January. But "single men in barricks don't grow into plarster saints," and something at least of the evil of excessive Christmas celebration is surely compensated by the enhanced friendliness of intercourse it undoubtedly promotes in a well-conditioned corps on foreign service.

It is possible that some of the regiments of the Indian Army which are taking part in the Mahsud blockade will have a somewhat lively Christmas week unless the order runs that during these few days the frontier is not to be crossed, or strong camps left, for the purposes of those vigorous raids of which the punitive operations seem destined to be mainly composed. At the time of writing, it is understood that the Viceroy has set his face against any organised expedition, and indeed there are various reasons which might render a "little war" just now extremely inconvenient. But circumstances may prove too strong even for Lord Curzon, and in any case the gravity of the occasion seems to be clearly recognised by the increasing strength of the blockading force. What a boon to us it would be if we cou'd only arrange with the new Ameer of Afghanistan to lock the back doors which lead from the Mahsud country into his dominions, and of which the Waziri is always ready to avail himself to the discomfiture of any British pursuer. With those passes stopped, and a really friendly understanding on the subject between Habibullah and ourselves, it would not be difficult to "settle" the Waziris quite as effectively as the Afridis have been settled, even if it were not possible to bring them into such excellent order as the Baluchi tribes were brought by Sir Robert Sandeman.

It is rather sad to think that a well-known and efficient British corps has spent its last Christmas. The Hong Kong Regiment is, it is announced, returning to India, where it is to be disbanded. The reason given is, it must be admitted, a simple and sufficient one. It has been decided to retain three of the Indian regiments now at Hong Kong as part of the permanent garrison, and as the Hong Kong Regiment was specially recruited at higher rates of pay, its continuance side by side with ordinary Indian battalions might, indeed probably would, create some jealousy. The Hong Kong Regiment has earned an excellent reputation, and in the recent operations the casualties among the men who went into action amounted to sixteen per cent.

THE LARGEST PROVINCE OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE.

Burmese Dacoits in custody of a military guard.

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A BAND PRACTICE IN THE OPEN.

The band of a Burma battalion of the Madras Army.

THE visit to Burma, in the course of his usual cold weather journeys of inspection, of Sir. A. P. Palmer, the Commander-in-Chief in India, naturally turns the thoughts to that largest province of the Indian portion of the British Empire, which stretches from the confines of Thibet, southwards for 1,100 miles, far down the Malay Peninsula, and from the Bay of Bengal westward to the confines of China, 700 miles from the sea. Much and varied has been the fighting that the soldier of the Empire, European and Native, has seen in Burma.

In 1824, frequent excursions into British territory, and unredressed outrages brought on the Burmese the first Burma War, at the close of which the provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim came into British possession. Thirty years later injuries and insults to Great Britain again led to war, which, after a duration of ten months, ended by the acquisiton of Pegu by the British. In 1853, a wise and enlightened monarch came to the throne, in the person of Mindoon Min, but Theebaw's accession in 1879, again led to trouble. In 1885, an ultimatum was issued, to which Theebaw replied by a proclamation calling on his people to rise and drive the English into the sea, with the result that in 1886, Upper Burma was finally incorporated into British dominions. From that date for some ten years a species of guerilla warfare was waged, principally for the purposes of dacoity, and though the country is to all intents now practically pacified, yet an occasional dacoit is still to be found.

In one of our illustrations three gentlemen of this persuasion are to be seen in durance vile under a military guard. In another is the band of one of the Madras regiments which garrison Burma. Seven Madras regiments are specially raised for Burmese service. Of these one is a Ghoorka battalion, and the other six are composed exclusively of up-country races, either Sikhs, Punjabi Mahometans, or Pathans.

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ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette.*

The names of the officers in the group are: Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert, Capt. F. D. Pennant, Capt. Green, Capt. C. Shakerley, Capt. Herbert-Stepney, Capt. M. Porter, Capt. W. H. L. Allgood, Adjt., Lieut. C. V. L. Poe, Lieut. F. W. L. Edwards, Lieut. F. O. Grenfell, Lieut. L. Aylmer, Lieut. K. S. Smitt, Lieut. C. J. T. R. Lingfield, Lieut. A. J. Hunter, Lieut. E. G. St. Aubyn, Lieut. G. A. S. Mure, Lieut. S. A. G. Finch, Lieut. A. A. Soames, Lieut. G. W. Finch, Quartermaster O'Shea, Lieut. H. C. M. Porter, and Lieut. Pratt Barlow.

"Celer et audax" is the proud motto of the King's Royal Rifles, of which another battalion is on its way to the front. Sir Redvers Buller, himself a "Royal Rifleman," sent the battalion a farewell message in which he wished it "plenty of fighting." This is precisely the sort of thing which will suit the representatives of a regiment whose boast it is that, though possessing no colours, it bears more honours than any other regiment. It rendered splendid service in the Peninsula, and in nearly every war which has since occurred, including the great Mutiny, Egypt, and Chitral, and it has well maintained its reputation in South Africa.

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MEASURING A RECRUIT.

HOW THE NAVY IS MANNED IN THE PRESENT DAY.—III.

EXAMINING HIS MOLARS.

IN our last article we gave a brief description of the introduction of long, or, as it is officially called, "continuous" service into the Navy, and of how our Bluejackets, entered as boys, are trained under that system. But our ships are not manned entirely by Bluejackets, and of equal importance with them comes the personnel of the engine-room, viz., the engine-room artificers, the chief and leading stokers, and the stokers themselves; to these must be added the various artificers, viz., the armourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, plumbers, etc., the sick-berth staff, the ship's steward, his assistants, and writers; and last, but not least, the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry.

There are regular recruiting depôts in charge of Marine officers at the following towns: London, Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, Hull, Nottingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Southampton, Exeter, and Manchester, in addition to which there are various recruiting points all over the kingdom, among these being the various Coastguard and Naval Reserve drill-ships, and all the coastguard stations, where not only boys but other Naval ratings are provisionally entered, as the final medical examination must always be by a Naval medical officer; and in the case of certain special ratings, such as engine-room artificers, artisans, and armourers, final entries can only be made, for the first two by captains of the Dock-yard Reserve at Sheerness, Chatham, Portsmouth, or Devon-port, and for the last by the captain of one of the gunnery schools. The central recruiting depôt for London is in Spring Gardens, and here any morning can always be seen a knot of youngsters carefully studying the illustrated posters, representing life in the Navy, which hang on the railings outside the offices, but there are five subsidiary stations in other parts of London, while the petty officers of the "President," the Naval Reserve drill-ship in the West India Docks, all do good work as recruiting officers in the East of London and West Essex. The height measurement for all candidates is taken without shoes, and the chest measure-ment without clothes. The candidates who pass are accepted provisionally by the recruiting officers, are sent free of cost to the Naval depôt or training-ships, and if rejected at their final examination are granted a free pass to their homes.

The average number of boys entered annually in the London district is, roughly, about 1,100, but many of these come up from the country, and are not Londoners pure and simple. The percentage of rejections are about ·35, but of these a considerable number never reach the stage of examination by the medical officer. Of late years, a certain number of youths have been entered direct into the Navy, without passing through the boy training-ships. These recruits are older than those entered as boys; they can join between the ages of 16 years, 9 months, and 18 years, and, besides being smart,

Photo. Copyright. W. M. Crockett.

A COUNTRY RECRUITING STATION IN FULL SWING.

The three men to the right are the first recruits in Great Britain for the new electrical rating.

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active, and intelligent youths of good character, must have the written consent of their parents or guardians. They are entered for six months' training in a sea-going training-ship, for the first three months' as boys second-class, then, if they have made satisfactory progress, as boys first-class. There are three ships engaged in this duty, the "Northampton," one of the old masted armoured cruisers, and the old corvettes, "Calliope" and "Cleopatra." These ships make periodical visits to the coast towns, and, on the whole, the youths entered under this system have turned out satisfactory.

It need hardly be said that in these days the value of our ships as fighting machines depends as fully upon the efficiency of the engine-room staff as upon that of the seamen who fight the guns. In fact, so large is the personnel of the engine-room in our battle-ships and cruisers, amounting in some cases to a third, if not more, of the whole ship's company, that the efficient training of the men, not only in their special duties, but so as to enable them, if necessary, to take their place in the fighting line, has become a matter of the first importance. For some years past it has become increasingly evident that stoking consists of something more than throwing coals on a fire, and that even to do that properly, and to keep the fires clean and get the most out of them, requires a good deal of instruction; and it may safely be said that getting the highest speed out of a ship depends as much upon careful stoking as it does upon the smooth working of the machinery. And if efficient stoking depends upon the careful training of the stoker, so does the smooth working of the machinery depend upon that invaluable body of men, the Naval engine-room artificers, on whose shoulders, even more than on the engineer officers, rests the duty of keeping in proper working order the complicated machinery of the modern war-ship.

Engine-room artificers can only be entered at one of the dockyards, as they have to pass a somewhat stiff examination; but the position is a good one, for they enter as chief petty officers, which carries with it many privileges, among others that of having a mess-place to themselves, and the services of one of the stokers to look after it for them. After eight years' service, and the passing of another examination, an engine-room artificer can become a chief engine-room artificer, and after ten years' service and a further examination is eligible for promotion to warrant officer's rank as an artificer engineer. Beginning with 5s. 6d., he can rise, if he becomes an artificer engineer, to 10s. 6d. per diem, besides getting additional pay when in charge of engines, while artificer engineers can retire on a pension of £115 a year, their widows also being eligible for pensions. The Navy thus offers a good career to skilled mechanics who have any knowledge in engine and boiler work, but in spite of the advantages offered, owing to the large increase in the Fleet, there is a difficulty in obtaining the number of engine-room artificers required, a difficulty, it is some satisfaction to know, which other nations, notably France, are feeling even more than ourselves

With regard to stokers no such difficulty fortunately exists, and the supply is now fairly equal to the demand, the best recruiting port being Chatham, probably owing to its comparative proximity to London. There are now training establishments for second-class stokers at the three principal ports, viz., the "Northumberland" at Chatham, the "Nelson" at Portsmouth, and the "Bellerophon" at Devonport, and all three ships have been specially fitted for instructional purposes. For the first three months the newly entered stoker is taught how to keep his kit, etc., in order, and is put through squad and rifle drill, etc., but after this, instead of being sent straight to sea, he is now put through an eight weeks' course of practical instruction in his regular duties. He learns what an engine-room and stokehold means, and also how to use his shovel, to trim fires and keep them bright, as well as how to bank them, to make packing, build brick bridges, sling heavy weights, tie knots, trim lamps, etc., all of which details he had formerly to pick up after he had got to a sea-going ship. He is also supplied with a manual of his duties, which are also more fully explained to him by short lectures delivered by competent instructors. At the end of the course the men are examined by an engineer officer, who has to report on each man's qualifications before he is sent to sea. A further course of instruction in the management of water-tube boilers is now given by sending classes of stokers regularly to sea in the flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers which are kept cruising round the coast for this purpose, more or less, throughout the year.

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THE VARIOUS STAGES OF TRAINING.

Seated: Boys just entered. Middle row: Second-class boys after three months. Back row: First-class boys ready for sea.

Some difficulty has been experienced of late years in obtaining a sufficient number of skilled artificers, such as blacksmiths, shipwrights, carpenters, etc., but the Admiralty are now trying to overcome this by entering a number of apprentices for the different trades in the dockyards, where they are properly trained and educated. On the completion of their period of apprenticeship, the pupils are drafted to sea-going ships, returning to position in the dockyards after a certain number of years at sea. The sick-berth staff are recruited from among young men between eighteen and twenty-two years of age, who have to bear a good character, and to pass an examination. If successful, they are entered on probation, and given a course of instruction at one of the Naval hospitals, at the end of which, if approved, they are confirmed as sick-berth attendants. Ships' stewards' boys and writers are recruited chiefly from among the boys educated at the Greenwich Naval Hospital School, but a certain number of vacancies are filled from outside by competitive examination. These examinations are duly advertised, and take place periodically at the Naval depôts.

[*The first two articles of this series appeared on July 20 and December 21, 1901.*]

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"THE ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL."

UP to the present time Christ's Hospital has enjoyed the questionable beatitude of possessing "no history," or at least none worthy of the name, but it is now much blessed in the admirable volume devoted to its annals by the Rev. E. H. Pearce, M.A., a former "Grecian," and now Vicar of Christ Church and Rector of St. Leonard Foster, which Messrs. Methuen have just published. Possessing a genuine interest in his subject, and a keen appreciation of its picturesqueness, Mr. Pearce has made a close investigation of many original sources of information, and, in an excellent literary style, has written a book which it is delightful to read. There has been an ancient association between Christ's Hospital and the Navy which gives the book a special interest to some of our readers, and many of its *alumni* have rendered good service both afloat and ashore, as well as in the walks of literary and commercial life. Mr. Pearce begins *ab initio*. He goes back to the coming of the Franciscans to the pleasant eminence of Cornhill, whence they migrated to the unsavoury region of Stynkyng Lane in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles. Mr. John Irwn, or Ewen, had given them land there, and, by the generosity of the citizens, they were enabled to carry on an excellent work of charity and education. Thus it was that Christ's Hospital came to be where it is, but where, alas! it will not remain much longer. When the house had been surrendered to Henry VIII., that monarch, in December, 1546, established on the site a hospital, in view of the miserable state of the aged sick poor and impotent persons, who, for want of what had been destroyed, went begging in the streets of London, whereby "greate infeccion hurte and noyance" afflicted the king's loving subjects. The establishment had become an economic necessity, and the founding of it was more Henry's work than Edward's. Almost from the very beginning the Hospital was a grammar school, as well as an asylum for foundlings. Even at the present time, there are those who misunderstand its purpose, and Mr. Pearce tells us that, when he informed a wealthy City merchant that he was "working at Christ's Hospital," the latter thought him a medical student.

But both as hospital and school, the foundation was an attempt to ease the pinch of distress exposed in painful nakedness. The existing buildings do not bear much trace of that time, but Mr. Pearce gives an admirable account of them, and of the uses to which they have been and are put. The Grammar School became the fount of classic instruction, and at its desks have worked many generations of "Grecians." The term appears to have come into use in the seventeenth century, when the boys below began to be definitely called "the Erasmus class." Many are the "Grecians" who have distinguished themselves in the ranks of scholarship, and have secured many honours at the Universities, concerning which matters Mr. Pearce's book abounds in information.

The general appearance of the "Blues" is familiar to most people—though a change is threatened in their characteristic garb—but not all know that the white metal plate which distinguishes some is the badge of a "Mathemat." Now, as the Easter anthem has it, King Charles, "our late (now blessed) king," enlarged the foundation, and it was declared that his glory should ring throughout the world "by means of navigation." The boys evidently had fighting spirit in them, and, in 1639, they turned out with drums and fifes to lead the Train Bands about the City. The need soon came for youngsters to fight in the king's ships and to man the growing mercantile marine. The idea of founding at Christ's Hospital a sort of "Britannia" occurred first to Sir Robert Clayton, a great benefactor, but the credit of founding the mathematical school for training in the art of navigation, and in the whole science of arithmetic, is assigned to Charles II., under whose charter there were to be "Forty Poore Boys in blew coates," who were to be known as "Children of the new Royal Foundation." The £7,000 devoted to the establishment flowed from the generous purse of a former governor of the house, one Richard Aldworth. A first batch of youthful navigators was ready for sea in 1675, and a Navigation Class Book was issued in 1681, Flamstead and Halley being concerned in the preparation of it. Sir Francis Wheeler, commanding the "Albemarle" in 1691, had found one of the "mathematical boyes" so quick and hopeful that he desired another, and Admiral Russell also welcomed one of them. These are but instances only of the services they rendered. In 1705, there were two full-rigged ships in the schoolroom, and the system of training had been revised in 1694-96. During the first thirty or forty years of its existence, the foundation had a chequered history, and Pepys, with his usual zeal, was urgent in his efforts for reform, and at length William Wales, who was a sailor as well as a mathematician, was appointed to the school. Many of the lads rose to eminence in the service of the East India Company, and, since in 1882, thirty-eight boys have entered the Navy, eight as cadets, nine as engineer students, and twenty-one in the accountant branch, while seventy have joined the merchant service, two of whom have obtained commissions, and several are in the Royal Naval Reserve.

A "GRECIAN" IN 1816.

From "The Annals of Christ's Hospital." (Methuen).

Among the many subjects which fill Mr. Pearce's absorbingly interesting book, we can only deal with one more. The dress of the Blue is the great survival, and still recalls the Tudors. Mr. Pearce is indeed disposed to regard this costume as a development of the monastic habit. It would appear that at the beginning the children wore the long under-coats, reaching almost to the feet, afterwards called "yellows," and that the blue coats arrived at a slightly later date. The red caps are unknown to the present generation. The "yellow"—that long shapeless smock which, up to 1865, was worn under the blue coat both in summer and winter—is variously described in the records as a "kersey" or "petticoat." Mr. Pearce tells us that the breeches, which, in their first form, were leather, did not come in till 1736. Meanwhile the "petticoat" had served, and it may be worth while to suggest that this ancient, smock-like garment may explain the petticoat as a seaman's garment, which, as late as Marryat's time, formed a portion of the sailor's kit.

It would have been a pleasure to write at greater length upon Mr. Pearce's fascinating book, which throws much light upon the little-known girls' school, the music school, the various branches of the establishment, the ancient rites, ceremonies, and customs, and a multitude of other subjects. We read the volume with pleasure, and laid it down with regret.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 257.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1902

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OUR MOST POPULAR ADMIRAL.

It is scarcely invidious to apply this term to Lord Charles Beresford. His name became a household word after he took the little "Condor" in under the guns of the Alexandrian forts, and it has remained so ever since. He is as plucky in peace as distinguished in war, and has twice won the Royal Humane Society's award. As an admiral he is typical of the best the British Navy can produce; as a statesman he is a patriot first and a party man afterwards. Like every good Irishman he is a sportsman, and his inseparable companion, a brindled bull, is a gem amongst dogs.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Coronation Year.

"One Throne, one Fleet, one Flag,
And God guard all."

THE year that has just begun will be an important one in the history of the British Empire. It will be known long as Coronation year. From now until June we shall be busily preparing for the great day that will add another to the long list of imposing State ceremonies upon which the ancient walls of Westminster Abbey have looked throughout their centuries of solemn existence. On that day, surrounded by the representatives not only of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but of all the Britains spread proudly in every quarter of the globe, King Edward VII. will be crowned King and Emperor, "and all the people shall say, Amen." The spectacle will be magnificent—not quite so picturesque perhaps as the procession, described by Evelyn in his Diary, when Charles II. was crowned, but vastly imposing, and triumphal in our modern manner, all the same. Evelyn tells us that "a magnificent traine on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, and jewells could make them and their pransing horses, proceed'd through the streetes, strew'd with flowers, houses hung with rich tapessry, windoes and balconies full of ladies; the London Militia lining the ways, and the severall companies with their banners and loud musiq ranked in their orders; the fountaines running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the severall triumphal arches," and everywhere "joyful acclamations." No wonder the impressionable Mr. Pepys wrote at the end of the day, "Now after all this I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, ncr for the future trouble myself to see things of state and showe, as being sure never to see the like again in this world."

But the most impressive aspect of King Edward VII.'s Coronation will not lie in the outward show and majesty of the procession. The ceremony will be grand, but it will owe its true grandeur to the fact that it is symbolical. Of what will the King's wearing of the crown be a symbol? Of the unity of the British race throughout the world. It will be a visible sign that, for good or evil, all the states and dominions and dependencies which men of British blood have set up all over the world have cast in their lot together, and will stand by one another in fair fortune and in foul. We all acknowledge the same sovereignty, we all join in "God save the King," the many millions who have never seen him as fervently as the few millions who have. Loyalty is not a passion with our race as it is with some nations. We are seldom loyal at the cost of common-sense. The poet Heine said once that the Frenchman loved liberty as he loved his mistress, the German as he loved his wife, the Englishman as he loved his old mother. Much the same might be said of the sentiment of loyalty. It is with us Britons a temperate but deep-rooted affection rather than a headlong, violent fervour. What was once loyalty to the country is now loyalty to the Empire. Lord Rosebery called this a new sentiment, and so it is new, if we take a wide survey. Its first striking display was at the Jubilee of 1887. By the time the Diamond Jubilee came to be celebrated, ten years later, it had gained in depth and strength. Mr. Chamberlain helped to strengthen it when he saw the wisdom of inviting the Colonies to send their official representatives to London. It was deepened by the presence around their venerable and beloved Queen of detachments of soldiers from every part of the British dominions. Since 1897 much has happened to make this "new sentiment of Empire which occupies the nation" more intense—not least, of course, the spectacle of the Britons over-seas sending their sons to fight and die side by side with troops from home on the South African veldt. Lord Rosebery happily described this sentiment as a kind of family feeling, of pride, and of hopefulness. The monarch, then, is looked upon as the head of the family—as the representative not only of the Empire of to-day, but of the sentiment that clings around the England of bygone ages—a link between past and present, a symbol of the unity of the race.

And just as all the Britons acknowledge one monarch, so do all salute one flag. In our view, it is as important to keep the one as the other.

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze"

is dear to the eyes and the heart of every man born beneath it. It means a great deal to him. The tricolour arouses the enthusiasm of Frenchmen, the German national stripes fill German breasts with affectionate pride, but the Union Jack, if we only realise it, means more to us than can be felt by the Germans or the French. Our greatest soldiers and sailors have fought for it and won their greatest battles under it. Neither our fathers nor our grandfathers nor our great-grandfathers have known any other national standard. Can the French say as much? No: nor the Germans either, for the Republican tricolour in France has shared the past century not only with the Orleanist tricolour, but with the white flag of the Bourbon Legitimists, while the unity of the German Empire dates only thirty years back. It is difficult to listen with patience to proposals that this or that State of the Commonwealth should invent its own separate flag. Admiral de Horsey wrote good sense on this question the other day when he asserted that "the ancient British flag is good enough for the whole Empire," and that the adoption by Australia of any other flag for His Majesty's ships and forts or for her merchant fleet would be derogatory to that great Federation. The gallant Admiral further argued:

> "There can be no question as to the precedence of the Union Jack and British Ensigns (the emblems of the Empire) before any flag that a portion of the Empire may adopt. Why, then, make an invidious distinction in the case of Australia? Why suggest a flag which, however artistic, must rank second, which no foreign war-ship visiting Australia could properly salute, as it would not be the national flag of the Empire, and which, by its establishment, would be a stumbling-block—almost a bar—to the unity we all have at heart?"

Sound argument, it seems to us, and we hope it will appeal to our fellow-citizens in Australia. One Sovereign, one Navy, and one Flag—these should be our Imperial watchwords, for upon them the lasting unity of the Empire to a very great extent depends.

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SIR JAMES AND LADY BRUCE, WITH OFFICERS FROM THE CHINA STATION.

Who have come home in the "Barfleur."

Reading from left to right the names are—Top row: Clerk J. L. Syson, Midshipman W. E. Cornabe, Lieuts E. C. Kennedy, R. S. Williams, and H. W. I. Lillingston, Midshipmen G. L. Browne, F. N. A. Cromie, and Keyes, Assist.-Engr. C. P. W. Bartlett, and Gunner R. Cole. Second row: Midshipmen B. J. D. Guy, V.C., R. B. England, Le J. B. Mottee, and H. ... Allen, Lieut. D. A. R. Kirwan, Midshipman C. H. Mackinnon, Flag-Lieut. F. R. Wrottesley, Engineer E. C. Smith, Surgeon A. Gaskell, F.R.C.S., Lieut. V. E. B. Phillimore, D.S.O., Lieut. F. L. Field, Secretary's Clerk W. E. H. Jackman, Lieut. H. Lynes, Assist.-Engr. F. B. O'Dougherty, Lieut. C. D. Hatmar, R.M.L.I., Boatswain (S) W. H. J. C. Champion, Clerk M. O. T. Morrish, and Midshipmen P. R. Stevens and J. S. C. Salmond. Third row: Chaplain Rev. G. M. Tichborne, B.A., Staff-Surgeon J. McC. Martin, D.S.O., Fleet-Engr. G. Parsons, Captain Sir George J. S. Warrender, Lady Bruce, Rear-Admiral Sir James A. T. Bruce, K.C.M.G., Commander C. S. Hickley, Major C. McN. Parsons, R.M.L.I., Lieut. E. B. Kidule, and Secretary G. Hewlett. Bottom row: Midshipmen L. H. Shore, R. B. Ramsay, S. Hopkins, F. O'B. Wilson, H. C. Johnson, and G. F. Longhurst.

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THE CRUISE OF THE "BARFLEUR."

THE "BARFLEUR'S" WATER-POLO TEAM.

Winners of many a hard-fought contest.

A PRESENT OF SACRED CATTLE.

From the King of Corea to King Edward VII.

Photos. Copyright. *Karl Lewis.*

SOME OF THE "BARFLEUR'S" CREW.

A group taken at Yokohama, Japan.

ON the first day of the New Year the "Barfleur" returned home after a tour of foreign service extending to within a few weeks of seven years, during which this fine battle-ship has served through two commissions, the latter a specially eventful one. First commissioned at Chatham, by Captain R. N. Custance, A.D.C., now Rear-Admiral, C.M.G., and Director of Naval Intelligence, her destination was the Mediterranean, but on February 6, 1898, she left Malta for the China station, arriving there just about the time of the outbreak of the war between Spain and the United States, and in time to be present in those waters during the operations of Admiral Dewey against the Naval forces of Spain in the Philippines. On October 1, 1898, she recommissioned under Captain Hon. S. C. J. Colville, as flag-ship of Rear-Admiral FitzGerald, the second in command on the China station. Two years later this officer hauled down his flag, and on October 26, 1899, the "Barfleur" became the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Bruce, who brought with him as his flag-captain Sir G. J. S. Warrender, Bart. It was during his tenure of command that the "Barfleur's" officers and men were to play such an active part during the China outbreak that darkened the last year of the nineteenth century. In the hard fighting that fell to the share of all concerned, the British Naval Brigades bore the brunt, and none more so than the men of the "Barfleur." When they left Wei-hai-Wei for Admiral Bruce to take charge of the fleet at the Peiho, the crew coaled ship to the extent of 600 tons, at 120 tons per hour, and after arrival Captain Warrender was landed to take charge of all the forces on the river, and the only man killed in the British contingent in the storming of the Peiho Forts was an ordinary seaman of the "Barfleur." It was, however, in the operations for the relief of Admiral Seymour at Tientsin that the "Barfleurs" had their toughest fighting. In the action there fought on June 23 their casualty list included one seaman killed, and Commander Beatty, D.S.O., Lieutenant Stirling, Midshipmen Donaldson, Browne, and Gibbs, and twenty-two other ratings wounded, the first-named midshipman dying of his wounds. The "Barfleurs" also took their share in the further fighting that ensued up to the relief of the beleaguered Legations in Peking. In these later operations Lieutenant Field and Midshipman Esdaile were wounded, the latter mortally, and Major Luke of the "Barfleur's" Marines commanded the Marine battalion of the Peking Relief Force. Besides the admiral no less than eight officers of the "Barfleur" received promotion or decoration, one of them being Midshipman Basil, J. D. Guy, who was awarded the V.C. for his gallantry and coolness in aiding a wounded man under a heavy fire. That the officers of the "Barfleur" should have so largely figured amongst those selected for special reward is ample proof of the splendid work done by the ship.

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RUSSIAN SOLDIERS RETURNED FROM CHINA.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

SOME two or three weeks ago a short paragraph in the papers, slipped into retired corners, informed an indifferent public that a monument to Lord Howe had been unveiled at Portsmouth. It is a commonplace that our monuments are usually good for very little from the artistic point of view. How far this is the case with Lord Howe's, not having seen it, I cannot say. Neither perhaps does it matter greatly. Since we do erect monuments to famous men, it is only fair that those who deserve one should have it, even if it falls as far below the magnificent victory of Samothrace, which Demetrius Poliorcetes put up to record his Naval triumph on the coast of Cyprus, as most of the others do. Now there are few who have better earned honour than Lord Howe, or have had less justice done them. For reasons not very creditable either to our knowledge of our Naval history, or to our sense of justice, he has been allowed to fall far too much into the background. Part of the blame for this uncritical judgment must, I fear, rest on Nelson, who generally, though not always, refers to Lord Howe in no very respectable spirit. He thanked his senior in terms of effusive laudation for his praise of the battle of the Nile. The terms used are in fact so gushing that they suggest a hidden irony—or rather would do in the case of a man less subject to be swayed by the emotion of the moment than Nelson. No doubt he meant all he said while he was saying it, but when not moved by gratification for kind things said to himself, there is an under-current of detraction in his allusions to Howe. He grumbles in one place that a victory won near home is more thought of than a victory gained at a distance. The insinuation is that too much was thought of the First of June and not enough of the Nile.

* * * *

Others have reasoned, if it can be called reasoning, in much the same style. It is, for instance, frequently taken for granted that because the First of June was a less complete victory than the Nile, it was necessarily less meritorious. A more absurd standard of comparison could hardly be imagined. If we are to accept it, we must rank Lord Strathnairn's campaign in Central India far above Wellington's in the Peninsula. He certainly beat the rebels more thoroughly than the Duke ever defeated the French, and with greater odds of numbers against him. But Lord Strathnairn and his men were like prize-fighters in the middle of a girls' Sunday school. Wellington was opposed to good soldiers, led by capable generals, and it was not possible to rout them as it was possible to scatter a mob of undrilled Asiatics directed by Tantia Topee and the Ranee of Jhansi. The proper way to fix the due place of the First of June among victories is to think of what had gone before it, and of the respective qualities of our own Fleet and the French at the time.

* * * *

This battle, too, was only the culmination and crown of a long career spent in working with defective forces against more competent, or less incompetent, enemies than were ever faced by the admirals who came to command after 1796. Take, for example, Howe's campaign on the coast of North America in 1778. He had under his command a force greatly outnumbered by his enemy, and that opponent was not so hopelessly inferior to us in quality as the Spaniards were at the time of the battle of St. Vincent. On the contrary, the squadron which D'Estaing brought to the coast of North America in 1778 was fairly on an equality with any of ours in manœuvring power and in gunnery. If Howe had rushed at it, as Jervis flew at the Spaniards in 1797, he would have been deservedly beaten. The Spanish fleet had no single element of strength except numbers, and if there is one lesson to be drawn from the history of war more certain than another, it is that numbers apart from skill and training are an embarrassment. The bigger a mob is the more helpless it is when attacked by disciplined men. Of course Jervis was perfectly right to do what he did. If he failed at all it was in not realising the full extent of his superiority, and in not following the beaten force of Don Luis de Cordoba more fiercely. He might have rid himself of his first prizes, by setting them on fire, if he found that they hampered him, with a reasonable security that he would secure eight or ten others before the Spaniards reached Cadiz. It is customary to blame, or at any rate to excuse, Lord Howe on the ground of age and fatigue for not making more of his success on the First of June The criticism might with equal truth be made on Jervis, who was not so old, and had been less severely taxed in the days preceding the battle, whose fleet was more efficient than Howe's was at the beginning of the war, and whose enemy was much below the level of Villaret de Joyeuse. But the blame in either case would be unfair. Officers trained in the old wars could not be expected to realise quickly how far the enemy had fallen below his former standard.

* * * *

In 1778 Howe had to make up by good management for his marked numerical inferiority to a fleet about as good as his own in quality. He did it by a mixture of steady courage and skilful defensive play—by that, and then by his incalculable personal superiority as a commander to D'Estaing. There are few passages in our Naval history better worth studying than this, and the very similar operations of Hood at the Basseterre of St. Kitts. We really must not expect to have ten times the efficiency and the confidence of our opponents as we had in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, and it is dangerous to think of them exclusively. We may again have to deal with more numerous enemies pretty nearly as good as ourselves, and then we shall have "to be with caution bold." Lord Howe's operations in 1778 will be very well worth thinking over if that happens, or, better still, beforehand, on the calculation that it may happen. His relief of Gibraltar, again, at the very end of the American War, was a fine piece of steady management. His fleet, as we know from his own statements in Parliament, was ill provided, and the blockading allied fleet was strong in numbers, though the Spaniards, as their manner was, had commissioned many more ships than they could provide with decent crews. But the French were efficient, and our own crews had been scraped together with infinite difficulty out of poor material. The problem was to carry out the relief without fighting a battle if one could possibly be avoided. A victory, in the general exhaustion of the country, could have done us comparatively little good, and the risk was great. Therefore Howe once more had to make good management atone for want of power, and he succeeded. Operations of this kind do not impress the popular imagination,

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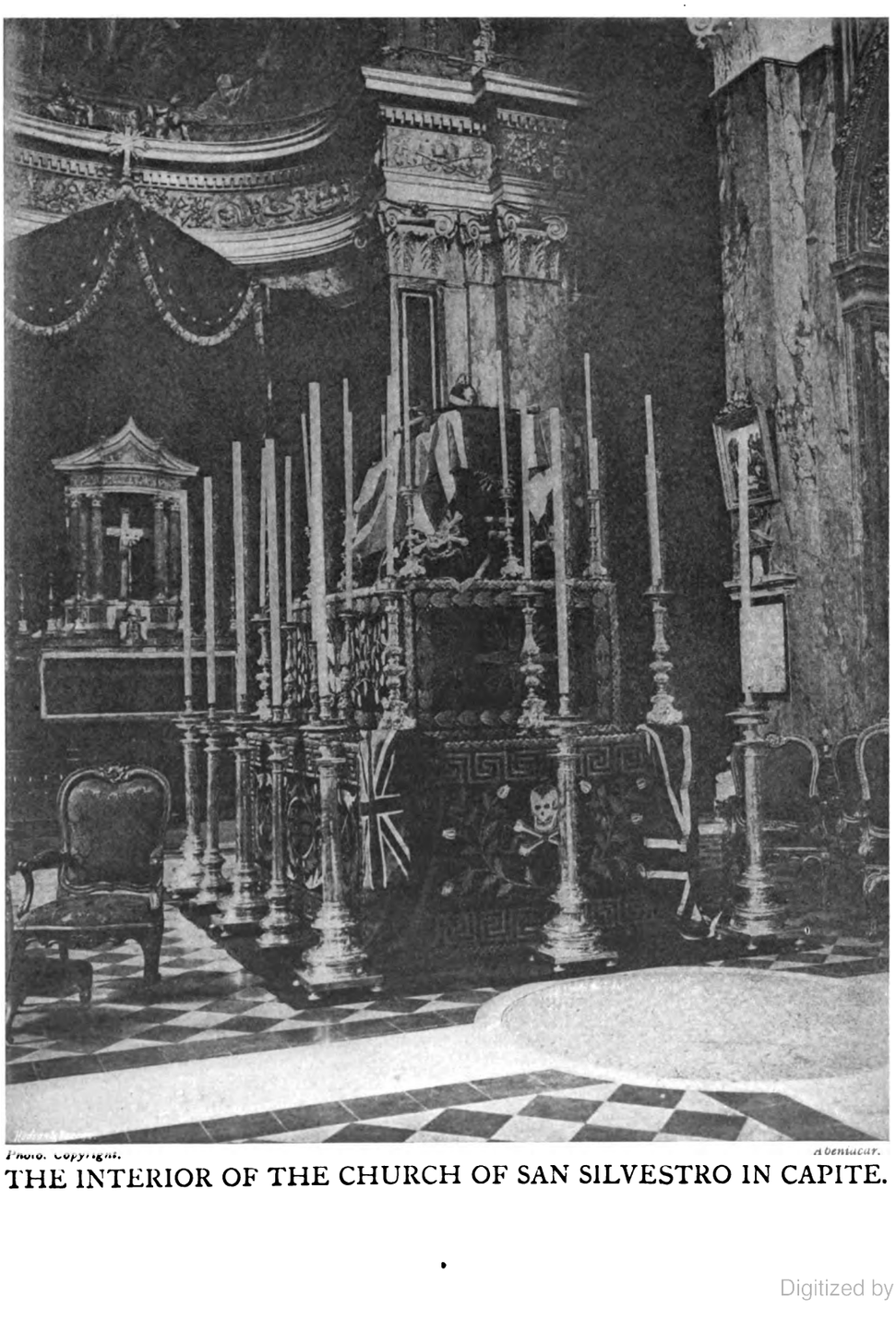
but, judged by the call they make on the mental and moral qualities of a chief, they are more arduous than many victories, and success in them is more honourable.

* * * *

Though it is customary to speak of the First of June as a less glorious business than some of the battles which followed, it is in the very front rank of our victories at sea. Nothing is less critical than to take the fighting on that day as if it stood alone. It was the end of four days of masterly manœuvring, which were aimed at forcing battle on an artful and as yet far from unskilful enemy, who was playing to occupy our fleet, and yet to escape being brought to action. Villaret de Joyeuse did not make us a present of the battle on our own terms, as Brueys did at the Nile, and as Villeneuve did at Trafalgar. He manœuvred, and the French fleet was still good enough to keep fair order and move together without falling into confusion. To force him to fight required great management, and the battle, when it came, was marked by striking originality. What British admiral before Howe had ordered his ships to steer through the enemy and get on his line of retreat? Not even Rodney in his action with De Guichen to leeward of Martinique, though as, on his own showing, the enemy was strung out in loose order, it would have been all the easier to go through him, and then he could not have gone off as he did. Rodney knew well that the defect in our system of engaging to windward was that it left the enemy's line of retreat open. Therefore he preferred to engage to leeward when the French admiral would let him; but he never tried to force his way through to the lee side. But while aiming at concentrating a superior force on part of the French fleet, he was content to continue in a line himself to windward. Pocock had tried the same manœuvre. Neither succeeded, partly because the concentration could always be defeated by an opponent who closed his line, partly because the French could always get away when the way to leeward was open. Howe took the downright course of bursting through and ranging up on the lee side, which gave him a firm grip. That alone is enough to show that he was the bolder and the more original man.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ROME.

OUR picture represents one of those tributes to the dead which are paid so often by the Roman Catholic Church, and which are always carried out with such a rich ceremonial and with so profound a respect. In this case, the men who were honoured were those who had fallen on behalf of Britain in South Africa. We do not understand that the beneficial influences of the solemn requiem were intended to extend alone to those British soldiers who had fallen in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, or that the Union Flag which covered the candle-encircled catafalque was designed to represent alone those who were the co-religionists of the celebrants. We dare to take a wider view; we like to think that Monsigneur Stanley had in his mind not only those who belonged to his own creed, but those British soldiers who died for their country even if their religious faith fell within different limits from those to which the Church of San Silvestro in Capite in Rome is dedicated. At any rate, the church was decorated in magnificent fashion, and those who know their Rome will understand what this means. The church is one of the oldest in Rome, one, as it were, of the mother churches of the Eternal City. In the central nave not only was the British flag placed on a catafalque, or rather laid on it, but the trophy, as it were—for is not the coffin of a man who has died for his country a trophy?—was surmounted by a helmet and an unsheathed sword, so placed that the hilt formed a cross. It was a solemn celebration "for the Englishmen who have died in the Transvaal." The inaccurate location may be excused by good intention, and the celebrants themselves and all who took part in the service would desire that their prayers should be extended to the souls of all who have fallen in South Africa. Monseigneur Stanley was aided by two priests of the College Bréda, and the singing fell to the lot of the pupils of the well-known British college, guided by Monseigneur Crouin, who also gave the benediction. A large British contingent was present: Lord and Lady Currie, Mr. Charles Morgan, the British Consul, the principals of the English, Scots, and Canadian colleges, Monseigneur Turner, the Bishop of Galloway, several of the Pope's immediate *entourage*, a number of British officers, and many Boers whose sympathies had procured their exile from South Africa at an early stage of the war. Among those present, by the way, were the military attaché of the German Embassy and Prince Doria. These names indicate, at any rate, how thoroughly the idea of this requiem mass was taken up by British residents in Rome, who, after all, form a considerable portion of the Roman community. Moreover, they emphasise the lack, in Rome at any rate, of that detestation of all things British which seems to prevail in some other places. Anyone who knows the Roman rabble will understand what this means.



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THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN SILVESTRO IN CAPITE.

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BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IN this, the first instalment of these notes to appear in the New Year, it seems desirable to make a few general remarks upon the past and prospective relations of the Mother Country with the Colonies, rather than to devote particular attention to current happenings. As a preface, too, to the discursive dissertation in which I shall presently indulge, it is my gracious duty to make a special reference to a pleasant, and withal most seriously useful, suggestion in the Christmas Number of this journal. In the leading article in that notable issue was formulated an idea the soundness and significance of which it is difficult to overestimate. It was to the end that NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, in addition to the various other *rôles* which it plays with, as those connected with it are proud to think, conspicuous and freely acknowledged success, should become a means by which the "comradeships of the veldt" should be woven into a veritable all-British cable of something far more than mere friendly acquaintance. The *modus operandi* suggested was that anyone desiring to find out a friend in any part of the Empire—such a friend as thousands upon thousands of men of both Services must have made in connection with the war—should send to the Editor of this journal a short message for that friend, which should be printed in these pages, an effort being made to induce Colonial papers, among which we have many well-wishers, to reproduce in a "Distant Friends" column of their own such of these messages as may refer to readers in their part of the world.

Apart from the obvious goodness of this idea—to which, it is pleasant to be able to add, the *Times*, in a flattering notice of the Christmas Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, accords special commendation—there is strength in the contention that such a fine mission as is here indicated falls with peculiar propriety to the lot of a paper which is, and always has been, and always will be, frankly and enthusiastically Imperialist in all its ways, and thoughts, and acts. To quote from the *Times* notice above-mentioned, "The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED maintains its popularity, and no Christmas number is more heartily welcomed. There is a breezy patriotic air about it which everybody must catch who looks through its pages." Praise from such a source is praise indeed, and to this grateful and comforting encomium on our breezy patriotism we feel sure we may add, with a very general concurrence, our own claim—the writer as a contributor from the very first number, ventures for the moment to identify himself personally with the paper, and to act as the mouthpiece of the Editor—to rank in the very forefront of Imperial and Imperialistic journalism. Ours is no empty boast of a world-wide circulation. Week by week the post carries out thousands of copies of this paper to regular subscribers in every quarter of the globe, and thousands more are circulated by Colonial agents. That in itself is gratifying, but there is something still more to the point as strengthening our title to become, in the words of the leading article in our Christmas Number, "throughout the Empire an agency that will do much to keep the ties of union taut and lasting."

When Imperialism was by no means so "popular" as it is now, and long before the man in the street had comprehended the true inwardness of our strength as a Colonial Power, NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED struck a clear note of policy, to which it has kept throughout its career. The result has been that, whether by such "messages" as we have suggested, or by any other methods that lie within the scope of a leading journal, we feel that, so far as we are concerned, the machinery for blending home and colonial interests and sentiment is established and in working order, and the more freely our home readers use it, within such reasonable limitations as obviously suggest themselves, for the promotion of friendly intercourse with Britons beyond the Seas, the better shall we be pleased.

A BUGLER, West India Regiment.

Carried away by the subject of the foregoing exordium, I have not left myself a great deal of space for my threatened dissertation on Imperialism past and future. But, after all, there is not a great deal to say beyond iteration, without the harsh epithet usually coupled with that word, of the fact that the power of Imperialism, the strength of the bond of union which makes Britain and Greater Britain combined absolutely the mightiest factor in the existing sum of the world's politics, depends largely on the old, old truth that "blood is thicker than water." You may build on the foundation of this truth a superstructure of citizenship, of fealty, of loyal acknowledgment of substantial obligation. Indeed, it is remarkable in the history of the world to note what such superadded forces have done, not only to strengthen Imperialism, but even for a time to support a not altogether congenial foreign occupation. To be able to say *Civis Romanus sum* was, every schoolboy knows, a privilege immensely valued by races which in their time had fought lustily against the Roman legions, and one of which St. Paul himself, a native of Tarsus, was fain to avail himself on a memorable occasion. In our own case the superb loyalty of India, a continent crowded with peoples of views and feelings and religions curiously divergent from our own, has afforded an amazing instance of the extraordinary influence which Imperial kinship, even when actual consanguinity is not indicated, can exercise upon the human mind. There are few things more striking in the annals of the world than the passionate anxiety of the Indian princes to be allowed to fight side by side with British officers against Britain's enemies; few things more touching—to strike a graver note of sad remembrance, peculiarly appropriate to this month—than the heartfelt impressions of genuine grief which went forth from the native community of our great Dependency when the first Empress of India passed away.

But there is no Imperial tie so strong that it can make us forget that the true Imperialist basis is common blood. "We be of one blood, you and I," is the formula which makes Briton dear to fellow-Briton all the world over, and which is at the bottom of that great Imperial unity that only shows its real strength when times are bad, and foreign dangers threaten the great family to which we all belong. Common blood is no fixed insurance of everlasting friendship—of that trite fact no family, no Empire, has had more impressive demonstration than we have. There is no sort of family fighting which, for sustained vigour and earnestness, can compare with that which is often waged between brothers, and in our case the old-time bitterness between us and our American colonies was quite as violent as any hostility which has been exhibited to us by foreign enemies. But even here the superior density of blood to that of water has, in these later times, asserted itself in delightful ways which have become history. Depend upon it, we are more than justified in regarding this bond, nay, more than a bond, this foundation of blood-relationship, as the first great safeguard of our Imperial welfare. It is this which has primarily been accountable for the extraordinary manifestation of Colonial sentiment during the past two years, and it is in this direction, too, that the British Empire can claim an advantage which no other Empire of equal aims and equal vitality possesses.

No doubt in time to come both France and Russia, and to a minor extent Germany, may raise up for themselves colonial growths in which true kinship with the Mother Country may exist, and ultimately be demonstrated. Spain did so, and with some success, which, if the Spanish national

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character had been different, might have led to serious modifications of latter-day history. But in any case the process is a long and sometimes chequered one, and similar results cannot be arrived at by any other means. In the case of either Russia, France, or Germany it will be long years before any one of them, in any great international cataclysm, can rely on such help as we have received from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—not to speak of other contingents which have been offered—during the war in South Africa, and which we should assuredly again receive in any great Imperial emergency.

There should be, I think, some distinction drawn, at any rate for certain special purposes, between Colonisation and Empire, and it seems to me that much of the distinction lies in the point which I have already emphasised. Imperialism of the true sort, of the sort which has sprung not into being, for it has been there for three centuries, but into popular recognition, during the past few years, depends, after all, not so much on mere Colonial expansion, nor even upon the success of Colonial administration, but upon the absolute and unquestioned kinship which exists throughout every vein of a great Colonial system. You cannot arrive at this by any development of citizenship, by any measures of policy, by any consolidation of trade, or other such interests, alone. But when, in addition to the foundation of blood-relationship, you have walls of fellow-feeling and mortar of loyalty, you can readily build up such a structure of Imperialism as will not only win the world's admiration by reason of its shapely proportions and commanding aspect, but will "stand four-square to all the winds that blow."

One other thought seems to me appropriate for the New Year in its relation to this special department of the paper. This is the growing prospect of a fuller intercourse not only between Britain and Greater Britain, but between the several constituents of the latter. The chord which has been struck by the participation of the Colonial contingents in the war is one the vibrations of which are likely not only to be lasting, but to be carried in resonant waves far beyond limits at present discernible. It is an inspiring reflection that one of the results of the tremendous sacrifices which the British Empire has made during the past two years to maintain not only its prestige, but its self-respect, will be a closer approximation of our Colonies to one another, as well as of them all to the Mother Country which they have so brilliantly, so impressively, upheld.

A RENFREWSHIRE VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

THE first three of the Volunteer battalions of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are Renfrewshire regiments, and Renfrew played an early and important part in the great Volunteer Movement of 1859-60. Renfrew, indeed, ranks fourteenth amongst the ninety-five counties of England and Scotland in Volunteer precedence, and the three regiments named are senior to all Scottish Volunteer corps, with the exception of the Edinburgh regiments, which form Volunteer units of the Royal Scots.

SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER AND OFFICERS, 2ND V.B., ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—back row: Lieut. and Quartermaster Erskine, Lieut. G. Stevenson, Second Lieut. Hutchison, Lieut. J. Currie, Capt. McLaurin, Second Lieut. Haldane, Second Lieut. Coats, and Second Lieut. Graham. Second row: Capt. Ronald Stewart, Capt. W. F. Dobie, Capt. N. M. MacKean, Surgeon Lieut. G. Coats, Second Lieut. Cunningham (3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Lieut. W. W. Campbell, Lieut. W. Brown, Capt. and Adjt. Pavn, Capt. Wainwright, Capt. J. S. Stewart, and Capt. J. Craig Barr. Front row: Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Bart., V.D. (Commanding 2nd V.B. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter, D.S.O., K.C.B. (Commanding Forces in Scotland), Major J. Cook, and Capt. G. C. Graham (4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, A.D.C. to Gen. Hunter).

The 2nd Renfrewshire (now the 2nd V.B. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), the one with which we are here concerned, dates from 1859, and has from its inception had a distinguished record for soldierly smartness and efficiency. The headquarters of the battalion are Paisley, where in 1865 a property in the High Street was acquired for the site of a drill hall, but two years ago it was found inadequate to meet the growing requirements of the battalion, and accordingly a new building, comprising drill hall, gymnasium, Morris-tube range, lecture and recreation rooms, and all the necessary offices and stores, was erected, at a cost of £10,500. No less than £7,000 of this amount was subscribed by patriotic and generous donors, both within and outside the corps, but a debt of £3,500 greatly hampered the work of the battalion. To clear off this debt, as well as to have a fund in hand to provide for a much-needed new rifle range, the old one being neither safe to the public nor suitable to the battalion, it was determined to hold a bazaar which should realise £5,000 This was fixed for last December, but, owing to the demands on the generosity of the public occasioned by the war, it has only now been held, the opening ceremony being performed by Sir Archibald Hunter, who commands in Scotland. To his presence and the untiring efforts of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, and the officers and men of the battalion, the bazaar owes the success that has attended it. Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, who commands, is as keen a soldier as he is a sportsman, and has been lieutenant-colonel of the battalion since 1887.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying.

CHAPTER II.

A PRINCE INCOG.?

AS I was still pondering this speech of Tammers a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder and a deep-toned voice said:

"Anson, as I'm alive! Why, man, where have you dropped from?"

On turning I found a friend, Colonel Algar, behind me.

"My dear Algar," I exclaimed, "I should rather ask you where in the world you have come from! I supposed you were in some Indian cantonment commanding your regiment."

Algar's face changed. I saw I had touched upon some unpleasant subject.

"Haven't you heard?" he said. "I've been turned out of the Service with the spavined casters."

I expressed my surprise, and asked how such things had come about.

"It's the old story. The C.O. had still four months of his command to run, and he wouldn't retire to give me a chance of handling the old Piebalds. He stuck on. And that four months unluckily overlapped my last chance of remaining in the Service. After a certain period, as perhaps you know, a fellow must resign if the senior men don't clear out to make room for him. So it is written in the laws of the War Office, which may not be broken."

"What? You mean to say you have left the Service?"

"No, I don't. The Service left me! I've been turned out of the only profession I'm fit for, a profession in which I've passed the best years of my life, and in which, considering my experience in three campaigns and a fair amount of foreign service, I might just now have found some opening for making myself useful."

Algar had for some years been a well-known figure in military circles. I called to mind a story I had heard of an attempt made by him to reach Khartoum in disguise, but nature had not built him on the right lines for that enterprise, and as he was recognised by most of the Europeans and by every native he met, he was obliged to turn back. Now he was drifting idly about garrison towns, becoming embittered with regrets, and prematurely ruining his figure by eating too much—altogether an instance of a sheer waste of good material.

After a while I wanted to know why he had come to the Channel Isles.

"Went to Guernsey in the first instance to see a sister of mine and her kids. Then I happened to come over here for a day or two, and here I have stayed ever since. It doesn't matter where an old buffer like myself goes—it doesn't matter what becomes of me now, eh?"

But seeing the Colonel as he stood then, a good six feet in his boots, with that air of distinction which clings to most men of his class, I laughed.

"It will always matter what becomes of a fellow like you," I replied. "Are there no good-looking girls here to tell you so?"

He was a man in his solid prime, with a big fair moustache, a neck like a turkeycock, and eyes of the dark, noticeable blue of a cornflower. Moreover, he walked in a challenging manner which exacted attention.

At my words he glanced nervously round and laughed.

"Hush, my good boy, hush!" he said, in his big humorous way; "I'm always afraid in this place. Don't you know that the man who comes to the island of Jersey is lost? He inevitably gets married before he leaves it!"

"That explains your being here!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, it's not the pretty features of the island that attract me," he answered. "I save myself from the inevitable by refusing every introduction. Besides, the girls like the younger fellows, bless 'em! I'm getting too heavy on the wing, eh?"

I admitted that I had noticed his figure seemed somewhat more puffy about the outlines than was absolutely necessary, and suggested that he should take to golf.

"No, no, Anson, the man who gives way to golf becomes a monomaniac! So far I am satisfied with going down to the butts on Grouville Common and having a shot or two. They have some pretty marksmen in the Militia here."

"I expect you could give them points," I said; for I knew that Algar was a famous rifle-shot.

"Not by any means! You don't expect me to beat a Prince of Wales' medallist. By the way, where are you putting up?"

I explained.

"That's where I hang out," he said. "The *chef* they keep is a genius in his way. He's been engaged in spoiling my figure for me—eh? Who's the man you were talking to when I came up?"

I had forgotten Tammers, but on looking round I saw him immersed in reading the pink evening paper of the island, which he had bought from a passing boy.

"He's a decent sort of man," I replied. "He's been at the Soleil Levant any time during this fortnight."

Algar glanced over Tammers.

"Yes, we've all sorts there," he said carelessly, with a soldier's contempt.

Even a home-bred civilian is often more of a cosmopolitan than a man like Algar, who, though he may have served in every quarter of the globe, keeps his social instincts within the narrow limits of the mess-house. Outside those sacred boundaries there may be men, but with a hidebound exclusiveness he takes little cognisance of them as such.

"He has been about the world a good deal," I said insistently.

Algar glanced at Tammers again.

"So I should think. Everybody has, for the matter of that, nowadays."

"Not I, I am sorry to say. A few days spent now and again at various hotels in France or Switzerland does not amount to much," I said.

"Has he been trying to fire you with the ambition of becoming a globe-trotter?" asked Algar indifferently. "After a lifetime spent in serving the Widow in every country under the sun, I say, 'Study repose.'"

We were walking towards the hotel by this time.

"I suppose you are dining here this evening?" he went on, indicating the Soleil Levant. "Unluckily, I am for once in a way dining at St. Aubin's, with a poor chap who's going out with some beastly complaint caught in the Chitral business. Well, ta-ta, old man. See you to-morrow," and with that he turned off to the railway station.

I stopped near the weigh-bridge and looked round. Carriages and carts were still pouring in from the Victoria Pier, bringing cargo and passengers from the St. Malo boat, and I noticed more than one carriage draw up before the green-shuttered and white-walled frontage of the Soleil Levant. A placard with a list of meals on the French system was stuck up beside the door, and I fell to wondering why the English tourist, who must be aware that a heavy meal at noon is as good as poison to him, nevertheless insists on patronising the hotel that advertises *déjeuner* at 2fr. 50c., rather than one which promises to supply him with ham and eggs for half-a-crown at a reasonable hour. The Soleil Levant was a sort of amphibious concern, however, where you could feed on the French or English plan as fancy or foolishness might direct.

Seeing that it still wanted some half-hour or more to dinner-time, I sat down on a bench outside and watched

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the harbour life.

Presently two men came out of the courtyard, glanced sharply at me, and, apparently coming to the conclusion that I was only a stupid Britisher, sat down on an adjacent bench. One, short, rotund, and good-humoured, with a bristling moustache, was manifestly a Frenchman; the nationality of the other was not so patent. He was a tall, yellow man, who possessed a pair of well-padded shoulders and coal-black eyes with defined irises.

I noticed that a Breton maid-servant, belonging to the hotel, came to the door and peered curiously at the couple for a moment, and then disappeared. I sat on while the two strangers talked volubly in French. At first I took little heed, but gradually their conversation attracted my attention.

"Here we are, safely arrived," the shorter man was saying. "Ah! those steamers."

The tall man stretched out his thin legs in front of him.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed venomously in a guttural accent. "*Hélas*, that I should have to leave Paris just now."

"But, my dear Count, if you had but touched a little to the left or higher it might have saved the situation, and we should not now be sitting on this execrable bench."

The Count gloomily accepted a cigarette.

"Had my mother-tongue not been German, the indignation of your countrymen would without doubt have been of a character less profound," returned the Count bitterly.

The shorter man shrugged his shoulder as if deprecating this conclusion.

"There was unfortunately a pathetic side to your affair," he said, "and French sentiment is strong on such points. With my nation the name of mother is sacred. Can there be anything more estimable?"

The Count blew out a long puff of smoke with a significant pursing of the lips.

"That for your fine sentiments!" he retorted. "Is not the code of honour also sacred? Popular feeling is never just. It hounds down a man not for what he does but for what he is! There you have my case, my good De Boivet."

"You cannot judge us at this moment," interposed De Boivet. "You are suffering from a wrong. I grant it. France has misconceived your action, but you will at least allow that the mistakes of the French nation err on the side of a noble weakness!—A lad's courage, a mother's anguish!—What would you?"

"Poof! I ask only for justice, common justice. What has a foolhardy boy or a whimpering woman to do with justice?" asked the Count.

"In the abstract, nothing, it is true, but——"

A couple of girls in white dresses with tennis racquets in their hands crossed the open space from the railway station at this moment, and immediately drew De Boivet's attention.

"Look then, M. le Comte. Behold the beauties of Britain! I kiss my hand to them!" he exclaimed rapturously.

The Count glanced sourly at the girls.

"THERE WAS UNFORTUNATELY A PATHETIC SIDE TO YOUR AFFAIR," HE SAID.

"Give me the dark-eyed houri of the boulevards with the devil in her eye!" he said with a gesture of discontent.

"But, see you, my friend, to a man of taste change is essential. These tall, blonde Dianas——"

The Count rose irritably.

"A straw for Diana since I am not Endymion!" he snarled.

In the wake of the girls came Tammers, his eyes on the ground, the pink paper still grasped in his hand.

He passed in without noticing me. The Frenchman and his companion had also gone, but I sat on in the cool air, and a star had lifted its pale gleam into the darkening sky above the dusky mass of Fort Regent before I followed them.

I met the hotel proprietor in the hall and asked a question idly enough about the two foreigners who had been my neighbours for the last half-hour.

"I do not know, monsieur," he answered civilly. "Probably gentlemen from St. Malo."

For all that he left an impression on my mind that he knew pretty well, though for what reason he should withhold the information I could not conjecture.

"Maybe a prince incog.," I said to myself as I went upstairs.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE."—If you write to the Under Secretary of State for India, India Office, Whitehall, S.W., you will obtain full particulars as regards entry into the Indian Marine. Appointments are given by the Government of India to selected candidates, the necessary qualification being the possession of a Board of Trade certificate as second mate. The limit of age is from seventeen to twenty-two. Candidates do not, of course, go through the "Britannia," which is only for cadets of the Royal Navy, but go direct to Bombay. The officers of the Royal Indian Marine rank after their comrades of the Royal Navy of corresponding rank, their status, in fact, being similar to that of officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, but they are senior to these latter officers in their respective ranks. Their uniform is similar to that of the Royal Navy, with a slight difference in the epaulette and cap badges, and the lace worn is of the twisted pattern worn by officers of the Royal Naval Reserve. Certain ships, torpedo-boats, etc., of the floating defences of the Indian Empire are handed over to the Imperial Government, under certain specified conditions, under which to all intents and purposes they become war-ships of the British Navy. On board these vessels certain officers of the Royal Navy serve, in conjunction with officers of the Royal Indian Marine, receiving for so doing certain Indian allowances paid by the Admiralty.

* * * *

"KING'S REGULATIONS AND ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS."—Article 901 reads as follows: "When the match is burning, it is always to be over water in tubs, and in charge of a responsible person." You are correct in your surmise that it appears in the latest regulations, as also numerous others of a like nature, such as that the gunner is not to enter the magazine without the permission of the captain. Such articles, and those with reference to duelling, church attendance, etc., are interesting survivals from the past. In the same way, the old regulation in the Army concerning courts-martial not taking place after one o'clock was a survival from a time when it was considered that port wine might have somewhat obscured their faculties after that time. The great controlling force in the discipline of the Navy lies in the Articles of War, which are periodically read in the most impressive way to the crew by the captain.

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FAREWELL WISHES.

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"P.P.C."

Fun, not unmixed with a slight tinge of jealousy, perhaps, is often poked at the gallant members of the Brigade of Guards for the multitude of social obligations which they are heir to. Duty of this kind, however, is not confined to the commissioned ranks, for the rank and file are just as much sought after by hosts and hostesses in their own walk of life. Prior to their departure for South Africa the inmates of Wellington and Chelsea Barracks have a busy time of it, while attempting to take advantage of the numerous farewell hospitalities showered upon them. The two Scots Guardsmen in the above illustration, returning to South Africa, have been unable to accept all, and are pacifying disappointed friends with notes of excuse, penned from the "trooper on the tide," and in every case concluding with seasonable wishes for a merry Christmas.

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A SECTION OF TWO GUNS WITH THEIR AMMUNITION WAGGON.

MARCHING WITH A HEAVY BATTERY.

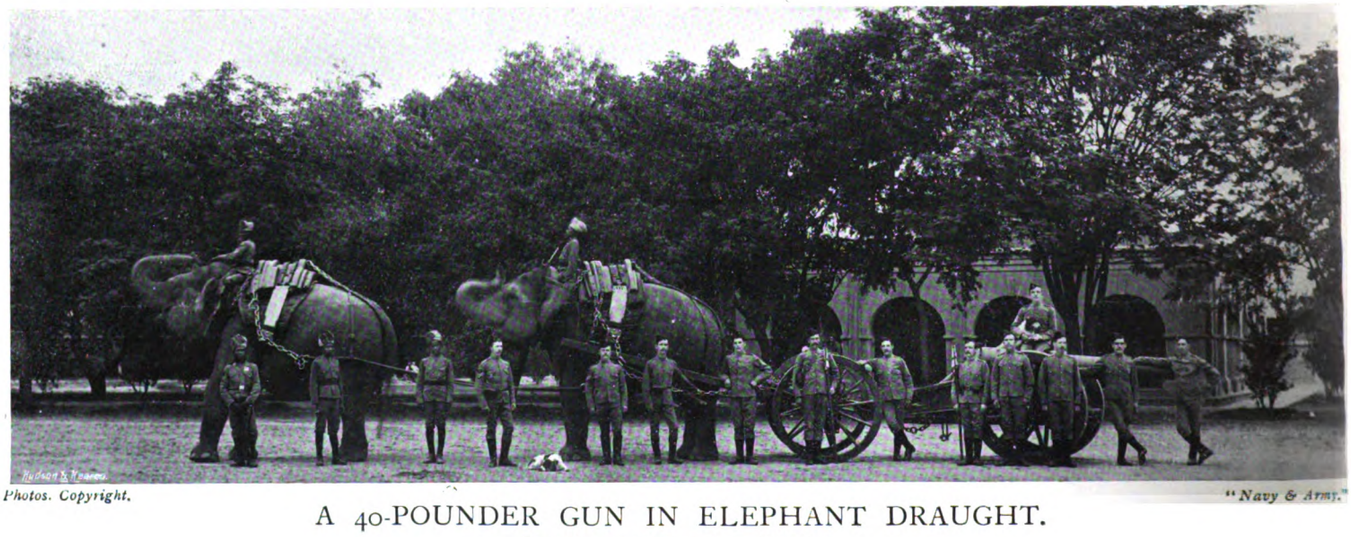
By E. C. P. G.

AS these "Hathi," or elephant batteries, will soon be out of date, and horses take the place of the elephants, it may be of some interest to your readers if I try and recall a two months' march with one in the winter of 1897-98.

The battery to which my husband belonged was then stationed at Multan, a place well described in Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," as a "burnt-up city on the edge of the Scinde desert." It was a fortnight before we got off, after receiving our orders, owing to the immense difficulty there was in procuring transport of any kind. A field battery had marched off a month before, and had collected all that was available, and that only with great difficulty, owing to the whole of the Punjab having to supply the enormous quantity of camels, etc., required for the Tirah Expedition then in progress. Bullock-carts were hardly to be got, as directly the natives heard we were off they hid their carts miles out in the jungle. However, about the second week in December we had cleared our house, and packed all our furniture and heavy goods off by rail, and spent our last night with nothing but our camp furniture and what was actually going with us on the road. After an early breakfast we started off on our 500 mile tramp, being played out by the British and Native Infantry bands. As our first camping-ground was only one mile beyond the Native City, we made a double march of it to start with, a long hot weary march of nineteen miles.

Our first camping-ground was called Kabberwala, and consisted of a large level piece of uncultivated ground, with room for two or three batteries, marked out by a white masonry boundary pillar at each corner, with a large serai close at hand, where the forage and supplies had been stored by the civil authorities. Except when we halted at big towns this description would suit every place we camped at. Generally, nothing but flat fields to be seen for miles, and sometimes a fairly thick jungle all round. We got in late the first evening, and everything was rather muddled, but as the mess-tent and servants had gone on the night before, we found a meal ready for us, and after the animals had been watered and fed we sat down to it, hungry, hot, and thirsty. Our usual routine was to be called at 7 a.m., then, as soon as we were dressed, went out and collected round the camp-table left on the spot where mess-tent had been, and brewed tea and boiled eggs and made toast for ourselves, while our own tents were being struck and loaded with our kits on to the bullock-carts. The bullocks and elephants were at the same time being got ready and hooked in, the men's tents and baggage all packed, and all the grass left over being made into bonfires. They were cheery meals, those out of door self-cooked chota-hazris, and our seven dogs had grand times chasing the hundreds of crows that used to collect to gather up the tit-bits left from the camp. We had to be pretty quick in getting dressed, as our tents were usually ready to fall the moment we left them, the ropes and pegs having all been loosened as we were dressing. At 8.15 the fall-in bugle went, our horses were brought up, and at 8.30 sharp the battery started off. I used to ride a short way ahead, and as soon as we were well started and everything all right my husband used to join me, and generally the subaltern commanding the two leading guns (technically called a section, I believe) came up too. "Half-way-house" was always marked by a table covered with large sandwiches, tin mugs, and a huge cauldron of tea, each British soldier getting a sandwich and a mug of tea. As soon as the centre of the battery was opposite the table the "halt" sounded, and we had half-an-hour's rest.

The first half of the officers and men generally dismounted and walked, as the mornings were [illegible] chilly. It used to amuse me to see the twelve elephants, one to each gun, drawn up before marching, their trunks tightly rolled up, presumably to keep them warm. They felt the cold a good deal, and [illegible] which he used to put on more [illegible] assistance of his mahout, at



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A 40-POUNDER GUN IN ELEPHANT DRAUGHT.

The elephants saluting as in marching past.

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AFTER A HOT MARCH.

A welcome plunge in a roadside tank.

for the tents and picket-ropes was always marked out by the colour party who went on the day before, and after a day or two it was perfectly astonishing to see the camp pitched and settled down as if it had been there a week, after being in half-an-hour only. Breakfast was a real solid meal then, we had generally done our fourteen mile tramp with a light chota-hazri, and perhaps a small snack halfway, and by the time the camp was squared and we sat down to breakfast we were all ravenous. As soon as that was over a local shikari was unearthed, and after much lying on his part the direction and prospects of sport ascertained, and all, with the exception of the poor orderly officer, sallied forth with guns, and, not content with a long march in the morning, used to tramp till dark and usually brought in game enough, chiefly duck and grey or black partridge, hares, and occasionally sand grouse, to not only stock my larder, but supply the sergeants mess as well, and the men afterwards.

Our Christmas Day we spent two marches out of Lahore. Some men had been sent on by train from a small station, and came back and met us with the ingredients for the mess Christmas dinner. We halted that day, of course, and on Christmas Eve were asked to attend a concert the men had got up, which, if not actually very musical, was, for the half hour that we stayed, extremely comical. The chief thing I remember was one man trying to find the notes on a penny whistle to play a jig for his pal (they had evidently made a fair division of their beer) to dance to. We were serenaded with "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," about 11 p.m., at least the serenade was meant for that, but they only got through one line before they were sent to the right-about. Christmas Day opened with morning service in the gun-park, and a Christmas hymn. At 12 noon, the Sergeant-Major came and asked us to go and see the men at their Christmas dinners, a regular custom all the world over wherever British Tommies are to be found. They had made a large shamiana out of the outer flies of two or three big tents, and the whole battery were seated on the ground eyeing the biggest spread of food I have ever seen, this being my first time of going round dinners. There were piles and piles of roast ducks, and fowls, and hams, and joints of beef, and enormous plum puddings, and oranges and nuts galore. We were solemnly offered our choice of various bottles of wine, and each had to drink a sup, and my husband made the usual speech and Merry Christmas wishes, and they cheered us both and the other officers. That being over, we left them to their own devices, all of us going off far into the jungle with our tiffin and tea, and the men shot black partridge, while I helped to beat. We arrived back in camp at dark. The sentry was awake, but not another soul in camp was to be seen. The enormous dinner, and a *limited* quantity of beer, had had a most quieting effect. We had our orthodox pudding and beef, and retired to bed early. At Wazirabad we found that the battery would have to cross the river in a ferry train. As the next camp ground was only four miles further on, my husband had decided to go on to Guzerat, another eight miles, and make a double march of it. But we had reckoned without the peculiarities of the Indian railway authorities. They had promised faithfully to have the whole battery over by 9 a.m. As a matter of fact we reached the other side in the last train (we two on the engine) at 8 p.m., after a weary, weary twelve hours' wait at a small Indian station. We had nothing with us, as all the baggage had gone on in the first train, but managed to get a breakfast at the refreshment-room.

About two or three marches from Rawal Pindi, one of, if not the very largest, cantonment in India, we came across some steep hills, the first we had met with so far. The day we got to Rawal Pindi we halfway-housed on the banks of the Sohan River, and afterwards had a steep pull up to our camping-ground beside the Fort, by far the most cramped and worst camp we had had so far. We were much amused by the way the elephants were watered; there was an upright tap with a handle over the snout, which on being pressed allowed the water to come out. The elephants held their trunk close under the snout, and as soon as they had a trunkful squirted it into their mouths. One elephant named Chatterbox was tethered next to this place, and during lunch we saw her curl the tip of her trunk over the brass tap and fill her trunk for herself! Each elephant was tethered in camp by a large chain round his fore legs, and one round his hind legs, and these were fastened to a peg about 18-in. long, which he could have pulled up and walked away with without noticing it; but they never strayed, knowing full well that they would not get chupatties and sugar cane out in the jungle. From Pindi we made our final march into Campbellpore, after two months of living under canvas, and with a few exceptions never more than one night in the same place.

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A PAIR OF WHEEL BULLOCKS.

Part of the equipment of an elephant battery.

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ONE OF OUR NEWEST BATTLE-SHIPS.

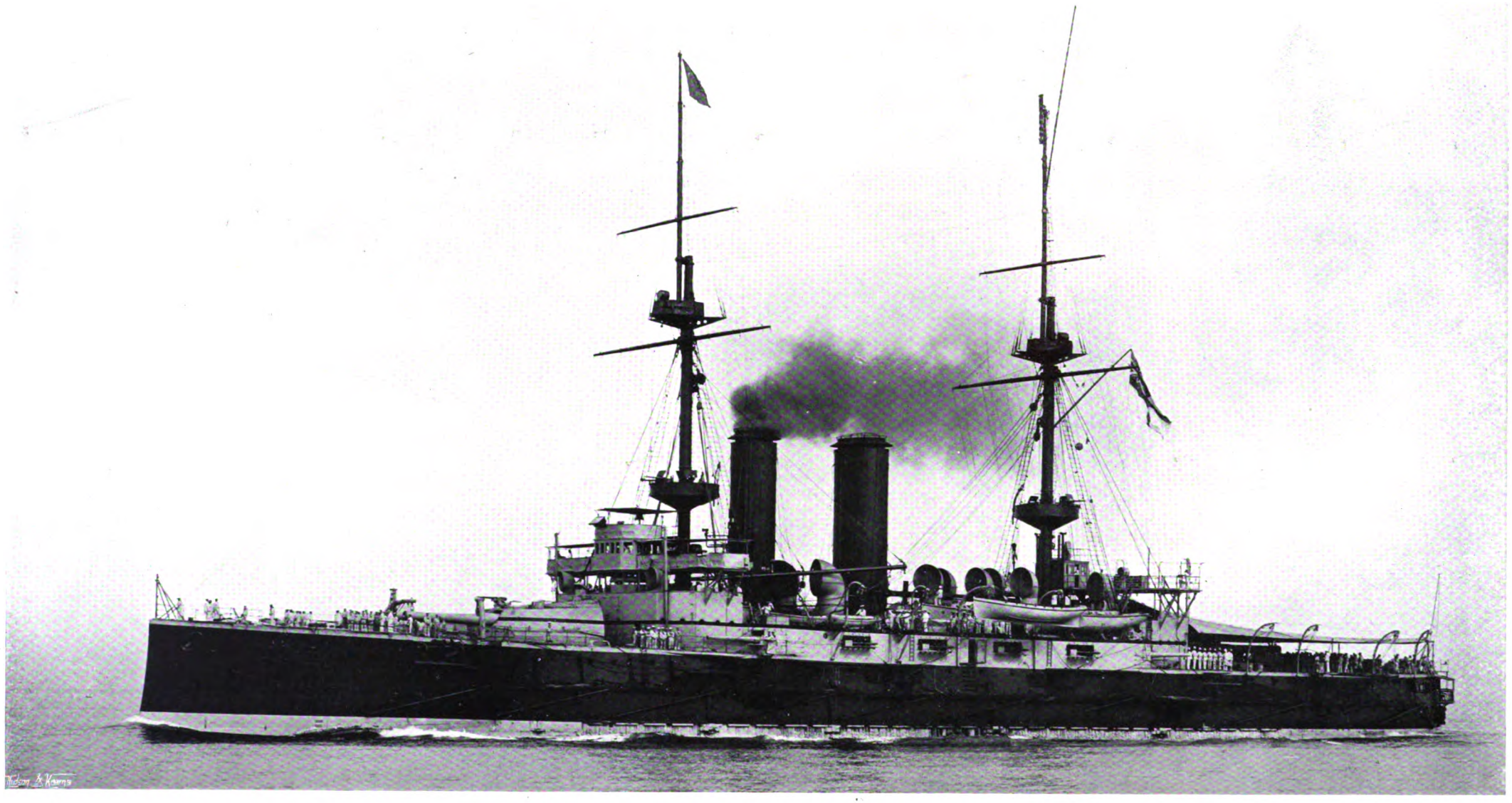

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

THE "IMPLACABLE" LEAVING MALTA.

The "Implacable" is a representative of the latest type of British battle-ship afloat. She displaces 15,000 tons, and is capable of a speed of 18 knots at natural draught. This is in accordance with the recent policy which attaches growing importance to speed in battle-ships. She is also better protected on the water-line than any of her predecessors. Her main armament consists of four 12-in. guns mounted in pairs in two barbettes, and capable of being loaded in any position, and she also carries twelve 6-in. quick-firers. She is commanded by that exceedingly popular officer, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and is attached to the Mediterranean command. She has recently acted as the flag-ship of a detached squadron which has been cruising in the Eastern Mediterranean.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.

IT may be said with truth that the above title forms no part of a series of articles on "Sport in the Navy," seeing that deer-stalking in Scotland is the luxury of the rich, and that few Naval officers have had the good fortune to have participated in it. Thanks to many kind friends I have been one of the few, and my adventures in that line of sport may be of interest to brother officers. Going back so far as the year 1867, I well remember killing my first stag at Erchless Castle, then rented by the late Sir Greville Smyth, whose death only a short time ago will be deplored by a large circle of friends, for a kinder host or a better sportsman never handled a rifle. My stag was a "Hummel," or hornless one, and curiously enough I have never seen one since. However, horns or no horns, it was all the same to me, and I was very proud of him, and on my return to the castle I was relating the incidents of the stalk to the assembled guests, when one of them, G. King Harman, wrote the following lines, which describe the event in nautical terms far better than I can. So I make no apology for reproducing them here:

"THE LAY OF THE MODERN MARINER.

"(A Yarn of the Hummel Stag.)

"Ye Mariner Discourseth.

"Shiver my timbers! bless my dear heart!
Here's an occasion for swagger and brag!
Scuttle my binnacle! here's a rum start!
Fancy Bill Kennedy killing a stag!

"Very soon after three bells had struck,
Jemmy and I for the forest were bound;
Splicing the mainbrace to wish ourselves luck,
We took observations and scanned the whole ground.

"'Is there a stag in the offing?' says I.
'Devil a tail,' says old Jemmy Macrae;
Off then we started a fresh port to spy,
Cruising and tacking the whole of the day.

"Come to an anchor at six bells at last,
All hands to dinner! we pipe away now,
Jemmy cried out from the top of the mast—
'Stag ho! two miles off upon the port bow.'

"Hoisted our sails, and the anchor we tripped,
First having well double shotted the gun;
Up and down hills we climbed, scrambled, and slipped—
Now hands and knees, and now hard on the run.

"Going down hill about seventeen knots,
Soon I was hailed by old Jemmy Macrae:
'Where are ye ganging? the pace is too hot;'
So I hove to immediately under the brae.

"Peeping quite cautiously over the brow,
There half a cable's length off lay the deer;
'Run out your gun,' says old Jem from the bow,
'Fire right into him when he is near.'

STOWED ON PONY-BACK.

"First shot I gave him 'twixt water and wind,
Up jumped the stag, and when just on the turn
I managed to rake him again from behind,
And sunk him at length with a shot in the stern.

"Needless to say how we spliced the mainbrace
Once and again—I and Jemmy Macrae;
Both were uncommonly red in the face
Ere we returned to the castle that day.

"One thing alone in our stag wasn't right—
Devil a spar on his head could be twigged.
My last word to Jem as I bade him good-night
Was 'Mind that the next is a bit better rigged.'

"That night, as I entered this yarn in the log,
Wasn't there chaffing and fun, and (dear eyes)
Didn't the land lubbers push round the grog,
Drinking success to Bill Kennedy's prize."—K. H.

Photos, Copyright. THE CHALLENGE. "Navy & Army."

Since then I have killed many deer in Scotland, often two, and sometimes three, in a day. This may be no great feat for a man who owns a deer forest, and who can choose his time and ground, but is good enough for the guest who is not usually sent to the best beat, nor with the best stalker. At Erchless I used generally to be sent to the "corries," a terribly hard beat, and with but a poor chance of a stag; but I had some glorious days there with John Campbell, the stalker, and on another beat, called the "saddle," with old Thomas. I also missed some good chances, owing to lack of experience and bad shooting, for in those days I was young at the business.

I remember that on one disastrous day with Campbell we spied some deer in a corrie, among them seven stags, which we proceeded to stalk. They were in a difficult position, and could not be approached from below. We therefore made a detour, and got above them, and then began a terrible stalk down a precipitous fall. Campbell was leading—crawling like a serpent on his belly—and so steep was the incline that I

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picked up his knife and sundry articles which fell from his pockets. We made a grand stalk, and I got a broadside shot at the nearest stag, which fell all of a heap, and with the second barrel I knocked over a second at full gallop. So far so good; but having my gun with me loaded with ball, I fired at a third. Campbell said it was hit, and bolted after it, taking with him the rifle ammunition and leaving me with an empty rifle. Presently I heard two shots, so, supposing he had bagged number three, I went down to look after my beasts. The first was dead, and I went on to the second, which was lying some way further off, but when I got close to him he scrambled on to his legs and moved off, and though I followed him some distance, I could not overtake him, and he got away. Campbell then joined me, having failed to get the third stag, and so we only got one. The second was found dead by the shepherd some days afterwards.

I had another unfortunate day with John's brother, Will Campbell. Whilst stalking in the corries, we started a splendid stag, which rose from among some rocks on the sky-line and disappeared. We noticed that it had a broken hind leg, so we followed on the line, and presently spied him again lying down in a very difficult place to stalk. However, Will made a splendid stalk, and brought one up within five yards, so he whispered in my ear. I peeped over the rock and looked into a grey face, sunk down again, cocked the rifle, and when I looked again he was gone. Of course, I ought to have shot at once, but I lost the chance, and he was off without a sound, and the next we saw of him he was going across the plain below as fast as three legs could carry him. We followed for five miles, but he never stopped till he got to a loch, into which he plunged, and, swimming across, escaped on the other side.

One day I was out with old Thomas on the saddle. We were accompanied by a fat parson, who was making heavy weather of it up hill. I reached the top, and had my rifle bearing on a stag, but waited to give the parson a chance. The stag was beginning to move off, so old Thomas sung out, "Make haste, mon, before t'other —— comes up." I took his advice.

Old Thomas's contention was that a deer could smell a man a mile off, and a woman two. Whether this is the case or not I am not prepared to say, but it is certain that one could wind old Thomas three miles off, for a more odoriferous old gentleman I never smelt; in fact, we had to take care always to keep to windward of him going up the hill. When he was sixty years old he contracted measles, and Sir Greville, with his usual kindness, sent him some choice hothouse grapes and a pinè-apple from Ashton Court. On Sir Greville asking him how he liked the fruit, he said, "Weel, Sir Greville, the plums was good, but I didna think much of the turnip!"

I was out on another occasion with John Campbell. The dog-cart deposited us on the road, and drove off, when we found to our dismay that the rifle had been left in the trap. However, I had my gun and a few ball cartridges, so we went up the brae to try our luck. A thick fog enveloped the mountains, and we could not see fifty yards, so we sat and smoked under the lee of a rock, hoping for it to clear away, which it presently did, but only for a moment, during which we saw some deer in the valley below. Then the fog came on as thick as ever. We decided to try to get to close quarters, and, the wind being favourable, we cautiously descended till Campbell said we must be close to where we had seen the deer. We then sat down, when suddenly a hind came out of the mist close to us, and, not seeing us, began feeding. She was followed by a stag, which I promptly bowled over with a ball through the neck, much to John's delight.

Among the guests at the castle was one old sportsman who was very keen and always claimed the right to take the stalk if a stag was spied, and it was decided to play him a joke. With this object a fine head was taken down from the hall, and sent out overnight and placed in the heather. The next morning the stalker reported a "Royal" in sight and in a good place to get a shot. The "General," as usual, claimed the right, and, after some demur on the part of the others, was sent off after the stag, in charge of old Thomas, who had been squared. All hands turned out to see the sport. Old Tom did his work well, and led the General by a roundabout way to the stag. Bang went the rifle, followed by a second shot, up rushed Tom and seized the stag's head, which he lifted up, to the General's intense disgust. The best of the joke was, Tom pretended to have been taken in himself, and got a handsome tip; but the story got about, the General was furious, and left the castle next day.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"NELSON."—The popular phrase of "Half seas over" to denote the condition which has been aptly described as "slightly sober," is a modification of an old expression, "upsee," understood as "over sea," frequently used by old writers in such phrases as to "drink upsee Dutch" (Jonson), and "upsee freeze" (Dekker), the latter phrase being probably a corruption of "op zyn fries," *i.e.*, "in the Frisian fashion." The meaning would apparently be to denote a condition halfway to total inebriety. Heywood (early seventeenth century) in the "Philocothonista" writes: "To title a drunkard by, we (loth to give him such a name, so gross and harsh) strive to character him in a more mincing and modest phrase as thus. . . . One that drinks upsee freeze." The not unnatural supposition that the word "press" has some connection with the compulsion used in recruiting for the Navy in days now happily gone by is wholly erroneous, the word being really derived through the preste or earnest money given to soldiers when they enlisted, "so called because it binds the receiver to be ready at all times appointed" (Bailey). Preste, of course, is connected with the French *prêt*, formerly *prest*, Latin, *præsto*. Daniel, in his "Milice Franç," tom. i., liv. iv., ch. ii., says: "The King covenants to pay half of the first quarter's wages in advance. This was the prest money . . ."

* * * *

"VOLUNTEER SERGEANT."—According to a Parliamentary Paper recently issued, sixty-four Volunteer service companies embarked for South Africa in 1900 (exclusive of two companies of Lord Lovat's Scouts). These comprised 193 officers and 7,132 non-commissioned officers and men. Drafts consisting of 54 officers and 1,117 non-commissioned officers and men were subsequently sent out, making the total number of Volunteers sent out 8,496 (247 officers and 8,249 non-commissioned officers and men). The wastage due to war was 35 officers and 1,635 men, of whom 8 officers and 353 men were killed or died of disease in South Africa, and 27 officers and 1,282 men were invalided. The wastage due to other causes is given as 52 officers and 911 men, of whom 3 officers and 425 men were discharged in South Africa, 28 officers and 434 men were left in South Africa, and 21 officers and 52 men are accounted for under the headline of "Other causes." The total decrease from all causes was therefore 87 officers and 2,546 men, leaving the strength of the companies at 160 officers and 5,703 men when they disembarked at home.

* * * *

"C. F."—In the seventeenth century the denomination of the temporary rank of "Commodore" was commandore, possibly from the Dutch "kommandeur," imported under the auspices of William III. The *London Gazette* of 1695 records that "the commandore joyned with above 500 seamen," and the spelling is repeated in the same publication in 1703. It has often been stated that this is a corrupt form of the Spanish and Portuguese "comendador," one put in charge, from the Latin "commendare," to entrust for preservation, aid, etc. Marsh, in his "Lectures on the English Language," holds it to be a corruption of the Portuguese "capitao mor," or chief captain. Southey, in his "Letters," quotes the form "comdor," from an old Catalan author who claimed it as a native word of his own country. There is, however, no trace in the history of the word of its connection with any Spanish or Portuguese source. "Companion" signified originally the stairs that led up to the quarter-deck above the cabin, *i.e.*, the Dutch "kompanje," the quarter-deck, perhaps the fighting-deck, from "kampen." "Furlough" is a corruption of the Dutch "ver lof," for leave. When first introduced it was probably pronounced "furlof," although spelled furlough, in analogy to cough, trough, etc. The word being then more commonly used in its written than spoken form, came, by a natural change, to be pronounced as at present. There are many similar instances.

* * * *

"CONDUCTOR."—A conductor was originally a driver of artillery or ammunition waggons. In 1778 this rank is found as applied to assistants given to the commissary of stores. The duties of these assistants were to attend at the magazines by turns when in garrison, and to look after the ammunition waggons when in the field. By Royal Warrant, of January 11, 1879, conductors of supplies and conductors of stores were raised to the rank of warrant officers. They are now employed in the general duties of the detachment to which they belong, much in the same way as a subaltern officer is, and in the Queen's Regulations of 1879 it is laid down that "Conductors of the Army Service Corps and Ordnance Store Corps will supply the place of subaltern officers when required, but they will not sit as members of Courts of Inquiry or on Regimental Boards. On all parades they will take posts as officers, but will not salute." It is further laid down that conductors are to be members of the sergeants' mess, and they are permitted to wear plain clothes under the conditions laid down for officers. Conductors of the Army Ordnance Corps take precedence of all other warrant officers, being ranked as 1st Class with master gunners (1st Class) and staff sergeant majors (1st Class) of the Army Service Corps, and they take rank with midshipmen and clerks in the Navy, but are senior to them.

* * * *

"REFORM."—If you wish to make a comparison of the soldiers' food now with the rations at the time of the last Transvaal War, your best course would be to refer to a lecture given at the Royal United Service Institution by Colonel Tulloch on "Soldiers' Food" on June 25, 1884. The soldiers of former periods were probably best fed in Cromwell's time. Colonel Tulloch says that in the early decades of the nineteenth century European soldiers in the West Indies were often fed on salt meat five days in the week. The result was scorbutic dysentery, and it was no uncommon thing for regiments in certain tropical stations to lose one-fifth of their numbers every year. A drachm of spirits was part of the ration, and the canteen stood open from early morning for the sale of spirits to all comers. Colonel Tulloch stated that in 1858 he was quartered at a large station in India where there was great mortality, and it was found that the water for the barrack well percolated through a thickly tenanted cemetery. THE EDITOR.

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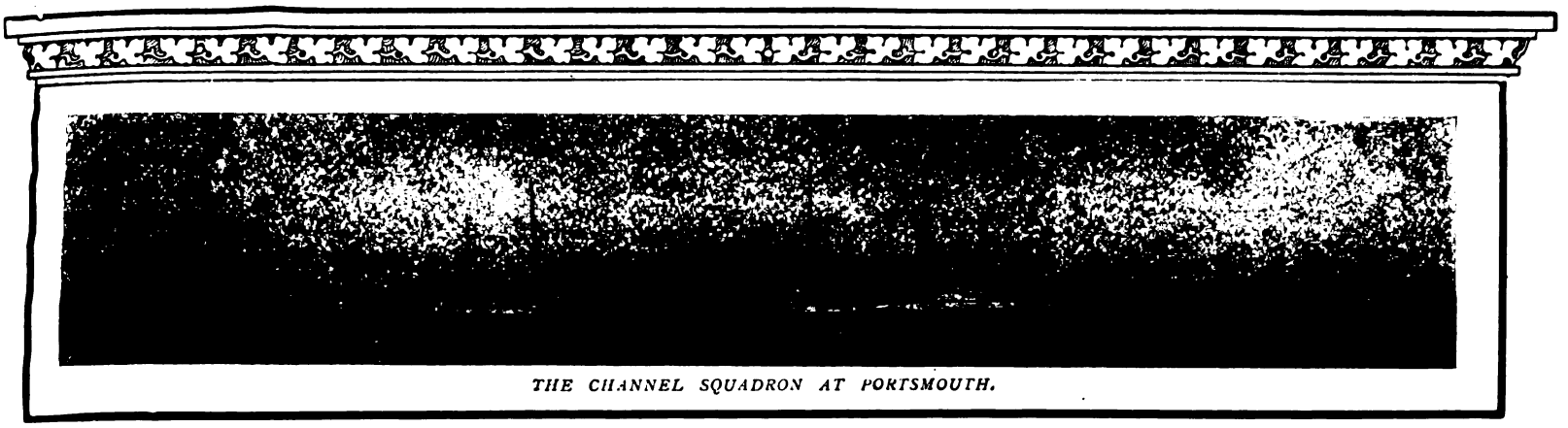

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE opening of a new year is a suitable occasion for a retrospect of the one that has passed. Before us are the glories of the Coronation; we know that the close of the war is at length within sight, and, out of the haze, ideas of settlement are evidently shaping themselves. A glance "Round the World" shows us that in 1901, notwithstanding some excursions and alarums, we maintained amicable relations with all the Powers. They stood aloof from our quarrel with the South African Dutch, and the conduct of the Governments was punctiliously correct. As Sir Edward Monson said some weeks ago in Paris, the time may yet come when the vile expression *le perfide Albion* will give place to the more amiable *nos bons amis les Anglais*. At least it is clear that the growing commercial relations of the two countries should draw them closer together. England is a good customer of France, and many of her merchants prosper on English gold, while the farming and fruit-growing classes benefit very largely by the demand we make upon their supplies. The Anglophobia of Germany has waned in the light of common-sense, and the goodwill of France may perhaps follow in its wake. When we remember how savagely and mendaciously we have been traduced, and how difficult it is to kill a lie, we should not be surprised that honest ignorance has expressed much strong feeling against us.

IT must be confessed that France and her relations with other Powers present a most fascinating subject of enquiry. There is undoubtedly now something tangible in the way of a *rapprochement* to Italy. Signor Prinetti, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has lately used words which seem to indicate that the subject of a mutual understanding between the two Powers has at least been discussed. Their common interests would naturally lead them that way, and a convention would be to the commercial advantage of both. Now that M. Delcassé has reassured the Italians in regard to French intentions in North Africa, there seems no reason why an arrangement should not be arrived at. We should not feel in the least hurt by any amicable arrangement between them. The Italian nation knows too well what it owes to us, and the practical advantages of our friendship, to do anything that might suggest hostile feeling, and when the fleet from Spezia visited Toulon, we were very ready to congratulate the two Powers on the event. There is a suspicion that the French are the more ready to make a compact with Italy owing to something of aloofness on the part of Russia in the Mediterranean. At any rate, it is alleged, with some show of reason, that the stubbornness of the Sultan until the moment of the menace of Admiral Caillard's squadron was due to a strengthening of fibre by M. Zinovieff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople. France had the strong moral support of England and the other Western Powers at the time, and she withdrew from Mitylene with a disinterestedness that won her our regard. Indeed, a Franco-Italian understanding would not be regarded with any suspicion in this country, and if the year upon which we have entered should witness its completion we shall not suffer in any degree.

NOR does it appear that the Siamese Boundary Question should cause any difficulty with this country. The Declaration of 1896, by which the two Powers agreed not to "advance their armed forces" into certain regions, while it left the boundary unsettled, was not, it must be confessed, a very satisfactory instrument. It is absurd for papers like the *Débats* to argue that the presence of the Sikh police force at Bangkok violates the understanding, and, as to the wild statement that Siam does not treat her august neighbour with sufficient respect, it is enough to say that Siam has no other wish than to see the frontier question settled. She would probably make large concessions if that could be brought about. She is prosperous, and her prosperity grows; she has no debts, and her revenue increases; she has adopted great reforms under an enlightened government, and she is anxious one day to enter the family of nations. The unsettled state of affairs with France is her only trouble, and she is willing to submit everything to a conference. France claims to be the sole arbiter, and she will probably win some concessions before Chantabun is evacuated. If she acts in the spirit of her best traditions she will, however, negotiate a final agreement. It is not to be supposed that she will vexatiously keep the question open in order to wrong a weak neighbour. This country, on its part, will certainly do all that is possible to bring about a durable settlement.

THERE was, in the past year, no tendency to strained relations with Russia, though great activity was displayed by the Government of the Czar, not only in the Far East, but in the direction of the Persian Gulf. The country suffered from a very serious economic situation through languid trade, in a state of practical bankruptcy. Anything, therefore, that will assist commerce is being undertaken with great vigour, and a resolute effort is being made, by the aid of the Russian Financial Departments, to capture the trade of Southern Persia. Great sacrifices have been made in order to gain control over the markets of Northern Persia, and the policy will not be changed. There are those who think that we might allow Russia a free hand in the Persian Gulf, and offer no objection to her securing a port there. These advocates of generosity forget that such an acquisition by Russia would not be a commercial port only, but would ultimately be developed into a strong position on the flank of the route to India, whereby our defensive arrangements might have to be modified and strengthened. We could not, and do not, object to Russian trading ships visiting Bushire, Bandarabbas, or other ports on the Persian Gulf, but that is no reason why we should suddenly abandon a position which we have maintained by a century of effort. Nor can it be urged that a port there is a necessity to Russian commercial progress. At the present time, and in her present financial difficulties, Russia's efforts must necessarily be chiefly directed to the development of her new possessions in the Far East, and perhaps, therefore, for many years to come the question of a port in the Persian Gulf will not be raised.

OUR relations with Germany in the past year have been most cordial. By Germany, of course, the German Government is meant, and the leaders of public opinion in the Fatherland are now heartily ashamed of the undignified outburst of Anglophobia which has been alluded to. There was no reason to doubt that the strong common-sense of the Teutons would soon bring them back to the direct and reasonable course. Undoubtedly a little tendency to what is

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humorously called "swelled head" exists in Germany. The "world empire" and the deeds of the "German Michael" have aroused the good German to unaccustomed enthusiasm, and have given birth to a spirit of Pan-Germandom which is indeed a strange development. Its cry is almost as dangerous as was that of "Italia Irredenta," but the danger is recognised, and the party is discouraged. The agitation could only cause trouble with Austria, if it grew, and, though the movement does not concern this country, except in so far as it may feed Anglophobia, we could not witness unconcerned any disturbance of power in that direction, for the Austro-Hungarian empire is one of the safeguards of Europe. Peace, however, is the true interest of Germany, and the spirit that makes for it will ever lead to the best relations with England.

TURNING now to the United States, we cannot help tracing a resemblance between the situation of the two Powers, for during 1901 both of them lost venerated rulers, and found others on whom high hopes are fixed. There has been an interchange of sympathy in distress and of congratulation in rejoicing that have something of binding effect. We have witnessed the accession to office of President Roosevelt without any apprehension, for, though an American to the core, he recognises the true advantage of both countries in most amicable relations. The Canal settlement has removed one matter that might, with another spirit, have led to trouble. In the same way, we may be sure, the difficult question of the Lakes will be approached, and then our cousins will recognise the fact that we are a North American Power as well as themselves, and that the wishes and rights of Canada must be respected. In the urgent advocacy of the Monroe Doctrine this is a matter that seems sometimes to be forgotten; but the fact that the United States and the British Empire are co-partners in North America should, with goodwill, rather cause them to respect one another and to cultivate mutually satisfactory arrangements than the reverse.

THE completion of the Uganda Railway is an achievement upon which all Britons should congratulate themselves. By prodigious effort and at large expenditure the steel road has been carried from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the high plateau of the lakes, through dense forests, malarial swamps, deep rocky cuttings, and over torrential rivers. In something less than five years and a-half Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza have been united, and in 1902 trains will be running between the two places, as the outward sign of the *Pax Britannica* in that great region of Africa. Sir Harry Johnston has shown conclusively that the difficult undertaking was amply justified, and that in the development of a rich region it should return a hundredfold. In a future time the line will surely be carried further, and ultimately united with the Nile railway from Khartoum. Truly the Dark Continent is being rapidly illuminated by the efforts of the far-sighted administrator, the engineer, and the trader.

A NOTABLE CYCLIST COMPANY.

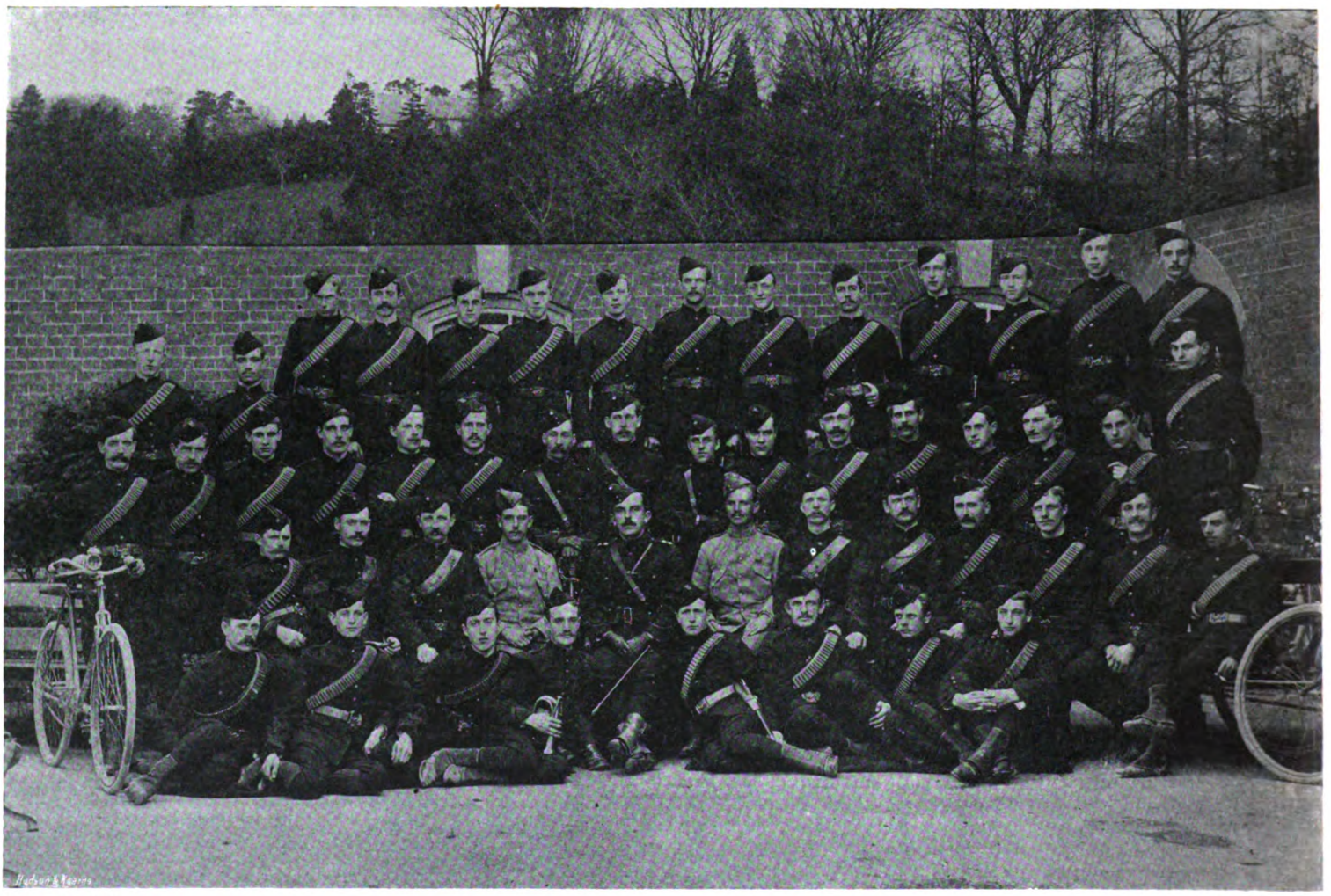

Photo. Copyright. *J. R. Browning.*

MEN WHO BELONG TO A FAMOUS REGIMENT.

The Cyclist Company of the 1st Devon Rifle Volunteers.

IN the old days, now so long ago—is it not nearly half a century?—when people began to talk about the revival in this country of Volunteering—it had existed some fifty years before, but had died out—the West Country came to the front as usual. The traditions of the courtly Raleigh, of the dare-devil Drake, of the bluff John Hawkins and his son "the compleat seaman," and of Richard Grenville had not died out, and men from the West came to the front, as is their wont. The 1st Devon Rifle Volunteers was formed, and has now the honour of being the premier Volunteer battalion. Nor is this all. It has maintained its reputation as greater demands have been made, and properly made, upon the Volunteer Service, and it is still an exceedingly smart corps, worthy of the position which it holds. It has done and is doing exceedingly good work in the West of England, and under the able command of Colonel Sir Dudley Ducksworth King, Bart., it will yield to few, if any, corps in the matter of general efficiency. Its cyclist company well maintains the high standard of the corps. It consists of nearly a hundred members, and during the past year it has abandoned the stereotyped drill and has devoted itself to scouting, reconnaissance, and outpost work. It is in this way alone that fighting can be learned; but the foundation of steady drill must be laid first. The company did some good work at Aldershot, and the officers in command of it doubtless recognise the fact that you must walk before you can run, and that no amount of display will atone for the lack of preliminary training. But the Devon lads do not go in for show; they work.

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A PUNJABI SERGEANT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

THE position of the Indian Army at the commencement of 1902 is of very singular interest both in a retrospective and prospective sense. Some of the considerations, too, are to a certain extent of novel significance, and, accordingly, I need make no apology for devoting my notes this week to a cursory examination of large matters of military policy, instead of to the course of everyday events in that section of our Imperial Army which this department of Navy and Army Illustrated is designed to cover.

The term "Imperial Army" leads me to enlarge a little on what was said in these notes a week or two back in particular allusion to Sir Edwin Collen's article in the *Empire Review* on India's position in relation to Imperial Defence. I should be sorry, indeed, if anything said here should appear to support the view that India ought to be too preoccupied with her own affairs to be in a position to lend assistance when necessary in the adjustment of Imperial difficulties. But, knowing India, and the spirit of the Indian Army, fairly well, I do think that there is some danger lest the keenness of the latter may lead it to be generous to the Empire before being absolutely just to itself. In this connection it seems desirable to emphasise the difference which exists between India and the other great Imperial offshoots, such as Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. The present moment, too, seems a peculiarly appropriate one at which to touch lightly on this momentous question, since undoubtedly the most serious outcome of the past two years, so far as the Indian Army is concerned, is the fact that now for the first time the position of India in relation to Imperial Defence is becoming a matter of open argument, and is being treated with reference to general principles rather than to exceptional examples.

There is no question that the condition of the Indian Army, and especially its efficiency in proportion to the calls that may be made upon it, is altogether different from what it was even a short twenty years ago. Long before the reorganisation of 1895 took place, considerable efforts had been made in a right direction, notably by the late Sir Donald Stewart and by Lord Roberts, the latter doing a great deal more than will ever be clearly understood in this country to bring the army of Madras into a line with those of Bengal and Bombay. Looking back at the Madras infantry battalions of the old days, with their aged privates, whose dyed hair made them fairly presentable on parade, but the weight of whose years, coupled with a hopeless deficiency of fighting quality, rendered them useless for any but garrison duty amid a peaceful population—looking back at these happily obsolete absurdities, and comparing them with the Madras infantry of to-day, one begins to realise what an immense importance must be attached to the work that Lord Roberts did between 1881 and 1885 in what used to be known as the "Benighted Presidency." On a dozen other lines of advance the Indian Army has gone forward, until to-day it is able to claim the regard of the civilised world as, for its size, one of the finest fighting machines in existence. So far as British troops are concerned, the pick of our Army is usually to be found in India, although at the moment the accident of the South African War places them elsewhere. The Indian Native Cavalry is superb, the Sikh and Gurkha have special qualities which excite the admiration of everyone who comes into contact with them, and, by steady and continued application of the principle that the Army of India throughout should be recruited only from the "fighting races," our Native troops, from Peshawar to Bangalore, are being levelled up to an all-round state of hard efficiency to which the Indian Army of two decades back afforded no real resemblance.

Beyond that, and putting aside the matter of vastly improved equipment, the Indian Army possesses now an element of reserve strength which must not be overlooked. The Imperial Service Troops may not be very numerous, but they embody an idea which is capable of some expansion, and, so far as they go, they would constitute a very efficient addition, on emergency, to the standing Army of British India. There is, too, the reserve of the Native Army, the numbers of which will soon reach 30,000 to 40,000; there is the Military Police in Burma and Assam, amounting to nearly 20,000; and there are Volunteers, European and Eurasian, to the number of about 30,000. Putting the total strength of the British Army in India at about 70,000, and the Native Army at about 150,000, we may reckon the total armed strength of India at about 320,000 of all ranks, by far the greater proportion of which is in first-rate fighting trim, and capable of giving an excellent account of itself in any circumstances in which it may be called upon to act.

A GURKHA OFFICER.

On the other hand, the responsibilities of the Indian Army can hardly be said to have decreased since the Afghan War. The frontier has been strengthened, and, as regards India itself, the improved network of communication has made it very much more easy than it used to be to effect speedy concentrations calculated to knock the bottom out of any but most serious disturbances. Year after year of good government, and growing respect for the vigour and justice of British rule, have done their share towards producing not only contentment, but loyalty and a strong feeling against outside influences of a sort which twenty years ago were prevalent in a variety of obscure quarters throughout the country. The object-lessons of comparison between British and Continental soldiers, which a portion of the Native Army has been given in China, and to which special allusion has been made in these notes, have been of real service in dispelling fantastic illusions and dangerous ideas, such as are sometimes more freely engendered by peace and prosperity than they are in a condition of continued disturbance and oppression. But he would be foolish who should say that another rising of any sort in India would be utterly impossible. As for the Frontier, the events of 1897-98 are sufficiently fresh in our memories, and to-day we have to take into account the fact that there has only recently disappeared from the field of Asiatic politics one of the strongest men who ever entered it, the man who by sheer force of character, coupled with a craftiness and a genuine talent for administration which, perhaps, we have not as yet quite sufficiently realised, interposed between Russia and England a buffer which only the slender assurance of his son's apparent capacity and goodwill gives us leave to hope may be maintained for some years longer.

It is the aggregate of such considerations as these which must affect the discussion of India's position in the scheme of Imperial Defence to an extent altogether outside the domain of similar argument in the case of Australia and Canada. There was a school of fanatics once with whom "Perish India!" was a watchword. It is only to such a school that the suggestion that India should not trouble to keep her own security always before her eyes as a first end in view can rightly appeal. With a land frontier which may with painful rapidity become awkwardly conterminous with that of a hostile Continental Power—I do not say for a moment that it will do so, or is likely to do so with violent suddenness—and with a native population of many millions in which there cannot but exist some jarring elements, India must necessarily keep looking round to see if she is fully armed against all internal contingencies before she can safely send away a single regiment on outside Imperial service. What she has done during the past two years to help the Empire in China and South Africa she might be able to do again, and she might be able to do even more, with perfect security. But too great caution cannot be exercised in this matter, and those who foster the idea that drafts can be made on the Indian Army at any moment, and to almost any extent by the home military authorities, are very far from doing India and the Empire good service.

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There is one method by which all argument on this subject could be set at rest, and it is a method which has much to recommend it, both from an Imperial and an Indian standpoint—that is, to increase the Indian Army by, say, 10,000 British and 20,000 Native troops, and to regard this as India's contribution to Imperial Defence, a contribution which the increasing prosperity of India, and the tremendous drain upon our Home Army which the maintenance of the British garrison in India implies, may surely be held to justify. We are bound to assume that the present Indian Army is no larger than is necessary for its own requirements in an emergency. Give India a decent margin of armed strength, and let her keep a roster in which Imperial Service shall be duly recognised. An increase of the British troops in India would mean an accession to the British Army of a number of regiments fitter for service than we can make them at home, for seldom indeed does a regiment on the home establishment compare with one in, say, its fifth or sixth year of Indian service. As for Native troops, the world will see some samples of these at the Coronation, and can judge for itself whether the British Empire would not profit by having 25,000 more of the same quality.

AN HISTORIC INDIAN FORTRESS.

THE work done by Sir Hugh Rose's Central India Field Force was not the least important or least arduous of the various military operations during the Indian Mutiny, and the "Central India" clasp that decorates the ribbon of the Mutiny medal was earned not only by hard fighting, but by the most trying of struggles against climate and sickness. Marching by night and fighting by day, during what was even for India an exceptionally hot season, the gallant little column forced its way from Western India to the confines of Bengal, subduing all opposition and planting its flag in many a hostile camp and fortress. One of the most memorable episodes of this campaign was the siege and storm of the city of Jhansi, for it avenged one of the most terrible tragedies of the great revolt, and the operations included not only the reduction and capture of a most redoubtable fortress, but also the utter defeat of a relieving force of mutineers, some 20,000 strong, by not much more than one-tenth of its number, of which less than half were British troops. Shortly before the Mutiny Jhansi had been absorbed into British dominion, as the race of the ruling chieftains, who were never sovereign but only feudatory, had become extinct in the male line. The last rajah's widow endeavoured to obtain the succession for an adopted son, but failed; and when the dark days came, the disappointed ranee took a terrible revenge, for after the mutiny of the garrison the little band of fifty-five Europeans, including women and children, who had surrendered under the most solemnly-sworn-to conditions that their lives would be spared, were massacred with a barbarity too horrible for description. Sir Hugh only arrived before the fortress on March 21, and before ten days had passed the grandiloquently-styled "Army of the Peishwa," under Tantia Topee, had advanced to the relief of the beleaguered city. On April 1 the rebel attack on the besieging force took place, and by evening their whole army had been hurled in headlong flight across the river Betwa, with the loss of 1,500 killed and wounded, without Sir Hugh having weakened the investment of the city by the withdrawal of a single picquet and without for one hour slackening the vigour and determination of his shelling and siege operations. The assault took place on the 3rd, and it is worth noting that the first man over the walls of Jhansi was Lieutenant Dartnell of the gallant 86th.

Photo. Copyright. THE OLD CITADEL OF JHANSI. *Baldwin.*

An elephant battery at drill is seen in action in the foreground

This is the veteran Natal soldier who won his C.M.G. in the Zulu War, has done such splendid service throughout this war, and is now, as Sir J. G. Dartnell, K.C.B., at the head of a mobile column of his own Natal Volunteers. Fighting continued all through the 4th, and on the morning of the 5th the fort—which had kept up a heavy fire during the assault on and clearing of the town—was found to have been evacuated; but it was not before the 6th that the last of the fighting was over. Four days of the toughest fighting against a brave and desperate foe, our troops hampered by want of provisions and the most arduous climatic conditions, had won for us a city and fortress crowded with the enemy, and it is not to be wondered at that our casualties, including the battle of April 1, numbered over 300.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

EVERY man has some idiosyncrasy. In the majority of cases, in the ordinary walks of life, the little mental deviations which make men different from their neighbours pass unnoticed, but once a man comes into the command of other men, subordinates soon find out a leader's weaknesses. Every column commander that I have been with has been possessed of some peculiar fad or notion of his own. One will not let his battery horses water on the march, another will have his men wear helmets, the next loves to see his men look like rat-catchers. You have all heard the stories, true and untrue, accredited to General Tucker; well, in a lesser degree most of the other column commanders are just as amusing. I was once for some weeks with one of the best of them. He objected to looting, except as a reward for honest fighting qualities. In his brigade there was one regiment which was notoriously bad. Its patrols were always surrendering. It was just geting dark, and I was riding beside the general, when up galloped a trooper of this particular regiment. The trooper had mistaken us for men of his own corps. "I'm full of it," he cried, and the general, looking down at his saddle, saw that he was indeed full of it—three turkeys, seven fowls, and a sucking pig. For quite five minutes the general rode on beside the man without saying a word, and the trooper, still in ignorance of the rank of his neighbour, gabbled on in description of his foray. Suddenly the general turned to him with the question, "Are you not ashamed to ride beside honest men?" "No, why should I be?" "Well," said the general, "you ought to be, because you are a common thief. If you were any use I wouldn't mind. You are afraid to fight, and now I am going to make you afraid to steal. Here, orderly, put this man in the first guard tent in camp!" Unfortunately it was too dark to see the man's face, but I expect that it was a study.

The very next day there was another incident of this same general's quiet humour. He hated "smasher" hats. Riding up to where his battery was halted, he espied a stalwart gunner in a felt hat bedecked with a flaming red puggaree. It was indeed the historical "red rag" to the bull. But any show of the general's annoyance came slowly. He rode up to the offending gunner, "Well, my man, what do you belong to?" "Royal Horse Artillery, sir." "Then what game are you playing at?" The man looked blankly at the general and muttered, "Beg pardon, sir." "Oh! I thought from your hat that you were playing at robbers!" On future occasions the man wore his helmet, and is known by the men of his battery as "the robber" to this day.

In the illustration of the 2nd Scottish Horse, reading from left to right, the first man in the third row standing is Lieut. Campbell, severely wounded, the third is Capt. Inglis, killed, the eighth is Lieut. Firns, dangerously wounded. The fourth man in the second row, sitting, is Capt. Lindsay, Seaforth Highlanders, killed, the fifth man Major Dimock-Murray, Black Watch, killed, and the sixth in the same row Lieut. Woodman, died of wounds. The first man on the ground, seated, is Captain H. C. Murray, slightly wounded.

THE MESS TENT OF THE 2ND DEVONS AT STANDERTON.

In the midst of a Boer-infested district.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE OFFICERS OF THE 2ND SCOTTISH HORSE.

Forming part of the late Colonel Benson's column.

Photo. Copyright. *Atwell.*

SIMOND'S SELF-SUPPORTING CORPS.

Of the Boer stock captured the military authorities take 25 per cent., and the remainder is divided by the corps.

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OFFICERS OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette.*

The names of the officers in the group are: H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, Capt. Hon. J. G. H. H. Beresford (Staff), Col. Trench (Staff), Major M. McNeill (Staff), Col. A. R. Pemberton, Maj. H. H. Wilson, Capt. R. P. H. Bernard, (Adjt.), Capt. C. W. C. Knox, Capt. L. H. Thornton, Capt. the Hon. A. W. de Foljambe, Capt. Sir E. Grogan, Bart., Lieut. A. K. Hargreaves, Lieut. Hon. H. C. O'C. Prittie, Lieut. R. P. Burrowes, Lieut. R. W. Gillespie, Hon. Lieut. Forrester, Lieut. J. L. Buxton, Lieut. N. M. Buller, Lieut. Osborne, and Quartermaster Duff, (Hon. Lieut.).

It was King William IV. who remarked to a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, "Wherever there has been fighting, there you have been, and wherever you have been you have distinguished yourselves." The 4th Battalion was inspected a few days ago by the Duke of Connaught as a preliminary to its departure for Africa, and the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland was able to speak in terms of just praise of the smartness, intelligence, and good feeling of the men who will soon be doing stern battle for King and country.

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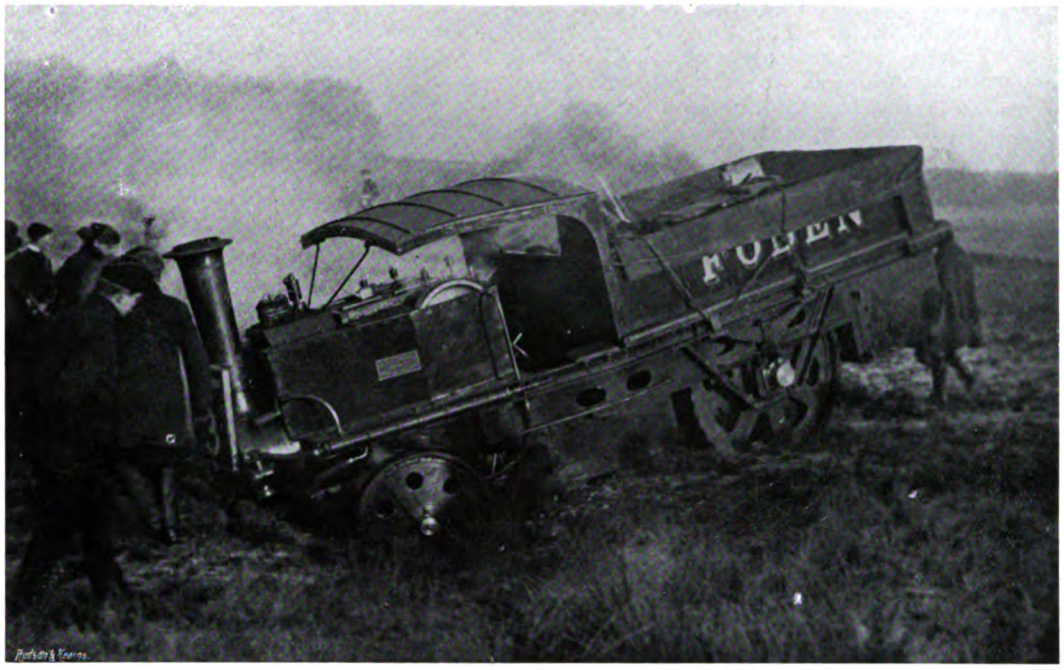
THE MILITARY LORRY TRIALS.

CLOSING SCENES.

WE are still writing before the official verdict on the military lorry trials at Aldershot has been promulgated; still we consider that for all-round excellence the Foden and Thornycroft No. 6 machines have proved themselves to be the pick of the competitors. As far as speed on the road trials was concerned, the Foden lorry certainly came out top, with the two Thornycroft waggons second, and the Straker, which, however, did not have the best of luck, third. Again, throughout much the same order was observed in regard to economy of fuel and water. It is wrong to suppose, though, that these trials were undertaken primarily to demonstrate the relative speeds of the lorries, or that the committee would judge them mainly on their merits in this respect. On the contrary, the endurance exhibited by the vehicles, especially over rough ground, semi-destroyed roads, etc., such as they might expect to encounter during a campaign, together with the aforesaid regard to economy of fuel and water, was intended to be the crux of the competition. The trials wound up with a manœuvring test over rough ground, which was, if anything, almost too severe. The course selected lay in the Long Valley, and was two miles in length, over a terribly rough, broken, and, at places, boggy country. In the first run no trailers were hauled, but each lorry itself carried three tons of dead weight; while in the second the trailers, loaded up to two tons, had to be attached. All went well on the first round, but on the second there were two catastrophes. The Milne lorry appears to have absolutely broken down, and the Foden smashed an axle while charging a bank, which obstacle was not encountered by the other competitors. The two Thornycroft waggons got round twice at high speeds, so did the Straker; whereupon it was decided that these three should finish up with a short, sharp burst through what the committee believed to be deep mud, but which seems to have been really a kind of morass. The Thornycroft twins had spuds on the tyres of the driving wheels, which gave them a decided advantage over the Straker in this closing contest. Thornycroft No. 6 got through all right, but No. 7 stuck in the middle, and could only be released by the aid of a traction engine and steel hawser. Yet the Thornycroft No. 7 waggon was said to be specially adapted for use on rough roads and uneven ground. The boiler and engine are situated directly over the driving axle, the carrying platform being provided at the fore part of the vehicle. This arrangement gives the waggon great power to get out of holes in soft ground, etc., and enables it to exert its full power as a tractor when it is not itself laden. The Straker had almost completed the task with flying colours when the steam joint blew out. This mishap, however, was rectified in about twenty minutes, and the machine successfully passed through the bog.



AN UNFORTUNATE SMASH.

The Foden lorry in a ditch.

THORNYCROFT'S STUCK IN THE MUD.

But extricated herself later.

Photos. Copyright. C. Knight.

GOOD GOING, BUT UP HILL.

Straker's steam lorry and trailer.

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THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is a trite thing to say that war never leaves men where it found them. The upheaval of national sentiment which it causes is as a volcano throwing up floods of burning thought to run through new channels and change the face of the land. The race of old "who danced our infancy upon their knee" never knew the things we behold. A new race of men has sprung up, impelled by new ideals, and labouring at tasks which to our own fathers would have been strange. We are apt to think that the men who are shaped on the anvil of war are hard-fighting soldiers, which is certainly true, but when the war is over the nation itself will be changed, and a new burst of art, literature, and music, if the portents of history be true, should follow. Even now there are soldiers who see behind the veil, first among whom is the writer known as "Linesman." Six "impressions," as Messrs. Blackwood call them, have been published of his new work, "Words of an Eye-Witness: The Struggle in Natal" (6s.).

"Linesman" sees war with something of an inward eye—finds it reflected in himself—and describes it with the pen of a Napier. He is often an impressionist, but his impressionism is good literary work, and when he writes of solid practical things he speaks as one who knows. The book is a "human document," if you like, for it reveals humanity, but it is brilliant writing, telling true history, while it makes us the companions of our soldiers on the march and in camp, but above all on the battlefield or in the raid on the lonely veldt, where we share their sense of heat, cold, and hunger, of longing to achieve, of patience in disappointment, of glory in action, of indomitable endeavour.

Excellent judgment is in every criticism, and a sound understanding of war, both in its externals and its true "inwardness," is evidenced on almost every page. The form of the book gives us a series of episodes illustrating the campaign. We cannot do better than emphatically commend the volume, promising our readers that they will find it both dramatic and true, and in its personal touches better than Stephen Crane. Here is a passage from the account of the withdrawal of the guns from the feint at Brakfontein: "It seemed impossible that those guns could get away; over them, between them, right upon them, burst a storm of projectiles, dashing up the earth in dim clouds, hiding guns, gunners, and horses; the guns were surely lost, and something like a groan burst from all the watching and waiting thousands away on the right. But it was quickly changed to a roar of applause, as out from that tornado trotted those incredible gunners, across, not away from, that belching ridge, pursued every step by shells, not a bolt or bar missing, not a sign of hurry, no lashing or spurring of horses, but a composed and rhythmic trot, jingle, jingle, jingle across the plain towards us, whilst overhead and on every side yelled and roared the projectiles from the angry Dutch guns." We should not wish for writing better than this.

No man has ever done better work for India, in the particular sphere which he entered, than Sir William Hunter. He had a capacity for literary work, an organising power in directing it, and a genius for amassing facts that were astonishing. His biographer, Mr. Francis Henry Skrine, asks "Will his works live?". To this question no answer can be given. His great achievement—the monumental "Imperial Gazetteer"—must, in the nature of things, be ultimately superseded; but, as it stands, it gives a wonderful insight into the state of India in the later years of Queen Victoria.

There must be something fascinating in the character of a man who can achieve what Sir William Hunter achieved, and certainly no one interested in India should fail to read Mr. Skrine's "Life" of that eminent man (Longmans, 16s.). It is a contribution to Imperial literature not to be under-valued, but a book to be read with leisure, that it may bring abundant enjoyment to its possessors, for the volume is stout and well filled. Hunter's health was constantly bad, but he had a buoyancy of spirit that impelled him onward and filled him with the confidence of success. His personal character is strongly revealed in his letters to Miss Jessie Murray, whom he afterwards married, and who, as his life companion, was constantly helping him in his work. There are multitudes of illuminative passages in these letters in relation to Indian affairs, and also to the personality of the writer, who is seen to have been a genial, imaginative, and kindly man, simple, and devout-hearted.

If Hunter's mind had not been turned into the special field which he worked so industriously, he might well have become a great administrator. The truth is, as Mr. Skrine remarks, that he was a born journalist, writing with a facile pen, and knowing well what the public liked to read. There was a time when he might have become editor of an official paper of the Indian Government on the lines of the French *Moniteur*. His "Annals of Rural Bengal" are full of life-like descriptions, and gave him at once a brilliant position in Indian literature. His great merit was recognised by Lord Mayo, who made him Director of Statistics, and by Lord Dufferin, who was proud to congratulate him upon the completion of what he then thought his life-work—the second edition of the famous "Imperial Gazetteer," in thirteen volumes. In accomplishing that task Hunter was restless, and his interest never flagged. His versatility was extraordinary, and in history, verse, statistics, and administrative enquiries he was equally at home. Some disappointments attended his life, but it was on the whole a sunny one, and Mr. Skrine's book gives us a very pleasant picture of a man of great capacity, who felt real enjoyment in his laborious avocations. He died in harness, leaving his "History of British India" incomplete. It is, nevertheless, a brilliant fragment, and Mr. E. P. Roberts is engaged in completing it. Many noble Englishmen indeed have distinguished themselves in the conquest and administration of India, and Sir William Hunter deserves a high place in the Valhalla of those who have worked nobly for that great empire. An admirable and exhaustive book is that of Mr. Skrine, and it should be on the bookshelf of every Anglo-Indian, and of all Englishmen who are interested in India and its affairs.

The third book which finds a place here is a very notable one from the pen of Captain A. T. Mahan, the eminent Naval writer. In "Types of Naval Officers" (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.) he returns to the sphere in which he shines, and writes with the philosophic insight and literary power that are as marked in this as in any other of his works. The idea of taking six great seamen as representative types is an excellent one, and it is as exemplars that he recounts the achievements of Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, and Pellew. His analytical power leads him to investigate the causes that produced the types he has selected, and he points out the notable decline in the Naval spirit of this country before their time, early in the eighteenth century. In the Fighting Instructions of the Duke of York there had shone forth the aggressive spirit which had marked the old galley fighters. The seamen had known the advantage of concentrating force upon the weakest points of the adversary, but there subsequently grew up curious refinements of tactics, which were destined to act as fetters upon those who followed.

Captain Mahan is disposed to assign much of this to the influence of Tourville. However this may be, it came to be accepted as a system that ships in action should range themselves in parallel lines, ship to ship, without any attempt to combine the fire of several upon one or two. It was a kind of fair and square game, with something of chivalry in it, that ships should lie opposite to one another and pound away until the smartest gunners got the best of it. But this system, defined in the Fighting Instructions, was pure formalism, and it brought about a lack of spirit that was painfully marked in the actions of Mathews and Byng.

It is from these that Captain Mahan traces the revolution in methods that followed, and he exemplifies progress in his types. He speaks of Hawke as the "spirit," strong enough to break through the bonds of routine, who, by casting aside the limitations which laid up ships in the winter, enlarged the conditions of warfare and brought about a complete revolution. If Hawke was the "spirit," Rodney is selected as the "form." He it was who gave shape to a new system, which had its finest exemplification in the actions of Nelson. Now we saw the dead spirit revive. There was the purpose of cutting off and overwhelming a portion of the enemy's line, the idea of concentrating force. Thus Captain Mahan leads us to the commanding presence of Howe. The evolution that was in progress involved changes in tactics, to give to it full effect, and it is as a tactician, perfecting the instrument, that Howe is pictured to us. But Howe did not fully realise the truth that a perfect instrument has its supreme value when it is perfectly used. The next step is taken when we reach Jervis, who is described by Captain Mahan as a disciplinarian and strategist, and as the presage and forerunner of Nelson, without whom, indeed, Nelson's victories would have been impossible.

It is an inspiring study of Naval character, and the book is completed by chapters on Saumarez, as the fleet officer and division commander, and on Pellew, as the frigate captain and partisan officer. There was, of course, a variety of characters in these men, but Captain Mahan insists on those among them which suggest to us his line of argument, and the evolution he describes. This is a book of the greatest merit, wanting in none of those elements which have given such distinction to the earlier Naval writings of Captain Mahan. We can give it no higher praise than to say that it ranks with his luminous "Life of Nelson."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

ADJUTANT, 3RD PROVISIONAL REGIMENT OF HUSSARS.

The gallant scions of the House of Teck are not only soldiers, but really good practical soldiers, with a genuine love of their profession and a solid aptitude for doing useful work. Prince Alexander, although he only entered the 7th Hussars in 1894, and is still a junior captain, saw service in South Africa as a staff officer in 1896-97, as well as in the present war, in which he did excellent work in connection with the remount operations. He returned home a short time back, and has recently been on a visit to the King at Sandringham.

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The War Office and the Volunteers.

THERE was once a farmer who had three dogs. Two of them were regular watch-dogs. They were always kept in the yard and expected to bark when anyone approached. The third dog was generally about the place somewhere, and was ready upon occasion to take his share of guarding the premises. But he was not simply and solely a watch-dog. One day the farmer suddenly took it into his head that he ought to be. So he had him fed in the yard, and chained up there in the open at night, and generally treated just like the other two dogs. He had not been bred for this kind of thing, and it came hard upon him. He bore the change for a few days, and then he ran away. And everybody said it served the farmer right, which is what will be said to the War Office if the Volunteers dwindle away under stress of the new regulations and gradually cease to exist. For the little story that has just been related is a parable, and the farmer is no other than John Bull, who is running the risk at the present moment of improving out of existence altogether the Volunteer force which has existed since the year 1859.

What is it that the War Office wants the Volunteers to do? It wants them, according to the official statement, to justify their existence:

"For some years past the Volunteer force has constantly claimed to be seriously accepted as a reliable and organised section of the Army for Home Defence. It is now determined that the responsibility claimed shall be realised."

This way of putting it is needlessly tactless and offensive, and not even strictly accurate. It is the War Office itself which has claimed that the Volunteers should be seriously accepted by the country. The War Office representatives have frequently assured us that the force could be relied upon with confidence, in case of emergency, to render true and laudable service. Successive Commanders-in-Chief, Secretaries of State for War, one after the other, have sung the same song, and now the War Office turns round all of a sudden, declares in its haughty way that the Volunteers have made the claim themselves, and implies that they have never justified it. For what does the Order go on to say?

"The State requires that a suitable standard of military training shall be secured in return for the outlay of public money, and consequently the enrolment in future of Volunteers who are unable to afford adequate time for any military training beyond elementary barrack-square drill cannot be permitted."

The inference is that the Volunteers, up to the present, have never risen to "a suitable standard of military training." The dots are put upon the i's in another passage from the Army Order which reads as follows:

"Under the old regulations it was impossible for either an officer or Volunteer, although he might become technically efficient so as to earn grants for his corps, to attain the high standard of efficiency now requisite to enable him to take his appointed place in the military organisation and defence of the kingdom."

Therefore, no one is wanted who cannot devote a fortnight every year to camp training. Nor is this all. The men belonging to any corps must so arrange their annual holidays that they can all get them at the same time. That is to say, unless a corps can betake itself bodily to a training camp, the War Office declines to regard its members as having been trained up to a proper standard of efficiency. What Pall Mall does not seem able to understand is that the Volunteers are amateur, not professional, soldiers. They cannot be expected to train themselves as thoroughly as Regulars, or even Militia, are trained. They have their occupations and their interests quite apart from soldiering, which must take a secondary place in their lives. The best and most energetic Volunteers are naturally the busiest men in civil life—the sort of men who, whatever their hands find to do, do it with their might. They are ready to devote time and trouble to Volunteering, because they are keen on soldiering or because they believe the country needs their services. But there must be a limit to the amount of time and trouble thus devoted, and the War Office requirements have undoubtedly passed that limit.

If the Volunteers are to continue to exist as a professedly amateur force, they cannot be subjected to such demands as are now made upon them. How is it the War Office does not see this? Or is it the case that the War Office does see it, and is deliberately making the position of the Volunteers impossible in order to clear the way for Conscription? This view is seriously taken in some quarters, and there is a good deal that can be urged in its favour. The reasons for the new regulations which the War Office puts forward scarcely offer an alternative view: they can hardly be accepted as serious themselves. The Army Order solemnly says:

"Volunteers of all ranks should understand that, in view of recent developments in the conditions and requirements of modern warfare, the training of troops, regular or auxiliary, must be conducted on a systematic and progressive principle, in which practice in the essential duties of war is an imperative feature."

Now "modern warfare" in this connection must be the war in South Africa. What have we seen there? An army of trained soldiers constantly worsted by bodies of men who have had no military training whatever. Masses of troops on our own side brought hastily together from civil life without any previous experience of soldiering and winning golden opinions from all sorts of people—from the enemy as well as their own commanders and comrades—for their steadiness and intelligence and good service generally. If "modern warfare" taught any new lesson at all, which we do not believe, it would be a lesson diametrically opposite to that which the War Office is bent upon extracting from it. But all warfare, ancient or recent, is the same in principle and enforces the same precepts, if it be sensibly studied. The trained soldier, if he has been trained on a good system and taught to obey with his head as well as with his feet, will in the long run always best the untrained man. But this is beside the point. No one doubts that the Volunteers would make better soldiers if they were compelled to live in barracks, and to devote themselves entirely to a military career. What we have to decide is how much training a civilian must undergo in order to make himself useful at a pinch as a soldier. The War Office says that, if he cannot go into camp, however good a shot and however well-drilled he may be, he is no use to the nation. This is likely to strike the intelligent observer as—well, as the sort of thing the War Office would say. We cannot make the Volunteer into a Militiaman without his consent, and, if we insist upon trying the experiment, we shall see the Volunteer force drop to about half its present numbers. This prospect does not affect the War Office, which says, cheerfully:

"It is preferable to have a somewhat smaller number of more highly trained officers and men sufficient to meet all the demands for Home Defence."

But how long will even the "somewhat smaller number" endure? And how does the nation like the prospect of so entirely changing the conditions upon which its citizen soldiers have enrolled themselves in their country's service?

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INCREASING THE MIKADO'S NAVY.

OUR illustration shows the "Mikasa" in dock at Portsmouth, where, by courtesy of the Admiralty, she had her under-water fittings examined before proceeding to Southampton to carry out her trials. Her departure from the builders, Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, was made the occasion of a cordial farewell to our Eastern visitors, who had come to this country to take charge of the most formidable man-of-war yet built by any firm. As the "Mikasa" left the wharf at Barrow, white doves and pigeons were liberated, as is the custom with the Japanese on these occasions, and the flags of Britain and Japan were crossed and waved by the Japanese. The "Mikasa" resembles the "Formidable" type of battle-ship, and is a sister ship to the "Asahi," which was docked at Portsmouth some time ago, and which, just as she had cleared the harbour, ran on to Southsea beach, necessitating another docking. The "Mikasa" is a steel-built vessel, 400-ft. long, and 75-ft. 6-in. beam, draught 27-ft. 6-in. She displaces 15,200 tons, and with an indicated horse-power of 15,000 it is calculated she will make 18 knots. When necessary she can stow 1,690 tons of coal, but her usual load will only be 700 tons. For armament she has four 12-in. guns in pairs in barbettes, fourteen 6-in. quick-firers, of which ten are in a casemated main deck battery, and four at the angles of the superstructure, twenty 12-pounders, eight 3-pounders, four 2½-pounders, and eight machine guns. She has five torpedo tubes, four of which are submerged on the broadsides. Her officers and men number 741 altogether, and the former have expressed themselves as being equally proud of the ship and of their good fortune in being appointed to her. Japan has now eight battle-ships, six of which are comparatively new and of heavy tonnage. Of the other two, the "Chin Yen" was captured from the Chinese at Wei-hai-Wei, where she was known as the "Chen-yuen." The eighth vessel, the "Fusoo" is not worthy of the name of battle-ship as she is only of 3,717 tons displacement and is twenty-four years old. She has been reconstructed, has foundered, and has been refloated during her career. Japan has also 3 coast-defence ships, 7 armoured cruisers, 17 protected cruisers built and building, and 10 partially protected and unprotected cruisers.

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THE NEW JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "MIKASA."

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READY, WHATE'ER MAY BEFALL.

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

A YEOMAN BUGLER.

Nothing has been more noticeable in South Africa than the good service done by men who had had no previous experience of war, and who belonged to a force at which it was cheap to sneer. The Imperial Yeomanry has established its reputation, and has won its right on many a field to be regarded as an integral part of the forces of the Empire. Our picture represents a trumpeter of the 58th Imperial Yeomanry, which did such good service with Munro's column.

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The NAVIES & ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

SAMPLING THE ITALIAN SOLDIER'S FOOD.

WITH all due deference to the youthful British Army officer, it is possible to think that "Centurion," who wrote in the *Times* of December 28, draws a very fanciful picture both of him and of his supposed needs. The sum and substance of his letter are that the young military gentleman is burning to study the history of war, and cannot have his way because the books are not to be got, thanks to the failures of the War Office. "Centurion's" plea is made most especially on behalf of the British army in South Africa, which he describes, doubtless with great truth, as oppressed with extreme boredom in blockhouses, winter camps, and other places where men sit and suffer from tedium. He says they want books—not any kind of books, but military literature to improve their minds. They cannot get them, and instead of the serious matter they would like to have, are fobbed off with Guy Boothby and Conan Doyle, who load the railway bookstalls. Give them Napier, says "Centurion," and also Kinglake, and Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India." It is a sad picture, but, to be candid, not very convincing.

* * * *

If our "sucking Wellingtons" really dislike the literature of the bookstall, they have my entire sympathy. For my own part, rather than spend my leisure with it, I would imitate the legendary Italian who thought it better to go to the galleys than to read Guicciardini's account of the War of Pisa, which is said to be ferociously minute. But if they prefer Napier (which is to their honour) and Kinglake (a very long-winded writer, with a leaning to the niminy-piminy style, and all a civilian's surprised admiration over the mechanical minutiæ of a soldier's business), what prevented them from mastering both years ago? What have they been doing in the years before the war at Aldershot or the Curragh, or in any garrison town? "Centurion" exhorts us to give them less scorn and better training, and then promises that we shall see what we shall see. What folly is this, sir? said, or would, or could, or might have said, Dr. Johnson. Who gave them any scorn? They have been told they were heroes, and that the innate heroism and practical faculty of the true-born Englishmen were buttoned in their tunics. As for training, they have had camps and manœuvres, and examinations and text books by the cartload. If they have got no good out of them, or would not look at them (which I am far from affirming), the fault does not rest with the War Office, or the country either. You may take your ass to the water, but—the proverb is somewhat rusty. Are we to suppose that the British Army officers are all babies, who cannot choose wholesome food unless the nurse is at hand to feed them with a spoon? It is the old friend who says such things who pours scorn on them.

* * * *

Of the books he mentions some are not by any means adapted to be carried about on a campaign. Napier, whom every British officer ought to know by heart, is in my copy in six volumes. He had a wonderful story of battles, sieges, and fighting, regular and irregular, to tell, and so had some excuse for his length. Still, even he would be the better for being relieved of his tiresome unending abuse of the Spaniards, and his torrents of passionate, prejudiced, and frothy politics. As for Kinglake, he is the long-winded Guicciardini come to life again, and is in another six volumes—or is it eight? I cannot say, for the galleys seemed to me preferable to his yards of mincing pages, his unvarying pose of smirking admiration, and his wishy-washy flow of mere detail. Let anybody imagine the two paragraphs of fire in which Napier would have told the charge of the Light Brigade and then compare. Or, better still, let him turn the magnificent story of Norman Ramsay's guns at Fuentes de Oñoro into Kinglakese. We would have heard, through forty pages, how the horses' tails whisked, how men sat on a gun carriage, how Captain Brown showed all the tranquillity of an English gentleman, and how Major Smith's false teeth fell out in the excitement of the moment. At the end of it all we would feel as if we had been looking at so many marionettes jerking on rusty wires. And, of course, "our people" would have turned up at intervals of every ten words or so. Then, again, much of Mr. Kinglake's long book is of no value whatever to a soldier from a professional point of view. He was a great master of a kind of clarified bile when it was his cue to write abuse of people he disliked, and did that kind of thing admirably well, such as it is. Nothing could be better in the way of acid malignity than the account of the *coup d'état* in Paris in December, 1852; but of what use is that stuff to an officer in or out of a South African blockhouse?

* * * *

That soldiers should read the history of their own profession, and think of its principles, is no doubt sound doctrine. It is not new. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries scientific officers, who were then common, carried Cæsar's commentaries in their baggage and swore by him. In those days all who had any education at all could read Cæsar's easy Latin. To-day they might prefer a translation. Or, again, they might carry Mr. Schuckbrugh's "Polybius," which is in two handy volumes, with them to the veldt. Perhaps, however, we shall be told that these writers, though venerable and historically interesting, are antiquated. At least there does seem to be a pretty general belief that nothing is of value in the way of military reading except the newest of the new. In that case it is difficult to find any reason for reading at all. No war has yet been conducted in conditions of country, quality of the arms used, and character of the opponents exactly like this one in South Africa. Unless we allow that the principles have always been the same, the experience of the past is of no value. If we allow that they have not varied, then perhaps the best authors to read are the classic ones, because these ancient Greeks and Romans were nobly laconic, and never bothered their readers with incessant repetitions of details. To me it seems the sound doctrine that the principles have never varied, and that the real art of the soldier consists in adapting them to the change of weapons. Alexander the Great won his victory on the Granicus very much as Napoleon won at Dresden, or Frederick the Great at Leuthen, namely, by beating in one of the enemy's wings and then wheeling on the flank of the centre. That he worked at close quarters with pike and sword and they with firearms at a distance is a mere accident. Every conflict of armed men is an affair of thrusts and balances. It matters to the theory of the thing not one jot whether the thrust is given at 1,000-yds., and the scales are a couple of miles apart, or whether the opponents can see the white of one another's eyes.

* * * *

Then what is there in military history beyond the general principles and the theory which is of the slightest value? The circumstances are never exactly similar, and a man has always to think for himself, and to draw his deductions from material facts under his nose by the help of his native sagacity, and not from his memory. To take a most modern instance. What could any quantity of reading on the part of our officers have done to avoid this affair at Tweefontein. Let us take the bare bones of the business. A British force is encamped in a position which is easy of approach on one side and difficult on the other. Going on the calculation that it is well to be particularly careful where there are no natural obstacles to attack, we take every precaution on that side, but are less exact on the other, where the slope is almost precipitous. De Wet, who probably has never read a treatise on tactics in his life, or any military

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history whatever, except the Old Testament (which we may allow is not a quite insignificant exception), but who has a good natural fighting head, concludes that the British troops will not be so alert on the precipitous side, where Nature seems to protect them, as on the gentle slope. So he attacks there—and wins. Now this little history has been transacting itself since the days of Tubal Cain, and we see that it happened again on Christmas Eve, 1901. If a man knows anything of the history of war, he must have heard of instances of such surprises as this to the number of many score. Besides, it is such an obvious consideration that a artful enemy will do the thing which you seem least likely to expect. Yet our officers have been taken in by a plausible-looking miscalculation, as hundreds of others of all nations, and at all times, have been. In the face of this, what is the good of experience and of teaching?

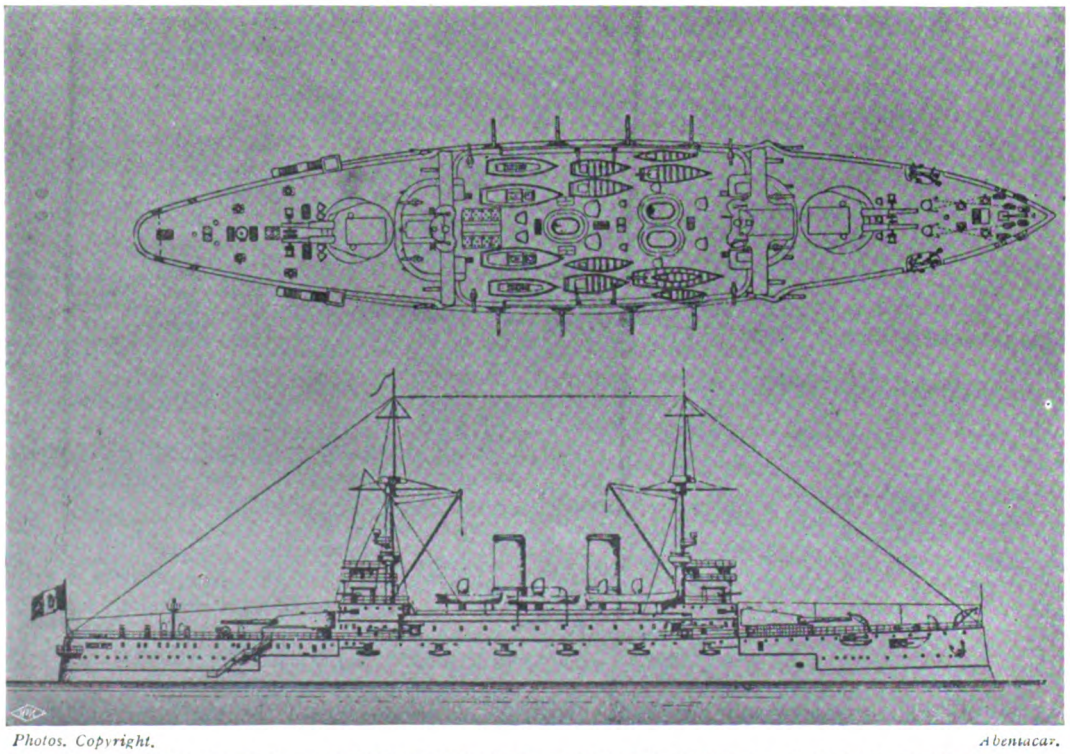
THE ITALIAN NAVY.

IN the endeavour to maintain her Navy even while at the same time keeping on foot an Army proportionate rather to her ambition than to her resources, Italy has imposed a severe tax upon her powers. The result, which might have been anticipated nearly ten years ago, has been that necessary Naval repairs have not been always carried out and that the work of new construction has proceeded slowly. In the "Benedetto Brin," however, which was recently launched at Castellamare di Stabia in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III. and his beautiful consort, and in her sister ship, the "Regina Margherita," for whose construction Spezia is responsible, the Italian nation will possess two of the most formidable battle-ships of the day. Their displacement, when their armour, armament, and stores have brought them down to their normal load-line, will be 13,427 tons, but our picture of the "Benedetto Brin" as she appeared upon the stocks just a day or two before she took the water, shows how much had been already built into her. The Italians are inclined to claim that by launching her when of a weight of about 7,000 tons Castellamare Yard achieved a feat which not only surpassed anything which had been accomplished in Italy, but which had not been paralleled in Europe. Upon this point it is needless to speak. To express a definite opinion would require an amount of research which would not repay the labour spent on it. At any rate, Castellamare accomplished a performance whereof it may well be proud.

The ship herself is, as will have been gathered, a first-class battle-ship, named after the Naval Constructor whose premature death was so severe a loss to Italy. It may be said in all literal acceptance of the words that he was largely responsible for the creation of the Italian armoured Navy The designs of the ship herself, indeed, were projected by him when he was in office, and after his death they were modified and carried out by his successor, Signor Alfred Micheli. The protection is singularly effective. It consists of a complete water-line belt 10½-ft. deep, tapering in thickness towards the ends, supplemented by a central protection, by which the two barbettes for the big guns and their ammunition hoists are very strongly guarded. Each of these barbettes contains two 12-in. guns, their breeches protected by hoods, while there are also four 8-in. guns mounted separately in casemates, two being capable of firing right ahead and two right astern. There is, in addition, a battery of six 6-in. rapid-fire guns mounted on each broadside, as well as smaller weapons.

THE "BENEDETTO BRIN" ON THE STOCKS.

A newly-launched Italian battle-ship.



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WHAT THE "BENEDETTO BRIN" WILL LOOK LIKE.

A plan of the upper deck and broadside view.

Large as was the quantity of work built into her before she was launched, it will necessarily take a long time to complete the ship, but it is expected that she will attain a speed of 18 knots with natural draught and an additional couple of knots with forced draught. All her guns, it should have been stated, are fitted with the central pivot mounting, and can load at any elevation, and her crew will consist of 728 officers and men.

In these days, when there is so much talk about boilers, it may be as well to record that the "Benedetto Brin" is fitted with the Belleville type, and the "Regina Margherita" with Niclausse boilers. Under these conditions it will be more than usually interesting to watch the performances at sea of the two ships. In any event the Italian Navy is to be heartily congratulated on the latest addition to its strength, and the cheers which greeted the big battle-ship's glide into the water will find an echo in this country.

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THE CANTERBURY, N.Z., YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

THE CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, CITY GUARDS.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is well that a prominent, highly-placed, and singularly able Colonial statesman—for such we may surely call Sir Andrew Clarke, who has represented Victoria and Tasmania as Agent-General, having previously held a seat in both their legislatures—should take the opening of the New Year as an opportunity for addressing to the nation a very powerful reminder of the force of that great principle which has always dominated, and always will dominate, not only our Imperial expansion, but our Imperial existence. In the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* Sir Andrew Clarke, who, like Sir George Clarke, the new Governor of Victoria, is one of the many distinguished products of the Corps of Royal Engineers, calls upon Great Britain "to take careful stock of its Naval position in the East—in the seas of India and China, and in the South Pacific," and raises the question whether, having regard to the changed conditions of Naval power, and to the growing needs of the Empire in the quarters noted, we have duly provided for the urgent requirements of the situation. It would be impossible here to reproduce with anything approaching fidelity, or even fairness, an appreciable portion of Sir Andrew Clarke's argument and the striking illustrations which he gives in support of it. But this bare reference may serve as a "pointer" to the more thoughtful readers of these notes—and we have reason to believe that we have many such thoughtful readers—enabling them, if they please, to go direct to a source of much important information, and in any case keeping them in mind of a great fundamental principle which our latter-day Imperial history seems to impress upon us and, anon, to obscure, with curious alternation.

It is simply impossible, in our best Imperial interests, to reiterate too often or too strongly such truisms as that maritime commerce is one of the most important of the great ties which bind more especially our Indian and Far Eastern possessions together, and that nations fight at sea solely because they want to use the sea as a commercial or as a military highway. It is absolutely essential in the case of a mighty Empire, the very foundations of which are laid in trade, that, outside all the glory of greatness, outside the pale of international rivalry, outside the worthy aspirations which have for their object the spread of civilisation and of religion and the peopling of the waste places of the earth, Naval supremacy should be recognised as the first condition of our being anything but two small islands, with scattered connections in all parts of the world, with which our communication may at any moment be rudely interrupted or even permanently shattered.

The trouble is, as indicated above, that these tremendous truisms are so often obscured, and, strangely enough, sometimes by the very circumstances which ought to bring them into stronger relief. In a very large section of the home public there is no doubt that the war has fostered the idea that, compared with the Army, the Navy is but a useful second fiddle, so far as the power of taking the offensive is concerned. This altogether foolish view gains colour from the splendid military assistance which has been lent us by the Colonies, and which has naturally, and very happily, done much to heighten the public estimate of military service. But a very slight scratching of the surface of the argument reveals the underlying truth that only in the most exceptional circumstances could Great Britain strike an offensive blow anywhere, or make any Imperial use of Colonial contingents, if it were not for her Navy, which keeps open the sea as a military highway, and renders it, indeed, a more useful, safe, and efficient line of communication than any land line could be. In the case of South Africa it is not easy to illustrate this fact without discussing potentialities, luckily of a rather shadowy description. But one fears that "foreign intervention," and of a distinctly active and objectionable sort, would have proved not only possible but actual if the British Navy had not made the passage of our transports to the Cape as easy and secure as the journey of a 'bus from Piccadilly to the Bank

Resisting the temptation to pursue yet further a line of thought for which a terminus might be hard to find within the limits of space assigned to the present writer, let us turn to another train, this time one of severe actuality, the one, namely, which steamed the other day along the Uganda Railway, and did reach a terminus, Port Florence, to wit, on the Victoria Nyanza. When the Navy has done its work in rendering Colonial expansion in the first instance possible, there is no more useful or, to some extent, more effective factor in maintaining the Empire on a secure basis than well-constructed, well-ordered lines of railway communication. We have throughout our Imperial system a few strategic railways, but in most cases our lines serve more than one great purpose, and in that of the Uganda Railway a variety of important future possibilities seem to be involved. NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has been always keenly interested in this great enterprise, and has published a number of bright pictures and useful special information concerning it and the military operations connected with it. Very naturally then we take particular pleasure in swelling the chorus of Imperial satisfaction at what even Germany calls "the completion of a colossal undertaking, the political and commercial significance of which can scarcely be overlooked." In these pages we are not greatly concerned as to whether the Uganda Railway has put back the hands of the clock on which German progress in East Africa is marked by several years, but it is a consoling fact, nevertheless, that British success in this quarter should not only be undisputed, but even regarded by our pushful neighbours with feelings of positive humiliation. Nor ought we to forget that, coincidently with the construction of the Uganda Railway, there have arisen military growths of genuine Imperial importance, of which, now that they are being properly and rationally organised, we are likely to hear more and more in the near future.

By the time these lines are printed, the most recent offers of Federal Australia and New Zealand to provide fresh contingents for service in South Africa, not to speak of the supplement which is being tacked on the new Canadian quota, will have taken concrete shape, and, in the meantime, the extraordinary zeal and enthusiasm which continue to be displayed afford fresh food for satisfaction and reflection. Wherever a thousand men are asked for, two or three times that number seem to rise up out of the ground and clamour for acceptance, and everywhere there is the same willingness on the part of those who have already served to go out again

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and "have some more." There simply cannot be anything radically wrong about a system, or an Empire, or even about a war, which produces sustained sentiment of this sort. What we have to consider, too, is that the first glow of Imperialistic enthusiasm has passed away, and that, accordingly, the spirit which is now being exhibited must be regarded as a very serious and enduring factor in our Imperial strength. It was at no unfurling of the Green Flag of the Prophet, not even at any first trumpet-call of Imperial alarm, that 1,500 New Zealanders volunteered the other day in twenty-four hours, but, so to speak, on a mere supplementary levy resulting from the Colony's own loyal suggestion. Such performances may seem to Continental minds either insignificant or inexplicable. For ourselves, we may be content to accept them very gratefully indeed, as evidence of the vitality which is inherent in the British Empire, although in some sections of the Mother Country it may appear to be at a rather low ebb.

Without any desire to attach disproportionate importance to the formation of the "King's Colonials" corps of Imperial Yeomanry, there is unquestionably the germ of a great idea in this notable organisation, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the very best results will be arrived at. In the case of all special corps the utmost caution has to be exercised lest the bigness of the idea aimed at may hinder the proper growth of the plant. In the present state of our military system we have no room for corps, more especially of Imperial Yeomanry, which cannot conform to the future home as well as Colonial standard of genuine efficiency, and those concerned in the organisation of the "King's Colonials" will do well to put before every member of what should become a veritable *corps d'élite* the necessity of attaining and maintaining a very high level of all-round soldierliness, without at first laying too much stress on the more exclusive character of the corps. By that process, and that alone, the representation of the King's Colonials not only at the Coronation, but in the future annals of the King's Army, will be all that its best well-wishers could hope. With such possibilities before it the corps should have a history worthy of its inspiring origin, and in keeping with the Royal and Imperial patronage it enjoys.

The announcement that the Imperial Institute is about to be handed over to the nation is exceedingly satisfactory so far as it goes, but something more than a mere transfer will be necessary if really great results are to be achieved. It cannot be said that hitherto the Institute has sustained any but a creditably mediocre *rôle*, and at times it has fallen a little below the level which, all things considered, it should have had no sort of difficulty in maintaining. The difficulty that usually presents itself in a case of this sort is that of avoiding two extremes. An Imperial Institute ought not to be either a "one-man affair" or administered by so many men that the central idea becomes lost in a crowd of conflicting opinions and interests. With proper organisation, such as should be secured by Government control, the Institute should have before it a career of usefulness, attractiveness, and memorial significance only second to that of the British Museum itself.

WITH THE FIGHTING COLUMNS.

THE men who are doing the work with the mobile columns are bearing the burden of perhaps the most trying, and certainly the most wearying, part of this great war. They have well earned the gratitude of their countrymen, and their deeds will not soon be forgotten, and will fill many volumes of the complete history of the Great Boer War when it comes to be written. None of them has better earned the honour that is accruing to them, or is more certain of a grateful welcome home when his work is done, than General Bruce Hamilton. Time after time is his name mentioned in Lord Kitchener's terse telegrams, and always to report some good piece of work by him and the mobile columns he directs. Last month the columns he controls had a brilliant series of successes, and no small credit for this is due to that most able Colonial, Colonel Wools-Sampson, who is one of the intelligence officers, and who has the scent of a sleuth-hound for a Boer laager. In thirteen days the different columns marched on an average twenty-three miles a day, fought three tough engagements, capturing many prisoners and much equipment and stores, and breaking up three of the enemy's laagers. All this was accomplished with the loss of only twenty-five men killed and wounded, and the whole series of operations reflects equal credit on the General who is directing them and the officers and men who are carrying them out. Moreover, they are having an immeasurable moral effect on the stubborn enemy, for, as Reuter's correspondent informs us, the Boers in these districts are freely surrendering. And it is to be remembered that Bruce Hamilton is operating in the Eastern Transvaal, that is, in the Ermelo district, which borders on Swaziland, and the terribly difficult country around Lydenburg. Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Shaw, who figures in our picture, belongs to the Derbyshires, in which he is a major, and the brevet he now holds was given him last November.

Our other illustration is that of some officers of a regiment which has earned undying reputation in its gallant fight with Botha at Tafelkop. It is not a new corps, for it is the well-known "Rimington's Tigers," that has been doing such good work since the early days of the war. Major Damant, who commands it, is splendidly typical of the very best stamp of Colonial soldier, and no higher praise could be given him. He succeeded Colonel Rimington in command of the corps that bore the name of the gallant Inniskilling Dragoon, and it showed at Tafelkop that under his command it could maintain its splendid reputation. Rushed by Boers disguised as and fully believed to be our own Yeomanry, it beat th enemy off unaided, but at a fearful loss of life. Damant himself was dangerously wounded, and hit no less than four times. Besides the colonel, two officers and twenty men were killed, and three officers and seven een men wounded. Of the troop actually with Damant but four escaped scatheless, and it was only the coolness and judgment of Captain Scott, one of Damant's officers, which prevented the Boer trickery adding another to our list of disasters. The country in which Colonel Damant was operating is in the Orange River Colony, and the fighting took place at a crossing of the Rietspruit, a stream which flows into the Wilge, about thirty miles west of Vrede.

THE OFFICERS OF DAMANT'S HORSE.
Colonel Damant himself stands in the centre with cap on.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
THE LEADER OF A MOBILE COLUMN.
Lieut.-Col. F. C. Shaw, Chief Staff Officer to Major-Gen. Bruce Hamilton.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel.

CHAPTER III.
A MATTER OF OPINION.

TABLE-D'HOTE at the Soleil Levant has ceased to be a meal, it has become a function. From the soup or fish with which it opens to the delicate trifles with which it closes it is something beyond a mere repast—a feeding-time—it is the apex, the crown of the day.

The room was already three parts full when I entered. Many residents of St. Helier's dine always at that inviting table, the fame of which has spread abroad also into the neighbouring parts of France. There were in addition tourists, people who met to transact business, captains of vessels and consignees, all who knew anything of the crowded angry little seas between England, the Islands, and France were represented.

I glanced round for Tammers. He was at the top of the room, sandwiched between a Frenchman and a fat old fellow whose obesity was entirely British in contour. It is a fact worthy of remark that the two nations, French and English, carry their superfluous flesh with a difference; with these again contrast the German, the negro, the Bengali—each grows fat after the fashion of his species. I have never seen this race-peculiarity noticed, but I confess I should like to hear it explained.

Tammers saw me, and beckoned me to a seat near his own. Opposite to him I at once perceived the yellow skin and thin lips of the Count, and the aggressive moustache of his friend.

The room was somewhat long, with a row of windows down one side, which gave a pleasant view of the harbour and its surroundings. There are, I believe, persons who prefer to dine without a view—they say it distracts the attention. To do them justice, most of the diners at the Soleil Levant kept their attention strictly riveted on the business in hand.

Conversation was pretty general, though at our end of the table Tammers gave his opinions freely, and laid down the law on a variety of subjects, while his stout neighbour with the nervous smile tried repeatedly to get his oar in, but each time ignominiously failed. Tammers held the table, so to speak.

On the other side of me the last doings in the States-General and the stock topics of the island were being warmly discussed. As for myself, I felt unequal to trying my French on De Boivet, so gave myself up to listening.

Across the blaze of light within I could see through the open windows the tall masts in the harbour raking up blackly against the paler sky, dodging and hiding the stars behind them as they bucked softly on the ebb-swell.

"You will not deny, sir, that this is a beautiful island"—I caught the fat man's speech in a lull—"fine views, rocky, bold coast-line, imposing scenery."

He was addressing Tammers, who was helping himself doubtfully from a temptingly arranged dish of *purée*.

"Landscapes differ," he replied presently with that mingled air of self-confidence and simplicity which marked his personality. "I've seen Bechuanaland look like a big, dirty blanket, but it cowed a man because it had no edge and there were different kinds of death waiting in every rood of it. This island is no more than a little patchwork cushion; turn what side you choose you can see the hem every time. It gives you a grasp on what's round you."

"What you say is true, sir," agreed the fat man, ingratiatingly, "and you have evidently been a traveller."

"I have," replied Tammers. "I've been out of Europe for a good many years, but it seems to me I've had to come back to hear of a real, dirty trick, Mr. Pluvitt."

"I should have thought," began the fat man, "that in the less civilised countries you describe you would be more likely to come across persons whose conduct might be such as you describe."

"There," said Tammers, "you've got the wrong bull by the tail! Nothing I've ever come across could crush into the same compartment with an affair I've just read out of this evening's paper. It was an account of a duel, and it took place in France."

At this the Count interposed, and started Tammers on a somewhat heated argument in connection with duelling as practised in the old countries. Tammers condemned it theoretically and practically in sweeping terms. He almost waxed eloquent, and wound up by expressing a decided preference—if one were forced to fight—for the American style of duelling.

"You just send word to your man that you intend to shoot him on sight, and then you light out and stalk him all over the shop. That's what I call sport—equal chances on both sides, you know," he maintained persistently. "Better than a one-sided fight with swords. Englishmen in the general way know nothing of that sort of fighting."

"Why, then, do they not learn, monsieur?" asked the Count, in very fair English.

"We haven't the time to waste," said Tammers, bluntly.

It seemed that Tammers was not in the habit of mincing matters.

"Ah, now I perceive!" cried the Count, with a sinister playfulness. "Has it not been said that the English are a nation of shopkeepers? You are then too busy in pushing your affairs of business to have time to attend to affairs of honour. Is not that so?"

"I don't know what you call affairs of honour," answered Tammers. "Maybe our views don't meet over that. Pinking each other over little newspaper paragraphs hasn't the smack of honour to me. It's poor work compared with peopling continents and making passkeys out of our bones and blood that the world may follow us into the new places of the earth. Not that the foreigners have always the pluck to follow us even then."

"We also make colonies of our own," said the Count, haughtily.

"Well, you've done something in that way since we gave you a lead," returned Tammers. "But you keep them in cotton wool, and wonder after all that they've no life in them. For instance, I shouldn't be allowed to enter some foreign colonies, but our colonies are thrown open to all comers. There's no selfishness in our policy," he ended triumphantly. "But now to return to our argument about duelling. It seems to be counted honourable in Europe to kill a man, no matter how defenceless he may be, as long as you say it's an affair of honour?"

Tammers looked round the table as if he expected us to agree with him *en masse*. But even the fat man withheld his opinion.

I now noticed that everyone had grown very silent, and that the attention of those present seemed fixed in a singular, almost apprehensive manner upon the discussion taking place between Tammers and the Count.

"It is within the power of every man to learn to defend himself with every conceivable weapon," remarked the Count; "besides," he added, with an unpleasant smile, "civilians and Englishmen should learn not to offend."

"Well, sir," said Tammers, "I say that an honourable man gives fair play, no matter who offers the insult or begins the quarrel. I once knew a man—only a common sort of fellow you'd have called him—who had a dispute with a tenderfoot."

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"A tenderfoot?" repeated the Count.

"I mean a fellow new to the colonies and raw in their ways," explained Tammers. "I was in the United States for some time, you know, and that's where this duel happened. That tenderfoot couldn't shoot, yet their little difficulty had to be settled one way or another. So the man I knew says, 'You have no more notion of shooting than an albino nigger, but I daresay your luck's as good as mine, if not a lump better. There's the lake before you, we'll shy stones into it, and the chap that's beaten will undertake to be underground this day week.' The tenderfoot was young, and a boy can lick a man chucking stones any day in the week."

Tammers stopped.

"And what happened to your friend, the American, then?" enquired the Count, with a look of supercilious amusement.

"He wasn't an American; he was from my own country at home," replied Tammers. "I was there, and I'll tell you what he did. He ordered round a parson and three bottles of the spirit he fancied—I can't call to mind what it was. On the fifth day he died! I call that man a gentleman."

The only sound that arose when Tammers had finished was a harsh laugh from the Count.

"Pardon me, monsieur, your friend was a fool!"

"It was honourable!" asserted Tammers roundly, "and that's more than you can say of sticking some poor chap with a sword who, ten to one, knows nothing of fencing."

The company were as still and as sullen as the air before a thunderstorm. We waited in silence for it to burst. The *table-d'hôte* was temporarily suspended. The waiters had gathered into a little whispering knot, shooting glances at us over their shoulders as they pretended to busy themselves with the next course.

After a moment's silence the Count spoke.

"Monsieur speaks at random," he said, regarding Tammers with a threatening stare.

"I don't," replied Tammers flatly; "I know what I'm talking about well enough."

A gentleman sitting near me touched my arm at the moment.

"Your friend's going rather strong," he whispered warningly.

Why he connected me with Tammers I cannot imagine, unless he had seen us together in the afternoon. But just at that moment I could hardly disclaim Tammers.

"It is occasionally wiser to withdraw objectionable opinions," observed the Count after a pause, as if to the company in general.

But Tammers appeared in no hurry to shirk his responsibilities.

"I've got my views and I'm not ashamed of them," he rejoined doggedly. "I don't keep them for show with the crewel-work antimacassars in the best parlour either. I'm here to back them."

"Monsieur must give me credit for very little intelligence if I had not already perceived that," sneered the Count. "Perhaps it is rather a lesson in reticence and prudence of which monsieur stands in need."

Tammers made no undignified reply to this. Though he might have asked who was likely to give him a lesson, he did nothing of the sort. He did not even say that every man who paid his five shillings had the right to air his own particular opinions as well as to eat his dinner. He merely poured out a glass of wine from the bottle which stood at his elbow. Under the circumstances, this may have been regarded as a suggestive action. But Tammers was British all through; he just raised it to his lips, and drank it with appreciation.

A sigh, almost a sob, of relief passed round the table. Some of those present had certainly supposed the wine was intended for the Count's insulting face, and not for Tammers' throat. The Count was doubtless a disagreeable personage, but I was entirely at a loss to account for the dread he seemed to inspire in those present.

As Tammers laid down his wine-glass, the Count turned to De Boivet, who had remained suspiciously mute throughout the incident, and made an audible remark in French about a pig of an Englishman. But as Tammers clearly had not the least notion of what he was saying, the words fell harmless.

A slight buzz of conversation even broke out again, the episode was regarded as over; but Tammers was nothing if not thorough.

"To go on," he began afresh, and the other voices ceased as if by magic. "To go on," he repeated, in the sudden lull, "that is how Count Julowski killed his man in Paris the other day. It's in the papers this evening. You can't handicap in a duel with swords, yet that fellow, Julowski, sent a challenge to a lad, who, from all accounts, knew no more than a dead chicken how to handle a sword! The youngster was run through the liver, and he died in agony three days later. Now, what do you call a fellow of Julowski's sort?"

"YOU MUST ANSWER FOR THIS, MONSIEUR!"

And again Tammers appealed to the faces round him for approval, but only a hush of consternation answered him. I saw the Count's face become a spread of coppery-red blotches.

"And what should *you* call him, monsieur?" he asked in a thin, discordant voice and with an insulting inflection on the first pronoun.

"A low-down coward, sir!" replied Tammers, uncompromisingly.

The other man rose, giving Tammers a glance of deadly fury; but Tammers did not appear to notice him, and was about to continue his remarks when the stranger leant across the table and said in a carefully lowered tone:

"You must answer for this, monsieur!" and stalked out of the room.

His exit was emphasised by a dead silence.

(To be continued.)

THE second edition of an excellent book has just been issued by Messrs. Gale and Polden, entitled "Organisation and Equipment Made Easy." The book is by Major S. T. Banning, who is well known as a writer on regimental routine and military law. The book will save officers the trouble of referring to a vast number of official books and regulations when they have to pass the examination for promotion in subject "G." It contains a digest of the most salient features of our system of organisation and administration.

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THE WORK OF THE GARRISON GUNNER.

THE moving and mounting of guns, both light and heavy, forms no inconsiderable part of the training of our Garrison Artillery. It frequently happens that owing to lack of resources or on account of the position of a work of defence manual labour is alone available for the task in view. Handling masses of metal of all weights, from two to thirty tons, and taking these round corners, over awkward places or rough ground, often present difficulties incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Moreover, if the work is carelessly or clumsily done, it involves considerable risk to life and limb of the men engaged.

For these reasons "Repository Drill," as it is called, has been drawn up to exercise men in shifting guns with simple appliances. Eighteen men form a squad under the orders of a No 1. This party is supplied with the following "stores" in quantities commensurate with the nature of the work: Handspikes of 6-ft. or 7-ft., short "skids," *i.e.*, pieces of oak a yard in length, and of various thicknesses, long "skids," *i.e.*, beams of oak or fir from 10-ft. to 20-ft. long, rollers, "scotches," *i.e.*, wedges to prevent the gun or rollers from moving, planks, levers 12-ft. and 14-ft. in length, and various ropes, long and short. Besides the above, "gyns," *i.e.*, steel tripods from which strong tackles are slung, may be used; also for heavy work hydraulic jacks. The chief aim is to get the job or "shift," as it is called, over as quickly and as safely as possible without fatiguing the detachment by a faulty application of mechanical principles, or by unnecessary and protracted efforts.

The illustrations here appended show No. 26 Company, Southern Division, R.G.A., at work at Gibraltar. In the first picture some men of this very smart company are working with a 12-ft. lever. This lever is used in "rocking" a gun up or down. The process consists in raising each end of the gun alternately, and placing some skidding beneath it when in the air; by these means the piece will eventually be raised (or lowered) to the requisite height above the ground. In the picture the gun rests on a skid just behind the trunnions. The lever, resting on a fulcrum composed of two skids, is ready for raising the muzzle; when the latter is a few inches off the ground, a skid will be slipped in below in front of the trunnions, and all made secure with scotches.

The second picture illustrates another method of rocking up a gun. Sixteen men stand at the muzzle of the piece with handspikes. Two of these, manned by four gunners, are jammed in the bore, the remaining twelve man three handspikes placed across the muzzle. By lifting or pressing down the gun by means of the handspikes, working at the muzzle and the breech alternately, the skidding is slipped under each time. In this case the gun rests on 12-in. of skidding in rear of the trunnions and on 15-in. in front. The men are ready to bear down on the handspikes; when that is done the breech will rise and skidding be placed beneath. The handspikes are then passed under the piece, the men will lift, and the muzzle will rise.

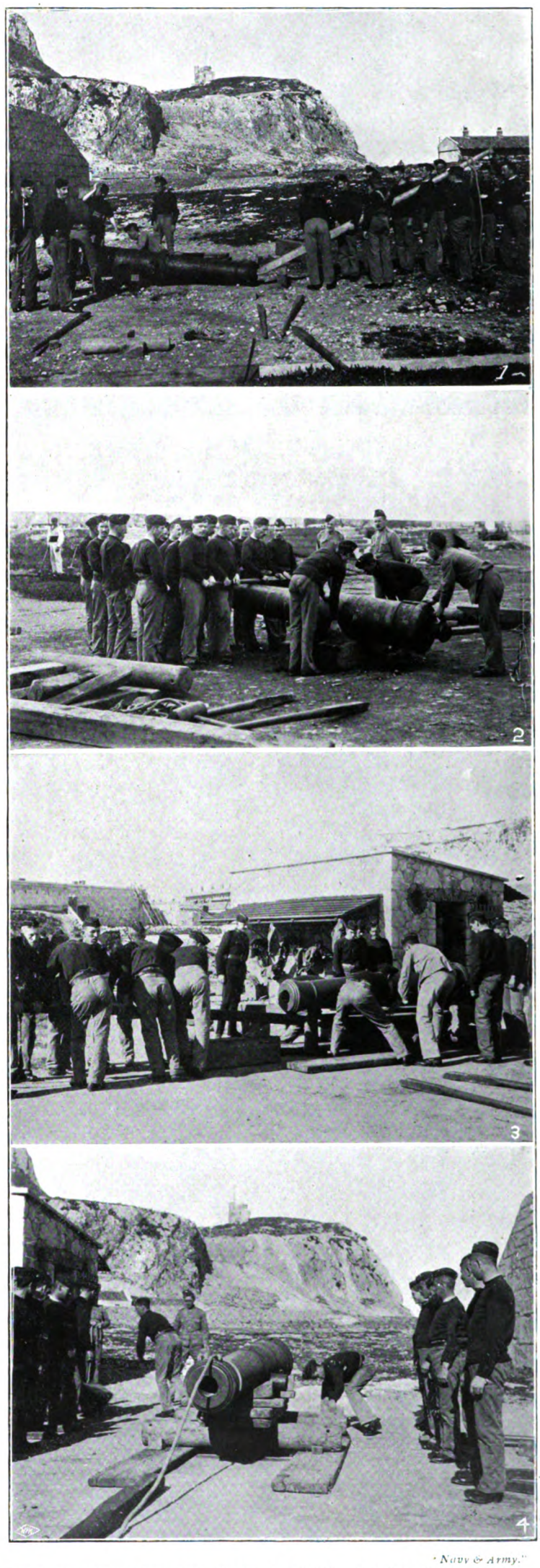
The third illustration shows the gun raised to the required height. It is supported by skidding under the breech ring and the lever under the muzzle while a "sleigh" is building beneath it. This is a delicate operation, since the gun rests on extremely small bearing surfaces at its extremities. The sergeant, conspicuous in clean khaki, is carefully directing the work, which is critically examined by the officer on the other side.

A "sleigh" consists of baulks or planks on which the gun rests; they again repose on large rollers on which the sleigh travels; planks of oak are placed on the ground to prevent the rollers from sinking in.

The last picture shows the gun resting on a "plank sleigh," built up of four 6-ft. planks with two small skids across them. On these the gun is firmly scotched up. The two large rollers below also scotched up carry the sleigh. The men are just finishing clearing up the stores employed in the previous work. Only the long lever remains in the foreground. A drag-rope has been fastened to the muzzle and all is ready for the piece to start on its travels.

The guns used in these exercises are old muzzle-loading 64-pounders weighing two or three tons, a good weight for teaching men the mechanical principles involved in such work.

The scene is laid on the Europa Flats at Gibraltar. The lower signal station is shown in two pictures in the background. The higher parts of "the Rock" do not come into view.



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1. RAISING THE GUN OFF THE GROUND WITH A 12-FT. LEVER. 2. "ROCKING UP" THE GUN WITH A LEVER PLACED IN THE BORE AND HANDSPIKES ACROSS THE MUZZLE. 3. BUILDING THE SLEIGH. 4. THE SLEIGH READY FOR TRAVELLING.

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THE NEW SURREY YEOMANRY.

THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW CORPS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Vet.-Lieut. Brandt, Lieut. Borwick, Lieut. Alley, Lieut. Humphrey, Capt. Hankey, Lieut. Phillips, Lieut. Barclay, and Lieut. West. Front row: Lieut. Bonsor, Lieut. Gordon-Clark, Major Hoare, Lieut.-Col. Cubitt, Capt. Fisher Rowe, Lieut. Brettell, Lieut. Bray, and Lieut. Robinson.

THE N.C.O.'S OF THE SURREY IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Corpl. Howe, Corpl. Coppard, Corporal Lowe, Corpl. Barton, Corpl. Elton, Corpl. Hook, and Sergt. Bell. Middle row: Farrier-Sergt. Warner, Sergt. Mackellar, Sergt. Hussey, Sergt.-Maj. Houghton, Sergt.-Maj. Riley, Sergt.-Maj. Brine, Sergt.-Maj. Lyons, Sergt.-Maj. Tate, Sergt. Smale, and Sergt. Cann. Front row: Trumpeter Houghton.

Photos. Copyright. *Brooks & Co.*

A COSSACK POST.

A FEW months ago Surrey could not boast a single yeoman of its own. Now, however, thanks to the energy of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Cubitt, M.P., a body of 250 men has been organised and equipped, and judging from the very flattering remarks made by Major-General Turner, Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, at the conclusion of the first annual training, the regiment promises to be representative of the best riding men in the country. In many respects the Surrey Yeomanry holds a unique position. It is the first of the new regiments—raised since the King's accession to the throne—in order of precedence, it is the first regiment to be armed only with the magazine rifle, it is the first regiment to undergo its annual training on Government horses, and it is the first regiment in England to adopt the light colonial saddle. The men are provided with a uniform which closely resembles that of the New South Wales Lancers, and gives a very smart and serviceable appearance. When recruits were first asked for, an enormous number were forthcoming from all parts of the county, but the men were subjected to a riding test which enabled the officers to pick out the men most suitable to the work required of them, and some time since recruiting was stopped, as it was thought advisable to take away for the first annual training, which has recently been held at Dorking, only sufficient men to form a strong nucleus for the regiment when it is brought up to its full strength of 596 this year. With any new organisation of the kind it is only to be expected that many difficulties have to be overcome at the outset, and in the case of the Surrey Yeomanry the greatest difficulty was experienced in the short space of time which elapsed between the raising of the regiment and the period of annual training. With between seventy and eighty per cent. of the men untrained recruits, the officers and permanent staff had a colossal task before them in preparing the men for the more arduous work in the field. But the results speak for themselves, and Colonel Godley, D.A.A.G., who made the official inspection, declared that he had rarely seen such efficiency attained in so brief a period. One notable feature of the recent training was the entire absence of the stereotyped parade movements. Practically the whole day was spent in tactical operations over the Surrey hills. Lieutenant-Colonel Cubitt is the son of Lord Ashcombe, in whose park the regiment was encamped, and the officers are drawn from some of the best county families. Of the permanent staff, Regimental Sergeant-Major Brine and Squadron Sergeant-Majors Riley and Lyons won from the first the hearty appreciation of the men, and the thorough goodwill and spirit of co-operation which characterised the training throughout is the best tribute to their unfailing energy and loyalty to the regiment.

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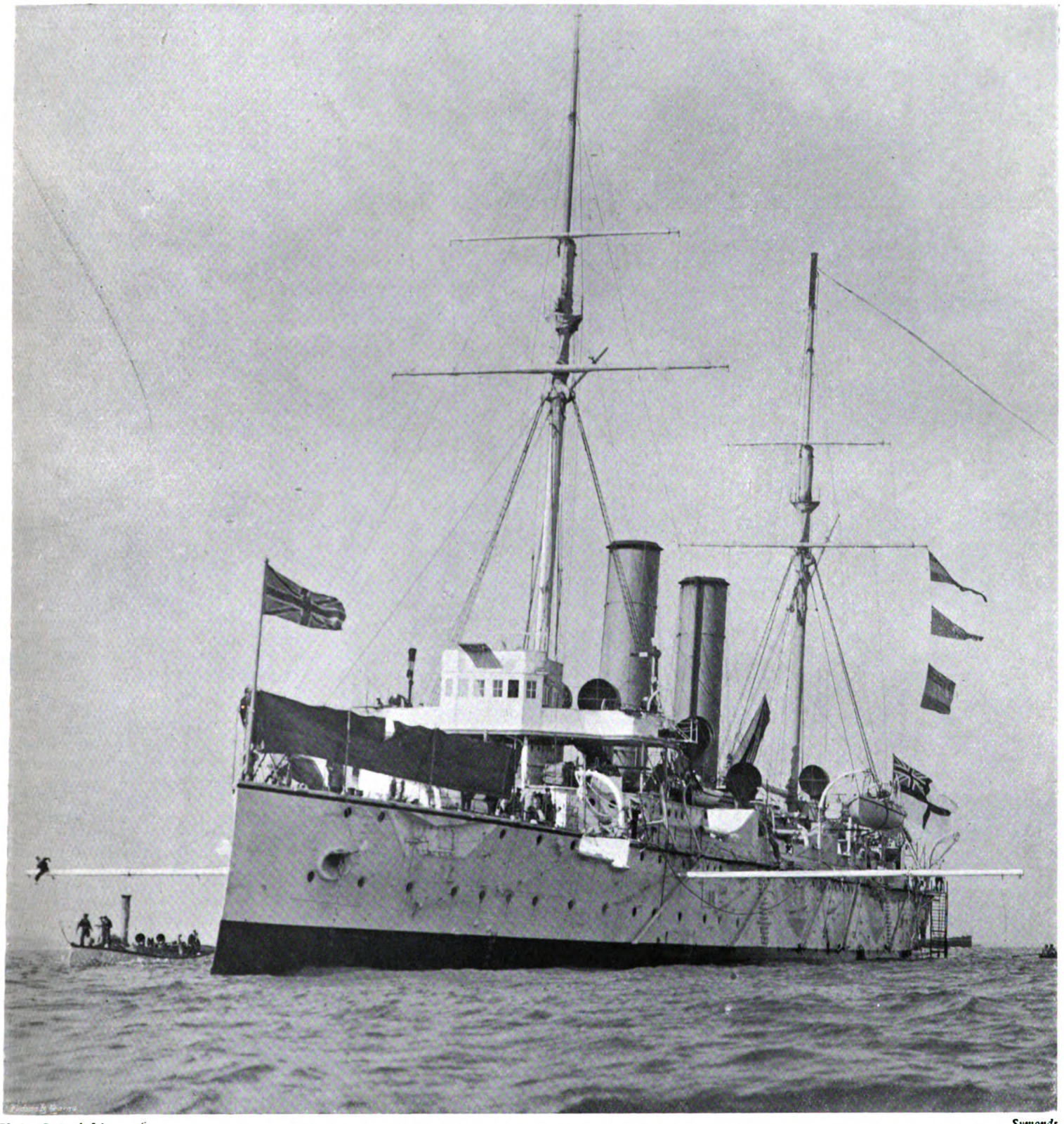
A NEW FLAG-SHIP FOR THE PACIFIC.

AT Chatham, on January 14, Captain J. L. Marx will commission that fine first-class cruiser, the "Grafton," to proceed to the Pacific, and to her Rear-Admiral A. K. Bickford, C.M.G., will transfer his flag from his present flag-ship, the somewhat antiquated armoured cruiser, the "Warspite." The "Warspite" has had her share of service on the Pacific station, for she was flag-ship there in 1890-93, and relieved her sister ship, the "Imperieuse," in 1899. The "Grafton," which is one of nine first-class cruisers laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, and which are as fine ships of their class as any that ever hoisted the pennant, will not be doing duty as a flag-ship for the first time, for she served in that capacity on the China station in 1895-99, flying successively the flags of Rear-Admirals Oxley and FitzGerald. The "Warspite" will meet the "Grafton" at Coquimbo, where the transfer of the flag will take place On the whole, the change will materially increase the efficiency of the station in material, for though on paper the "Warspite" shows superiority in gun power, yet the new flag-ship is a better fighting machine, and though technically she only classes as "protected" as against "armoured," her hull and gun positions are practically as well defended as those of the ship she replaces. The only sufferers in the exchange will be the gun-room officers of the flag-ship, for the "Imperieuse" and "Warspite" are noted throughout the service for their splendid gun-rooms. The "Grafton" is the seventh of her name in the Navy, the first, a ship of 1675, having been named after the Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., who finally died on board of her from wounds received in action. This ship later shared in the victory of Barfleur, the capture of Gibraltar, and Rooke's victory over the French fleet off Malaga. The second "Grafton" shared in Byng's victory over the Spanish off Messina Another "Grafton" went out to Indian waters and took part in the third and most sanguinary of the three drawn battles that Admiral Pocock fought with that worthy foe the French Admiral D'Ache, a fight that cost the "Grafton" eighty-three killed and wounded. Finally another "Grafton" took part in Byron's engagement with D'Estaing in the West Indies in 1779, and shared in the three engagements Rodney fought with De Guichen in the April and May of 1780.



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THE "GRAFTON."

To be commissioned on January 14 at Chatham.

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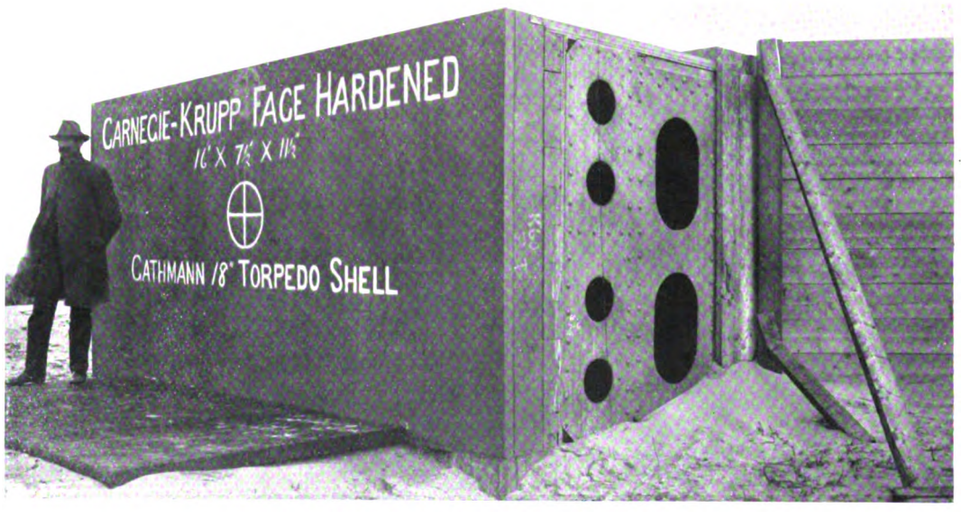
THE GATHMANN GUN TRIALS.

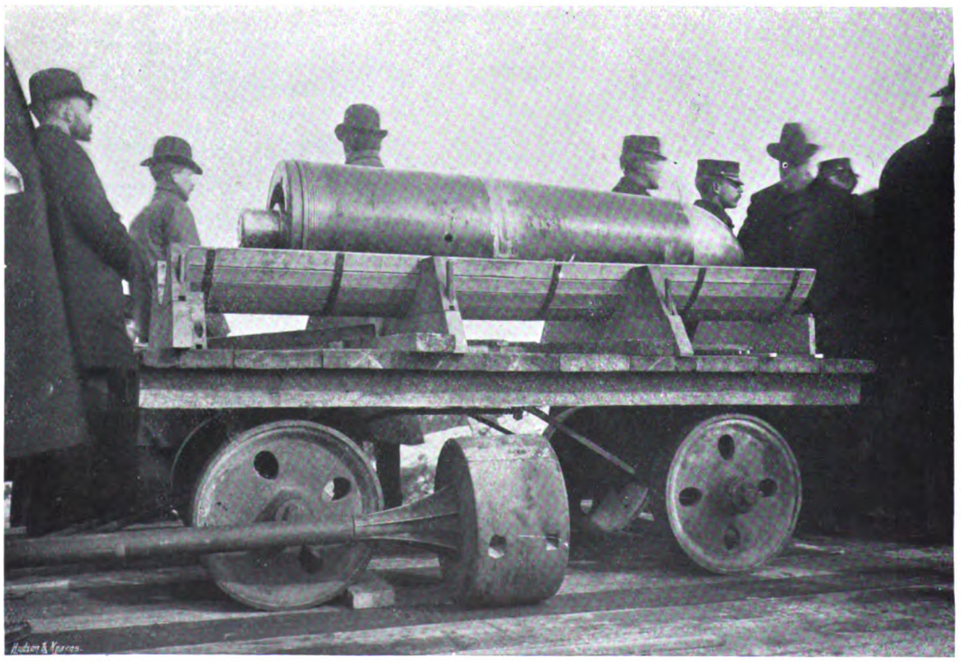
THE GATHMANN GUN.

Tried and found wanting.



THE TARGET.

Resembles a piece of a war-ship's side.



THE SHELL OF THE GUN.

2,000-lb. in weight, 18-in. in diameter.

OUR Transatlantic cousins have been suffering from a sharp attack of "big-gun fever," which has seized every great Power at some period in its history. For example, there was Napoleon's mammoth bronze howitzer, specially cast for the bombardment of Cadiz. It was expected of this piece that, firing at a range of three miles, its heavy shells would soon reduce the beleaguered city to ruins. Accordingly, after several hours' shelling, envoys were despatched to receive the capitulation. They were told, however, that Cadiz had no intention of surrendering, for the inhabitants had no idea that they were being bombarded. Eventually this howitzer fell into our hands, and it now adorns the Horse Guards' Parade. We ourselves have suffered from the craze, as witness the great things expected of the "Woolwich infant" and other 100-ton monsters, all of which ended in smoke. Uncle Sam contracted the fever about ten years ago, when inventors, backed up by Barnums of science, demonstrated that the weapon of the future was a pneumatic gun discharging aerial torpedoes composed of the most powerful explosives. The United States Government went so far as to purchase a special cruiser armed with pneumatic guns, but the war with Spain proved the latter a downright fraud. However, directly that bubble was pricked, another ordnance monstrosity was forthcoming in the shape of the Gathmann gun. This weapon, which has a calibre of 18-in., fires a projectile 2,000-lb. in weight, and charged with 450-lb. of gun-cotton. It is primarily intended for coast defence, the destructive principle involved being not so much the penetration of armour as that of the explosion of the large amount of gun-cotton against the sides of a hostile vessel. It is claimed for the latter that the enemy will then cease from troubling, for he will no longer exist, except in scattered fragments. The United States Government has expended about a quarter of a million dollars on the Gathmann gun trials, which have shown nothing that the Naval ordnance officers did not know all along, viz., the non-utility of the system. Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neill, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, is most emphatic in his opinion that the tests have clearly proved that any large amount of gun-cotton exploded against the sides of the heaviest armoured battleship would have little effect on the vessel or crew. He said he regarded the trials as a great triumph for Army ordnance in demonstrating that the new 12-in. coast-defence gun is capable of carrying a projectile whose explosive is not gunpowder, but something considerably higher, through the side of any battleship afloat, and can be fired with absolute precision by the accurate time fuse employed. The Navy gun of the same calibre, he said, was equal to even more destructive work. Therefore, the hope indulged in by its projectors, that the Gathmann gun will defend the entrance of New York Harbour against all comers, does not appear likely to be realised.

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LEVELLING UP.

THE QUALIFIERS AT HORSEA ISLAND.

By One Who Has Qualified.

THERE is an island up at the far end of Portsmouth Harbour, close to Porchester Castle, of whose existence the ordinary man, be he sailor or civilian, is hardly aware. This spot is called Horsea Island and it is sacred, very sacred indeed, to the scientists of the "Vernon" and other followers of the cult of the automobile torpedo. It is in fact their own little reclaimed acre, rescued from the mud flats of the upper harbour. It is hardly fair perhaps to call it an island, for it is like nothing so much as a glorified ditch, surrounded by substantial mud banks. Here there is a torpedo range, 1,000 yds. long, where all new torpedoes are put through their paces, tested and adjusted, previous to being sent into the store. This is the serious business of the island, but it has other uses, as the photographs with which this article is illustrated portray. The serious work is reserved for full blown lieutenants T. while we are about to deal with a class of thirty-five "Makey learns" or in other words, lieutenants qualifying for gunnery and torpedo officers. These gentlemen visit Horsea Island every day for a fortnight, during some period of their course at Portsmouth, to learn the mysteries of nautical surveying, a very important and essential branch of Naval mining work. It is pleasant outdoor work, easy, one might always call it frivolous, except for its professional importance, and child's play, compared with most of the work which the qualifiers have to cope with during their two years of study.

Horsea Island may not compare favourably with Eden, but it has its points. In fine weather at high tide it is quite pretty, for a mud flat, that is to say. There are a few trees at one end, and gardens of a sort, inartistically neat it is true, but still green and useful looking. Lastly, there is a chicken farm, the latest scientific hobby of the torpedo school, and of which great things are expected. At any rate it will no doubt prove more effective in the long run than the pigeons of the rural establishment at Whale Island. The pigeons, poor things, have had their wings clipped by wireless telegraphy, but, as (the head hen fancier said the other day), science has yet to prove she can lay a satisfactory egg.

Given a fine day, a high tide, a suitably comprehensive luncheon basket, and thirty-five junior lieutenants, bursting with zeal, and a fixed determination to combine pleasure with business, and we have at once all the elements of a good time. Since, moreover, the tree of knowledge is only to be sought in its purely professional capacity, the absence of Eve from the business of the day is not to be regretted, and is no bar to the general satisfaction.

Our class have already been initiated in the lecture room into the theory of the work, and shown how to use the various instruments. They are now required to survey a portion of the island, together with the water-channels approaching it. For this purpose the instructor divides them up into various sections. First there is the "levelling party" who are detailed off to find the heights of various points in the island above the level of the low-water springs. They use the Abney level and the levelling staff, the former is an ordinary spirit level with a telescope attached, mounted on a tripod stand. The telescope is levelled and the observer notes the number of feet its cross wires indicate on the levelling staff (shown in the illustration). As may be imagined this is not laborious work on a mud bank, but in actual practice where heights of several hundred feet have to be measured to an inch, it is a long business requiring corresponding care and accuracy. There is another party measuring a base line from which the chart of the survey has to be made. Two points called A and B are selected and the distance between them (about 600 yds.) accurately chained off. At A the plane table is set up (as shown in the illustration), and lines drawn through the direction of all conspicuous objects, the table is then removed to B and the process repeated. The intersection of the lines gives the position of the conspicuous object on the chart I. The most exciting portion of the work is not illustrated. This exists in the sounding and survey of the channel approaches. A party of four or five shove off in a whaler or gig, and with a lead line run lines of soundings on marks set up on shore. The channels are narrow and most tortuous, the mud flats are extensive, and most difficult to avoid.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

Sooner or later our party gets piled up on a rapidly falling tide. It is then the fun begins for the spectators ashore. Finding frantic efforts to pole the boat off unsuccessful, there is a pause whilst the mariners devote themselves to heated argument as to who shall get out and shove. Generally one unfortunate is unanimously elected by the remaining four and forced over the bows into the muddy slush round the boat. But by this time it is too late, and it is no longer a question of one but of all, if they are to get ashore for lunch that day. Whether they have it or not, is a question decided by the nearness of the Channel or the beach, but many classes can remember one boat's crew at least, who have had to sacrifice their luncheon upon the Horsea Island mud flats.

Lastly there is the Depression Position Finder to set up and the Mine Field to lay out. The D.P.F. as it is called is an ingenious instrument used for marking on the chart the position of the mines as they are laid, and afterwards for firing them by electricity. Its accuracy depends on the accuracy of the preliminary survey, but the instrument itself is too complicated to explain here.

Altogether the fortnight at Horsea is a picnic, provided the weather is favourable, All the work is done by the officers themselves, and is a most welcome change from the theory of the lecture room, and the strict discipline of Whale Island. At the end of it the chart is carefully preserved, and handed down to the captious criticism of succeeding classes.

A FAVOURITE SPOT DURING "STAND EASY."

The class poses for its picture.

ALL VERY FINE IN WARM WEATHER.

A mining launch ready for business.

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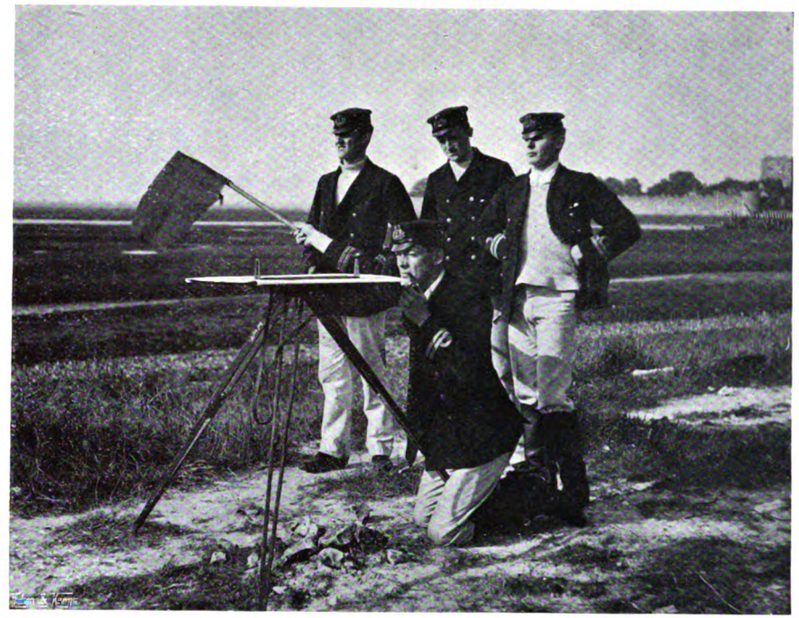
THE QUALIFIERS AT HORSEA ISLAND.

MEASURING THE BASE LINE.

The torpedo works of the island in the background.



THE PLANE TABLE.

Making the chart—Porchester Castle in the distance.

SETTING UP THE D.P.F.

THE EXILES' RETURN.

Coming back from the island after a long day's work.

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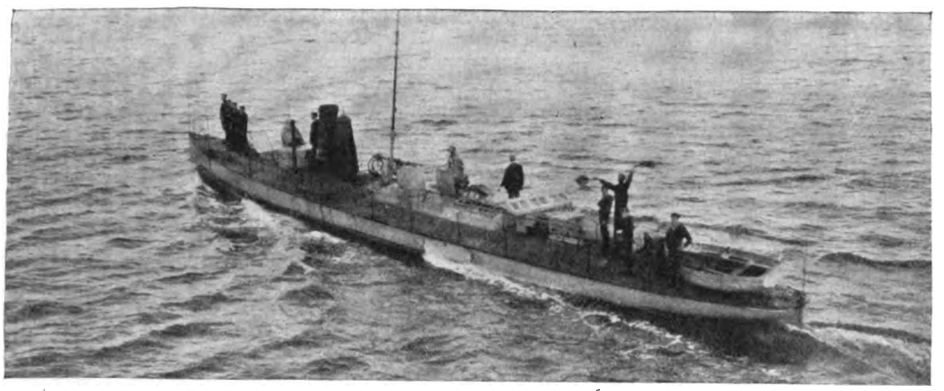

SIGNALLING THE SHIP FOR ORDERS.

USING THE MEGAPHONE.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE visit of the Marquis Ito has been shorter than his many English friends would have wished, but it has given the distinguished statesman the opportunity he sought of renewing his friendship with the land in which he mastered the very elements of the vast constitutional change which he was chiefly instrumental in bringing about in Japan. We can scarcely exaggerate the importance of that revolution, either to Japan or to this country. It is as if we had leaped from the feudalism of the first Edward at a single bound into the sunlight of the days of his seventh successor. Our distinguished visitor was one of the small band of prescient men who restored the ancient authority of the Mikado, and under his presiding genius the young nation fought its way up from the dangers that assailed its infancy, and step by step advanced to its place in the comity of nations, until, in August, 1897, it vindicated its right to speak with equal voice to them all. From the strenuous days of its modern origin the youthful nation, resting upon the traditions of its high antiquity, came with an abundant strength, showing its efficiency as a military Power, and winning by just title a high place in the counsels of the world. To Englishmen especially this is a fascinating story, full of significance, for it is not difficult to conceive what would have been the present course of political affairs if the beautiful islands of the Far East had been the possession of the old feudal Japan.

NO alliance, either formal or informal, exists between Great Britain and Japan, but, none the less, in particular spheres, they have identical interests, and a mutual understanding follows. Our truest wish is that Japan should grow strong and vigorous, possessing all the elements necessary to give effect to her will in the world. The Marquis Ito came without any mandate or any political object, but his vigorous and disciplined mind must have enabled him to realise the characteristics of modern England. He has recognised our imperial growth, and though, in passing from capital to capital, he has been in touch with many conditions of political society, he must have felt that in London, as the heart of a great Empire resting for security and prosperity on the sea, he was in the one country of all the world most like to his own. We cannot but believe that his commanding intellect, enriched by his extended tour, will impel him, on his return, to work for those common ends which Great Britain and Japan have at heart. The integrity of China, the independence of Corea, the untrammelled freedom of commerce—these are the objects of the Mikado's enlightened rule. They are not less the objects of our own statesmanship, and in greeting the Marquis Ito we welcomed the distinguished man who has played and will play a large part in giving effect to them.

IT would, perhaps, not be correct to say that the keynote of the national sympathy between England and Japan is found in watchfulness of the purposes of Russia, though the statement might not be wholly inaccurate. The proposals for an Anglo-Russian understanding have attracted some attention in Russia, and are much to our mind. It is the restless aggression of Russia that stands in the way. A certain stiffening of fibre, visible in the Chinese Imperial Plenipotentiaries in relation to the question of Manchuria, appears to be the result of greater political sagacity on the part of the Celestials. It is not in the Far East only that Russia is regarded with suspicion. At the other end of the Muscovite empire the Swedes and Norwegians are on their guard. There is a belief that Russia is seeking to sacrifice her Scandinavian neighbours in order to obtain a port on the North Sea. Hence the fiery military spirit of the Swedes has been aroused, and they are reorganising their military system and arming themselves almost as if they expected war. The fate of Finland has been taken as a warning, and both in Norway and Sweden a very alert and watchful attitude is observed. Then, far in the South, eyes are turned to the border of Afghan-Turkestan. Already, with her railway in the Kushk Valley, Russia is within a few marches of Herat, with three routes through the Paropamisus to choose between, and the line is being pushed on to the very frontier at Chahil Dukhteran, while another branch is being prepared for through Penjdeh and Maruchak, as an important strategic route for a corps of observation. Here are other signs and tokens that do not escape the attention of observers.

ENCOURAGING reports come from British East Africa, and now that the Uganda Railway has been completed progress is likely to be rapid. The line has already done much to transform the conditions of life in that region, and has naturally had a temporary unsettling influence. The natives, accustomed to the use of caravan routes, which existed long before we were in the country, have not yet accommodated themselves to the change implied by the completing of the railway. The Arabas and Swahilis were accustomed to drive cattle and bring ivory to the coast, and to exchange them for various cloths, iron and brass ware, and other necessaries. These they took far inland, exchanging them again for elephant ivory, rhinoceros horns, and hippopotamus teeth. Passing through the region of the savage Masai, the caravans had to be strongly constituted, and always paid toll. Now the Masai have ceased to be a danger, and even promise to furnish a defensive force of excellent fighting men. Already a demand for native produce and cattle and goats has sprung up all along the line, and the market for British goods promises to be large and expansive. The retail trade is mostly in the hands of Indians, whose bazaars are teaching the East Africans the value and uses of money. The wholesale trade also passes largely through the hands of Indians, but a few German houses have gained a foothold. Some of the finest grazing land in Africa is in the territory, so that agriculture and commerce should grow together, and the trade with the few inland regions, in much greater volume, will still be conducted by means of caravans, the Arabs and Swahilis thus finding the advantage and entering into the course of trade.

JUST nine years have elapsed since Abbas Hilmi ascended the Khedivial throne, and truly they have been years of plenty for Egypt. Since the crushing of the Dervish hosts a wonderful change has passed over the valley of the Nile, and nothing more remarkable greeted the eyes of the Khedive during his recent visit to the new and wonderful Khartoum than the growing building of the Gordon College and the Government offices, which latter are all housed in one large edifice on the river front, quite Egyptian in style, one story in height, and surrounded by spacious balconies. Here are the administrative departments of the Soudan

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Government, established where lately savagery reigned. The building has been excellently designed for the conduct of business, and is a visible mark of the reforms we have introduced in that region. The same block also houses the courts of the Moudir for civil and criminal cases, and the Civil Appeal Court, the civil side of the Moudir's court being presided over by Mr. Wasey Sterry. Ultimately the courts will be removed to the Moudirieh buildings, which are in course of construction. The Gordon College is still unfinished, and will not be completed until 1903, but it will be roofed in shortly. It is interesting to know that a tourist has given the means for equipping a splendid bacteriological laboratory. The pupils number about eighty, but they are at present at a primary school at Khartoum, which will be amalgamated with the college when it is open. This institution will be a worthy memorial of the devoted soldier after whom it is named.

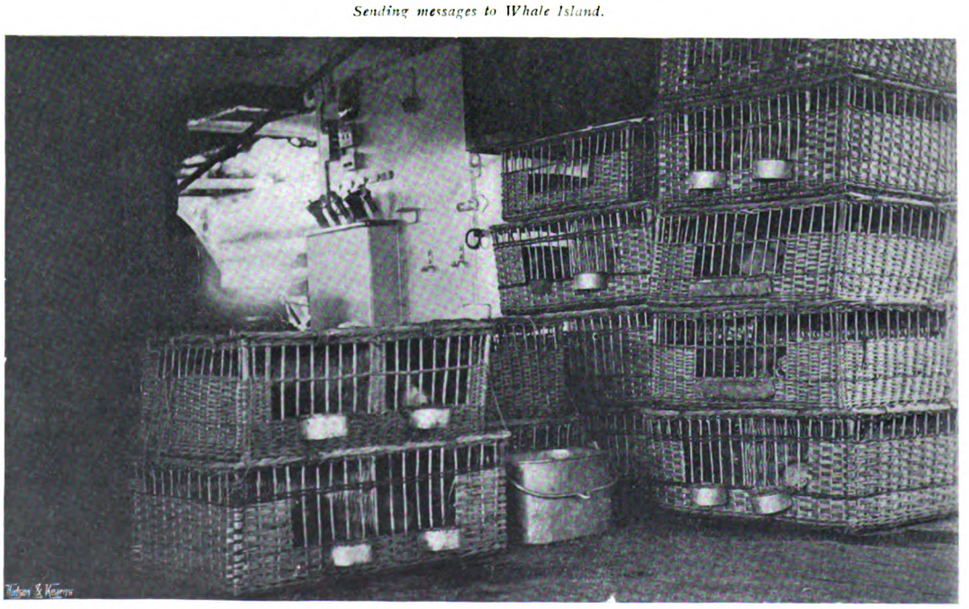
A GREAT secret agitates the breast of Mme. du Gast. She has become possessed of the ashes of Marceau, which are in her boudoir in Paris enclosed in an alabaster urn. This precious reliquary, which rested upon a table of pale rose and translucid green, she showed to an awed correspondent of the Press, handing it to him with "the diaphanous hands of Aurora." How had she procured these precious remains? It was a secret she declared that she would never reveal. Had she bought them? At the question, "her golden hair, which was the diadem of her royal brow," trembled, while her "transparent cheeks" reddened at the thought. Bought them! Could it be possible to traffic with gold for the ashes of a hero? Horrible profanation! The correspondent was left to believe that, if money had been paid, it was not for the ashes of Marceau, these being beyond price or having no market value. He felt his very breathing to be "an impious sacrilege" as he held his precious charge, but noticed that his hostess was dressed in sea green sown with roses of France, and had ten rows of coral beads round her neck. He counted them. "Hic cineres, ubique nomen," was the legend on the urn. What should be done with these relics? Mme. du Gast shrank from the idea of seeing them in a show-case in the Musée de l'Armée, and was rather taken by the correspondent's suggestion that they should be presented to the Government on the condition that they should find a resting-place in the Pantheon. It would appear that Marceau's sister Eméra once possessed his remains; another account says they are beneath the monument at Coblentz; Mme. du Gast says she has them really. Other relics also she possesses, of which one reveals the romance of Marceau. The poor soldier loved passionately rich Mlle. de Châteaugiron, and wrote that love filled him with a feverish desire for glory and renown. Thus he departed for his last campaign, and was killed by the bullet of a Tyrolean soldier. Mme. du Gast, "qui a voué un culte" to the memory of Marceau, promises to make known the full tale of his glory.

CARRIER PIGEONS AFLOAT.

SIGNOR MARCONI has a good deal for which to answer. One would not like to commit one's self to a positive opinion on the point, but it is generally accepted as a fact that it is owing to the discovery of the capabilities of wireless telegraphy that the employment of carrier pigeons in the Navy has come to an end. The official recognition of the pigeon, indeed, as an accredited messenger did not extend over very many years. The first cote was established at Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour. It was the property of the officers connected with that establishment, who made it a hobby, and who may be said to have clustered around Commander Lionel Tufnell. The pigeons were used to convey messages from the rifle range on the other side of the harbour; they were sometimes taken for short journeys in destroyers or torpedo boats, and then tossed and allowed to find their way home. By and by, the Admiralty took the thing up; cotes were established at Mount Wise, Plymouth, and at Chatham; and Commander Tufnell was appointed to control the pigeon service. This was then organised upon a more official and comprehensive basis. At Whale Island, for example, there were living and sleeping apartments for the birds, and there was also a sick bay. The cote was painted red and white, so as to be easily distinguishable by the birds, which at first did not take at all kindly to flying across salt water; and the greatest care was taken in mating the birds for breeding purposes, only those who were thoroughly sound being granted the privilege of occupying one of the two-roomed cotes which were set apart for birds who had been allowed to pair. Many of the birds were sent to sea during the manœuvres, and did good service; and our pictures represent the method of stowing them at sea and of releasing them. All this, however, is now a thing of the past. The decision of the Admiralty has gone forth, the cotes have been broken up, and the Navy is to trust to wireless telegraphy for the future.

TOSSING THE BIRDS AT SEA.

Sending messages to Whale Island.



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THE PIGEON LOFT IN A BATTLE-SHIP.

Neatly-packed baskets containing the messengers.

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OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

BHURTPORE LANCERS.

THE 1st MADRAS LANCERS.

BAHAWALPORE LANCERS.

VERY little public interest appears to have been created in this country by the telegraphic account received of the fighting in Mekran at the latter end of December, possibly for the sound reason that a good many general readers might find some difficulty in stating offhand where Mekran is, and why British troops should be called upon to interfere in what might seem to be a purely local difficulty. As some rather important geographical and political points happen to be actually involved, I daresay a few words of explanation will be acceptable both as elucidating what occurred, and showing that the affair must have been one extremely creditable to the British officers and Native soldiers concerned in it.

Mekran is a district of the great British Protectorate of Baluchistan, which owes its existence to the administrative genius of Sir Robert Sandeman. Its chief port, Gwadur, lies on the Persian Gulf, about 300 miles nearly due west of Karachi, and along the coasts of Mekran and Persian Baluchistan runs the telegraph line from Karachi to Jashk, and thence *viâ* Bushire in the Persian Gulf through Turkish territory to Europe. It is a queer country, a land of strange contrasts, about which, as a great geographer has recently said, a man may write much as he pleases and never stray far from the truth. A mixture of waterless deserts and lovely oases, it has had a strange history, and its historical records, like those of the Persian Gulf generally, will well repay careful study. For us its latter-day annals have been chiefly interesting by reason of its contiguity to Persia, the boundary between which and British Baluchistan was settled by a Joint Commission five or six years ago. It appears that, in spite of the friendly understanding then arrived at, gangs of Persian raiders have since from time to time crossed the frontier and made themselves extremely objectionable among the Baluch tribes under our protection. Last October a notorious raider named Mahomed Ali, who had previously made at least one successful incursion, entered Mekran and seized Nodiz Fort. Here he was promptly besieged by the Native troops of Baluchistan, who sat round the place to the number of nearly 1,000 men for fifty-three days, but failed to capture it owing to lack of artillery.

It was at this stage that the British troops appeared on the scene in the shape of a small mixed force of Native infantry, mountain guns, and Bombay Sappers, under the command of Major Tighe, of the 27th Baluch Infantry. What ensued recalls vividly the sort of warfare which was constantly waged in the days of our early struggles for ascendancy in India. The walls were breached and, led by Lieutenants Grant and Cory, both of whom were severely wounded, the Baluch Infantry and Bombay Sappers, evidently a mere handful, simply carried by storm a fort which nearly a thousand men had been besieging for seven long weeks. The raider chief was killed and his band broken up, and it is distinctly probable that the lesson will have a severely deterrent effect upon other similar bands across the Persian border, one of which, it is known, had intended to co-operate with Mahomed Ali in the present incursion.

The interest in the subject shown by some of my readers induces me to refer once more to the offers of bounty and of bounty-cum-furlough which the Indian Government recently made to time-expired men serving in India, with a view to inducing them to prolong their service with the colours. It is now stated by a Simla correspondent that, up to November 1, 233 cavalrymen, 1,290 gunners, and 4,938 infantrymen had accepted the bounty, while 417 had accepted the bounty with furlough. These precise figures are extremely interesting as indicating the proportions in the different arms, as well as, generally, a very gratifying response to an offer the acceptance of which cannot but add appreciably to the efficiency of the Indian Army, besides relieving the strain which must shortly fall—indeed, has already fallen—upon home recruiting. Probably the returns up to December 2, when the offer was closed, will show a considerable increase of numbers, and I hope, as I said before, that this increase will be largely in the return of those who have elected to take a smaller bounty with furlough. I am a staunch believer in fairly long service for India, but I do *not* believe that there is anything to be gained in allowing Europeans to remain in India ten or eleven years without ever going home. A break in the way of leave at home is absolutely necessary if a man is to retain not only the splendid courage and tenacity which distinguish the British soldier, but also the "snap" and "go" which are becoming more and more essential to the latter-day fighting man. As for the bounty, it is not, perhaps, too much to say that in a sad number of cases that has already been spent, and that the spenders will have a good many bitter moments during the next few years as the season comes round for the time-expired to go home. The Indian Government are, perhaps, not to be blamed for paying small heed to such considerations as this, but from a purely practical standpoint I think they will be ill-advised if they do not in future modify their present terms, and positively encourage men to take a furlough, which most Europeans, after five or six years of the "shiny East," are badly in want of.

By a very recent mail there arrived an extremely interesting report of the inspection of the Mysore Imperial Lancers by General Beatson, the Inspector-General of the Imperial Service Troops, who returned a short time back from South Africa, where he has done admirable service. The Chief Commandant of the Mysore Imperial Service Troops is Colonel Desaraj Urs, who has been making a special study of the plan of getting horses to stand steady for hours with the bridoon hitched to right or left of the girth, thus releasing every third trooper for firing purposes. It is said that Colonel Desaraj Urs was able to show results more successful than any as yet attained by cavalry in India, and General Beatson congratulated him warmly on his work, and on the high state of general efficiency to which the Mysore Lancers have been brought. There is no question that the splendid success of the Imperial Service Troops is largely due to the excellent capacity of successive inspecting officers, among whom General Beatson must certainly take high rank. The commandants of Imperial Service Corps naturally do their best to please an Inspector-General who not only holds a distinguished record, but is still in his prime as a fighting leader, and it certainly adds to the latter's popularity if, like General Beatson, he is glad to play polo with the regimental team of the corps he has just been critically inspecting.

Another important military official is now "on tour" in India, namely, General Hill, the Inspector-General of Indian Volunteers. At a recent dinner in Madras, given in his honour, General Hill made some remarks about Volunteering

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in India which are particularly well worth reproduction at a time when Volunteers at home have been somewhat agitated by the recent Order in Council. General Hill referred to the cordial co-operation and support he had received from Volunteer officers generally throughout his tour, and paid a special tribute of praise to the Bombay Volunteer Artillery and the Coorg Planters' Corps. The former, mostly mill employés, have to drill at night, having no time during the day, but still they manage to put in from 50 to 100 drills a year, a performance which would look very well indeed in this country. The Coorg Planters' Corps was inspected by General Hill at Mercara at a time when the coffee harvest was in full swing and everyone was extremely busy. Yet not a single planter within fourteen miles of Mercara failed to turn up at the inspection, hurrying back to his plantation the same evening.

At last the order has been given to the Field Gun Section of the Royal Arsenal to start work on the new 10-pounder mountain gun, of which eighty-four are to be put in hand at once for India. The delay which has been incurred is considerable, and highly regrettable, but there is small good to be derived from harping on that fact. The main point now is to accelerate the delivery of the new guns before fresh Frontier troubles occur to accentuate the increasing incapacity of the 7-pounder to meet all requirements. How far the 10-pounder will do so, in view of the objectionable tendency of the Frontier tribes to arm themselves with the most modern rifles and to use them with disgusting precision, remains to be seen. But by all accounts the new weapon is a very fine one, and should attain an even greater popularity than the smaller screw gun of which Kipling has sung so lovingly.

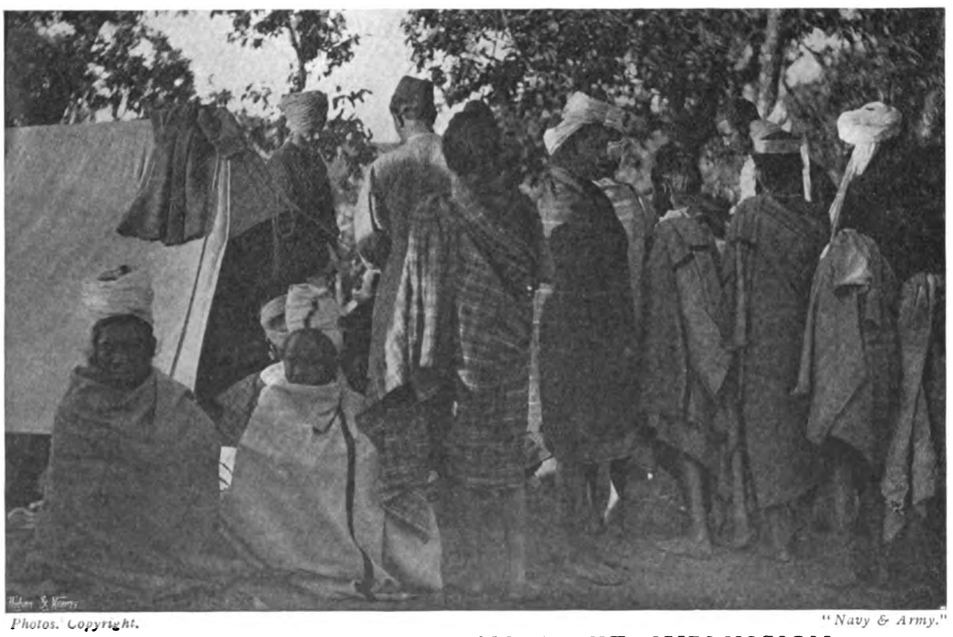
From Afghanistan comes a variety of intelligence tending to show that the new Ameer is displaying considerable activity, and a strong determination, at any rate, to remain master in his own house. It is said that he sets aside one day in the week entirely for the consideration of military affairs, devoting a second day to internal affairs, and a third to executive works. Every night, from eight to twelve, unless urgent business intervenes, the Ameer studies foreign affairs. An Oriental touch is lent by the rigidity with which, on Fridays, from early morning till late at night, His Highness "sits in the assembly of the learned Mullahs of Afghanistan, and discusses with them questions of Mahomedan law." One fears that the average European monarch who gave up one day a week to hole-and-corner controversy on abstruse ecclesiastical and religious points would soon become unpopular, but Habibullah undoubtedly knows his business, and, like his father, realises clearly that much of his power is based upon the association of "Church and State," on lines hardly to be comprehended outside the pale of Islam. A recent telegram states that the new Ameer has publicly declared his intention to thwart foreign enterprise in the way of railways, surveyors, travellers, telegraphs, and missionaries. Let us hope he will keep to a resolve which, to be of any practical use, should, like the Temple of Janus, have a double outlook.

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

THE recent tour of the Viceroy through Burma is one that not very many years back would have been impossible of peaceful accomplishment, and even now probably stands as a record in the way of Viceregal tours. His Excellency Baron Curzon of Kedleston, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, has not been content with the usual steamer voyage to Rangoon, and a stately progress to Mandalay, but entered Burma direct from India through Assam, making a trying and arduous march through Manipur, and then down the Upper Chindwin River and so to the ancient capital of the Burma kings. Not a dozen years have passed since the wire flashed home to us the terrible story of the Manipur massacre, and yet to-day nowhere in the course of his long tour did the Viceroy meet with a more cordial or enthusiastic welcome. From the very outset the tour was a triumphal procession, for on leaving Assam a great durbar was held at Kalewa, at which the principal chiefs of the Looshais, who more than once have given us trouble to the extent of forcing punitive expeditions on the overburdened Indian Exchequer, came in and made due submission, among them being the last of those who up to recently have been recalcitrant.

AT THE BAND IN THE EVENING.

Soothing recreation after a muggy Burma day.



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A CHIN DEPUTATION TO MAKE SUBMISSION.

Wild Upper Burma tribesmen in a political officer's camp.

One of our illustrations shows a deputation of these wild tribesmen paying a visit to the camp of the political officer, probably to pray that forgiveness may be extended to them, and that after they have properly purged their offences they may have granted to them the high honour of their tribe being represented by their headman at the great Viceroy's durbar.

In another picture the scene depicted is the evening playing of the regimental band, always a pleasant recreation after the trying Eastern day; but it was not only European-trained bands to which the Viceroy listened, for a feature everywhere in the Burma tour was the performance of native orchestras. In short, the tour was of the most successful kind, and Lord Curzon is the more to be congratulated on it, in that it was undertaken when he had the pressure of very heavy work upon him, and was, moreover, suffering considerably from rheumatism.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

IT is only natural that South Africa should be prolific in sentry stories. Most of them by this time have become "chestnuts." Everyone has heard of the sailor sentry in Ladysmith; while the splendid Irish bull, which is mentioned by Mr. Fremantle in his excellent book, made by the man who told the officer of the day that his own duties were "to be seen without being seen" has become somewhat threadbare. But here is one which will be new to most if not all of your readers. It was told me by the officer who caused it, and it is redolent of the quaint humour and ready wit of the sentry concerned. My friend, who was an officer in an irregular corps, found it necessary after dark to pass through the sentry lines of a regular regiment. He was not in possession of the password, and it was with some difficulty that he induced a sentry to let him through. As he disappeared into the darkness, he heard the following conversation between the sergeant of the guard and the sentry: Sergeant—"Who was that you let go?" Sentry—"Only some blooming Volunteer orficer." Ten minutes later my friend found occasion to return the same way. Thinking that he would teach the sentry a lesson in discipline, he met the challenge of "Halt, who goes there?" with the sentry's own words, "Blooming Volunteer officer." Without a moment's hesitation the rifle came back from the charge as the sentry replied, "Pass, blooming Volunteer orficer, and all's well!" It was my friend and not the sentry who had learned the lesson in discipline. Tommy Atkins is a quaint fellow. I should much like to have a peep into some of the blockhouses in the two new colonies. I feel sure that in nearly every one in the vicinity of a demolished farm would be found a sewing machine and a pile of Dutch photographs. In all probability the walls would be fully decorated with pictures of buxom Dutch brides and sheepish bridegrooms in ill-fitting slop clothes. But above all things Tommy's heart loves a sewing machine. Although he must know that he can never succeed in getting it home to England, yet if he finds one in a farm he will tow it along with him, overburdened as he already is, upon the march. For miles he will martyr his existence with some obsolete and cumbrous Singer until such time as sheer physical exhaustion or an irate company officer prohibits further painful possession of the prize. Wherein the exact fascination lies is a mystery, but grizzled reservist and callow recruit alike cannot resist this housewife's help. Whether it carries with it pleasant associations of home and hearth, or whether the soldier-man thinks that its possession for a brief space will furnish interesting history for his wife or sweetheart, I cannot say, but there it is. There are three denominations of loot which a soldier cannot resist—a sewing machine, photographs, and female apparel, but the greatest of these is a sewing machine.

THE MEN WHO CAPTURED LOTTER.

At Colonel Scobell's concentration camp at Stormberg.

SENTENCING REBELS AT BEAUFORT WEST.

The "undesirables" of the town compelled to attend.

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OSTRICH HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Officers' wives and their "bag."

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THE FIJIAN ARMED CONSTABULARY.

THE Fijian Armed Constabulary, twenty-five strong rank and file, formed a very unique feature at the May celebrations in Melbourne to welcome the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Australia. The extraordinary way the hair is worn, the peculiar uniform, the bare feet, took the attention of the crowd, who, perhaps, had never seen anything like it before. At the grand review they divided with the cadets the attention of everyone. The men went through their military evolutions admirably, and marched past steadily indeed; their high stature, erect and soldierly bearing, were much commented upon by many Army men who looked on. These native troops are a military body, and claim to be veterans, having been first enrolled by King Thakombau in 1871 and 1872. At the beginning of the recent disturbances in Samoa they volunteered to a man for the front, and had they been employed—even as scouts—we, in all probability, would not have had to deplore the loss of several valuable lives among our Naval forces while operating on shore.

THE FIJIAN CONSTABULARY ON PARADE.

With Colonel C. Francis and Lieutenant Ratu Ifremi Quasiva Katini.

The uniform seems odd to British eyes, yet it is admirably adapted for work in hot climates and the thick scrub of semi-tropical islands. The men wear white "sulus" (cinctures), not unlike the Highland kilt, and the Greek dress, tunics of blue with red facings, and red cummerbunds. The hair stands upright, and is about once a week covered with new slaked lime. This gives it its peculiar reddish-yellow colour, and also destroys all parasites.

These Fijians obey their chiefs implicitly, and without question. To illustrate: Some few years back, before annexation, a friend of the writer's had occasion to visit a Fijian high chief, and while speaking to him, one of the tribal warriors came in without stooping, and by the chief's door. The chief, enraged at this disrespect, suddenly seized my friend's rifle, which lay close by, and pointed it at the head of his warrior, but my chum, just in time, raised the muzzle and saved the man's life. The chief then turned savagely to the native, who had not moved, "Go kill yourself, slave, as this white man has stopped my doing so." The man had no thought of refusing, only craved permission to say farewell to wife and child. The white finally "Kere-kere-ed" (*i.e.*, begged, Fiji fashion) the man's life.

The corps saw some real fighting in 1875-76, against the cannibal hill tribes of Viti Levu. The colonists called the campaign "The Little War," and the regiment came out of it with flying colours. They received no assistance from some companies of Royal Engineers who at that time garrisoned Levuka under Colonel Pratt. It appears that Lord Stanmore (then Sir Arthur Gordon), the Governor, began and ended his "Little War" without once consulting the colonel, the military authority in the group. This peculiar action caused trouble afterwards, and a full enquiry was held in London, where both officials were summoned, after the mountaineers had submitted.

The white officer in front of the parade is Colonel C. Francis, who was at the front in South Africa in the seventies, and commands the regiment. The native officer, second in command, standing in front also, is Lieutenant Ratu (*i.e.*, Sir) Ifremi Quasiva Katini. He is a high chief of Kandavu, closely connected with the royal family of Bau, and served in New Guinea under Sir William MacGregor; he is considered quite an old campaigner. The wise course is taken of making officers from the chiefs families only, thus ensuring prompt obedience to orders. The native lieutenants, surgeon-lieutenants, and chaplains are either chiefs or "Ratus." This latter is a hereditary title (through the female line) not unlike our order of knighthood. The men come from all parts of the Fijian group, and are supposed to be obtained by conscription for three years' service; in reality, the natives are overjoyed at becoming an "ofisa," as they call it. They must each be 36-in. chest measurement, up to 10-st. 8-lb. in weight, and 5-ft. 9-in. in height. The corps is armed with the Martini-Enfield, and it is a sight to see the men go through their manual and firing drill. In the second illustration the men are shown prepared for a "meke" (war-dance), girdled with "tapa" (native cloth made from bark), breastlets of pigs' tusks, and faces blackened for war. The small portrait shows the young bugler of the corps. He is only seventeen, and hails from the far western Yasawa Islands. Should trouble arise in the New Hebrides, let it not be forgotten that a useful, reliable, and drilled body of troops, who have already seen service, are near at hand in the Fijis. They would be much better fitted for war in tropical and scrubby islands than any white force possibly could be, and are equally at home in the forest or on the sea, for the Fijians are the Vikings of the Pacific.

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READY FOR A NATIVE "MEKE" OR WAR DANCE.

Breastlets of pigs' tusks and faces blackened for war.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW ROYAL YACHT.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Chief Gunner H. H. Beaver, Chief Boatswain G. Colwill, Torpedo-Gunner F. Wilton, Carpenter J. Rice, Engineer H. H. Ireland, Engineer M. Kundle, Engineer W. Datham, Lieut. Hon H. G. Brand, and Assistant-Paymaster R. H. G. Phillips. Seated: Lieut. G. Mansell, Fleet-Engineer J. C. M. Bennett, Commander R. P. Furse, C.V.O., Commodore Hon. H. Lambton, C.B., C.V.O., A.D.C., Fleet-Paymaster William H. Bowen, Lieut. H. B. Pelly, M.V.O., and Surgeon R. Bankart, M.V.O. Front row: Sub.-Lieut. H. Oliphant, Sub.-Lieut. C. A. Scott, and Sub.-Lieut. B. W. L. Nicholson.

The officers of the Royal yachts stand necessarily more or less in a different position to their brethren of the Sea Service. They have been specially chosen for their posts, and the occupancy of those posts is a recognised stepping-stone to promotion, or, at any rate, to further advancement. They are fortunate and, as a rule, merit good fortune.

THE STAFF OF THE "OSBORNE."

Photos Copyright. *Russell.*

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Gunner B. Titheridge, Engineer A. S. Crisp, Dr. R. H. T. Browne, Lieut. E. B. Compton, Boatswain T. Ready, and Carpenter D. Morgan. Sitting: Paymaster J. Cooper, Lieut. H. F. J. Rowley, Captain C. E. Anson, Fleet-Engineer W. C. Fincham, and Lieut. H. F. Cayley.

During the lifetime of the late beloved Queen, the "Osborne" was the Prince of Wales's yacht. Now, however, the King and Queen have another yacht, and what will become of the "Osborne" is uncertain.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A FINE and inspiring story is that told by Mr. Mowbray Morris in his volume entitled "Tales of the Spanish Main" (Macmillan, 6s.). We should wish to place nothing better in the hands of a boy, though the book is not for the young only. Here is an epic of the world of discovery such as cannot fail to kindle the imagination, and may well stimulate endeavour towards achievement. It is a book full of history, picturesque in every line, and filled with many a gorgeous picture,

"And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

Mr. Mowbray Morris well says that those three little words, "the Spanish Main," are among the most eloquent in our language, and dull must be the imagination which kindles no spark of enthusiasm at the recital of the great voyage of the Admiral of the Ocean, at the wondrous outlook of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, at the courage, enterprise, and misfortune of Ojeda and Nicuesa, at the deeds of Juan de la Cosa, of Almerigo Vespucci—who gave his name, as by an accident, to a continent—of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and of many more, including, among the greatest, Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies, the equal in valour and endurance to any soldier of them all.

And then upon the wondrous stage comes the great person of Drake, with Hawkins, Raleigh, and many more, eager to share in the great achievement and in the wondrous riches of El Dorado. There were things done by the Spaniards that the imagination shudders at, and Drake and his comrades were not the God-fearing and unselfish patriots of Kingsley and Froude, but they were great men, every one of them, who made the world richer for their doing, and enlarged the sphere of human knowledge and activity far beyond the dreams of those who had gone before. This is the story that Mr. Morris tells with such knowledge and skill. He has investigated many sources of information, but there is nothing of the "dry-as-dust" in his writing. His heroes are men of flesh and blood and eloquent figures filling his pages with true human interest. Thus his account of Columbus, the man filled with lofty ideals, informed with a rare courage, and strong in a great endurance, is particularly fine. And then of Balboa he has much to say—

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien"—

looking out upon the glorious Pacific in that supreme moment in the history of the human race. Balboa had discovered the Great Sea, but others were to reap the harvest of its shores, and among the little band who were with him was the strong figure of Pizarro, who was yet to conquer Peru, while Balboa himself was to die bravely, foully arrested on a false charge, at the hands of Pedrarias Davila, "Furor Domini," one of the most terrible of the sons of Spain. Not less well does Mr. Morris recount the life and deeds of Drake, who broke the monopoly of the Spaniards, and smote them so heavily that they said the Devil was ever at his back. El Draque was, indeed, the terror of the Spanish Main, and though, as it is said in this book, the "Treasure House of the World was left standing unrifled at the edge of Nombre de Dios Bay," much of the riches found its way to Plymouth Sound. But we must not pursue Mr. Morris further. Let us say that his chapters entitled "El Dorado," "In the Track of the Plate-Fleets," and "The Brethren of the Coast"—the earlier buccaneers—are full of the romance of history. They complete a truly delightful book, which may well be read with pleasure by young and old.

Now turn we to another part of the world, to find romance there also, with true courage and high achievement. "Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts," by F. W. Forrest (Blackwood, 6s.), is from the pen of one who, as Director of Records under the Government of India, had an unrivalled opportunity of investigating the sources of Indian history, and who has done yeoman's service in several previous volumes, some of which have been works of quite capital importance. Napoleon spoke contemptuously of Wellington as the "Sepoy General," a title now honoured, that has suggested to Mr. Forrest that of his book, which includes also chapters on Sir Charles Napier, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir Thomas Monro, Sir David Baird, General John Jacob, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir William Lockhart, and Lord Roberts. The story of Wellington's Indian career is well told, chiefly from Colonel Gurwood's work and the "Supplementary Despatches," and is presented with dramatic force and completeness, showing him to have been almost the first of the race of soldier-statesmen who, by their wisdom, their sympathy, and their sense of inviolable justice, have bestowed stability on our great Dependency. The career of the conqueror of Sind is related mostly from his own letters, and his administration is described largely from the old warrior's impetuous speeches. Mr. Forrest shows that Napier's thoroughness in his command was an inspiration to his successors. The life work of Herbert Edwardes has already been recorded in a fascinating book entitled "A Year on the Punjab Frontier," and also by his widow, who has placed in the author's hands some additional and very interesting letters. The pacification of Bannu and the brilliant march to Mooltan are well described. Sir Thomas Monro also, as a soldier-statesman of great sagacity and many accomplishments, is sympathetically treated, and the same may be said of the sketch of that thorough soldier Sir David Baird. Theodore Hook's "Life" is not altogether impartial, but Mr. Forrest has corrected the bias, and has been able to include a letter never before published, telling how the body of Tippoo Sultan was found hidden beneath a heap of the slain. The chapters upon General John Jacob, Sir Donald Stewart, and Sir William Lockhart are equally good. Finally, the materials for a life of Lord Roberts were very ample, and have been well used, and Mr. Forrest has been at great pains to include an account of Lord Roberts's services in South Africa. There is some want of uniformity in the volume, because Wellington's later career has no place in it. Indeed, it might have been well, in a book upon "Sepoy Generals," to concentrate attention upon events in India. However, Mr. Forrest's book is very welcome, and should be an acceptable addition to any bookshelf. It is written with equal spirit, knowledge, and discretion.

"The War of the Civilisations" is a book with an ironical title, by Mr. George Lynch, who gives the record of a "Foreign Devil's" experiences with the Allies in China (Longmans, 6s.). If Mr. Lynch had been a Chinaman he would certainly have been a Boxer, and, as it is, his sympathies are much with the Chinese. His book is extremely interesting, and is the outcome of an original mind, the author not being afraid to say what he thinks. He had already had much experience both in Cuba and South Africa, and was quick to seize the characteristics of the international forces. His admiration of Tommy Atkins is perhaps a little qualified, though credit is not withheld, but he gives very high credit to General Gaselee for the strength with which he conducted affairs, and says that if other generals had acted in the same way the operations would not have been disfigured by outrage. Very high praise is given to the Japanese for their soldier-like qualities and the excellence of their military arrangements, and Mr. Lynch waxes enthusiastic also about the Americans, but he thought the Germans disappointing, the French almost despicable, and the Russians brutal. In our opinion, his book, good as it is, would have been better if he had compressed his remarks upon the subject of outrage, and had devoted more attention to the actual course of events. He avers that the lust for spoil affected the troops of all the Powers, and describes some outrages that were both brutal and senseless. Accepting his description, it cannot be denied that there was no excuse for the wholesale burning of Chinese books at Peking. The destruction, he says, was wanton. War certainly cannot be waged with kid gloves, but some things took place which were deplorable, and were not to the credit of civilised Europe. This is an aspect of the China question which has been hinted at many times, but we do not think that the matter has ever been so plainly put in the English language as in Mr. Lynch's book. Of course the German "Letters of the Huns" were a savage denunciation. We hope the matter will not be allowed to rest, and have a firm belief that in their conduct the British troops have stood in a far better light than those of the Continental Powers.

Certain books which belong to this particular season demand a mention here. "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Dean; Royal Edition, 2,250 pages, £1 11s. 6d.) is a volume that stands in no need of praise. It is already established upon an impregnable base, and is this year as good as ever. A vast amount of work has been done to make it complete, and the number of new honours conferred, about 1,700 in all, has made many changes necessary. "Debrett" is a standing marvel, and is indispensable to most people.

"Whitaker's Almanack" is another book about which the same things may be said. It is a companion for every desk and writing-table, and a veritable mine of information, being full of facts concerning the British Empire and the world at large, besides being an almanack without a rival. The naval and military features are excellent. Much that is new is included, and great discretion has been observed in the exclusion of matter inevitably dispensed with.

We desire to call attention to a little book entitled "Billy Baxter's Letters," by William J. Kountz, which has had a great vogue in America and is published in England by the International News Company. In a series of humorous letters and stories it gives what are acknowledged to be the best examples of American slang. The matter is bright and readable, and there is something curiously interesting in the "Short Cuts to Expression," showing how the English language is twisted in New York to-day. It is a picture of life and manners that many may like to study.

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THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "LONDON."

THE FIRST PICTURE TAKEN OF HER SINCE LAUNCHING.

This mighty war-vessel, whose name not only indicates her association with the Metropolis of the British Empire, but perpetuates a notable record in our Naval annals, may have a singularly brilliant commencement of her commissioned career. It is rumoured that in the "London" H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will hoist for the first time his flag as Admiral of the United Kingdom on the occasion of the Naval Review at Spithead in connection with the Coronation festivities. Our readers will readily perceive from this striking picture how worthy the noble vessel is of such a signal honour.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Wives and Children.

"We have ample evidence that the good spirits of the troops in the field are largely due to the feeling that their wives and families are being maintained in the homes to which we all trust they may before long be permitted to return."

IF we had to choose a text for our weekly article, as preachers still preach sermons around some verse from Holy Writ, we should give out as the keynote of our exhortation at this New Year season "Be not weary in well-doing." And, since no text carries conviction from the pulpit without some anecdote to illustrate its bearing, here is a "modern instance" to bear out the "wise saw" of Saint Paul. On a certain section of a certain railway a subscription of halfpence has been made every week since the Reserves were called out for South African service. Five men on this particular section were Reservists, and they each had a wife and family. Their comrades who stayed at home played their part like men. They understood that, although the country did not require them to go forth to the battle, there was work for them to do at home. They did their work by sending round the hat regularly, and up to the present they have subscribed several hundred pounds and have kept the five Reservists' wives and families in moderate comfort. But lately there has been a slackening of the enthusiasm. "They're getting tired," said a guard on the line the other day. "What they've begun to ask themselves is how long it is going to last."

Can anyone be surprised? Is it any wonder that men to whom a few halfpence every week mean a good deal in the way of little comforts and luxuries, should after more than two years grow a little weary of well-doing? Many who can more easily spare help have drawn their purse-strings months ago. It is always the poor who do most to help the poor and persevere longest. But not even the most persevering can go on for ever. What then must be done to keep up the flow of individual charity which is gradually drying up? The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association supply the answer to this question in a circular they have just issued. They have been enabled to do much, but they are obliged now to ask the public to help them to do more. They have given assistance to over 200,000 families since the war began. They have spent more than a million of money. But, instead of being in a position to relax their noble efforts, the association find it necessary to make still another strenuous attempt to increase the funds at their disposal. The need of money is "little less than it has been," and it is certain to continue, not only so long as the war lasts, but until the return of a greater portion of the troops from South Africa.

A year ago Queen Alexandra made an appeal to the country. In simple and touching words she asked us all to do what we could for the homes that our soldiers had left behind them. She reminded us that the gallant fellows in the field counted upon the generosity of their fellow-countrymen, and left their wives and children as a trust to those who stayed at home. The seed thus sown fell upon good ground. The appeal found its way to thousands of kind hearts, and £150,000 was subscribed. But that was a year ago. Now, at the beginning of another year, just when we are entering upon the months that try poor people most severely with their cold rains and pitiless winds, it is necessary to stir the nation up again. "From every quarter we have ample evidence that the good spirits of our troops in the field are largely due to the feeling that their wives and families are being maintained in the homes to which we all trust they may before long be permitted to return." That is what the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association say. The words ought to be written up large in every public place, in every church and chapel, and in every home. We cannot be reminded of them too often. Sir Howard Vincent, who has been in South Africa lately, wrote home a few weeks ago to the very same effect. Keep up the hearts of the men by making them easy as to the comfort of their dear ones. Let them feel that we accept responsibility in this matter. Give them assurance that they have no need to think anxiously of those they have left behind them. So you will add to the strength of their arms, increase their effectiveness, and help to bring the war to an end.

Tommy Atkins does not want much now in the way of comforts. The Field Force Canteen, which was first organised under General Buller in Natal, has been elaborated under Colonel Morgan into an admirable system for supplying the men's wants. Everyone, for instance, got plenty of plum-pudding on Christmas Day for nothing, and all kinds of small luxuries at small expense. Reading matter is wanted, and those who have books and papers to spare cannot do better than send them to ex-Sergeant-Major H. J. Johnson, 85, Wigmore Street, London, W., who has organised a capital system of putting them in the hands of soldiers, longing for something to read, all over the seat of war. But, with this exception, we need not trouble so much as we have done about comforts for the troops. We had much better send what we can spare to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. And let all who know of cases which require and deserve help report them to the association at 23, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. It would be a good thing if Colonel Gildea, the secretary, would issue periodical statements, showing how many families are on the association's books, how many applications have to be refused, and so on. If people knew that the wives and children of our soldiers were stretching out hands for help and being refused, they would, we are quite certain, hasten to Queen Anne's Gate with all their spare cash in their hands. The danger is that they may vaguely think every case of distress is being relieved by some agency or other, and so pay no heed to appeals. Since it is a matter of the utmost importance that appeals should be listened to and acted upon, every possible means should be taken to bring them before the public and to make it clear that any weariness in well-doing on our part must bring suffering upon numbers of unfortunate people who put their trust not in our generosity alone, but in our keeping the terms, unwritten but binding, of the bargain we have made with our soldiers and with them.

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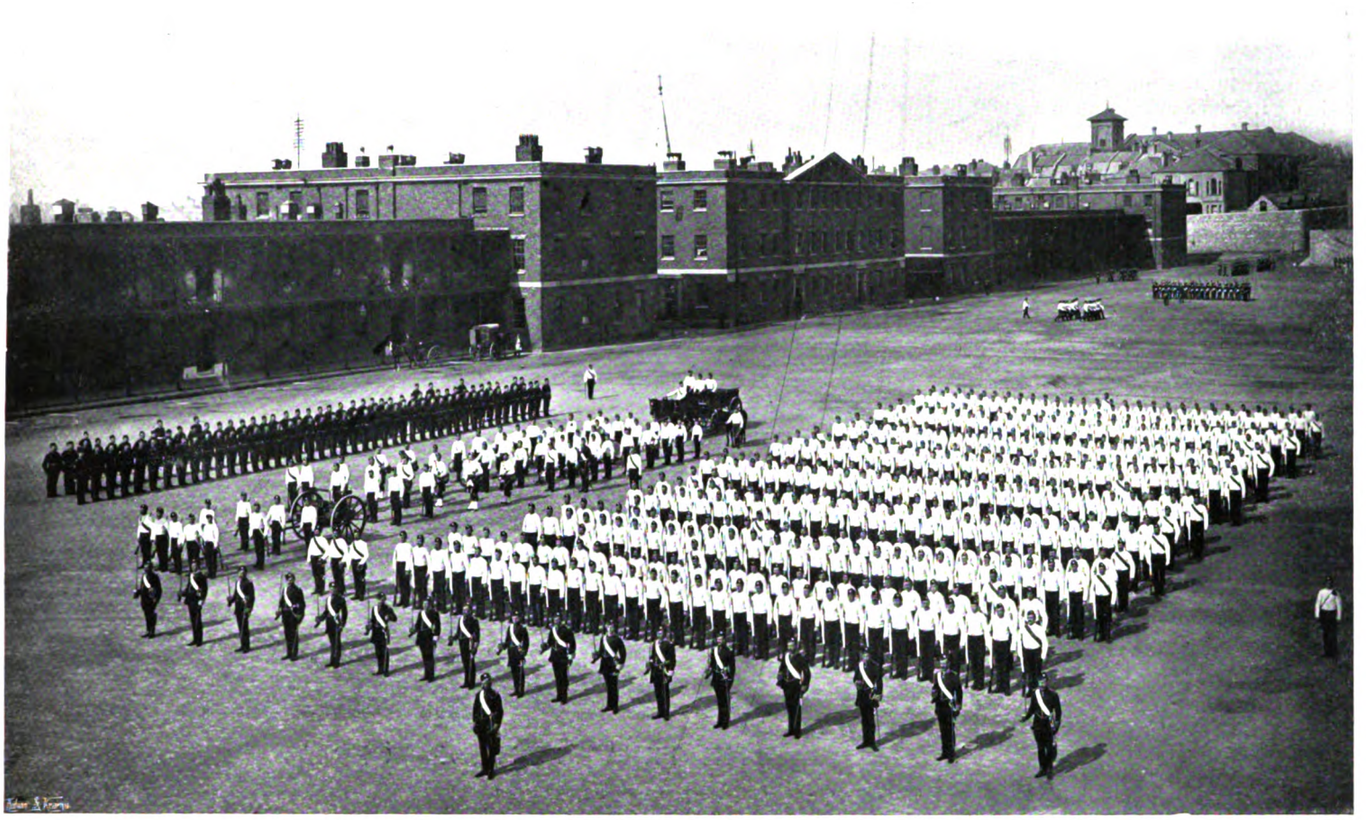
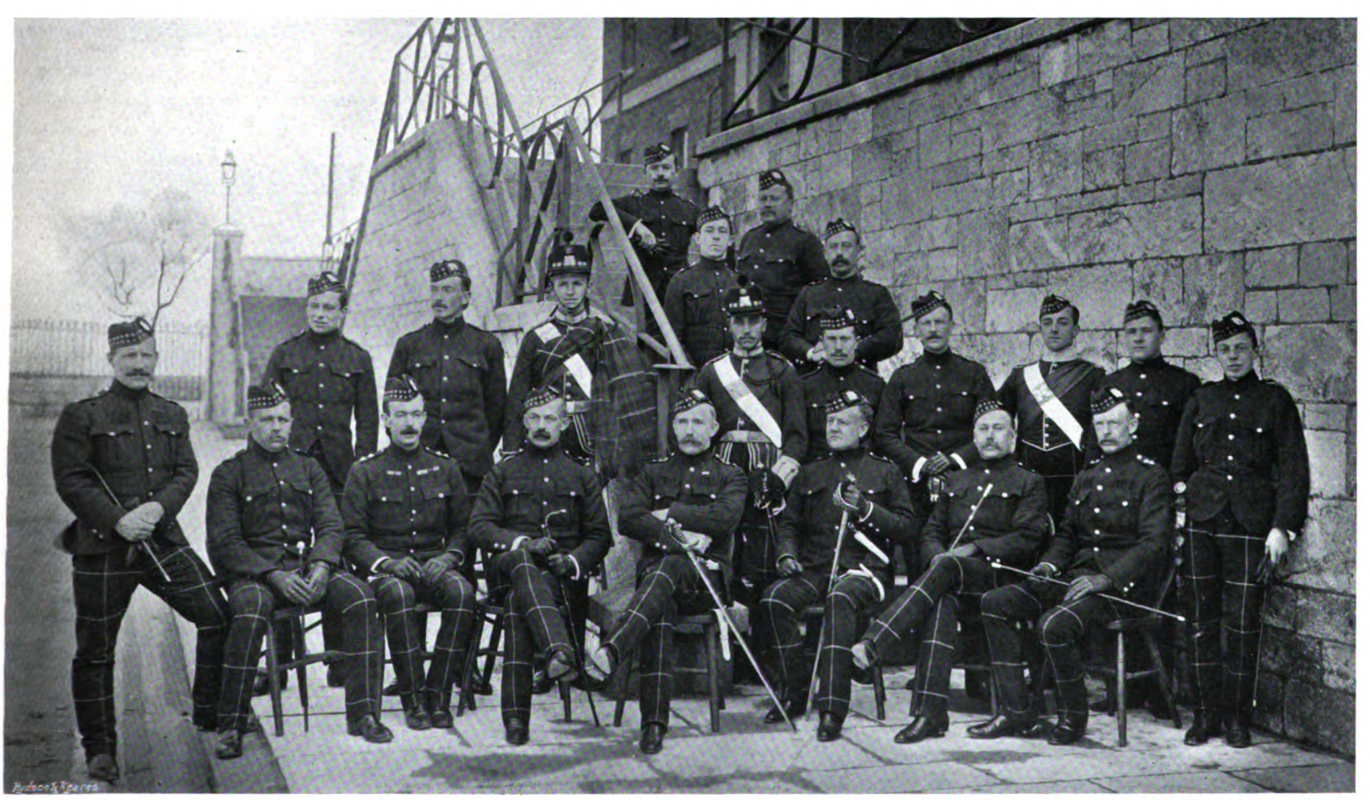
MILITIA FOR THE FRONT.



A FINAL REGIMENTAL PARADE.

The 3rd Highland Light Infantry on the Barrack Square.



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COLONEL W. F. STORY AND THE OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION.

Reading from left to right the names are—Front row: Capt. Ronaldson (Adjt.), Capt. C. Mounsey Grant, Capt. Scrase-Dickins, Maj. Everett, Col. Story, Maj. J. Allen, (Hon.) Maj. J. Elm, Capt. Whistler, and Lieut. G. Beveridge. Second row: Second Lieut. Hon. Hore-Ruthven, Capt. L. Wyndham, Second Lieut. D. Baird, Second Lieut. J. Blyth, Second Lieut. H. Stevenson, Capt. J. Anderson, Second Lieut. F. Tarleton, and Second Lieut. A. Thomson. Standing on steps: Lieut. Lichtenburg, Lieut. Blackett, Capt. Bisset (Quartermaster), and Maj. Blake-Aughton.

The 3rd Highland Light Infantry is the first Militia battalion of the regiment, and is sometimes known as the 1st Royal Lanark Militia. It left Glasgow on December 23, 1901, with a full strength of 1,036 of all ranks, of whom 360 were volunteers from the 4th Battalion, and embarked in the "Aurania" at Southampton for South Africa. This is the second time that the battalion has been embodied since the war began, but its former service was in Ireland.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

MANY pretty stories have been told in connection with our soldiers in South Africa and the children of their enemies. Starting with the much-advertised fable of Lord Roberts and the little child at Johannesburg, and the pretty sentry story which Reuter sent over the cables, the numbers of these fascinating anecdotes would fill a volume. Here is one of the least known and, to my mind, one of the best. Moreover, it has the additional advantage of being true. When General French was engaged in his big drive in the Ermelo-Amsterdam districts early last year, his headquarters were pitched one day close to one of the many pretty farms in this the most fertile and picturesque portion of the two new colonies. Owing to bad weather, shortness of food, and the rivers being swollen, the force had to halt for a day. It was at this period that the Boer families on the farms were just beginning to feel that pinch of hunger which rendered the concentration camps, if not a necessity, at least a humane military expedient.

During the hot afternoon General French was lying reading in his tent. Suddenly a small shadow darkened the entrance to the tent, while a soft little voice piped, "Please, Mr. French, can you let me have just a little sugar? I have got two shillings." A little six year old lass, with the great clear blue eyes typical of her race, was standing timidly in the doorway. Those who know our great-hearted cavalry leader will not need to be told that, although at that moment sugar was a rare commodity even with the Headquarters Staff, the little maiden went back to her mother rejoicing in the possession both of two shillings and a pound of sugar.

A writer in *Blackwood* this month gives a clever sketch of Lord Kitchener forming a brigade on De Aar platform. This has reminded me of one of the very few occasions on which Lord K. has "given himself away" in public. Lord K. has a great faculty by which he is able to size men up at a glance. Shortly after De Wet fell like an avalanche on Lord Roberts's communications, Lord K. was down the line fitting out extemporary Mounted Infantry columns. A large number of details had been dumped down at Vredefort Road Station. Lord K. determined to equip and send them into the field at once. He went to the waiting-room to look for officers, and found a single man in occupation. He was smart and well-dressed and pleased Lord K.'s critical eye. "You will command a corps of Mounted Infantry I've just raised!" "Very good, sir; what will my duties be?" "Don't you know your duties?" "My own—yes, sir!" "Then don't argue. What is your regiment?" "Blankshires, sir." "What rank?" "*Master tailor*, sir!" Lord K. had business elsewhere.

Photo. Copyright. *Andrew.*

THE TREATMENT OF BOER PRISONERS.

Burying a Boer chief with military honours at Bloemfontein. The deceased had previously been kept in hospital for wounds for some months.

PART OF THE GARRISON OF FORT COWAN'S POST, NEAR MAFEKING.

From the 101st Squadron, 5th Imperial Yeomanry, Lord Methuen's Column. Officers, Lieutenant R. D. C. McLeod and Lieutenant R. Halford Thompson (O.C. Detachment). The N.C.O. kneeling by the Maxim is Sergeant-Major Higgins, who was recently invalided home from wounds received at Rhenosterfontein, where he won the D.C.M. for the gallant way he fought the Maxim shown in the picture, finally taking it off on his back under close fire, although severely wounded at the time, the rest of the detachment being knocked over. Several others in this picture were wounded at Rhenosterfontein and recently in Colonel von Donop's fight at Rietfontein.

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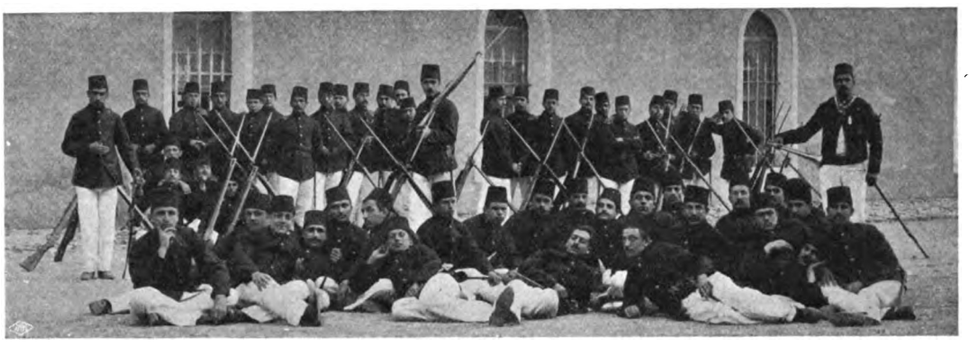
THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.



TURKISH NAVAL CADETS.

THE question of food supply in war continues to afford matter for speculation, and is not likely to cease to discharge that kindly function. There is an excellent reason why it should not—namely, that most of those who have anything to say present schemes of their own which are invariably open to objection. Everybody can upset the plans of his neighbour, but everybody also fails when he presents one of his own for keeping us fed. The "Military Correspondent" of the *Westminster Gazette* is no exception to the rule. He took up our "Food Supply in Time of War" in the number of January 6, and said some sagacious things as to what our enemy's cruisers might be expected to be able to do. He also showed an understanding of what the phrase contraband of war means much more creditable than common. Yet when he passed from the destructive line and began to state his own views as to how we ought to prepare to deal with the rise of prices in foodstuffs, and the consequences thereof, he was as much open to objection as anybody else.

* * * *

He first predicated certain results to our trade from a Naval war (of which a word later), and then tells us that "business would be in a state of stagnation, and money would be wanting to pay the enhanced prices of the necessaries of life due to the war and to the efforts of speculators." Well, of course, if this is a correct estimate of the probabilities, we are doomed to be beaten in any Naval war. We cannot stand having business in such a state of stagnation that means would be wanting to purchase food. Three months of such a state of things would be destruction. But the "Military Correspondent" has a remedy, or rather alternative remedies. He says that this "real danger" "can only be met by passing legislation in time of peace to the effect either that the whole of the trade in the necessaries of life will be taken over by the Government in time of war, or that Government will purchase at a fixed margin over cost such supplies as may be required for the poorer classes, leaving the well-to-do to make their own bargains with the merchants and retailers." For my part I utterly fail to see how either of these alternative schemes could possibly work. It is strange that the writer should fail to see that, to begin with, neither of his proposals would get rid of the speculator whom he fears. The British Government would have to go into the foreign market to buy the meat and grain. Of course, the very first person to meet its agents on landing would be this identical speculator, and he would be in great feather. For with whom would he have to deal? If the British Government acts by one of its own officials it would send an inexperienced person to contend with the local expert. The mere prospect would be enough to cause every grain or meat speculator in the United States or Argentine Republic to give his wife a present of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds at once. Of course, the British Government might employ a trader from home to go about and buy—with the Treasury to draw on. I envy the beatitude of Zerubabel P. Quackenboss of Chicago and Mr. Thomas Podger Jones of Liverpool while discussing business on this basis. As a taxpayer, on a trifling scale, I shudder at the prospect.

* * * *

As for the second alternative, the purchase of foodstuffs at a fixed margin over cost, it is beyond the beyonds. Over what cost, if you please? The cost at St. Louis, or Buenos Ayres, or the cost when the stuff is landed across all the hazards of war in England? Besides, how is the margin to be fixed? The speculator could force it up at any time by putting up his price. The "Military Correspondent" does not propose that we should imitate the French Revolutionary Government, and proclaim a maximum. That has been shown to be a ruinous device. And it is obvious that if you have a buyer on a colossal scale in the market offering "the cost," whatever that may be, plus X, nobody would think of selling for less in the market. Then, how is the British Government to compel the merchant to sell at the cost plus a margin fixed by itself? This is the wretched maximum with a new face. Of course, its one certain effect would be to make the foreign dealer hold his goods back, and we could put no pressure on him. If this absurd attempt is not made, the British Government might be outbid, and then it must offer more margin. In either case there would be a disturbance of the market which would double the evil caused by the war, and also cause a monstrous waste of money and effort.

* * * *

The "Military Correspondent" and everybody else who has a patent for securing our food supply in wartime may depend upon it that there is just one sane course for the British Government to follow, and no other. It is to imitate the gentleman from Arundel who applied himself exclusively to his own business. Let the British Government use its Fleet with vigour to drive the enemy's squadrons off the sea, patrol the trade routes, and provide convoy. Then let it rely on the natural desire of mankind to go where the best prices are being offered. Every neutral who had foodstuffs to sell, and a tub to put them in, would hasten to make his way to our ports. The part of the British Government is to keep the road open by the help of the Royal Navy. If it tries to buy in the market, it will be mercilessly outwitted and fleeced. If it commits follies with "costs" and "margins," it will be baffled. In the one case or the other the pocket and stomach of the nation would be cruelly punished.

* * * *

To come back to the writer's estimate of the probable influence of a war on our shipping. He says that "the bulk of this trade" (*e.g.*, in raw materials and manufactured goods) "is carried in very slow steamers which could hardly hope to escape capture, and the margin in profit on this trade is now so small, owing to the keenness of national competition, that a very moderate rise in freights would destroy it." The "Military Correspondent" must be the direct descendant of all the comforters of Job. According to his estimate the mere state of war, without a Naval disaster or the blockade of our ports, is to sweep the bulk of our merchant shipping off the sea. We had better economise the cost of the Royal Navy immediately. It is kept up in order that our trade may go on in war, not so easily, nor at such economical rates, nor perhaps on so great a scale as in peace, but still that it may go on. If we are to renounce the hope of doing as much as this we are at the mercy of anyone with a fleet who chooses to make war on us. But our authority draws a fancy picture. Freights would go up very probably, but the foreigner, who has an unregenerate love of profit, would put his up also. Supposing, merely for the sake of argument, that all our regular trade tramps were withdrawn, the carrying trade of the world would have to fall back on neutral ships. Of course competition would then, the demand being eager, and the supply limited, send freights up by leaps and bounds. Then it would instantly become worth the while of our shipowners to take the risks for the chance of the profits. And there is such a thing as convoy. That we would have to return to the use of convoy cannot, I think, be seriously disputed by anyone who has considered the question. At least, if we cannot, or need not, adopt the old method, it would be interesting to know why. But since the probabilities are that we shall have to use the old way, it is a pity that the

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best arrangements to be adopted are so little discussed. It is easy, but it is also as good as useless, to indulge in large generalities. The profitable thing is to work out a definite problem, such, for instance, as "How would it be possible to collect three or five hundred merchant ships from the East Coast ports and the Thames, take them down Channel, and see them two hundred leagues beyond Scilly, supposing us to be at war with France?"

THE GROWTH OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.

A GOOD many of us are old enough to remember when Kagosima was bombarded with a light heart, and when the Japanese Fleet consisted of junks and similar contrivances. Things are very different nowadays, as the Japanese proved at the Yalu, and as our pictures show. The smashing of the Chinese squadron was perhaps not a very great feat of arms, for the Chinese, while their courage was undoubted, had simply no knowledge of the methods of managing their ships. This, however, is beside the question. The simple fact is that the Chinese Fleet ceased to exist, and that, so far as Navies belonging to the Far East are concerned, Japan asserted her predominance. She showed, moreover, a degree of Naval skill which few people would have expected of her, and took her place at once in the ranks of the Naval Powers. Since that period she has not ceased to add to her Fleet. Her ships have not all been built in home yards, but they will be so constructed in the course of the next few years, and then Japan will be entirely self-supporting in ship construction. She has now eight battle-ships, and our pictures show in the one case the officers, and in the other the artificers, petty officers, and stokers of the latest addition to the Japanese Fleet. The "Mikasa" displaces no less than 15,200 tons, and she is thus the largest battle-ship afloat, if we except her sister ship, the "Asahi." Whether size is of quite so much value as some people imagine, need not be discussed here. At any rate, these two battle-ships are among the most formidable in the world. They are well armed and well armoured, and in many respects they resemble our "Formidable" class. The "Mikasa" can steam 18 knots, and has four 12-in. guns and fourteen 6-in. quick-firers. Her size and her armament are, however, not so much in question as the fact that she and the "Asahi" exist, as well as the other battle-ships and the armoured cruisers which will go into action under the chrysanthemum flag. The future of Japan is a matter in regard to which it is permissible for the thoughtful man to entertain some feelings of hesitation. That, from our standpoint, Japan has made enormous strides during the last few years, everyone will admit. But is this progress deep-seated, or merely superficial? If it means the improvement of the race, so be it; but if it is only a veneer, the possession of battle-ships and of European training will count for little in the life of the nation. No political question is allowed to creep into the opinions which are expressed in this paper, but it is none the less permissible to express the opinion that the Japanese Fleet will be a factor of the future in the politics of the Far East. Not for show has Japan got these battle-ships and armoured cruisers. They are there to signify that she means to maintain her rights. What, however, is to be the future of the Far East? It is one of the problems of the new century. We Western Powers think we can solve it, but we cannot forget the great factor, the Japanese Fleet. In what way will it work? Or, in other words, what is really the limit of the civilisation of Japan?

A GROUP OF JAPANESE SEAMEN.

The company of the "Mikasa."

Photos. Copyright. Crabb.

CAPTAIN G. HAYASAKI, COMMANDER C. MISHINGAMA,

And the other officers of the Japanese battle-ship "Mikasa."

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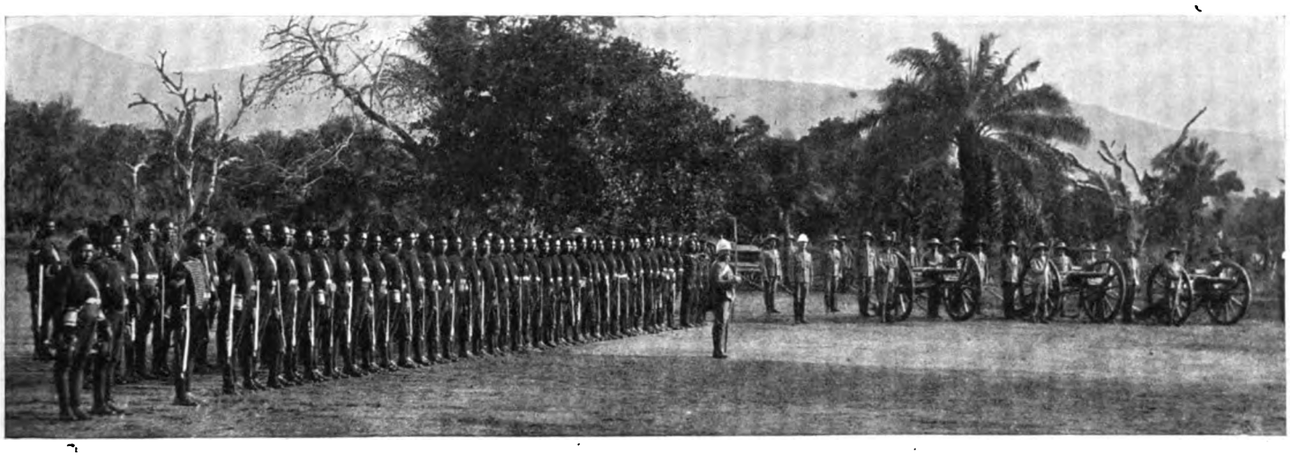

THE SIERRA LEONE DETACHMENT, R.A.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

LAST week we had occasion to refer to the thoughtful and powerful appeal made by Sir Andrew Clarke in the *Nineteenth Century* with the object of calling attention to British Naval requirements in the Indian, China, and South Pacific seas. This week another appeal of even stronger Imperial significance demands attention, the rousing poem, namely, which Rudyard Kipling has contributed to the *Times*, entitled "The Islanders," a passionate outburst of mingled reproach and advocacy, the like of which has seldom had publicity in our literature. Kipling's ringing appeal for universal service does not in its broader argument come within the scope of these notes, but the poem contains at least one allusion which the present writer claims as his lawful prey, and the lines generally embody a lesson which, by a reasonable expansion, may well be applied to the special purposes for which this department of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED was instituted.

Those who have read the poem will have little difficulty in identifying the allusion referred to:

"And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,
Ere ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could shoot and ride!"

With the imputation conveyed in these two lines we are not here concerned. The justice, or injustice, of such charges lies outside the more interesting, more forceful historical truth which is latent in the chapter of Imperial events covered by these twenty odd words of flaming irony. Great Britain had much to answer for in her whole attitude as regards the maintenance of her armed strength before she took advantage of the splendid manifestation of Colonial loyalty to which we shall never tire of doing justice in these pages, at any rate. But it is well to separate the sequel from such sequels as, in the history of other Older Nations, have proved the danger of vaunting a fathomless power and flaunting an iron pride on a basis of a false Imperialism. It is all very well for Kipling to hurl at our heads the taunt that we held those heads much higher than we ought to have held them, considering that eventually we had to accept, with some humility, the assistance which was proffered to us by our Colonies. But he must not try to make us forget that, as it turned out, we had some excuse for regarding our power as "going very deep down," and for exhibiting a pride of a rather rigid and uncompromising sort. We have fallen into some of the errors which have wrecked more than one mighty Empire in the past, but we have the consolation that we have been saved, and more than saved, so far, by the fact that the Imperialism on which we have to rely is emphatically of an altogether different brand from any that has as yet been illustrated in the world's history. If we had fallen back on our Colonies, and they had failed us, or at least had only helped us disdainfully, good-naturedly, or half-heartedly, Kipling's words would have burnt like a hot iron. But, inasmuch as all our vaunted power and iron pride did not prevent our Colonies coming to our aid long before we found how necessary and valuable such aid had become, one is inclined to regard the two lines quoted as having a rather pyrotechnic quality, very desirable, no doubt, in view of the object aimed at, but happily lacking in the more serious tendency to sear our Imperial susceptibilities too deeply.

If the writer reads Kipling aright, the latter, who is the greatest professed Imperialist living, is far from seeking in this latest utterance to advocate any semblance of insularity in connection with the maintenance of the British Empire. The meaning, surely, of the allusion to the Younger Nations is an added warning lest we place too much reliance on Colonial help, just as former Empires have relied upon mercenaries and other similar safeguards against enemies watchful of such weakness and patient to seize opportunities such as sooner or later may arise from it. Here the poet is on strong ground, and we listen to his glowing language with the respect due to true genius and lofty ideals. NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has ever lustily combated the growing tendency of so-called Imperial statesmen to plead Colonial loyalty as a reason for relaxed effort on the part of the Mother Country, as an excuse for keeping the Home Army in the proved condition of inadequacy and inefficiency in which it has lingered for years. We claim, then, that Kipling in a reference, obscured a little, perhaps, by a pardonable poetic licence, has struck with his accustomed vigour much the same note as that to which a good deal of our own argument on the same theme is attuned.

The enthusiastic and yet thoughtful Imperialist may be carried a step still further by a careful study of "The Islanders." Does not a little of the warning Kipling gives us, drums into us, flagellates us with, apply in a far-off sort of way to our Colonies as well as to ourselves? They have not the same responsibilities may be, are not threatened with quite the same dangers, and have not exhibited quite the same ineptitude as in our own case. But those who study Colonial affairs must see that, outside all the noble Imperialism which has been displayed, there is here and there a little of the tendency to "thrust out of sight and away" the real men and the real motives which alone can contribute to security as well as growth. Looking back but a very few years, we seem to remember one great Colony which recked little of its ill-trained, half-disciplined forces and its rusty armaments, and made things very uncomfortable for officers of the Home Army who conscientiously pointed out these defects. There is another great Colony which still, one fears, thinks at least as much of "the flannelled fools at the wickets" (a questionable phrase) as it does of "the men who can shoot and ride," and whose comparatively newly-born zeal for cast-iron military efficiency has yet to stand the test of time and possible discouragement "on financial grounds." If the Mother Country is to "sit up" at the bidding of Kipling, let not her sons, the Younger Nations, make the mistake of thinking themselves altogether outside the pale

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of such wholesome warning. Imperialism is a very grand thing, and it is a very grand thing, too, for the younger exponents of it to be able to say that they have upheld the creed so practically and so sturdily as our great Colonies have done. But they, as well as we, must remember of Empire that

"It was not made with the mountains; it is not one with the deep.
Men, not gods, devised it; men, not gods, must keep!"

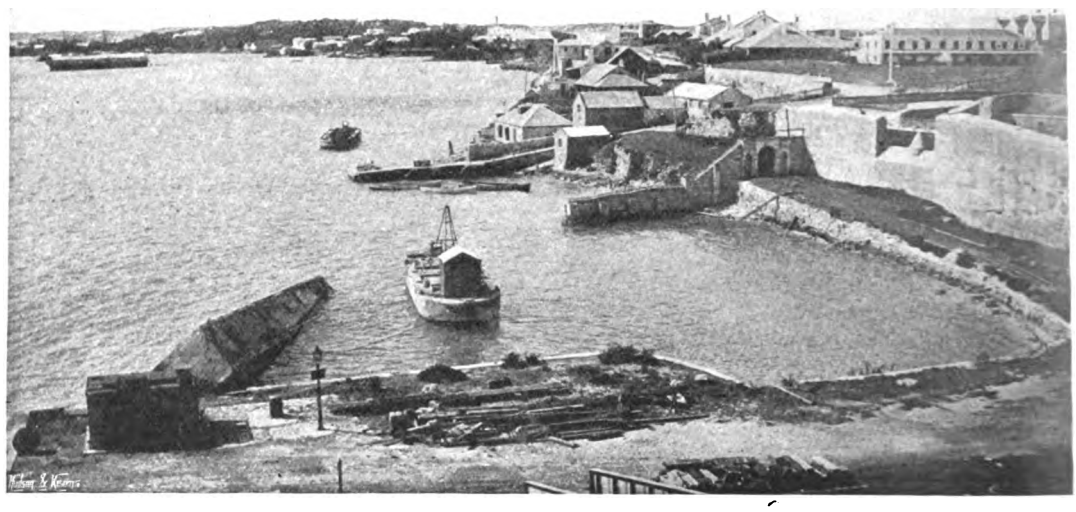
It is good to be able to turn direct from a discussion like this to such a notable exhibition of Imperialistic sentiment as is contained in the New Year's greetings between the Premiers of Cape Colony and of Federal Australia. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's telegram to Mr. Barton and the latter's reply breathe the true spirit of strong community of Colonial thought and interest, and, curiously enough, afford the brightest possible illustration of a suggestion which appeared in these columns at the very time that the cable was assisting the two statesmen in their friendly interchange of Imperial ideas. In the first issue of the paper published in the New Year the present writer anticipated as a happy outcome of the war a fuller intercourse not only between Britain and Greater Britain, but between the several constituents of the latter. He hailed it as an inspiring reflection that one of the results of the sacrifices which the Empire has made during the past two years will be a closer approximation of our Colonies to one another, as well as to the Mother Country, and he is a little uplifted by the very happy coincidence which has supplied this proposition with such prompt and striking demonstration.

From Canada, too, comes a message of bright Imperial significance, though on quite another plane. It is a pleasant and appropriate fact wherewith to open a New Year of improved friendliness between England and her Colonies, not to speak of more complete realisation of Colonial capacity to supply Imperial needs, that the largest order for flour ever given to a Canadian firm has just been placed by the War Office, acting through the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, in Montreal. The order was for 1,000 tons of Manitoba flour for the use of the troops in South Africa, and while this will make but a small impression on the glut of grain in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, a right direction is indicated; and if we have to feed a great army in South Africa, it is surely some consolation to feed them with supplies the payment for which goes into British pockets.

A fitting corollary to the above is supplied from South Africa itself, by the announcement that arrangements have been made for holding a great exhibition in Cape Town in 1903, "mainly for the promotion of business." As a "New Year resolution" this is a good hearing, for there is no question that a really well-organised commercial exhibition is an excellent apparatus with which to assist the evaporation of all the mixed evil feelings to which a great war must necessarily give rise. There are certain preliminaries, no doubt, to be arranged before any large exhibition at Cape Town would be in accord with the eternal fitness of things; but, granted the settlement of these, there is surely no reason why, with proper organisation and with a due display of inter-Colonial interest in the enterprise, the latter should not prove a genuine and substantial Imperial success.

A NEW DOCK AT BERMUDA.

AND quite time, too, will be the comment of the majority of those who have known Bermuda during recent years. The strategic position of the island does not admit of comment, but it is surely a place at which there should be some adequate provision for the repair of ships belonging to the Royal Navy. Practically the strategical importance was recognised years ago, when it was decided to make it in some sort a repairing station for the Fleet. Granted that it is an awkward place to bring up to the level of its possible responsibilities, the fact remains that the country has done something to help it. Bermuda could never be a big dockyard, in the sense of building and repairing, but it has had a dock, towed out there some forty years ago by a couple of ironclads which were good ships in their day, and it is now to have another. Our pictures give a clear idea of the excavation which is being carried out in order to make room for the new dock. The firm which has secured the contract to do the work keeps a great number of men, both Englishmen and natives of the island, very busy, and no time is being lost in preparing for the reception of the new floating dock. It will be carefully towed across the Atlantic—and really this is the most difficult portion of the task—then it will be fitted into its place in one of the most charming of all worlds, and there it will remain.



THE PLACE WHERE THE NEW DOCK IS TO BE.

Not far from the old camber in Ireland Island.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW FLOATING DOCK.

To be fitted at Bermuda for the use of the British Squadron.

The climatic charms of Bermuda are not half realised in this country. If they were, the isolated island would become a regular winter resort. The advent of a new dock will not increase its social attractions, although it will improve its utility as a base for our squadron.

Unfortunately, we have not yet learned to use it as a health resort — that is one of the acts of wisdom of the future. Meanwhile, we must regard it as an arsenal, and rejoice that it is being provided with a good floating dock which will accommodate any ships that are likely to make demands upon it.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE BUBBLE REPUTATION."

"HE'S done it now. Do you think he did it on purpose?" said someone in an excited whisper.

Tammers looked rather blank.

"Who the dickens is he?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

The gentleman who had warned me, and who turned out to be the captain of the French packet, now spoke again.

"He is a Polish gentleman—not unknown," he answered, with a polite smile. "That is Count Julowski, the celebrated duellist."

"I should advise you, sir, to apply at once to the authorities," said a pompous individual from the other end of the table.

"That's all right. Duelling's illegal here," replied Tammers shortly.

"I'm afraid that will hardly help you after your somewhat rash allusion to his last little affair," remarked Tammers' fat neighbour, nervously fingering his beard.

"He was telling me, coming over," joined in the captain casually, "that he has fought forty-nine duels and never got anything worse than a ripped arm."

Tammers pushed back his chair and stood up.

"This is a free country, and—it takes two to make a quarrel," he remarked.

In spite of Tammers' fine optimism, the Count's well-known character had produced a species of panic. We rose from the table in a buzz of excitement.

I could not help thinking that Tammers had put his foot in it. I made my way towards the blue coat and brass buttons of the captain and said so.

"Both feet!" he replied, with conviction.

We were standing by one of the open windows, and I watched Tammers' square figure pass across the flaring harbour lights. I did not accompany him, because I wanted to hear more about Julowski. The company had melted away, and there was no one left in the room but the captain and myself.

"It's an unlucky business," I observed; "but if the Count should push matters to extremities, it is always open to Mr. Tammers to refuse to fight on principle. I should do so myself—without hesitation."

The captain lit a cigarette and leant against the window-sash.

"Your friend was peculiarly personal in his observations," he said, dubiously. "All his remarks about the practice of duelling may be very right and true, but outside England it is always wise to choose one's audience."

"But the islands are practically England."

"They're pretty close to France," he answered. "They could arrange any delicate question in five minutes over there."

"Can you tell me the particulars of the duel which Mr. Tammers was so unlucky as to mention?" I asked, after a pause.

The facts were, shortly, as follows: Julowski, who apparently lived by his wits, though he contrived at the same time to keep up an excellent position in society, met a young Englishman in Paris, whom he fleeced heavily at cards. The Englishman's suspicions being aroused, he detected some by-play on the part of the Count, and hotly accused him of cheating. To this the Count replied by calling him out and killing him, although it was notorious that the English lad—he was little more than a boy—was absolutely ignorant of the gentle art of self-defence, in which Julowski, as became his trade, was proficient.

It was easy to read between the lines, to understand the Count posing as an injured character, and the boyish sense of honour that forced the other to accept a position which meant death as a foregone conclusion. The meeting took place with the inevitable result, which, in this case, meant a perforated liver and three days of agony before the end came.

The young man happened to be the only surviving child of a widowed mother, and the poor lady, in her despair and sorrow, managed to bring the circumstances into public notice, and hence the Count's somewhat hasty departure from France, where public feeling ran high against him.

I now understood the landlord's reticence, though the Count was not a prince travelling incog. after all!

It was not a nice story, and I remarked that Julowski would probably find it expedient to lie low for a time.

"I don't think your friend should rely upon that," replied the captain. "Things are soon forgotten nowadays; besides, Mr. Tammers' case would in no way be analogous to that of young Gore—he is old enough to take care of himself. As for Julowski, I am told that successful duellists are like tigers who have tasted human blood—they are ready to run any risk to gratify that appetite."

"Then you know something of Julowski?"

"He is very generally known," he replied, evasively. "I have heard that he is a German Pole, although I believe just at present he prefers to call himself a Russian."

"He is a fine swordsman, you say?"

"And an excellent shot," added the captain.

"So is Tammers, I daresay," I responded; "he has been an elephant-hunter."

"Practice in affairs of honour is, I believe, most important," said the captain, manipulating another cigarette. "When a man goes after large game even, the chances are in his favour; but it is quite a different affair to stand up with your life in your hand against an accomplished duellist."

I enquired of the captain if he had ever been out.

He shook his head.

"I make it a point not to interfere with other people's prejudices," he answered drily.

"The Count has fought a number of duels, you tell me—any number, in fact?" I said, rather incredulously. I knew absolutely nothing about duelling but what I had gathered from the pages of a popular magazine some years ago. The Count might have fought five hundred for all I knew.

"He says forty-nine. There, possibly, we may have some exaggeration; but even discounting that statement heavily, we would still have, say, a score left; and a man who is still above the daisies after standing up to his death twenty times must have a steady hand, and I think we may also call him a favourite of the gods."

I admitted all this, but reiterated my opinion that Julowski would think better of it and not challenge Tammers after all.

"I am almost sure he will challenge him. He owes it to himself—to his reputation. He is supposed to be a devil of a man, and must live up to his name. A reputation such as his is a ticklish thing. In his position, and leading the life he leads, he is bound to allow nothing to damage it; it is as good as a pistol-proof suit to him. A belief in his skill and in his luck well-rooted in the minds of all possible opponents

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becomes an absolute defence. Ideas, my dear sir, are in actual life frequently stronger than mere facts."

I said that I did not see why any of these things need affect Tammers, who fortunately under English rule was master of his own actions, and could afford to treat the Count's proceedings, whatever they might be, with indifference.

"Do you think so?" asked the captain. "It seems to me that none of us can treat this business with indifference. Mr. Tammers' remarks had a wide bearing. A man who takes up so bold a stand as that should in some way be prepared to make it good."

"Well, yes," I said; "but what would you have him do? Not fight?"

I dimly recognised that as Tammers had gone so far, he should be ready to go farther, though how he was to do so unless he made his words good upon the Count's body I failed to see.

The captain took up his gold-laced cap, flicked a thread from his sleeve, and prepared to depart.

"What do you suppose your friend will do in the event of the Count's sending him a challenge?" he asked as he turned away.

"Have the Count locked up, I should think," I replied promptly. "This is English territory, and even to send a challenge means lengthy proceedings in the law courts. Julowski will be bound over to keep the peace in heavy securities, and there will be the end of it."

"That remains to be seen. Good night," said the captain.

I waited for some moments alone, looking moodily out into the night. The dejected captain had infected me with his absurd ideas. Tammers' views were just what they should be, and nothing could possibly be more unreasonable than to expect him to follow them up in some conclusive way. Besides, there seemed to me but one conclusive way, and that was not to be thought of.

When I reached the hall, I saw the captain's thin, aquiline face under the door-lamp. He had been buttonholed by the fat man whom Tammers called Pluvitt. The captain was the colour of a smoked herring, and might have been personable but for his extreme gauntness—his clothes, though well-cut, hung from his shoulders, giving very little indication of any body beneath. Pluvitt, on the contrary, superabounded in body.

As I appeared, the captain released himself and went out, while Pluvitt, like some floating jelly-fish, drifted up and fastened a flabby hand on me.

"This is a most unparalleled occurrence, sir," he said in his thick voice; "I have resided in the island for a number of years, and have never known anything of this kind happen before. But you must acknowledge that your friend was rash in the extreme. The affair must be put a stop to, sir; it must not be allowed to proceed!"

"What affair?" I asked, shortly. Mr. Pluvitt did not command confidence at the first glance.

"Ah, cautious, cautious!" he exclaimed, shaking a fat forefinger at me; "but this is not so much the time for caution as for action—decisive, prohibitory action!" he repeated. Pluvitt relished the sound of his own words. "What do you propose to do?"

"To do about what?" I demanded again.

"Come, come, come! Treat me as a friend of our mutual friend, Mr. Tammers," he went on with his rapid, loose utterance. "I think you can have no conception of the character of the Count. You don't realise that his threats constitute a very real danger. I have heard many anecdotes of the fellow. He shot an Austrian gentleman of large fortune through the stomach last winter, and the whole tragedy was the outcome of a little dispute about umbrellas. What do you think of that?" enquired Pluvitt, assured that he had at last aroused my feelings.

I replied that it must naturally have been highly disagreeable for the Austrian gentleman.

"And our duty, sir, as Christians, is to prevent effusion of blood—to counteract the designs of Julowski."

I hinted that probably Tammers knew how to manage his own business.

"Do you know where the Count is at this moment?" asked Pluvitt, solemnly determined to make an impression, and playing his strongest card.

"I don't know, and I confess I don't care."

"Ah, don't speak unadvisedly, my dear sir," implored Pluvitt; then sinking his voice, he added, "He's at the Morris Tube Range, in Halkett Place, making possibles! Making possibles, I tell you!"

"HE'S AT THE MORRIS TUBE RANGE MAKING POSSIBLES!"

I remarked that the Count was at liberty to amuse himself as he thought best.

"I've just been up there and seen him," resumed Pluvitt, volubly, "making possibles! And a possible is seven bulls in succession!"

He waited to see me give a manifestation of the dismay which should properly have filled me, but I found nothing to say but "Ripping good eye he must have!"

"Pray avoid flippancy on this subject, or you may be sorry for it yet," urged Pluvitt, in almost tearful protestation. "This is a serious matter, and is growing more threatening with every instant of delay."

I looked at Pluvitt. It was clear that he believed in himself and his fabricated alarms, for the drops were streaming thickly down his bald, pale forehead. I perceived at last that it would be necessary to take him in earnest, if only to stop his garrulous tongue from making needless mischief and raising a hornet's nest about our ears; for I understood that the authorities in the islands were very jealous of any infraction of the peace.

"Look here, Mr. Pluvitt," I said, "let me assure you that nothing is at this moment farther from Mr. Tammers' thoughts than the absurd notion you seem to have got hold of. He is a peaceful man—as no doubt you are yourself—and he expects to be allowed to enjoy his holiday without any interference of the police. Let me remind you of the fact that if you lay false information against Mr. Tammers or the Count you are liable to be prosecuted for libel, which, I assure you, is a most unpleasant process—and apt to be expensive."

I was pleased to see that this had some effect upon my companion.

"But the issues at stake—think of the issues at stake," he repeated.

"Mr. Tammers has no more intention of fighting a duel with Count Julowski than you have!" I declared. "If you will consider the case for a moment, you will see that your fears are unfounded. Is an Englishman—especially a hard-headed old traveller like Mr. Tammers—likely to throw away his life in a foolish squabble?"

"No, perhaps not—I suppose not," assented Pluvitt; and I am bound to say he appeared disappointed.

But we had neither of us reckoned with Tammers.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOYS OF A GREAT TRAINING-SHIP.

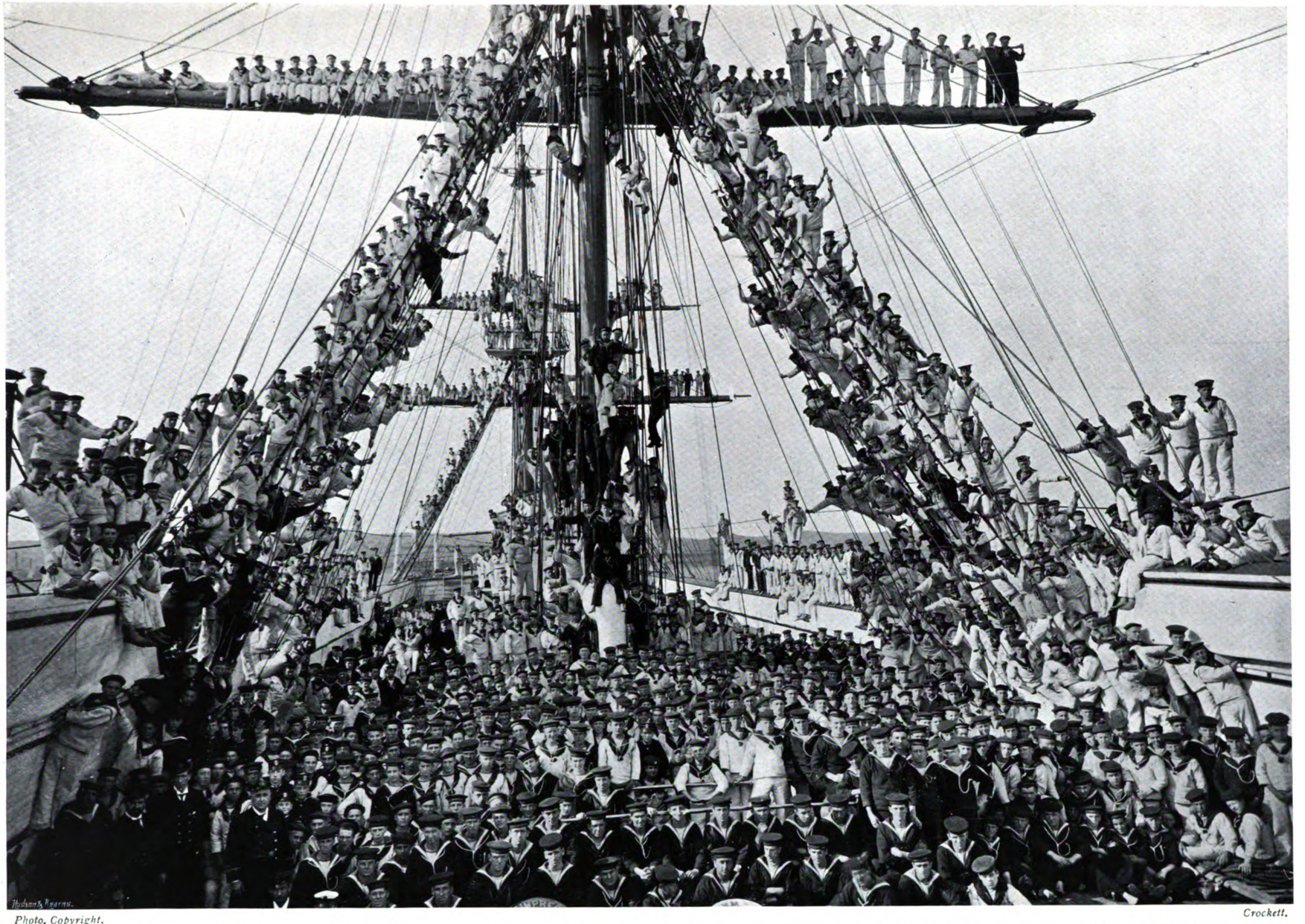

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

A conspicuous feature of the Royal Navy is that the personnel is caught young. Boys of good character and physically fit are entered in a training-ship—which must not be confounded with the ships of the late Training Squadron—and there they are taught all that pertains to their future life at sea. Sometimes they are sent afloat in small sailing tenders, but the training-ship is their headquarters and school. Our picture represents the lads in the "Impregnable," one of the training-ships at Devonport.

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THE COMPLETION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AT MOLO.

A CUTTING BETWEEN LONDIANI AND UPPER VREDOWA.

Where a very difficult country is traversed.

THE MBITA PASSAGE FROM THE NORTH SIDE.

Where the railway reaches the Victoria Nyanza.

THE intelligence lately received that the Uganda Railway had been completed from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza, that the stupendous engineering difficulties had been conquered, and that the day was within sight when "through bookings to the Heart of Africa" would be possible, made a direct appeal to the imagination of Englishmen. The veil was being torn from the Dark Continent, it is true, but the romance was still there. What a triumph to carry the line of steel, as the agency of the "Pax Britannica," through a region recently given up to the raiding of Arab slavers, peopled by the Masai and other savage tribesmen, pestilent with torrential rains and the malaria of swamps, rugged with mountain peaks, and the deep and broken defiles of the Erytrean rift-valley, and infested with pythons, cobras, puff adders, and other reptiles innumerable! The platelaying began on August 5, 1896, but a survey had been made in 1892, and plans had been prepared some time before the railway was undertaken. Within less than five years and a-half, the line has been pushed forward for a distance of 572 miles from the Indian Ocean, across irregular plains covered with dense bush, then scaling the mountain escarpments, its way hewn out often from the solid rock, sometimes carried across deep ravines, or driven through jungles where wild beasts were for the first time roused from their ancient lairs. The undertaking was organised under the authority of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The original cost was estimated at £1,755,000, or at the rate of about £2,700 per mile, but, with the associated operations which have become necessary, the expenditure incurred amounted to £4,115,002 up to the end of the last financial year, and including the estimate for the current year to £4,815,602, while the total estimated cost is nearly half a million more. It is a great outlay, but few will think it too much for the development of one of the most fruitful regions in Africa.

We published an article on December 29, 1900, describing and illustrating the work up to that date, and gave a brief account of the character of the country, and of the engineering

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INTO THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT.

A REGION WHERE NATURE FAVOURED THE ENGINEERS.

work from the great railway bridge across the Macopi, between Mombasa Island and the mainland, as far as the Salt Lake of Nakuru, as well as of the passage of the great Kikuyu escarpment, at an altitude of nearly 8,000-ft., being the highest point of the line, with the exception of the Mau summit, which is 500-ft. higher. The vast escarpment of the deep rift-valley belongs to the lofty range, and commands a view of the snow-clad peaks of Kenia and Kilima N'jaro. Immense difficulties were overcome, but the great mountain work of the engineers being over, it was comparatively easy to carry the line down into the basin of the Victoria Nyanza. On March 31 last the rail-head was at mile 483, while the earthworks were completed to mile 500. The line had been opened for goods traffic to mile 475 on January 20, and on February 1 for passengers to mile 448. The expeditions sent into the Nandi Region between the rail-head and the lake had quelled the opposition of the tribesmen, who had carried off the telegraph line and attacked passing caravans, and no delay occurred through their turbulence.

ERECTING A TRESTLE BRIDGE AT THE 476TH MILE.

In a district of dense bush and ravines.

Our large illustration shows some of the easier country through which the line has been carried, while the interesting picture taken at the 476th mile, showing the building of an iron trestle bridge across a deep and thickly wooded ravine, indicates some of the difficulties which have been overcome.

These are also suggested by the rocky cutting which is illustrated at mile 504. The line reached the Victoria Nyanza with less difficulty, and the station at Port Florence is destined to play a large part in the future development of South Africa. The greatest credit for the successful conclusion of the immense undertaking is due to Mr. G. Whitehouse, the chief engineer, and to all who have been associated with him.

The work does not, of course, end with the platelaying to the Victoria Nyanza shore. The lake itself has been surveyed by Commander Whitehouse, R.N., and many corrections have been made in the maps. Already the railway has caused a considerable increase in the commerce of the region.

THE STEAMER SLIP AT PORT FLORENCE.

The terminus of the railway at the great lake.

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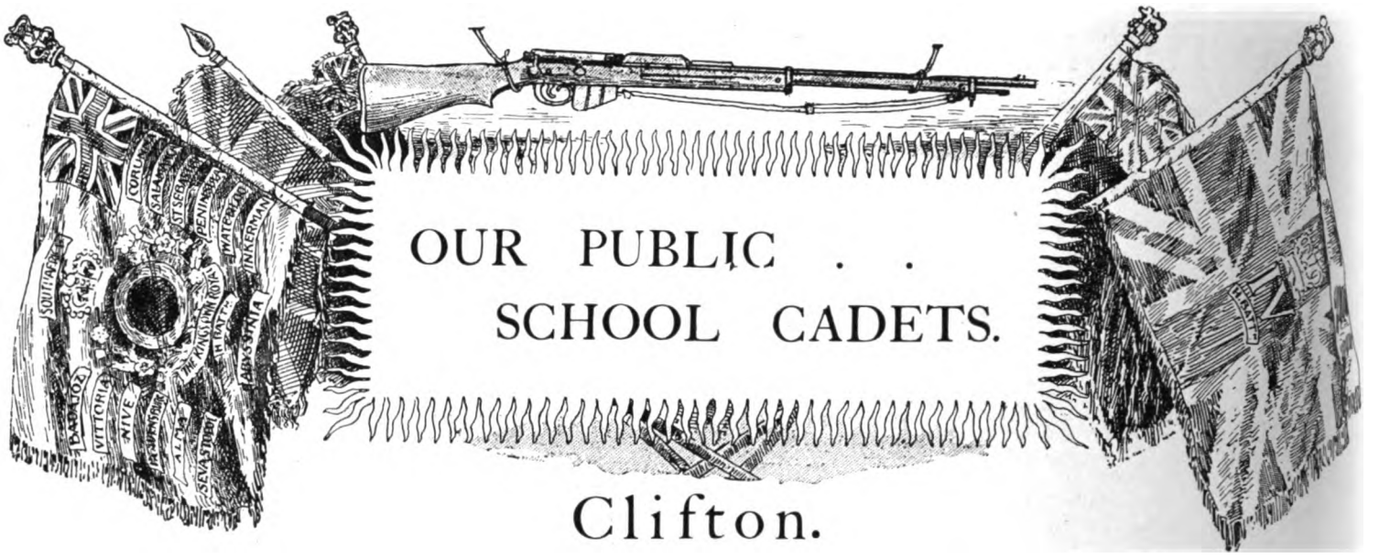

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Clifton.

By CALLUM BEG.

THIS corps, which was formed as far back as 1876, owes its origin principally to the energy of Colonel E. C. Plant, C.B., at the time a master at Clifton. In addition to his regimental command, he filled the post of honorary captain until 1894. He was succeeded by Captain D. Rintoul, the present commanding officer, well known in connection with the Bristol Tactical Society, and who formerly commanded a company of the 2nd Gloucestershire (the Bristol) Royal Engineers (Volunteers), to which battalion the corps is attached.

The Clifton cadets are unique in so far as they were the first Engineer cadet corps raised with the sanction of the War Office.

This was given after a visit to Clifton by Colonel Leaky, R.E., then Chief Instructor in Field Fortification, who was called upon by the Secretary of State for War to report upon the facilities for carrying out a satisfactory course of instruction in military engineering. His report was a favourable one, and the corps was accordingly formed. At first it stood alone, but since that date several infantry cadet corps have been converted into Engineers, and there are now ten such bodies in existence.

From its infancy, the corps has been closely associated with the battalion to which it is attached, mainly owing to the influence of Colonel Plant, who has ever recognised the inestimable advantages which result from an intimate connection between the junior and the senior corps. This cordial co-operation has greatly conduced to the efficiency of the junior corps, which, for its part, has supplied the battalion with a representative number of efficient officers, and at the present date there are no fewer than nineteen out of thirty-three officers who were formerly members of the cadet corps.

The Clifton cadets are now in a flourishing condition, but at first the idea of forming a military body from among the boys was by no means favourably received by the more conservative members of the school, who regarded the project as an innovation. During the summer term there is very little military work undertaken, owing to the fact that much of the boys' time is given over to games, but there are voluntary classes for instruction in such branches of "soldiering" as signalling and scouting, which are well supported by the non-commissioned officers and sappers who are candidates for promotion to the non-commissioned ranks.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE CLIFTON COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Second Lieut. J. W. Ebden, Second Lieut. J. de S. Spooner, Lieut. P. C. Chapman, Capt and Adjt. G. S. Sinnott, Second Lieut. H. Pentecost, Second Lieut. J. H. Rich, and Lieut. T. Luby. Front row: Col. E. C. Plant, C.B., Lieut.-Col. A. H. Kenney, C.M.G., and Capt. D. Rintoul, Commanding C.C.E.C.

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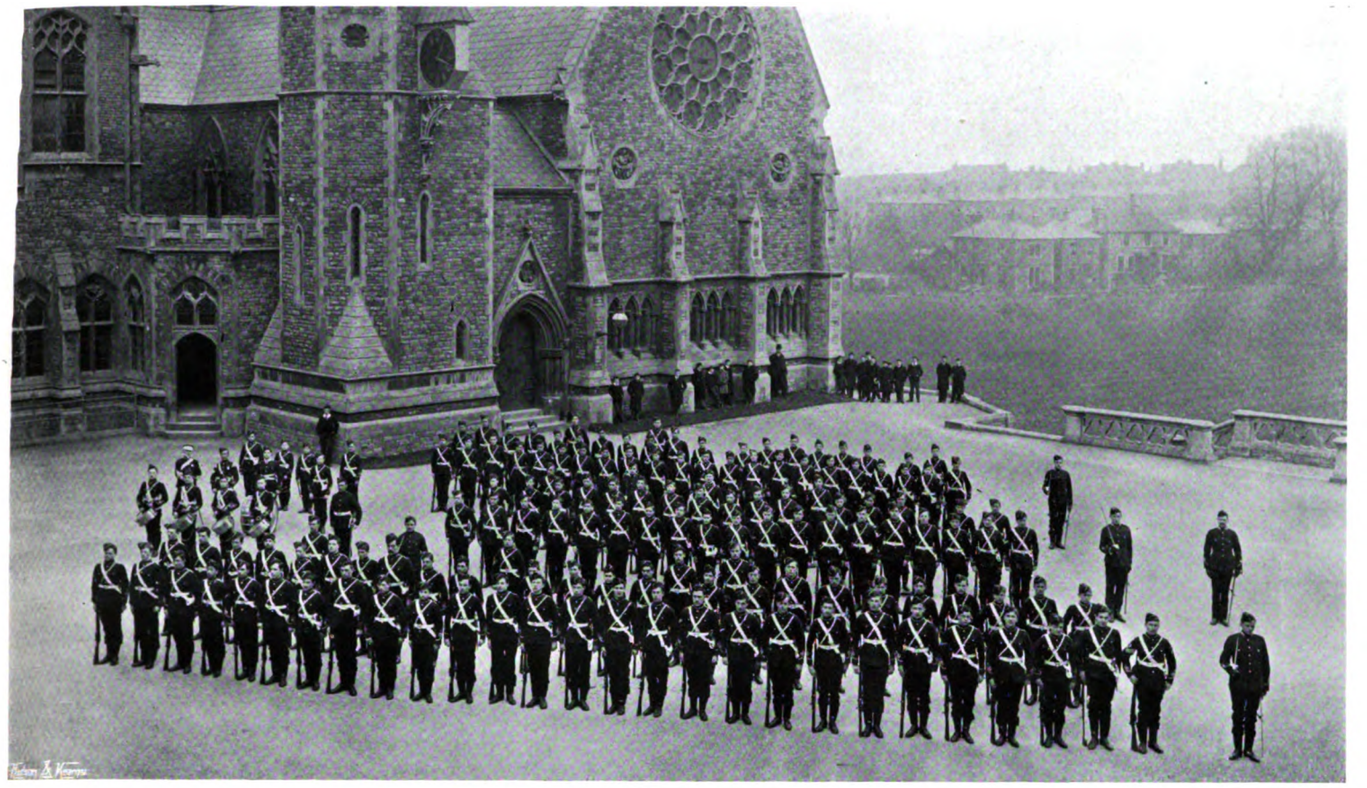

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN SOLDIER.

The Clifton College Cadet Corps on parade.

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This is compulsory, and is entirely devoted to engineering. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and recruits are obliged to attend all drills until they are dismissed after having attained to a certain degree of efficiency. A due proportion of the time at the disposal of the corps is devoted to infantry drill, so that its members may be able to take part in the various field days in which the public school corps take part.

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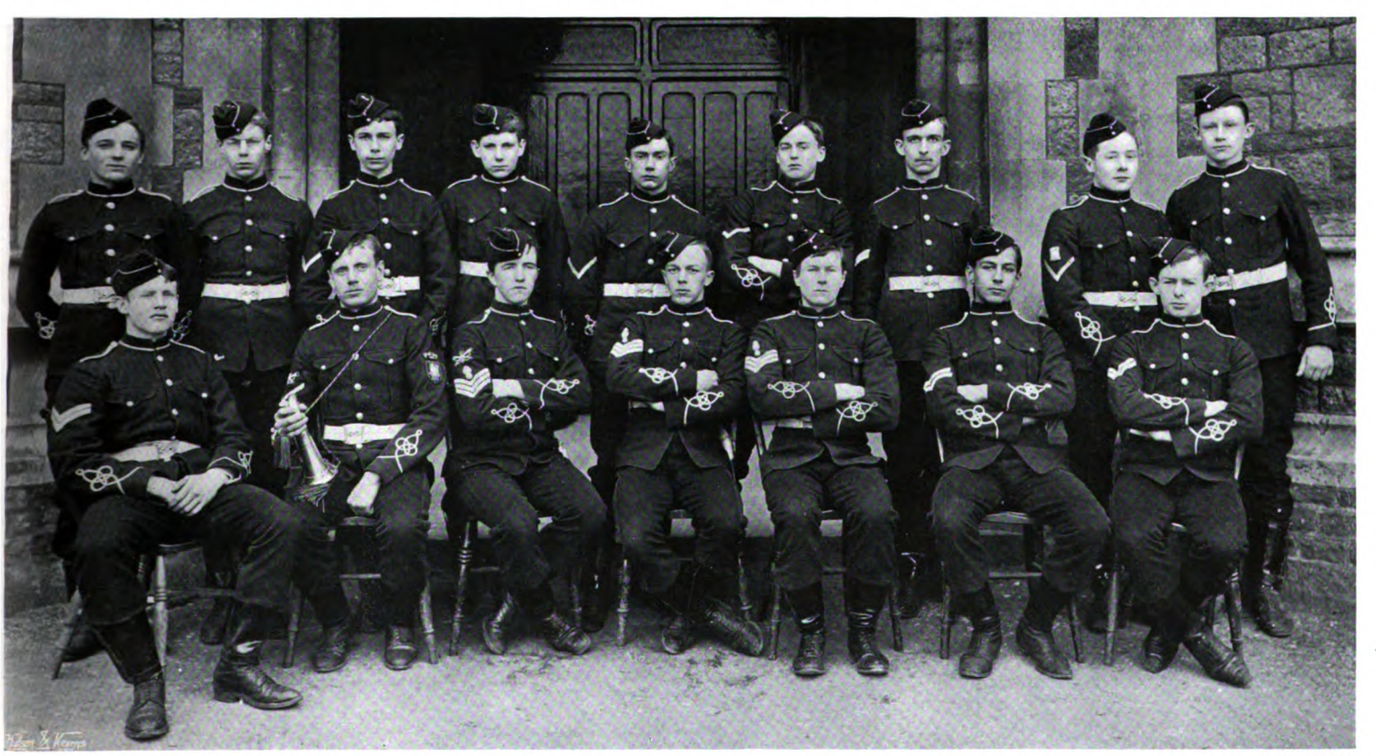

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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Second Corpl. J. O. Thurburn, Lance-Corpl. E. R. MacMullen, Second Corpl. F. Gwatkin, Lance-Corpl. F. B. Mayer, Corpl. G. F. Rigden, Corpl. E. M. Hutchinson, Corpl. H. L. Nicholson, Corpl. E. H. S. Bligh, and Lance-Corpl. W. H. Gorton. Front row: Corpl. F. H. Linton, Second Corpl. C. C. Stewart, Sergt. R. E. Peebles, Sergt. G. F. Matthews, Sergt. J. C. Kemp, Sergt. H. Pennington, and Corpl. J. J. L. Harvey.

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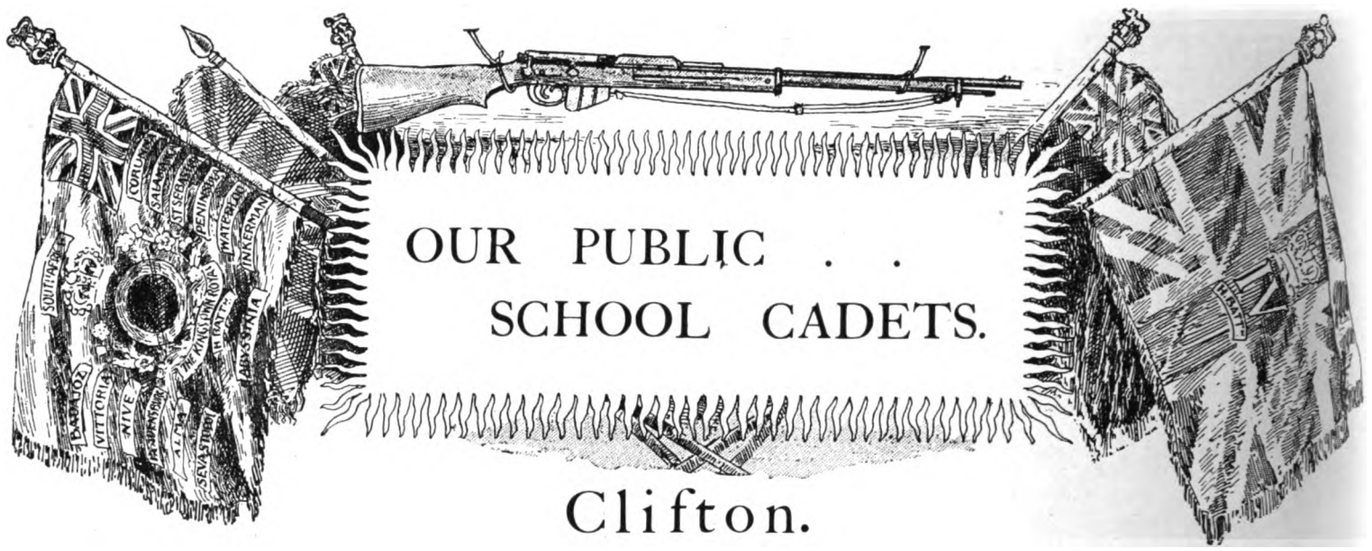

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Clifton.

By CALLUM BEG.

THIS corps, which was formed as far back as 1876, owes its origin principally to the energy of Colonel E. C. Plant, C.B., at the time a master at Clifton. In addition to his regimental command, he filled the post of honorary captain until 1894. He was succeeded by Captain D. Rintoul, the present commanding officer, well known in connection with the Bristol Tactical Society, and who formerly commanded a company of the 2nd Gloucestershire (the Bristol) Royal Engineers (Volunteers), to which battalion the corps is attached.

The Clifton cadets are unique in so far as they were the first Engineer cadet corps raised with the sanction of the War Office.

This was given after a visit to Clifton by Colonel Leaky, R.E., then Chief Instructor in Field Fortification, who was called upon by the Secretary of State for War to report upon the facilities for carrying out a satisfactory course of instruction in military engineering. His report was a favourable one, and the corps was accordingly formed. At first it stood alone, but since that date several infantry cadet corps have been converted into Engineers, and there are now ten such bodies in existence.

From its infancy, the corps has been closely associated with the battalion to which it is attached, mainly owing to the influence of Colonel Plant, who has ever recognised the inestimable advantages which result from an intimate connection between the junior and the senior corps. This cordial co-operation has greatly conduced to the efficiency of the junior corps, which, for its part, has supplied the battalion with a representative number of efficient officers, and at the present date there are no fewer than nineteen out of thirty-three officers who were formerly members of the cadet corps.

The Clifton cadets are now in a flourishing condition, but at first the idea of forming a military body from among the boys was by no means favourably received by the more conservative members of the school, who regarded the project as an innovation. During the summer term there is very little military work undertaken, owing to the fact that much of the boys' time is given over to games, but there are voluntary classes for instruction in such branches of "soldiering" as signalling and scouting, which are well supported by the non-commissioned officers and sappers who are candidates for promotion to the non-commissioned ranks.

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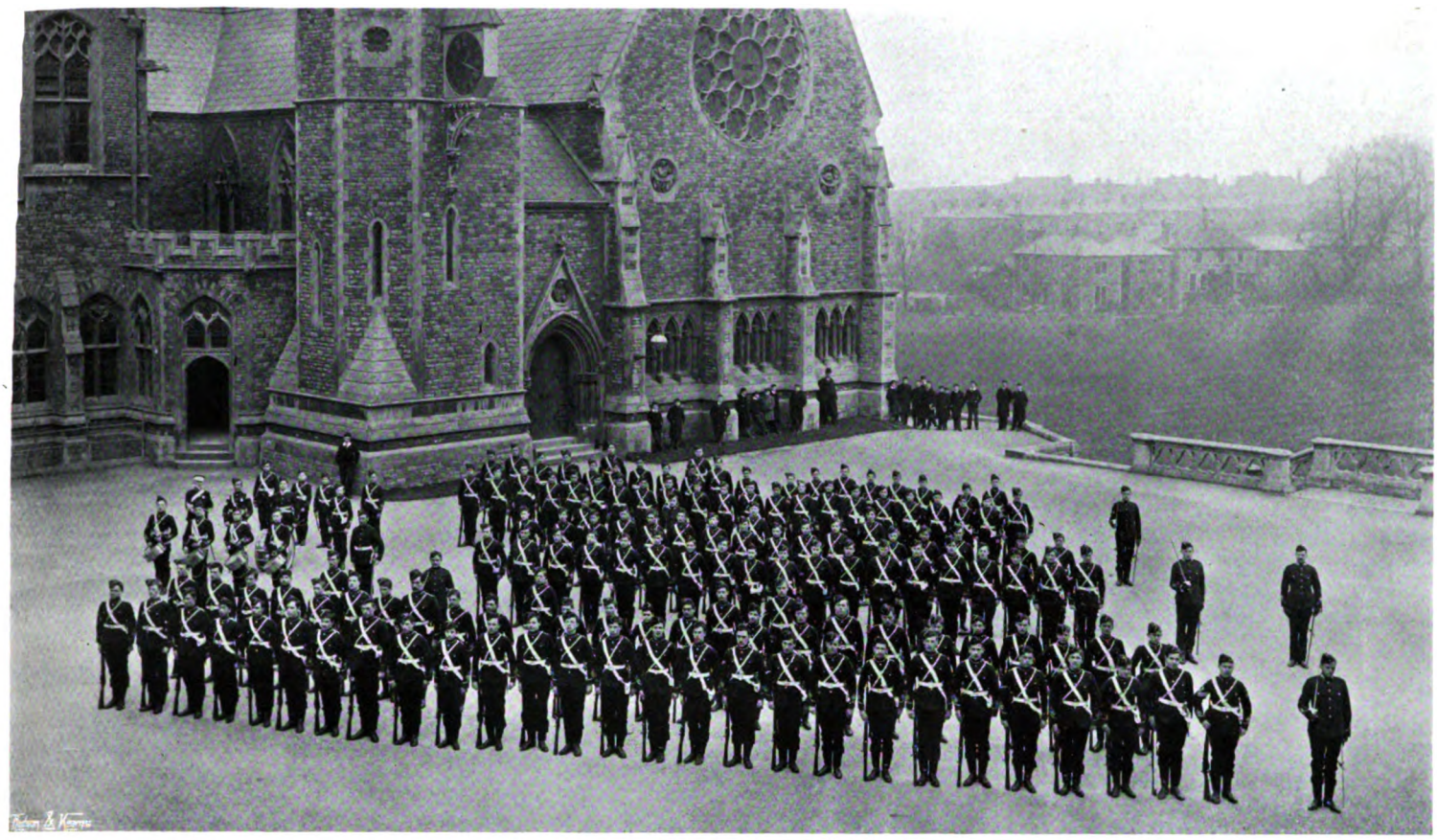

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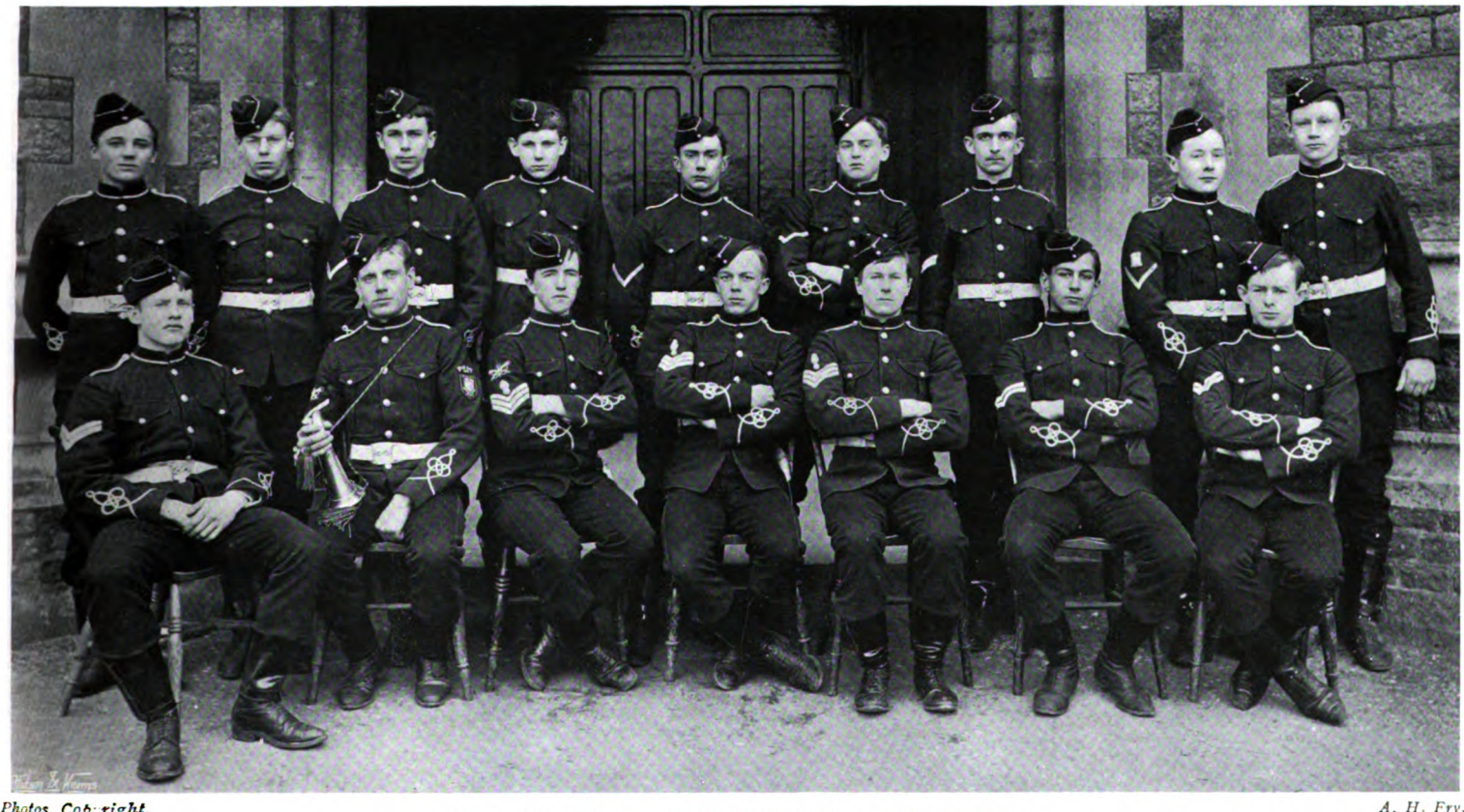

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THE ART OF THE ENGINEER.

A well-made barrel pier raft.

A USE FOR BRUSHWOOD.

The construction of a fascine.

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

MAKING A SINGLE LOCK BRIDGE.

The frames being locked.

parts of the course) on a sheet of water in the Zoological Gardens, which the directors kindly place at the disposal of the corps. Here the cadets are out of reach of curious relatives, who will visit them, if possible, at practice and manœuvre time, and a far too inquisitive audience of the general public, consisting for the most part of small boys and girls.

The cadets are organised by houses, and, as a rule, each section is made up of the members of one house. Nor is the corps entirely "run" by the masters; the boys themselves take the greater part of the responsibility. One master is attached to each company as an officer, but the remainder of the officers and non-commissioned officers are boys, who are entrusted with the instruction and discipline of their several units. That the system has been found to answer well says much for the ability and resource of the boys themselves.

Formerly the establishment consisted of one company only of "enrolled" Volunteers — *i.e.*, boys of seventeen years of age and over—and one company of cadets; but in 1900 another company of cadets was added. The junior companies are made up of boys of not less than fourteen years of age who are at least 5-ft. 2-in. in height, and boys below that standard are only admitted as bandsmen after attaining a certain standard of proficiency in performing upon the drum, bugle, or fife.

Musketry has always been a salient feature of the training at Clifton, and the shooting Eight has frequently taken a high place in the competition for the Ashburton Shield, which it won in 1884, 1885, and 1888. Clifton has carried off the Cadets' Challenge Trophy three times, namely, in 1880, 1886, and 1890. It was one of the schools that originally competed for the Veterans' Shield, and this by a strange coincidence has gone three times to Clifton, viz., in 1890, 1899, and 1900. The Spencer Cup, too, was won in 1884 by a Cliftonian. Last summer a second range was constructed for practice with service ammunition at 200-yds., and is situated in a disused quarry close to the school.

It is hoped that the construction of this range may have the effect of making the corps even more proficient in musketry in the future than it has been in the past. By its means every member of the corps will be enabled to go through a useful course of marksmanship without sacrificing the time devoted to games. This has not hitherto been practicable owing to the fact that the range was some four miles from the school.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February* 23, *Charterhouse on March* 9, *Rugby on March* 23, *St. Paul's on April* 6, *Berkhamsted on April* 20, *Blairlodge on May* 4, *Harrow on May* 18, *Winchester on June* 1, *Marlborough on June* 15, *Felsted on June* 29, *Haileybury on July* 20, *Cheltenham on August* 3, *Stonyhurst on August* 17, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September* 7, *Rossall on September* 21, *Sherborne on October* 5, *Eastbourne on October* 19, *Whitgift Grammar School on November* 2, *Dulwich College on November* 16, *Wesley on November* 30, *Brighton on December* 14, *and Highgate on December* 28.]

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IN THE "DIADEM."

CAVALRY FORDING A RIVER.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

FOURTEEN years have elapsed since the Imperial Institute was founded as a record of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, amid the congratulations and glowing hopes of the British people. A few there were who presaged something of failure, not liking an establishment which they said was inspired merely by a lofty idea, and who could not discern how the solid practical work was to be done. In a measure they were justified by what happened, and the attempt to make the Institute a place of recreation and amusement, itself a failure, appeared a step on the downward path. There has been since its creation a burst of Imperial patriotism, a quickening of the national consciousness, such as the world had never seen, and yet some have observed that the great institution, so nobly housed, could take no part in that awakening. It was not, indeed, designed for the triumphs of war; its achievements were to be those of peace, and it has certainly made great efforts towards them. It is stored with an invaluable collection illustrative of the resources of the Empire, and its commercial activity has been sustained. It would be a worthy thing, therefore, in this Coronation year to set the Imperial Institute upon a sounder basis. The Governors have themselves recognised the necessity of something being done, and at the private meeting held lately, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, proposals of great moment were made by Lord James of Hereford. The Institute has found itself working upon the same lines and in the same field as the Board of Trade. Evidently effort was being wasted and conflicting operations being undertaken. Indeed, the Institute was discovered to be in direct conflict with the nation through the Board of Trade. The proposal, therefore, is that the Imperial Institute, with its magnificent property and its unrivalled means for splendid work, shall be presented to the nation, so that with new advantages it shall fulfil the purpose for which it was designed. A consummation most devoutly to be wished!

GREAT must have been the grief of the German Emperor when he witnessed the recrudescence of the virulent spirit of Anglophobia in his empire. At a moment when he had just invited the Prince of Wales to be present at the celebration of his birthday, and when it was thought that better sense was beginning to prevail, it was strange to see this foul outburst of calumny. The monstrous and infamous charges were their own confutation. Anything more shameful than the utterance of these detestable and incredible accusations against good and patient soldiers who are suffering much in their absence from their loved ones, who are undergoing all the trials of a most arduous war, and carrying their lives in their hands in their devoted service to their country, it would be impossible to imagine. The hideous campaign of unblushing mendacity must long be a reproach to Germans, and the strangest thing of all is that even the sober elements of society should have lent an ear to these foul aspersions. We may excuse emotional women for being stirred to anger when their ignorance is traded upon by the unscrupulous wire-pullers of a venal Press. They do not know the wrong that is being done to them, but it is difficult to explain the violent attitude of a section of the people in whom we have been accustomed to look for a reasonable view of all things. In Court circles the scandal is detested, and not all the rage of the Press of the Fatherland can interfere with the cordial welcome by the Emperor of his cousin the Prince of Wales.

THE Egyptian season has excellent promise and already much achievement. The Grand Continental, the Hotel d'Angleterre, the Savoy, the Mena House, the Grand, and the Bristol are all full or filling. Balls at Shepheard's, excellent performances in the Khedivial Opera House, concerts at the hotels, and gymkhanas and sports have provided ample diversion for visitors to Cairo, while many have gone south as far as Khartoum. There are some sportsmen in the country, and now that game is protected and shooting licences are easily attainable, it may be expected that larger numbers will find enjoyment in the abundant sporting opportunities of the Soudan. Last season among the sportsmen were Prince Pierre d'Arenberg, Prince Colloredo Mansfeld, Count A. le Marvis, Prince Lichtenstein, Count Teleki, Mr. E. N. Buxton, M.P., Mr. Hugh Buxton, and Mr. R. Hawker and party. Whether the distant countries attract many this season is not known, but lately Sir Edmund Lechmere was the only sportsman who had gone south of Khartoum. There is a game preserve for officers and officials of the Soudan, between the Blue and White Nile, the Abyssinian frontier and the Sobat, but it is little resorted to, since those for whose use it is reserved, after being in the Soudan for nine months, are only too glad to have an opportunity of coming north. Shooting is at present interdicted in one large tract of country, owing to the Bahr-el-Gazal expedition, as also along the Abyssinian border on political grounds.

PRESERVING game in the Egyptian Soudan is no small business, but a strong Government department has been organised, under the superintendence of Mr. A. L. Butler, who has had much experience in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, India, and the Nicobar and Andaman Islands, to undertake the work, and Captain Flower, director of the Ghizeh Zoological Gardens, is acting as honorary adviser. Explicit rules have been laid down. The country is divided into five districts, including the extreme south and the Bahr-el-Gazal, the object being to make it possible to vary the regulations according to the state of the game in different districts. The game has been divided for sport into two principal classes, both open to the holder of an A licence who pays £25, while the second only is open to possessors of the £5 B licence. In both cases the sportsman must deposit £100 as security for his abiding by the regulations. The exact number of animals that may be shot is also laid down, as, for example, three roan antelope, six white oryx, four waterbuck, ten ibex, ten wart hog, and so on. The rhinoceros, zebra, giraffe, wild ass, chimpanzee, and some other rarer creatures may not be shot at all within the limits of the Soudan, and some others are specially preserved by a fee for shooting being charge deven to the licence-holder, as £E6 for a buffalo, £E8 for an elephant, and £E12 for a she elephant. New taxes have also been introduced for a duty on the export of the rarer wild animals, dead or alive, even if a licence has been paid. Thus the duty for an elephant or rhinoceros leaving the country is £E50, and for a giraffe, hippopotamus, or wild ass, £E20. It will, therefore, be seen that shooting in the Soudan, and the bringing home of such rare trophies, may prove rather expensive, but it is fine sport, and the new regulations leave no doubt as to the limits allowed, while they will protect the rarer game against any but serious sportsmen. Those who are content with the pursuit of the ibex, wart hog, large bustard, wild sheep, and the commoner antelopes and gazelles may find their enjoyment at small cost.

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AMONG the outstanding questions at issue with France two are now clamouring for a settlement—the dispute concerning the "French Shore," which is a reasonable grievance in our oldest colony, and that which has arisen out of the divided control in the New Hebrides. In the islands and in Australia there is great bitterness of feeling at the manifest attempts the French are making to attain a predominant position in that part of the world, and it would not be at all surprising if the Australians put to the test of action the comfortable assurance of the Government that British interests in the New Hebrides are a matter of anxious solicitude, by demanding the annexation of the islands. The situation is not without danger, because the French have a plan for establishing a Naval coaling station there, while the Australian colonists, and still more the English settlers in the islands, are very angry at the things they daily witness, and are only too anxious to see the British flag flying alone, to put an end to the unsatisfactory state of affairs set up in 1888, under which a joint Anglo-French commission has charge of the protection of the lives and property of individuals. The British settlers are prohibited from bringing arms and alcoholic beverages into the islands, but the French import them freely, and use them as tempting baits for the purchase of land. In some cases land has been seized which has already been bought by Englishmen, leading to very angry feeling and to one or two outbreaks, with the danger of hostile collisions. Again, the English are forbidden to import native labour, while the French do so habitually, and it has latterly become very difficult for the British to procure labour at all. Great irritation naturally exists, and the matter is likely soon to be brought to a head by the Colonial authorities.

IT would appear that the relationship between the Army and the stage was closer in France a century ago than it is now, or than it has ever been in this country, excellent as is the talent many of our officers have displayed on the boards. There is a drama running at the Odéon in Paris, entitled "Monsieur et Madame Dugazon," by M. Jacques Normand, wherein is Dugazon, an actor, who had for his original an old actor named Gourgaud. This Gourgaud was a member of the Comédie Française in his time, and was uncle of the General Gourgaud who saved the life of Napoleon and accompanied him into exile. He was not the only actor who had a young relative in the Grande Armée or the Navy of the Republic. Rear-Admiral Bénard, who distinguished himself at Trafalgar, and retired from the Service in 1830, was the son of Fleury, a famous actor of the Comédie Française. Talma had sons in the commissioned ranks of both Services. Saint Prix, another actor, had a son killed in Spain, as an infantry captain, in 1811. A son of Lafon, the tragedian, was a colonel in the French Army, who commanded a regiment of volunteers in 1870, and Ligier, the "Triboulet" of "Le Roi s'Amuse," had a son who was lately an officer in the Marine Infantry. These examples have been given by the *Figaro*, and the list might have been much longer. There may be, of course, like instances in this country, but probably they are comparatively few. On the other hand, several British officers have attained success as playwrights.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE "RED" MARINES.

THERE are not many habitations throughout the British Empire where Christmas Day is more properly celebrated and more thoroughly enjoyed than in the barrack-room, whether it be at home or abroad. The discipline which always holds the soldier in its iron bonds is for the nonce relaxed, and the revelry, without degenerating into riot, is boisterous and hearty to a degree. One reason for this, probably, is that the pecuniary anxieties that so often weigh hard on the civilian at that time of year do not so affect the soldier. He is certainly not overburdened with the root of all evil, but his opportunities for running into debt are distinctly limited, and so Christmas bills have few terrors for him.

The soldier has no rent and taxes to pay, no mouths to feed if he is married on the strength, and so whatever little accumulations he has saved are his to make merry withal, without the worrying thought that the money that goes on good cheer may be wanted for other needs. Daily at dinner the orderly officer makes his rounds, but on Christmas Day the company officers and the colonel all visit their men, and always prominent amongst the mural decorations are wishes of goodwill and seasonable greetings from the men to their officers and their officers' ladies.

No one who has ever seen the deck of a big battle-ship when decorated for a ball will deny that the Bluejacket is a born decorator, and the soldier is only second to the Bluejacket, and among the best at the game of all soldiers is the Marine, who, after all, is half a "Handy-man." Tremendous effects can be got with coloured paper and Chinese lanterns, as may be seen by a glance at our illustration, and the "Red" Marines of the Western Division have most certainly made the best of their material.

IN THE MARINES' BARRACK-ROOM.

Duly prepared for Christmas festivity.

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PATHAN OFFICER,
19th Punjab Infantry.

A NATIVE CAVALRY CAMP.

MAHOMEDAN SEPOY,
19th Punjab Infantry.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

KIPLING'S "Islanders" will have been read with immense interest by thousands of Anglo-Indians, although, except by reason of the poet's personality, it concerns them perhaps less than any other section of the Imperial community. Probably some of us old "Qui Hyes" feel a little annoyed with Kipling for not cleaving more closely to India, and for letting his genius run riot in a score of other, some of them very different, directions. A good many of us rather liked to feel that, being Anglo-Indians, we had contributed to "make" Kipling, even if our assistance had been chiefly restricted to posing for him unconsciously as models—very funny and rather undignified models, too, sometimes. Now that he has spread himself all over the Empire our hold on him is loosened, and people who used once to look quite interested when we demonstrated our acquaintance with some of Kipling's earlier Indian types, now bore us dreadfully with their own personal experiences of the ground covered by "Captains Courageous" and "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot."

This being the case, I hesitate a little to inflict my own slight personal reminiscences of Kipling on the readers of these notes. For they are all connected with India, where I knew Kipling, as a youngster, fairly well, having frequently foregathered with him both at Simla and Lahore. He acted at the former place as special correspondent of the *Civil and Military Gazette* during one season that I was there, and I well remember several visits which he paid to a little house perched on the hillside, which I shared with a chum in the Punjab Police. On one of those visits, as we stood leaning over the rail of the verandah and looking at the hills that undulated into the blue distance, Kipling took from his pocket a little brown paper-covered book containing his very earliest poems, which I believe his father had had privately printed, and a few copies of which, I daresay, still change hands at fabulous prices. I cannot, after the eighteen long years which have passed, for me a little wearily, since that summer afternoon on the slopes of Jakko, recall, I fear, more than one single line of the contents of that brown booklet. But I remember how in the opening piece the young poet had been seized with a sudden conviction that others had had "ten thousand, thousand better thoughts" than his, and I vaguely believe that I was struck at the time—being rather a prosaic subaltern—by the idea that this was a very proper attitude of mind for the youthful versifier to adopt. I daresay if the "Recessional" had been included in that collection I should have thought the same, but one lives and learns.

In those days Kipling was so absurdly young, in spite of some most unbecoming little whiskers which he persisted in wearing, that it was very difficult to take him at his true worth. Personally, I think that the restrictions which were put upon him by his editor were of the utmost service in checking an efflorescence which might have proved unhealthy, and of which we get a glimpse now and then in some of his earlier work. But I do not think that any of us could be blamed for not seeing in the stripling of nineteen the full promise of the man who has given the Empire some very real literature, and whose narrow escape from a premature death caused an outburst of feeling which an emperor might envy.

Kipling's thirst for knowledge was an early habit, and, although his capacity for assimilating it was not then fully equal to his marvellous powers of observation, he was not easily taken in, especially with reference to military matters. I remember that on one occasion he went to some place, Delhi, I think it was, to write up specially a local riot, and the subalterns of the British corps stationed there tried hard to get him to accept a highly ornamental version of what occurred, but the result, I fancy, demonstrated pretty clearly that the British subaltern who, even then, could safely pull young Kipling's leg was not of common growth.

Among his special correspondence from Simla was one letter, now, I daresay, wholly forgotten, which created at the time a good deal of amusement, together with some grumbling at the audacity of the writer. There had recently been started in Simla a Field Naturalists' Society, and the letter alluded to purported to be a report of an exhibition held by the members. The idea was cleverly used to bring in a number of well-known names, mostly of high civil and military officials, in connection with their pet hobbies, foibles, or infirmities of temper and disposition. I cannot recall more than one or two of the alleged "exhibitors," but I remember that at the tail end of the list came the present writer, whose sole title to be included in such good company was his acquaintance with the writer of the skit, and a small official position as secretary of the Simla United Service Institution. "Mr. O——n W——r," so ran the mock report, "exhibited a row of Hiantes or Gaper Birds, caught on the benches of the United Service Institution during a lecture. The eyes of these specimens were closed as if in sleep!"

I hope my readers will forgive my self-indulgence in these and similar rather trivial reminiscences. I daresay I ought to have started these notes to-day with something solid and satisfying in the way of instructive comment; but I had been reading "The Islanders," not once but several times, and although I do not hold by all its doctrines, the strong passionate words had got hold of me, and the ring of them had waked a number of old memories, Kiplingite and other, a few of which I have jotted down "with a running pen."

In an interesting recent compilation of references in the Indian Press—other than the leading English papers published in India—to the war, appears an amusingly vicious little diatribe extracted from the "delightful Press of the diminutive French colony of Pondicherry." The picturesque incidents reported in these imaginative journals, including the flight of Lord Roberts, the capture of Buller and French, and the shooting of the latter for breaking his parole, must be rather bewildering to the better educated natives, for whose benefit they are concocted; but beyond this they are merely curious as exhibiting the strange lengths to which Anglophobia can go, and, possibly, a little interesting, too, by reason of the historical associations involved. The whole area and population of the five little French settlements of Chandernagore, in Bengal, and Pondicherry, Karikal, Mahe, and Yanaon, in South India, are scarcely equal to the smallest British district in Lower Bengal, and if England and France ever again fell out, one fears that, at a very early stage in the proceedings, the "delightful Press of Pondicherry" would lose a good deal of its freedom of speech. But, putting such rude thoughts aside, it is a curious survival of the French struggles in India, which, under Dupleix, led to their obtaining large possessions, finally wrested from them by us at the battle of Wandewash in 1760, that to-day the surviving French settlements should betray such spiteful animosity against us. No effort is wanting on our part to let live, as well as to live ourselves, so far as British rule in India is concerned, and where both

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English and French are temporary exiles, a better feeling might well have been evinced by our polished neighbours in regard to events in which the latter are so little concerned.

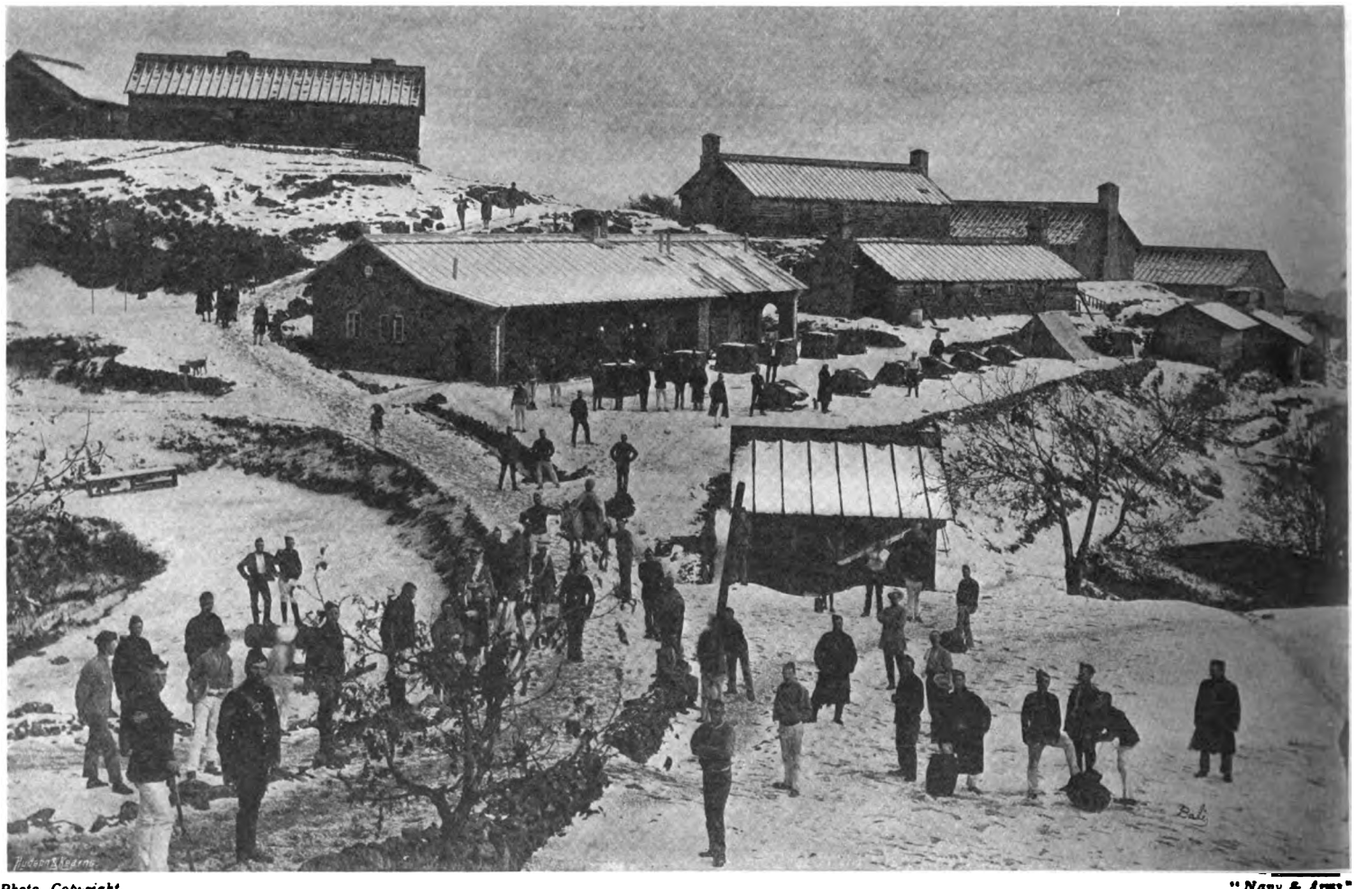
Major-General Sir Hector MacDonald took up at the end of last month his new Indian command, that of the Belgaum District, which includes Bellary, and is normally made up, as regards troops, by two batteries of Field Artillery, two battalions of British infantry, a regiment of Madras cavalry, and three battalions of Madras infantry. A fine command indeed, and worthy of the gallant and sagacious veteran who twenty years ago had only recently risen from the non-commissioned ranks. There was a time when the Army might have grumbled at such a man being sent to Madras, but that time is happily past. As has been previously recognised in these notes, the Madras Army is being rapidly levelled up to the high standard of fighting efficiency which has been consistently maintained for many years past in Upper India, and is not only expected to, but does, take its share in the work which the Indian Army collectively has from time to time to undertake. "Old Mac" will be just as useful in Belgaum as he was at Omdurman and Paardeberg, and it is quite possible that his strong personality, in his new environment, will have a still more marked and enduring influence.

A very recent Indian mail brought a report of a singularly interesting meeting convened at Poona in order to consider the present condition and future welfare of the local Volunteer corps, the Poona Volunteer Rifles. This corps was started some twelve years ago, and has always consisted largely of Parsees. There has recently been a decline in numbers and efficiency, and at the invitation of Captain Dinshah D. Khambatta the Parsee members and friends of the corps came together, and excellent good sense was talked and good feeling exhibited. In plain language Captain Khambatta upbraided his brethren warmly for their apathy, reminded them that the blue blood of Persia ran in their veins, and said it was sad that the Parsees should risk losing the privilege they now possessed of taking their place in the ranks of the Empire's defenders. Funds were not wanted—pecuniarily the corps was flourishing—but better attendance at drill and keener competition at the ranges. It was evident that the meeting took these reproaches in good part, and there is little doubt but that the corps will quickly regain its old efficiency. But for us at home, the gathering, its object, what it said and did, and the circumstances generally, have a special interest and gratification. The Parsees have always been reckoned as among the most loyal subjects of the Throne, and of late years they have evinced a vigour and individuality which clearly mark them as one of the leading communities of the Empire. It is refreshing to see their intellectual and commercial claims to consideration thus accentuated by a military fervour which would do real credit to any Volunteer corps in the United Kingdom.

WINTER IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THOUGH the idea of heat is commonly associated with India, there are places in that part of the Empire where it can be not only cold, but bitterly cold. All over North-West India the climate is delightfully cool during the winter months, and, though the sun is always powerful, the nights are often very cold, and fires and blankets are both a necessity as well as a luxury. Water will freeze at night, and in the old days, at stations where there was no ice machine, the ice supply for the summer months was obtained by laying out numbers of large saucers full of water and storing the thin ice that formed on these during the night. It is, however, to the Himalayas that one has to go for a real winter climate, and the few who have to remain through the winter in those regions, where ladies and children, and as many men as can get leave, flock in the summer, do not regret it, for it is as bracing to the enervated system as a trip to Europe.

Along the lower ranges of the whole of the mighty mountains which run along the border of Hindustan, from the Brahmapootra on the east to the Indus on the west, are to be found stations where troops are quartered throughout the year. Some of these are for native troops only; for example, the majority of the Gurkha battalions, when not required on active service, are all quartered at hill stations, but several are garrisoned by British troops. At one or two of these stations there are infantry regiments, but all the mountain batteries of the Garrison Artillery are stationed in the hills.



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SEASONABLE WEATHER AT KHYRA GULI.

A station for Mountain Artillery in the Murree Hills.

Two of these batteries are at Quetta in Baluchistan, two at Jutogh near Simla, and the other three in the hills around Murree, the Punjab sanatorium in the extreme North-West, their stations being Bara Guli, Kalabagh, and Khyra Guli, the latter the one which is here illustrated. Of course the stations are so chosen for the Mountain Artillery because the ground around gives them special opportunity for training in their own work. They are lucky, for, besides a fine climate, there is a fair amount of sport for all who like it.

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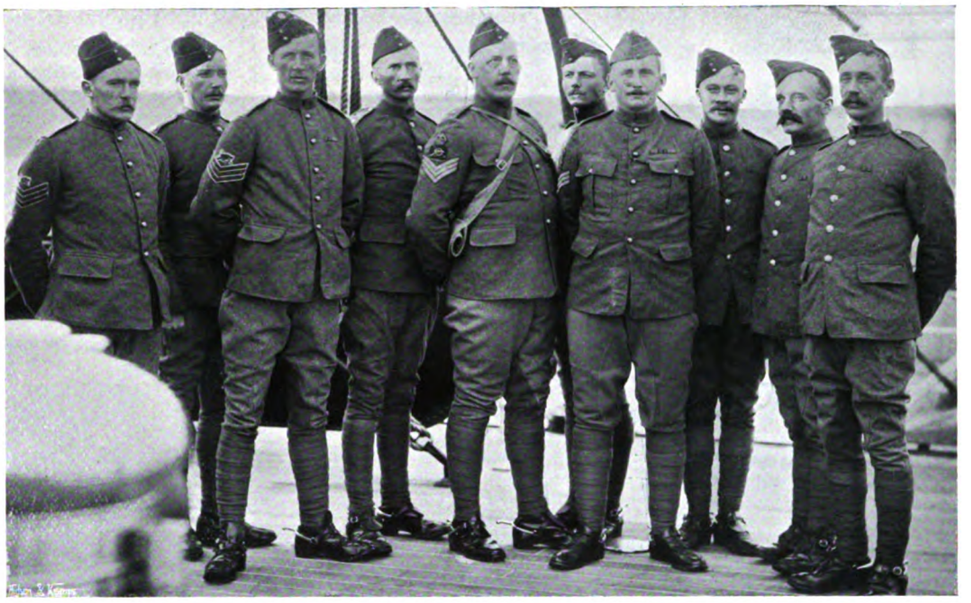
"Q" BATTERY R.H.A.: "UBIQUE."

THE horse gunners share with the Mounted Infantry the honour of being the most travelled troops of the South African army. Where others halt they are pushed on to "fresh fields and pastures new," and of all the Artillery units, *Q Battery*, which has just returned home after two years of war, has passed through the most varied vicissitudes—and, what is more, it has built up a record of devoted service in keeping with the traditions of the old Horse Artillery troops of Peninsular and Mutiny days. Although Q Battery has operated in the Cape Colony, galloped to the relief of Kimberley, strained every nerve in order to burst its shrapnel across the head of Cronje's retreating column, marched in the front of Lord Roberts's army to Pretoria, taken a decisive part in the battle of Diamond Hill, and has crossed and recrossed the two new colonies a dozen times during the long prolongation of guerilla war, yet all this long *rôle* of conspicuous service is dwarfed by the part which it played at Sanna's Post, a part for which the battery as a unit was awarded a Victoria Cross in each rank, the crosses which Colonel Phipps Hornby, Sergeant Parker, Gunner Lodge, and Driver Glasscock now wear. The return of the battery brings the whole scene of that terrible surprise vividly back: Sergeant-Major Martin of the ambushed U Battery galloping back to warn the sister battery. The hoarse orders which sent the battery about. The crash of the terrible Mauser fire which opened upon them from the spruit. The mad gallop across the plain to the station buildings. Then the cool collected stand of the four remaining guns which saved the force from being overwhelmed in total disaster, the men dropping as they served their guns that the scattered troops might rally—dropping until at last only single gunners remained to serve each piece, and one of these an officer. But they had saved the day, and had built up a further tradition for their arm of the Service worthy to live beside the deeds of Norman Ramsay at Fuentes d'Oñoro or Tombs on the Delhi Ridge.



THE SERGEANTS OF "Q" BATTERY.

Home after hard work.

Photos. Copyright. *Stewart, Southampton.*

THE HEROES OF SANNA'S POST.

"Q" Battery on its arrival at Southampton Docks in the "Ranee."

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SABRETACHES.

By A. B.

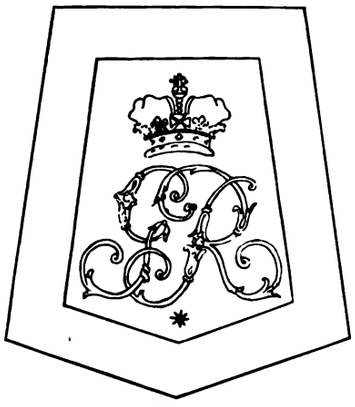

Fig. 1.

THE order which abolishes sabretaches in the Army removes a very ornamental part of the soldier's dress which, like many other ornaments, was originally designed for use. The first sabretaches were just leather letter-cases attached by slings to the sword-belt. Even after they became ornamental, it appears to have been some time before a loop was fitted at the back to allow of attachment to the scabbard. The passing the sword through the loop was supposed to keep it steady in galloping. Now that swords are attached to the saddle, even this use can hardly be claimed for the sabretache. For the carrying of letters and despatches the haversack or one of the six to eight pockets allowed to the soldier in campaigning dress will doubtless be used.

The sabretache was originally introduced in the reign of George III., and Fig. 1 shows the design of a dress tache of that reign, when there was only one general design for Dragoon Guards, Heavy Dragoons, and Light Dragoons. The regimental designs came later. Many Light Dragoon regiments in the army of occupation in France were converted into Lancers. As a contemporary writer says: "They are armed with lances and dressed like Poles, though, for the life of me, I can see no reason for the latter."

Fig. 2 shows an early Lancer sabretache—that of the gallant 17th. Many young "Death or Glory Boys" would be astonished to hear that when this sabretache was worn the regiment was dressed in red jackets and wore a dark green plume. In the 1846 Regulations we find the note that "The 17th Lancers wear no sabretache."

All Hussars originally wore scarlet taches. In the 1846 Regulations we find "crimson instead of scarlet" specified for the colour of the 11th Hussars. In the 1874 Regulations we find crimson for the 11th and 20th Hussars, buff for the 13th, and the further order that the sabretache is not to hang below the calf of the leg. They had formerly been worn much longer in the slings. In the 1891 Regulations French grey is ordered as the colour for the 21st Hussars (now Lancers).

Fig. 4 shows a dress tache of the 14th Light Dragoons, showing the Prussian Eagle. Fig. 3 represents the tache of the 10th Hussars in 1834. In Fig. 4 the disposal of the lace is indicated; it is left plain in the others. Fig. 5 shows the embroidery of a general officer's sabretache, 1830-40.

The rules in force for arms other than Hussars, Artillery, and Rifles, at the time of the abolition of the sabretache were: "Staff officers may wear, when mounted, leather sabretaches and slings of special pattern. Officers of the Household Cavalry, Dragoons, and Lancers, and mounted officers of Royal Engineers, Infantry regiments, and Departments wear, when on mounted duties, black leather sabretaches of similar pattern, with metal ornaments of regimental (or departmental) pattern, and with slings to match their sword-belts."

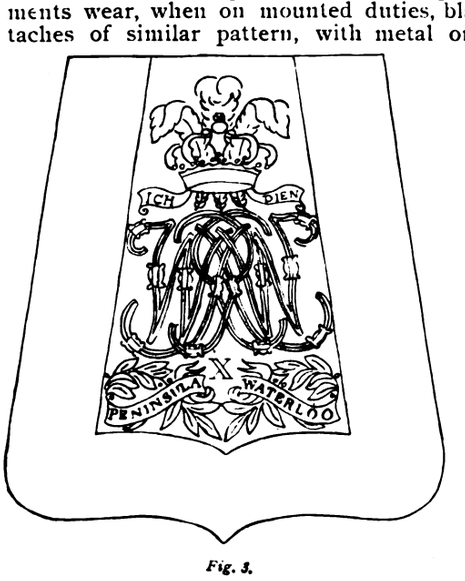

Fig. 3.

Among distinctive devices, we may mention that Light regiments wore the double Royal cypher, the single cypher being worn by the Heavies. The 9th Lancers still wear the double "A.R." given them by Queen Adelaide. The 11th wore the crest and motto of the late Prince Consort over the regimental device. The Artillery wore the Royal Arms embroidered above, and a gun below, with an oak and laurel wreath, the motto "Ubique" above, and "Quo fas et gloria ducunt" below.

The Cavalry edging was generally 2¼-in. wide, that of the Artillery 1½-in. The lower part of the Heavy Dragoon dress taches used to be circular in shape, not shield shaped or pointed. A specimen of a dress tache of the Royals (1840) is now to be seen at a well-known tailor's in Piccadilly. It is a splendid sample of the embroiderer's art.

Fig. 2.

It is not clear whether sabretaches were introduced with the introduction of Hussars to our Service, or, to be more correct, with the renaming of certain Light Dragoon regiments. The sabretache was essentially a part of the Hussar equipment, and, until quite recently, it was worn by all ranks of Hussars. A late order, however, restricted its use to those only who held commissioned or non-commissioned officers' rank. It appears from old Dress Regulations that Dragoon Guards and Dragoons (Heavy and Light) wore the sabretache at least as early as 1805, when our first regiment of Hussars was renamed. The 7th is our oldest Hussar regiment, having been named the 7th Queen's Own Hussars in 1805. It was previously the 7th Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons.

Fig. 5.

The devices employed are in no way connected with heraldry, and the design, where it is regimental, is only supposed to be commemorative of some regimental achievement or tradition. Care has, however, been exercised in all regimental designs, and there is ample record to show that they have been carefully scrutinised before final approval. Witness how the Royal Crown superimposes the feathers in the design of the 10th. This regiment was in 1806 named the Prince of Wales's Own Hussars, and in 1811 renamed the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars. It has ever since enjoyed special Royal favour, which, as all know, it has well deserved.

The Eagle worn by the 14th was granted as a distinction by a Prussian Sovereign, and must not be confounded with the other Eagles worn by the Royals, the Greys, and the old 87th Foot. These three regiments are familiarly known as "Birdcatchers," and wear the Eagle as a record of their gallant achievements in capturing French standards during the Napoleonic wars.

In 1831 the Dragoon Guards and Heavy Dragoons wore dress sabretaches of blue morocco covered with blue velvet, edged with 2¼-in. lace, "showing a light of blue velvet on the outer edges," and a gold "W.R." surmounted by a crown relieved in silver and encircled with oak leaves. This had three slings. Their undress tache had two slings, and was of plain black patent leather. The Light Dragoons wore purple leather with a blue cloth face, the double Royal cypher surmounted by a crown, a star underneath the oak garland, and, below all, the regimental device. The undress taches of the Light Dragoons were, like the Heavies', of plain black patent leather, but had three slings. The Lancers had the same as the Light Dragoons, with an additional velvet scroll.

Fig. 4.

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HOW LIFE OFFICES EARN PROFITS.

By F. HARCOURT KITCHIN.

THE more the public know of the ways of Life Assurance Companies and the manner in which they are worked, the more likely are they to form sound judgments on the respective merits of the various offices. Life companies differ as much as do, say, breweries and gold mines. Because one is good, it *does* not in the least follow that another is good. Taking them all round, the British offices compare favourably with any others in the world, and the best British offices are a long way the best in the world. In this article I propose to point out as briefly as possible how life offices earn the money which they distribute in "bonuses" to their with-profit policy-holders. I shall also illustrate my remarks by considering the individual earnings of two or three first-class English and Scottish offices.

SOURCES OF PROFIT.

When an assurance company wants to know what premium should be charged for an assurance it takes a life table—usually that compiled by the Institute of Actuaries—and assumes that a rate of interest of, say, 3 per cent. will be earned on its investments. Then it calculates the net or mathematical premium. The net premium is increased by a sum called "loading," which is added on to provide for expenses of management and for profits. The resulting premium is that which the public pay. The two sources of revenue which an office has are premiums and interest. If it gets more interest than it calculates for, so much the better. The outgoings of an office are principally claims by death and maturity, and expenses. The difference between the incomings and the outgoings is invested to the best advantage consistent with security. Now, under ordinary circumstances, an office has merely an approximate idea of what it is actually earning; it can only know exactly by taking stock every few years of all its assets and of all its liabilities. Profits arise almost wholly from three sources—the difference between all the premiums received, both with and without profit, and the amount required to meet expenses and the current risks of claims falling in, a "lighter mortality" in practice than the one shown by the tables used in the calculations, and the excess of the interest earned over that which is assumed in the calculations. The bonuses paid to participating policy-holders are almost wholly provided out of these three sources.

WHAT A VALUATION IS.

The periodical taking of stock is called a valuation. The actual process is very complicated. Roughly, it consists of calculating what reserves must be set aside to meet all future claims and expenses, and deducting these reserves from the value of the securities in the company's possession. The surplus is the profit. The Institute of Actuaries' life table is the basis of most calculations, and 3 per cent. per annum is usually taken as the rate of interest which will certainly be earned in the future. Some very strong companies assume interest at the rate of only 2½ per cent. per annum. The lower the rate of interest the larger are the reserves shown in the calculations and the sounder the office. Still, for practical purposes an office which reckons its liabilities at 3 per cent. per annum is adopting a sound basis. The first consideration for the public is security, and a valuation rate of not less than 3 per cent. per annum should be regarded as essential in the selection of an assurance company If this rate, or a lower rate, is assumed in the valuation the public have only to see whether the bonuses declared by an office form an adequate return for the premiums which are entrusted to it. A good general rule is, that the stronger an office is the more profitable it is to assure with, and the better will policy-holders be treated. There is rarely anything pettifogging about a really first-class company.

THE CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL.

Let us now turn from the abstract to the concrete, and examine the latest valuation return which has been issued. This is that of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society. This office has just announced the results of its valuation, which was made for the five years ended on June 30 last. The rate of interest which was assumed in the calculations was 2½ per cent. per annum. The investments were all valued very carefully, in view of the depreciation which has taken place in Stock Exchange securities, and it was found that the market depreciation has had practically no effect. The cost prices at which most of the investments were originally placed—some of them many years ago—are still considerably below the market quotations. The liabilities were not only valued on the very strong basis of 2½ per cent. interest, as against £3 16s. 8d. per cent. earned, but special reserves amounting to £163,000 were set aside to provide for the early payment of claims and for future expenses and profits. After doing this it was found that a profit had been made during the five years of £597,415, as compared with £515,346 in 1897, and £428,450 in 1892. Rather less than one-ninth of the profits went to the shareholders, the remainder being divided among the with-profit policy-holders. This office allots its bonuses on the basis of the premiums paid, an important consideration, as I pointed out last month, for Naval and Military offices, who naturally pay a higher rate than is required of civilians. When the profits were divided up it was found that new policies would be increased by from £1 15s. to £4 11s. 6d. per cent. per annum, according to the age at entry. Older policies will receive rather more. For example, a policy for £1,000 taken

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out, at the age of forty, five years ago will receive a bonus addition of £103 2s. It is the practice of this company to encourage non-profit and short term business as well as the ordinary with-profit assurance, and it does so by quoting specially favourable terms. It also adopts a system of cost price assurance under which one quarter of the premiums are unpaid, and are accumulated at 5 per cent. per annum as a debt on the policy. Hitherto the bonuses have always been sufficient to wipe out the debt automatically, and at the recent valuation cost price policy-holders received in addition about 2 per cent. by way of wiping out reversionary bonus. The Clerical and Medical office has achieved these first-rate results on a steadily growing business. It may be added that the rate of profit allotted to policy-holders has continuously improved at each valuation since 1867.

The Norwich Union.

Another example of a good valuation return has been furnished by the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, an institution which dates from the early years of the last century. As with the Clerical, Medical, and General, this company has been hardly affected at all by depreciation. Such paper depreciation as the securities showed was largely exceeded by the realised profit on investments sold during the five years to June 30 last, over which the valuation extended. The liabilities were valued at 2½ per cent. per annum, and the total profit earned was sufficient to provide reversionary additions equivalent to 30 per cent. on all with-profit premiums paid during the five years. The bonuses were allotted on a different principle from that adopted by the Clerical, Medical, and General, and this fact must be borne in mind when any comparison is made between them. The additions to a policy of £1,000 which had been in force for five years varied from £87 to £101 10s. Some of the old policies received very considerably more. Systems of allotting bonuses vary so much that a comparison between offices can best be made by calculating the proportion of the profit divided to the total with-profit premiums paid. If that comparison is made in this manner it will be found that there is little to choose between in the profitable character of the two companies I have so far dealt with. Intending policy-holders must make their own choice according as the premiums and the method of apportioning profits take their fancy. Whichever office they decide to patronise, they will not go far wrong. Both the offices have so large a margin between the rate of interest which they earn and the rate which they assume in their calculations, that the present rate of bonus can be almost kept up from that source of profit alone. The other sources which we have described remain to provide for increased bonuses, and to make up for any depreciation or losses in the future.

The Northern.

The Northern Assurance Company hails from Aberdeen, but I must be pardoned by patriotic Scotsmen if I refuse to regard it as other than metropolitan. We should not have heard much of the Northern Assurance Company had its operations been confined to Aberdeen. By way of imparting a little variety into life assurance business the Northern office divides its assurances into two distinct branches, the participating and the non-participating, and values them separately. The whole of the profits on the latter belong to the shareholders, instead of being thrown into the common hat; but as against this the expenses of management and commissions are limited to 10 per cent. per annum of the participating premiums. The fire department of the company meets any excess. The most recent valuation was made for the five years to December 30, 1900. The rate of interest which was assumed was 2¾ per cent. per annum, a kind of Scottish compromise between the theoretically perfect 2½ per cent. and the practically sufficient 3 per cent. which the company assumed five years before. The policy-holders received all the divisible profits of the participating branch, amounting to £299,397. Policies of all ages and durations were allotted reversionary bonuses at the rate of £1 11s. per cent. per annum on the sum assured. This simple method of declaring a uniform bonus all round is growing in popularity, because the public understand it better than the more complicated but more equitable systems. Profits should really go to those who earn them, and not be distributed alike to new and old policy-holders. But the public seem to like it, and they are the masters of the life offices. The divisible profits of the Northern Company do not bear so high a proportion to the with-profit premiums paid as do those of the Clerical, Medical, and General, and Norwich Union, the reason probably being that the with-profit policy-holders are cut off from any share in the earnings of without-profit business. Still, the Northern Assurance Company is an office of undoubted security, and its policies compare favourably with those of the majority of British offices, both in respect of moderate premiums and of bonuses. Its system, too, of limiting expenses to 10 per cent. per annum of the premiums, and of crediting the life funds with 4 per cent. per annum by way of interest, makes its bonuses practically fixed, and independent of the vicissitudes of purely life offices. It is by no means a disadvantage in practice for one's life office to be in alliance with a fire department, which bears the brunt of the blows of fortune.

How the BRITISH EMPIRE

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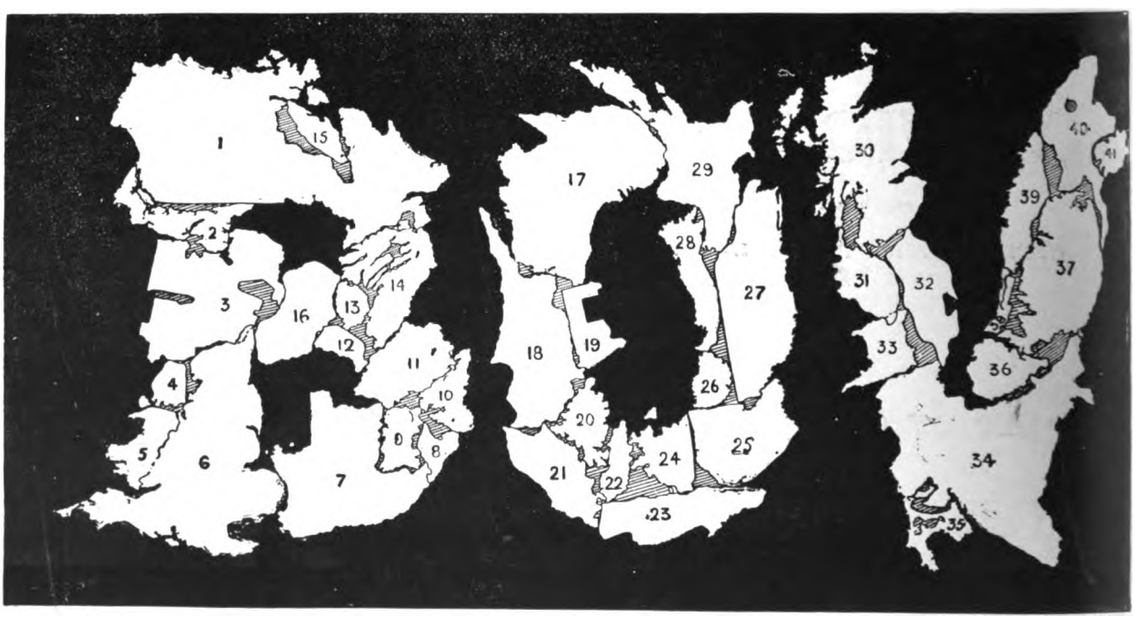

and illustrates the close association of this Imperial British Nourishment with the whole of King Edward's Dominions at Home and beyond the Seas.

NOTE.—The shapes are correct, but the sizes are not in proportion. Each number indicates a separate part of the Empire.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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A GUARDS' FIELD-MARSHAL.

H.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, K.P., G.C.B.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is the only one of the Field-Marshals who have served regimentally with the Guards. Entering the Grenadiers sixty-one years ago, he won considerable distinction as a major in the Russian War, and was A.D.C. to Lord Raglan when the latter died. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar strengthened his connection with this country half a century back by an alliance with the Ducal House of Richmond; he has held several important commands, including Portsmouth and Ireland, and has been consistently popular and respected throughout his long and honourable career.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

A Member for the Navy.

IT has been regarded as a certainty for some time past that, as soon as the term of Lord Charles Beresford's command in the Mediterranean expires, he will seek to re-enter Parliament. He did good service to the country when he sat in the House of Commons before, and at the present time some such personality as that of the gallant and popular admiral is badly wanted at Westminster. The Navy suffers from the lack of experienced Naval spokesmen in the national Council. There are plenty of men who can discuss Naval matters with a good deal of knowledge gained from the outside. But this is not enough. They do not, in the first place, enjoy that practical acquaintance with the working of our Naval system which only actual service can give. Nor, in the second place, are they able to count upon the ear of the public with sufficient certainty of being heeded and believed. Lord Charles Beresford has both these qualifications. He is an excellent officer; he has seen much service; he is a favourite both in the Navy and with the nation at large. The vacancy at Hampstead offered a capital opportunity of providing him with a seat which he could take when he lowers his flag in southern waters and returns to England in about a month's time. We wish he could have been returned. Surely there are enough voters in Hampstead who could have been persuaded to look beyond the hard-and-fast limits of a party struggle. The official Conservative candidate is a respectable politician. At any ordinary time he would be well enough; but the present is no ordinary time. We want men of exceptional ability and exceptional courage. Mr. Milvain, K.C., would doubtless follow his leaders through thick and thin, whether he thought them right or whether he thought them wrong. That is the whole duty of a Parliamentman, as the ordinary politician conceives it. But, in spite of the ordinary politician's belief, there is laid upon all men a duty higher than implicit obedience, and that is the duty of independent judgment. There is something above Party, and that is Patriotism. How will the "follow my leader" plan work out in the day of the Empire's need?

"Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement Gods—
Shall *these* come down to the battle and snatch you from under the rods?"

The absolute necessity of a strong British Navy has at last become an accepted article of faith with men of every shade of opinion. Upon the strength of the Navy depend the honour of our country, the security of our shores, the unity of the Empire, the very sustenance upon which we rely for life and health. It is an empty form to pray when we rise up in the morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," if we do not take the obvious precautions, which God-given common-sense points out, to avoid being deprived of it by possible enemies. Before long the Navy Estimates will be presented to Parliament. There is no man sitting at present in the House of Commons who is properly qualified to examine them with an independent eye and to report to the country upon what the Government propose. Here is urgent work for a Naval member to undertake. Who could be more appropriately entrusted with the task than a distinguished officer fresh from the holding of an important command? And, besides this, there are many ways in which a prominent representative of Naval interests could do valuable service. He could press upon the Government the claims of the Navy in many directions, claims which, as things are at present, seem to be unaccountably overlooked. Is it not strange, for example, that the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies includes no Naval member? The reference to the Commissioners mentions the Royal Navy as a most important consumer of coal. Surely one engineer officer and one executive officer, at least, might have been invited to assist in the discussion of such points as possible economies in the use of coal, and possible substitution of other kinds of fuel. Again, there is only one Naval officer serving on the British Merchant Service Committee, and no representative at all of the Royal Naval Reserve. How is it that the Navy has occasion so frequently to feel slighted? It is certainly not for the reason that Naval officers are incapable. There is no finer training for men than the life they lead on board His Majesty's ships. It turns them out not only handy men for every kind of job, but men of the world. Constant adapting of means to ends fits them for making themselves comfortable and useful under any circumstances. It cannot be said of our seamen nowadays, as it was said of Anson, that they have been round the world, but never in it. Lord Palmerston once declared that he would sooner send a sailor than anyone else to take in hand a specially difficult piece of diplomacy. We have only to think of Admiral Noel's success in Crete, and of Captain Sir Edward Chichester's diplomatic handling of the situation at Manila, to see that a Prime Minister would be amply justified in holding to-day the same view as Lord Palmerston expressed half a century ago.

The danger is that neither the *personnel* nor the *matériel* of the Navy will have justice done to them unless the Ministers in power are constantly criticised and kept up to the mark. No one is more capable of undertaking the duties of such a critic than Lord Charles Beresford. He has had experience of Parliamentary life. He knows exactly how officials can mislead the nation. He understands all the tricks and subterfuges by which a good face can be put upon a bad matter. Above all, he is earnest in his anxiety to see the Navy as efficient as wise expenditure and determined effort can possibly make it. He is alive to the pressing needs of the time. The man who is to serve his country to good purpose in these days must be no formalist, no contented plodder in well-trodden paths. He must be active in mind, untiring in the pursuit of efficiency all round, and he must demand from every public servant the same energy and the same quickness to realise altered conditions of life and work.

"He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth."

Men of Lord Charles Beresford's stamp are badly wanted just now. We wish, as we have said, that he could have been returned for Hampstead, and that the Navy League's public-spirited and patriotic endeavour to secure him a seat against his return, without trouble to himself, had resulted in success. However, there is no doubt that a seat will be found for Lord Charles very soon after he is back in England. It was, we believe, in consequence of receiving a promise to this effect from the Conservative party officials that the candidature at Hampstead was withdrawn. We only hope that the gallant admiral will be in the House of Commons by the time the Navy Estimates are introduced.

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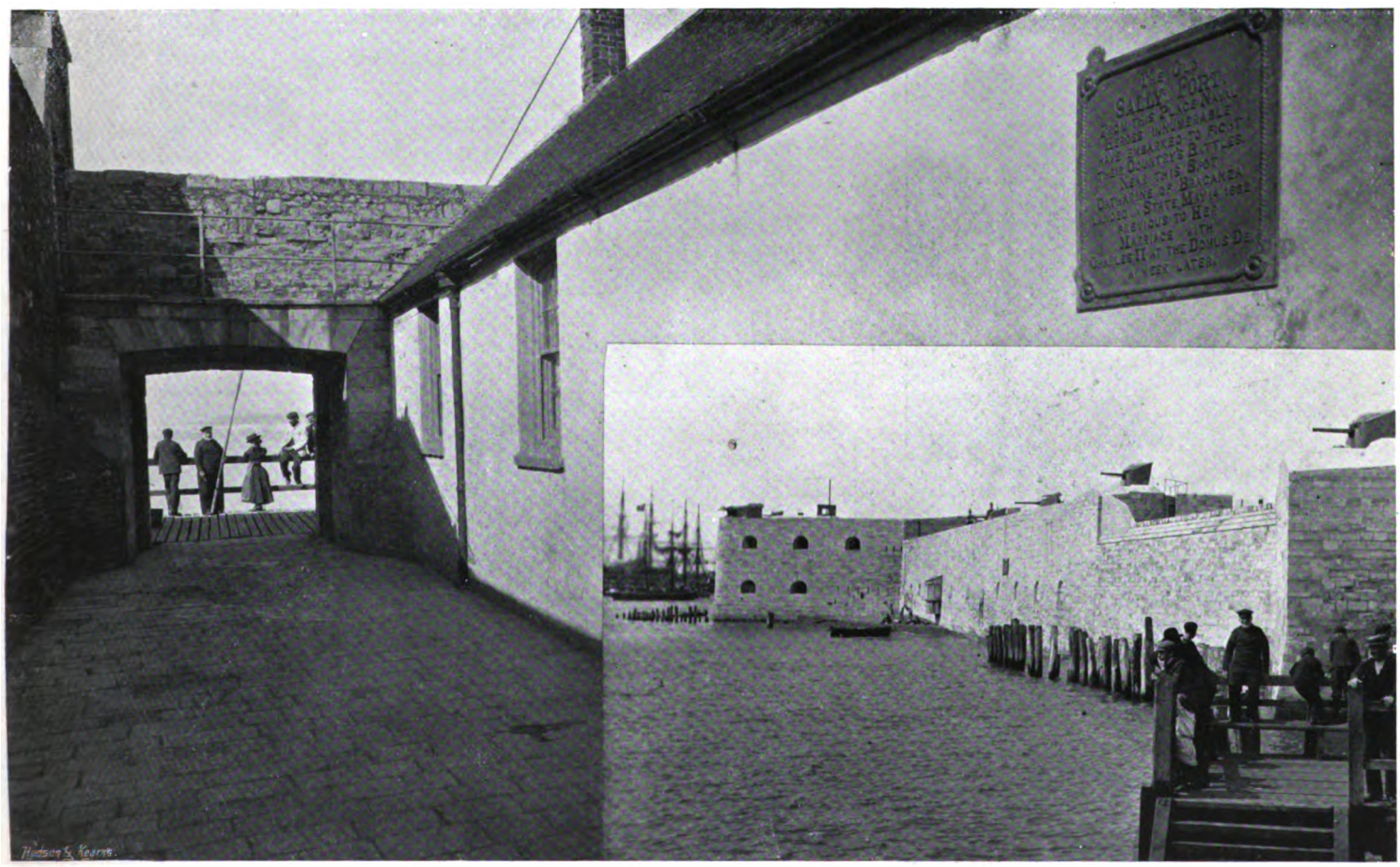
REINFORCEMENTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne and Shepherd*

LIEUT.-COLONEL STOCK AND OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION, ESSEX REGIMENT.

This Battalion recently left India for South Africa, where the 1st Battalion has already done such good work.

AN HISTORIC NAVAL LANDING-STAGE.



Photos. Copyright. *Cribb*

THE OLD SALLY PORT AT PORTSMOUTH.

A bronze tablet recently placed at the entrance states that from this spot, familiar to all readers of Marryat, innumerable Naval heroes have gone forth to fight their country's battles.

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INSPECTION AND DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

A LAST LOOK ROUND.

Major-General Sir H. Trotter makes sure that the parade arrangements are complete.

INSPECTING THE RANKS.

A brilliant group accompanied His Majesty as he closely scrutinised the lines of Guards.

MARCHING PAST THE KING.

His Majesty, with the Prince of Wales and Earl Roberts, was keenly interested in the men's appearance.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ARRIVES.

H.R.H. looked hale and hearty, in spite of his burden of years.

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SCENES AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

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OFFICERS.
Portuguese Fiscal Guards.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

PRIVATES.
Portuguese Fiscal Guards.

READERS of the papers may perhaps have noticed among the items of news from Paris some details of the adventures of a late *enseigne de vaisseau* in the French Navy. He has been challenged to fight a succession of duels, and has so far come off second best, with baddish wounds in the forearm and eye. His name is neither here nor there; but his doings are not uninteresting or uninstructive. It is enough for our purpose that he wrote a story called "Les Maritimes," under the *nom de guerre* of Olivier Seylor, and has been struck off the lists of the French Navy for the same. No blame attaches to the Minister of Marine for this peremptory decision, for if ever a writer deserved to be drummed out of any Service it is the author of "Les Maritimes." We have seen the kind of book among ourselves, and it is one long scream of spite, rage, and calumny. It would be unjust to deny that it is marked by a greater measure of cleverness, more imagination, and more literary faculty than is to be found in gutter publications produced in this country. At the same time, we must not exaggerate the ability and originality of Olivier Seylor. Under the influence of the great wave of envy, hungry, mangy discontent, and spiteful rebellion against authority, which has gone over France in this generation, many such things have come forth, beginning with the notorious "Sous Offs" of Lucien Descaves. Anybody with a fair dose of imitative faculty has his models before him, and can turn out a piece of writing which has a false air of originality. The point, however, is that "Les Maritimes" undertakes to give a picture of the French Navy, and, used with discretion, may teach something. It is undeniably at times amusing.

* * * *

The discretion must, however, be used. Now and then "Les Maritimes" can only be described by using the French language itself. It is *canaille*, a word for which we have no precise equivalent in English, though one is not infrequently wanted. We have an elaborate account, for example, how the Préfet Maritime of Brest was caught by the police in circumstances which laid him open to a criminal prosecution for outrage to morals. Other passages contain a despicable attack on a well-known admiral, who can be recognised at once, and one of the ladies of his family. This sort of thing has become common form in France. Writers who wish to appear vigorous do it on the rule which one of the best of their own authors, Paul Louis Courier, attributes to the Italians. When, he says, an Italian hates another he accuses him of murdering his father and mother. Of course, there is no truth in the charge. In fact the old people are notoriously still alive, and live in great harmony with their son. But parricide and matricide are gross crimes, and the Italian accuses his enemy of committing them in the hope that the charge will do him harm. Besides, what Matthew Arnold called the worship of the goddess of Lubricity has risen to such a pitch in France that infinitely better writers than Olivier Seylor are besotted by it. They seem to think that they would be false to life if they did not accumulate images of lust. Apart even from this nauseous subject, the author of "Les Maritimes" manifestly dabs on his paint with no regard to probability. One quite declines to accept his word for it that the vice of opium smoking has spread to the extent he describes in the French Navy. Even if it had, one refuses to believe his picture of the consequences. Europeans who have tried opium smoking have declared that it produced no effect on them at all.

* * * *

Incidentally, however, the book gives a number of little details of French Naval life not unamusing, and at any rate worth knowing, because they fill up the outlines. Thus we learn, for example, that the nickname for a Navy pensioner in France is *Monfaitort*. The word comes from the phrase *Ils m'ont fait tort*—"They did me a bad turn," or "They did not treat me fairly." It seems that this formula is constantly recurring in the pensioner's conversation when he is recounting his experiences and explaining how he comes to be on the shelf—from which we may conclude that pensioners do not wholly differ in the two countries, but that the French have invented a more significant name than we have yet contrived to find. Again, we see from "Les Maritimes" that a *lieutenant de vaisseau* is always referred to as captain, even when he is only watch officer under an officer of substantive rank. The reason, no doubt, is that this is his comparative rank. And it must be remembered, too, that in France officers of one Service have authority in the other. A post captain in the Navy, for instance, who is equal to a colonel in the Army, can give an Army captain so many days' arrest for failing to salute him with proper respect. Nothing is more curious in this book than the way in which a superior in rank threatens and punishes an inferior of his own mere motion. It really looks as if the Gilbertian situation might arise in which all the officers would be under arrest by the order of their hierarchical superior, except, of course, the captain, who is safe so long as he is not with the flag. In "Les Maritimes" we have an example of how this large power of ordering arrest can be used. The gunnery lieutenant, who, oddly enough, appears to have been an old warrant officer and ex-merchant skipper, is ordered to overhaul the guns by the captain of the ship, the "Tolbiac." He finds a junior engineer engaged in making a sketch of part of the hydraulic machinery which needs repair, and tells him brutally to get out. The engineer—*officier mécanicien* is the French term—refuses to go, on the ground that he is obeying the orders of his superior, the Chief Engineer Echanson. Hereupon the gunnery lieutenant puts Echanson under arrest. As he is also caterer of the ward-room mess, and the stores give out at this very moment, the result is a really comic situation, in which everybody behaves most absurdly.

* * * *

The engineers of His Majesty's Navy may, perhaps, find consolation for their own wrongs by learning from "Les Maritimes" that their colleagues of the French Navy are treated with almost insane insolence by the Naval officers. They will, however, be wise to discount the satirist's version of the relations of the two classes. So, too, it would not be judicious to believe in the general truth of the account he gives of a certain incident which occurred at Port Said while the vessel is coaling. One officer takes the harbour watch in lieu of another who wishes to go ashore. His intention is to have a night in. But the "Tolbiac" is suddenly ordered to sea. Hereupon he refuses to turn out, on the ground that he undertook to keep watch in port and not at sea. The officer with whom he has exchanged insists on going to his bunk, on the ground that it is not his watch, and that he has only undertaken to do duty for the other in harbour on a future occasion. The result is that neither of them is on deck when the "Tolbiac" enters the canal. This reads like one of the burlesque stories handed down by tradition in every Service. The English equivalent is the tale of the lieutenant who excused himself for turning in in the middle watch by saying that "It could not be done for the money." Of course, it was invented by three ward-room jokers in the reign of Queen Anne, or perhaps of King John, and inherited as a ripe jest by generations of Naval officers.

* * * *

The great scene of the book is the wreck of the "Tolbiac" at Saigon, and the ensuing court-martial. As it covers a large part of the story, it cannot even be summarised here. The substance of it is that the ship breaks from her anchors, partly through the conceit and obstinacy of an officer who refuses to

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pay out enough cable, in spite of a warning from one of the quartermasters, and partly through a pedantic adherence to the rule that the fires must be drawn whenever a ship does anchor. There is a long, minute, and frequently most comic account of the way in which everybody strikes attitudes, and of the manœuvres used to hide the truth as to what has really happened, and to secure a favourable court-martial. The play-acting of the personages has a certain plausibility, for the French, though both brave and clever, have a weakness for theatrical display. As for the cooking of the court-martial, it would be excellent fun if it were not embittered by the sour spirit of the writer. One of the *enseignes de vaisseau* of the name of Bouc, who is the best drawn figure in "Les Maritimes," a snarler who carps at his superiors behind their backs, and toadies them to their faces, withal a really clever fellow and smart officer, finds a bale of gutta-percha on the beach. It comes from the wreck of a clipper which has been lost at the same place. With great difficulty, caused by the intense stupidity of the captain, Bouc succeeds in making him see that the gutta-percha may be used to serve as an excuse for the loss of the "Tolbiac." The game is played with great spirit. Inconvenient witnesses are left behind at Saigon, the gutta-percha is quoted at every turn, and the court-martial, resolved to convince the public that all is for the best in the French Navy, talks solemnly about the mysterious cause of the disaster, and acquits the captain with compliments on his heroic behaviour—so worthy of our glorious traditions. As a matter of fact, he has had himself tied to the rail of the bridge, without the least necessity, and has been in a hopeless state of tears and prostration. He cannot even be made to understand that it is impossible to get up steam when the stokehold is full of water. Bouc gets the Legion of Honour and makes his fortune. The only person punished is a poor and friendless old lieutenant of eighteen years' standing, who is almost imbecile, and who is crushed without rhyme or reason.

CAVALRY AS RIFLEMEN.

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

THE ADOPTED METHOD OF CARRYING THE RIFLE.

One of the lessons we have learned from the war in South Africa is the necessity of arming the cavalry soldier with a better weapon than the carbine. For the future he will have a rifle, and our picture shows how it will be carried. The butt will be in a leather bucket, but the muzzle will be attached to the left arm of the rider by a small loop passed over the muzzle and carried on by a sling.

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THE MAXIM, FORT BARLEE.

FORT BARLEE, BRITISH HONDURAS.

THE GARRISON, FORT CAIRNS.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

A VERY notable sign of the times is the reappearance of the discussion as to whether the greater Colonies should possess independent Navies, or should be merely content with handing over to the Mother Country a stipulated annual sum to be spent in general purposes of Imperial Defence, with, of course, some particular regard to the express need of the Colony furnishing the subvention in question. What is still more important is the fact that, of late, circumstances have combined if not to demolish former convictions on this subject, at any rate to render some reconsideration of the position most desirable. It is scarcely necessary to dwell at any length on what have been hitherto the officially accepted views on the subject. Most readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED must be aware that for a long time the Admiralty combated vigorously the idea that the Colonies should try to run before they could walk in the matter of Naval preparations, and held that it would be, from every standpoint, much safer and more satisfactory that Australia, in particular, should rely upon the Mother Country to make her as safe as Naval supremacy could make her in any conceivable circumstances of international strife. That theory was very rightly accepted some years back, and was put into practice, but it is clear that its acceptance will not much longer find universal favour, at any rate throughout Federal Australia, and there are indications that in the very near future a really influential movement in an exactly contrary direction may be anticipated.

At such a juncture, and in such a connection, it seems eminently needful, especially in such a journal as this, to preserve an open mind in regard to a subject in which it is certain that strong feelings are involved. What we have to look at is the unquestioned fact that the ultimate decision in these matters does not really rest with us, but with the Colonists concerned, and that, outside all questions of Imperial expediency, of the security of any Colony in any particular contingency, and of convenience to ourselves as the Mother Country, there are matters of *amour propre*, and not altogether unreasonable independence, which simply must be taken into anxious consideration if any permanently satisfactory arrangement is to be arrived at. In some respects there is an instructive analogy in the case of a young fellow who has just begun to make his way in the world, but whom, partly for their own convenience, his parents wish to continue keeping under their own roof. It may be as clear as the noonday sun that the youngster would reap substantial advantages by paying his parents a weekly sum which will ensure his never being bothered by such enemies as the rate collector or the gas man. But, for all that, he may prefer to have a separate establishment, and if he does so prefer, and is a youngster of vigorous individuality, the chances are that he will sooner or later put his preference into practical effect, more especially if his friends begin hinting that some day he may, if he continues to live at home, have to deal with the rate collector and the gas man himself, in spite of the money he has been paying so regularly in order to avoid that unpleasant contingency.

That is the root of the whole matter. If the great Colonies think they know enough, and can afford, to have Navies of their own, they will have them, if they want to, in spite of anything that the most Imperialistic statesman of the Mother Country can say. This being the case, it is, at least, a sensible proposition to look at the matter from the standpoint of what may quite possibly be an accomplished fact before we have finished arguing that the subject is unworthy of serious consideration. For we must not forget that history is being made rather quickly just now, and that less than three years ago there were several questions connected with Imperial Defence on which neither the Mother Country nor the Colonies had such definite views as they entertain to-day.

Without seeking to disguise the existence of grave disadvantages, it must be admitted that, if such great Colonies as Australia and Canada elected to "run" their own Navies, it would not be so very difficult after all to adapt such a system to Imperial as well as to particular Colonial exigencies. A great deal has been said, and very rightly said, as to the desirableness in Naval warfare of homogeneity in training, armament, and so forth, and it goes without saying that an admiral on the eve of a great engagement would be glad to think that he knew precisely what could be got out of every ship and crew in his squadron, whatever might happen. But Naval alliances between countries with Navies trained, equipped, and manned on very different lines have proved extremely effective in the past, and there is no reason why they should not do so again. In any case it is absurd to suggest that a British admiral could not make uncommonly good use of an Australian battle-ship or cruiser which had been lent for Imperial purposes, even if the officers were not quite up to home professional form, and the men lacked something of the very best qualities of the British Bluejacket.

If, then, we begin to hear around us the buzz of argument as to whether Canada and Australia should not have Navies of their own, buying their ships, and exercising their own patronage—a matter in which Colonial susceptibilities are, naturally, somewhat keenly interested—in regard to them, let us not close our ears to it, or seek to hush it with the old counter arguments which, however forcible, have no longer the influence they used to have on Colonial minds. Let us first put ourselves in the place of those who, having to pay the piper, want to call the tune, and then try to realise that even purely Colonial tunes can be made exceedingly pleasant to Imperial ears. It is very convenient and satisfactory, of course, to the British Admiralty to be paid for providing for the Naval security of the Colonies, and most Imperialists are agreed that the responsibility could not be in better hands. But, failing the continuance of this system, there is something inspiring in the idea of considerable Colonial Navies able, when their own bases are not threatened, to detach, say, two or three battle-ships, and half-a-dozen fine cruisers, British built and manned by Greater Britons, in order to give the Continent the same lesson on the seas as the despatch of the Colonial contingents to South Africa has afforded on land.

Last week we had something to say about the "King's Colonials," and this must now be supplemented very happily by a reference to the excellent step which has been taken in South Africa in the direction of making the Imperial Light Horse a "truly Imperial Brigade." The arrangements which are being made to add to the existing body squadrons from

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England, Canada, and Australia, appear to be of the most practical description, and to reflect the very highest credit upon Major Karri Davies, who is chiefly responsible for the scheme, and has been warmly backed up in it by Lord Kitchener. There is immense gratification to be derived from the probability that in a very short time the idea will have borne fruit, and that a corps which owed its origin entirely to the war will have a long and honourable career as one of the finest object-lessons of Imperialistic sentiment it is possible to conceive.

Looking back to the commencement of the war, it is strange to reflect how suddenly the Imperial Light Horse seemed to spring into existence at the earliest sign of imminent trouble. It will be remembered that its first commandant was gallant Colonel Scott Chisholme, who had just given over charge of the 5th Lancers, and who was killed at Elandslaagte, the battle in which the corps had its "baptism of fire." Among the "founders" of the corps were Majors Karri Davies and Wools-Sampson, the former still most honourably connected with it, while the latter has won great independent distinction as an Intelligence officer, and also by the skill with which he commanded the column at Brakenlaagte after the death of Colonel Benson. Throughout the war the Imperial Light Horse has maintained a reputation which a corps with a century of traditions behind it might envy, and it is well indeed that such an organisation should be broadened until it is more and more worthy of its inspiring title.

The writer has left himself all too little space for the discussion of a question to which allusion is very carefully made in the current *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the heading "British Settlements in the New Colonies." He must, therefore, be content with a passing reference, and a promise to deal more fully with the subject in future instalments of these notes. The advisability of planting military colonies in South Africa is a matter into which, on the one hand, it is most risky to "rush," while, on the other, it is one in which it is very necessary to take early steps if a really useful selection of the soldiers now in the country is to be made. The writer in *Blackwood* reproduces succinctly, and with a very sane idea of their relative value, the available official arguments *pro* and *con*, and considers that success would be possible, though by no means assured, if the military settlements were formed on certain fixed principles. They should not, he thinks, consist of less than fifty men, married or about to be married to English, Irish, or Scottish women. The men should, of course, be carefully picked, and controlled and guided by an officer, and for the first few years should work farms on a co-operative basis. The Government would have to find the capital for working the farms, and would have to provide rations also for the first year.

These are expensive and otherwise difficult preliminaries, and it is much to be doubted whether in the majority of cases any commensurate result would be obtained. Sapper colonies may have been successful, but very few of our soldiers are up to Sapper standards of what actors call "general utility." The day may come, perhaps is dawning, when military training shall be of such a character as to increase a man's aptitude for becoming a member of such military settlements as have been suggested, and when that is arrived at, a very great problem indeed will have been brilliantly solved. But, for the present, we must be very careful before we spend huge sums in trying to make out that the soldier is fitted for a life in which many experts consider him foredoomed to fail.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BERMUDA.

IT is a very fitting thing that an officer of high rank and attainments should have the Bermuda command, and in selecting Sir Henry Le Guay Geary as successor to Sir G. D. Barker the Secretary of State for War has both exercised a wise discretion and made what cannot fail to be a most popular selection. We have, from time to time, had a good deal to say about Bermuda—to be strictly accurate we ought to write it "Bermudas," but the Army List has it "Bermuda," and, anyhow, the matter is not momentous — in the pages of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and we need not repeat ourselves in regard to details of instructive information. It is sufficient for the present purpose to lay stress on the fact that the Governorship of the islands, which includes the command of the military forces, is really a very important appointment, and one which it is most desirable that an Artillery officer should hold. For the main island possesses a strongly-fortified dockyard where the British North American Squadron refits, and the garrison includes three companies of Garrison Artillery and a local Artillery corps, as well as three companies of the Royal Engineers, a battalion of British infantry, and a battalion of the West India Regiment.

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THE GOVERNOR AND HIS FAMILY.

Lieutenant Geary, R.A, A.D.C., Lady Geary, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Geary, K.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Geary is, it is needless to say, a very distinguished Gunner indeed. He is a veteran of both the Russian War and Indian Mutiny, and served also with great distinction in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867, including the action of Arogee and the capture of Magdala. He has also held very high military appointments in time of peace, and, when selected for the Bermudas, was president of the Ordnance Committee, a post never held except by an Artillery officer of very special qualifications. From 1895 to 1899 General Geary commanded the Belfast District, and previously was, for a good many years, employed at Army Headquarters. He is a very popular and sagacious officer, and should make a most admirable Governor. The Bermuda command, it may be mentioned, entails many social obligations.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers.

CHAPTER V.

TAMMERS' VIEWS.

UPON this I bade a hurried good-evening to Pluvitt, and went out into the open air with the intention of following Tammers and hearing what he had to say on the matter. Tammers' views, though he seemed apt to insist on them at inconvenient moments, were fresh on most points, and I rather looked forward to watching how he would carry himself in face of the rather singular circumstances in which he was evidently placed.

As I walked along, following the route Tammers and I had traversed earlier in the day, I remember being exceptionally glad that Heaven had not placed me in Tammers' shoes. It did not occur to me then, nor indeed until it was too late, that the people about us were unanimous in identifying me as Tammers' friend.

The shorter pier was almost deserted, and I could see nothing at first of the man I was in search of. I began to speculate on the chances of his having sought police protection from the Constable of St. Helier's, who, I had been informed, was a capable and energetic gentleman, able to make the law respected.

I came to an end of my thoughts and of the pier at the same time. There I found Tammers. He was standing at the extreme point, staring out to sea. I drew back under the shelter of the wall.

The moon was almost full, and a stiff breeze was blowing, bringing in with it the lonely murmur of the waters. The influences of the night grew upon me; they seemed charged with some indefinable sense of oppression and melancholy.

After a while Tammers came round and saw me. Without a word he joined me under the wall, leaning his shoulder against the stonework, and continued to smoke in silence. He was evidently giving the matter his fullest consideration.

"I suppose that foreigner will challenge me?" he said at length.

I answered that it seemed highly probable.

"You've been hearing something more about him?" he continued.

I said I had, and went on to give a description of Pluvitt's alarms, as well as the story of the Austrian.

"The Count seems to be peculiarly gifted in this kind of way," he remarked.

I replied that I should call him a nasty customer.

Tammers thought over this.

"So'm I," he said quietly.

I do not know what I had expected Tammers to do or to say, but at this I felt damped. Tammers' statement as to the formidable side of his character failed to carry conviction to me at the moment. In my disappointment I made no answer.

"The captain tell you anything?" Tammers asked again.

"He said Julowski would be sure to challenge you, not only because a duellist, who has killed his man, grows thirsty for blood, but also because he has the reputation of being a dangerous devil and he must live up to it. He could not allow your reflections on his conduct to pass without resenting them."

"What else did that captain say?" enquired Tammers, as I hesitated.

"He thought that if a person took up so definite a stand as you did on the question, he should be prepared to back it up—to justify it, so to speak."

Tammers listened attentively to all I had to say, then remarked with his queer half-smile:

"He's a lemon, that man! I suppose I'm in for it then?"

Thereupon I intimated not very felicitously that I feared Tammers had got himself fixed between the devil and the deep sea.

He took no apparent notice of this speech, and another long silence ensued while he contemplated the rigging of a collier as it shivered in the wind. Then he transferred his attention to the Weymouth steamer, which was shadowed out with long wriggling masts on the ripples beyond.

"Damned awkward!" he observed at last.

As he said this a waiter from the hotel came along the pier looking for him. He handed a note to Tammers, who turned to me.

"Thought so," he said, and preceding me up the flight of stone steps behind us he stood under the light above to read it.

It was written on hotel paper in a thin slanted hand, and proved to be from the Count. Tammers glanced through it twice before handing it to me. It simply informed him that a gentleman would wait upon him—Tammers—later in the evening, unless an apology were immediately forthcoming.

"Go back to Count Julowski and say that I'm here and that I intend to stop here for the next half-hour," he said to the waiter.

As soon as we were alone he looked up at me and added with an odd mildness:

"Wants me to eat my words, does he?"

I signified that under the circumstances it might be the most expedient course.

"Then he'll have to go on wanting! I won't eat my words—not for any man!"

For a time the subject dropped, and we watched the lights of St. Aubin wink across the bay from behind the black outline of Elizabeth Castle, while I regretted I had never studied thought-reading. I should have liked to know Tammers' condition of mind at the moment.

After a little, however, the conversation veered round to the old quarter.

"They've different notions to ours in France?" Tammers said. "About honour, now?"

I replied that it was a mere question of tastes. In England we object to being kicked, but we abhor being killed. In France they reverse this; they dislike being killed, but they abhor being kicked.

Tammers knocked the ash from his cigar and stared at the burning end.

"This affair of Julowski and young Gore, you know," he said slowly and firmly, "didn't seem to me to be either a question of honour or a question of taste."

"No?"

"No. It was just the meanest kind of murder!"

It was plain that Tammers' mind was like a landscape in the moon, all sharply-defined lights and shadows, and wholly lacking in the softening atmosphere of conventional ideas.

"That may be so," I returned, and once more I quoted from the captain, "but if you want to say so, you should pick your company; it does not do to express decided opinions on these subjects in a mixed gathering."

"What's the good of a man's views if he's afraid to let people know them? Of course I had not a notion it was the Count when I spoke; but still, you know, it was as well to give him my views, wasn't it?" asked Tammers rather wistfully. "He was the right man, in fact."

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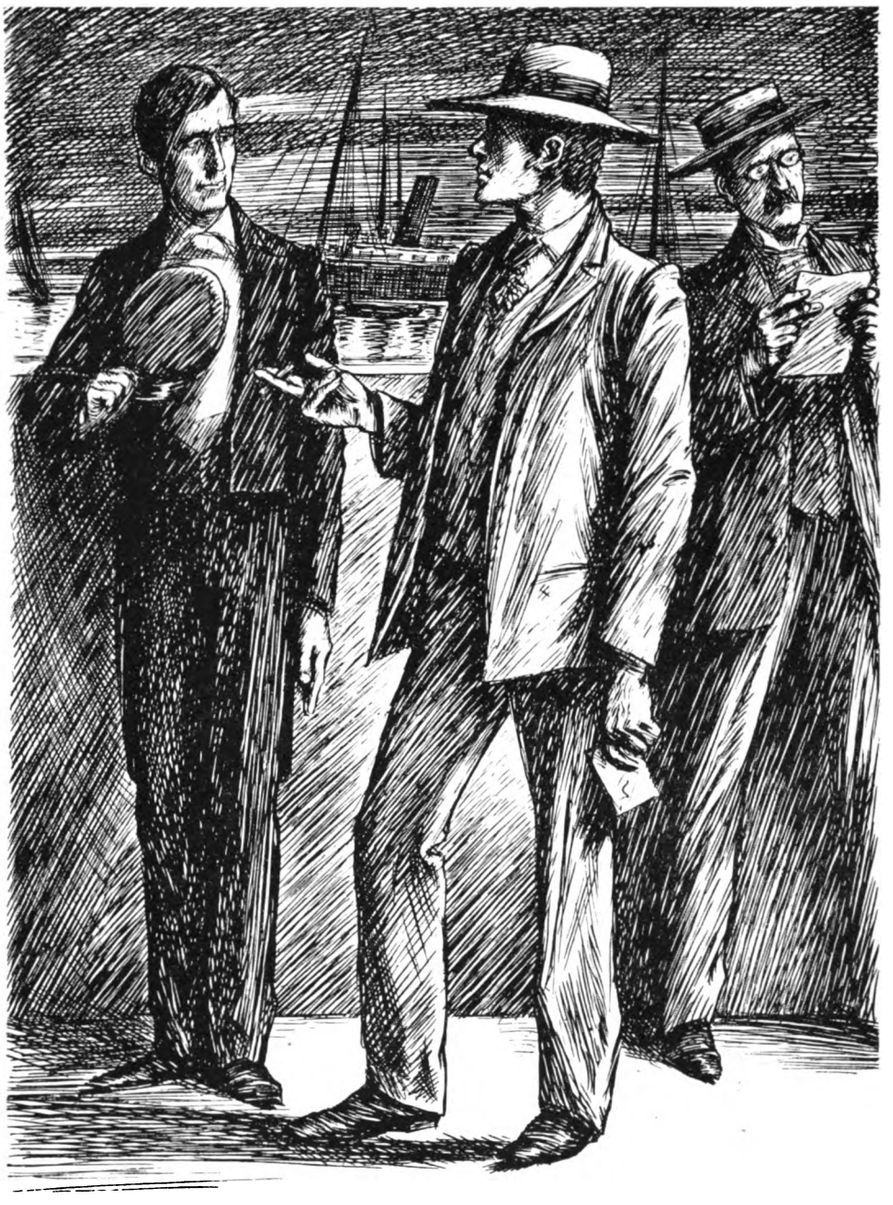
All this time Tammers had not asked my advice as to what he should do under the circumstances, for which reason perhaps I now offered it to him.

"You have given the Count your views," I said, "but if I were you I should avoid giving him the opportunity of perforating your liver."

"No," agreed Tammers thoughtfully, and after a second or two he repeated more strongly, "no."

The mournful water-voices of the night filled in the silence of Tammers' ponderings.

I speculated on his probable course of action. It was not easy to foretell what he might or might not do. Tammers, in a mental and moral sense, seemed to deviate in a puzzling way from the general run of people. He might even fight, in which case he would most certainly be slain. I felt sorry for him beforehand, for somehow I had already grown to like Tammers. Why, I hardly knew. Perhaps because of his lack of mental atmosphere. I tried to think of any acquaintance who had fought a duel. I could recall none, except an ancient Irish great-uncle; and as I had never even seen him, he was rather beside the point. Furthermore, he had, unfortunately, been shot through the head. Thus even the vague comfort of precedent — on which we are all inclined to depend in so utterly irrational a manner — was cut off from me.



"GO BACK TO COUNT JULOWSKI AND SAY THAT I'M HERE."

Ultimately I tried to start the conversation afresh on subjects of common interest, but it was of no use. The duel fascinated us; it simply overshadowed everything else, and Tammers, after answering me at random, threw his cigar into the water, and enquired what I should do in his place.

"You wouldn't fight?" he began.

"Never!" I replied explicitly. "I should give Julowski in charge, and have him sworn over to keep the peace in heavy sureties. They are English enough here to stand by you."

"I expect they would do that. But there are a good many other things to take into account. As the captain says, you've got to back up your views—the British mostly do back up their views. There was that young Gore."

"Yes," I said; "and nothing can give greater weight to my advice than the example of poor Gore. He threw away his life for a fine idea, I admit. I suppose he could not endure that the courage of his nation should be impugned in his person. Still, it seems a waste. Julowski's opinion of us does not matter one button!"

My argument got hold of me. In the heat of the moment I said a good many things that ring less well in my ears at the present time.

"I don't know that I go all the way with you there," said Tammers, doubtfully.

"I should of course be delighted," I resumed, "if you could give Julowski a lesson. I wish to goodness you were a record shot or a fencing master!"

"I'm none of these things," said he, "but I'd like to be all on deck in this affair, you know."

I told him I admired his scruples, but if I were he I'd leave them out as unnecessary and dangerous in this case, for to fight a man like the Count one must use his own weapons——

Tammers held up his hand.

"You're wrong there," he said, with decision.

"Look at it sensibly," I urged. "If you go out with a blackguard like Julowski you will be more than half responsible for your own death."

"I know it looks rather like 'Gillie, gillie, come and be killed,'" he assented.

"There's no doubt of that; so don't be an ass!" I wound up.

I wondered if Tammers had made up his mind to follow my advice, but he stood obstinately brooding. I then fell to considering the consequences should he really refuse the duel. It required a well-adjusted balance of mind to accept with equanimity imputations of cowardice such as the Count would most certainly pour upon us individually and as a nation. Now that the stimulus of opposition was over I began to realise that it mattered a good deal what the Count thought of us, and I almost wished my words unsaid. Who knew what luck Tammers might have had?

By-and-by Tammers asked me:

"You say he's fought forty-nine duels?"

"They tell me so. And judging from the panic caused at the *table d'hôte* by your quarrel with him, I conclude he has had a good many affairs of the kind."

"This one will round off the half century properly for him," observed Tammers, with a dry chuckle, and relapsed into meditation.

The warm night brooded softly over land and sea. The lights glimmered in broken tiers upon the dark background of the island. Voices from the opposite pier floated idly across to us, then we heard the rattling of a boat, the squeaking of oars in the rowlocks, and a boat marked by a following line of phosphorescent light shot across the harbour mouth and approached the jetty below the spot where we were standing.

After an interval we saw the boat start on her return journey, and Tammers made some remark about the phenomena of phosphorescence in tropical waters, then broke off to say:

"I wonder when that Johnny's coming?"

The sound of nearing footsteps answered him, and a second later the short dark Frenchman with the harsh moustache advanced into the circle of light.

(To be continued.)

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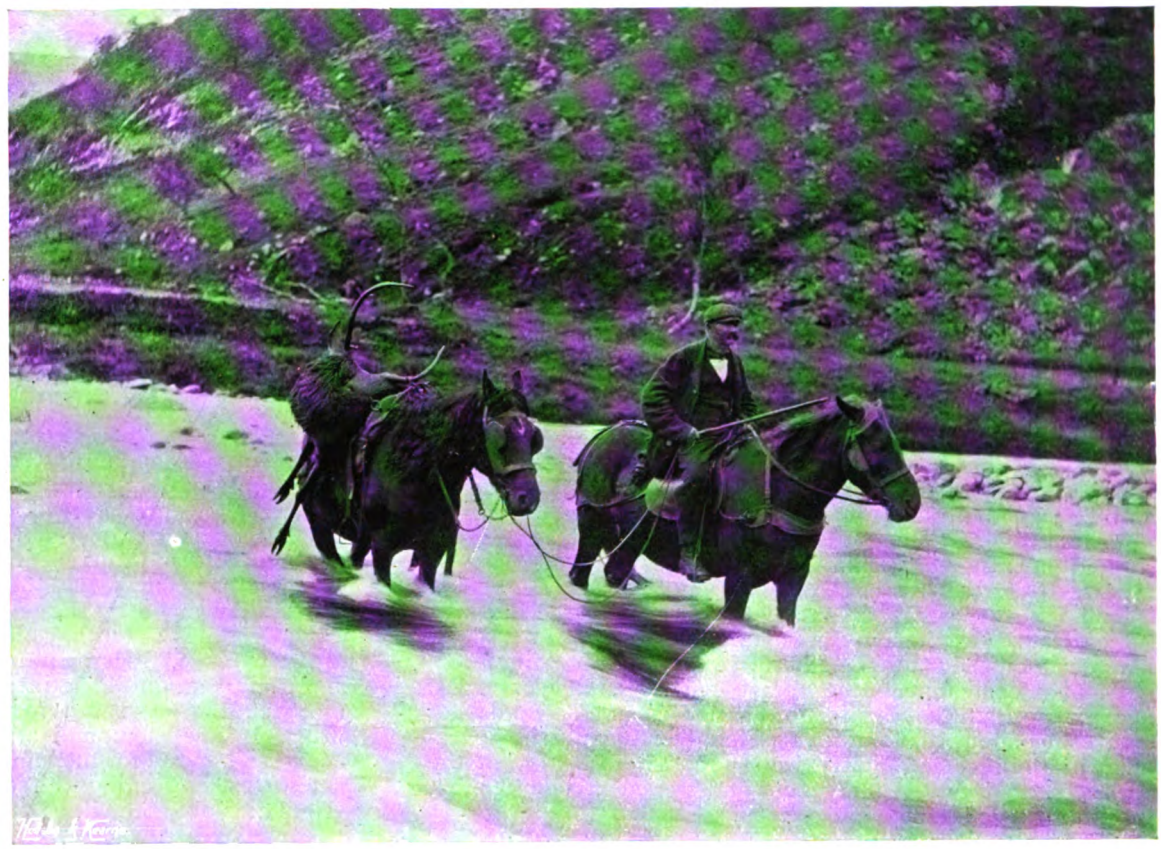
SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.—II.



CROSSING THE BURN.

SOME years later than the events already recorded I was staying at Braemore, the beautiful Highland home of the late Sir John Fowler, and as Sir John was unable to go out, I was sent to the best beat with MacHardy, the head stalker. A stout hill pony carried me to the spying place, where I found MacHardy reconnoitring a herd of deer, among which were some fine stags. They were lying in a very exposed place, where it was impossible to get a shot either from above or below. We watched them till 5 p.m., when, as the light was waning, I asked the stalker what he proposed to do. "There's not a man in Scotland who could get a shot at those beasts where they are; if we move from here they will see us," he replied. "Why not move them," said I. He looked at me as much as to say, "You're an old poacher," and replied, "we have tried that before, and they will all go west." "Well, anything is better than stopping here till dark without getting a shot," I said, "and Braemore will not be pleased if I don't get one." "We'll try it whatever!" said Mac, and sending for the gillie he gave him directions in Gaelic. Away went Sandy, who presently showed himself on the sky-line, and in a moment every deer was on its legs, some going west and some east. Instantly MacHardy took in the situation and bolted down the hill, plunged into a burn, and tore down stream amongst boulders at such a rate I could hardly keep up with him. His object was to reach a pass he knew the deer would make for. Suddenly he stopped, gave me the rifle, and said, "Take the black one, crossing the burn one hundred and twenty yards." I fired, the stag disappeared—missed, no doubt; but at that moment two other stags appeared above us. We now left the burn and followed on their track, but the deer caught sight of MacHardy's bonnet and bolted down the hill at full gallop. Handing me the rifle I fired right and left. "They're both hit," said Mac, and seizing the rifle he ran down the hill after them, whilst I watched the proceedings through my glass. The leading stag slipped on a rock, and I saw him turn a somersault into the burn. By this time MacHardy was on the spot and finished off both stags in the water, when I joined him. Having grallocked the deer he remarked, "I am not sure if you hit the first stag; he is either dead or you missed him altogether. I'll go and see." We went together and found him stone dead. I had thus killed three good stags after five o'clock, one of eleven points, one of ten, and one of six. Such is the luck of deer-stalking. I had another red letter day at Braemore some years afterwards whilst staying at Inver Broom.

The neighbouring forest of Inverlael was rented by an old messmate of mine, the late Lord Cavan, and he very kindly offered me a day in the forest. Before starting he told me that he had only one stalker, who went with him, and the only man he could give me was the gardener, who knew the ground, but was no stalker. Now the next best man to have with one on these occasions, if you can't have a real good one, is a fool, who knows nothing, so I was satisfied. We made an early start, and after a pretty stiff climb reached the ground, and spied some beasts, among them a good stag, which we proceeded to stalk. We reached a rock within about 120-yds., when the idiot showed himself and put the deer away, then turning round to me said, "They're awa'!" and so they were, galloping as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. I fired at the stag and hit him on the flank, but he went on with the others; they all crossed a burn and ascended the opposite hill, the hinds leading, and the stag, making heavy weather of it, in the rear. I told the man to keep his glass on the stag, when he suddenly disappeared. Feeling now sure of him, we followed on their tracks, noticing some drops of blood on the stones at the burn, but though we searched the ground for an hour or more we never saw that stag again. The ground was interspersed with huge boulders, and he must have dropped into a hole. In fact, years afterwards the head stalker told

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

RED DEER.

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me he found the beast dead just where we had lost him. Much disgusted, we re-crossed the burn and had our lunch. Meanwhile, the clouds had been gathering, and the snow began to fall, slowly at first and in great flakes, but gradually increasing, and it was evident we were in for a heavy storm. We smoked our pipes and sipped raw whisky to keep out the cold, but it was melancholy work on the bleak hill side, with no companion but a sulky Highland gillie.

During a break in the storm I noticed some deer in a valley below, and I suggested going after them, but was told I could not go there as it was "his lordship's beat," so we smoked in silence till 4 p.m., when the storm was raging furiously and the snow reached up to our thighs; it was also getting dark, so I said to my companion, "What's to be done?" "Go hame," said he. "Not if I know it," said I. "I am going to have a look at those stags." "You canna go there, it's his lordship's ground." "Where is his lordship?" "Gone hame, where you have got to go." "Well," said I, "you can stay here, I'm off," and shouldering my rifle I started down the hill through the blinding snow.

I hadn't gone far when I beheld a sight to gladden the eyes of a sportsman. A whole herd of deer, some forty or fifty, all stags, slowly winding up the mountain side, one noble fellow bringing up the rear. I was covered with snow from head to foot, and they didn't seem to notice me, so, dropping behind a stone, I opened fire on the big stag and heard the well known thud of the bullet. He turned away, and I devoted my attention to the rest, and put in five or six shots before they got out of range. By this time the stalker, hearing the firing, joined me, so directing him to follow, I started after the herd, and presently spied a splendid horn protruding out of the snow, and the big stag lying dead. Leaving my companion to grallock the deer, I followed on the trail of the herd. No blood was to be seen, but I soon came on another beast dead, and about 100-yds. further on a third. I still followed on, and saw another staggering about, evidently very sick, but I could not overtake him, and being pretty well pumped, lost him in the darkness, so I retraced my steps and joined my companion, reaching the lodge by eight o'clock.

I had not done so badly, three stags dead and two mortally wounded, which ought to have been got if I had had a decent stalker with me.

Cavan was very good about it; he gave me two of the heads, an eleven and a nine-pointer, and a couple of haunches, and when the deer were brought in next day he remarked, "By the bye you were a *little* over my march, old chap!" And so ended the best day's stalking I ever had in Scotland.

My last adventure with red deer was rather extraordinary. I had been stalking at Braemore for a week, with fair success, having accounted for seven stags out of nine chances, and of course missed the easiest. On the last day I had killed a stag in the forenoon, and had been following another all the afternoon and killed it just as it was getting dark. The pony was brought up, and being averse to carrying deer, a coat was thrown over his head and the carcase packed on. When all was ready the coat was removed, and away went the pony at full gallop, followed by the stalker and gillie, leaving me to find my way home as best I could. Next morning I heard that the pony had fallen and the stag's horn pierced his side and killed it.

Many more yarns could I tell of this most fascinating sport, but they all partake of the same nature, and would be monotonous. Of blank days, when one has lain shivering under the lee of a rock for hours, and failed to get a shot, of bad misses, and fluky shots, but such is the glorious uncertainty of deer-stalking—like salmon-fishing. Reduce it to a certainty and there would be no sport in either.

But my days of deer-stalking are drawing to a close; with advancing years I find the hills get steeper, and though the eye and hand may still be true, the wind fails, and the pumping of the heart warns one that no longer can one face the brae, pipe in mouth, as in days gone by. But the memory of those days will last, and as I glance at the trophies which adorn my den, and look into those solemn faces with their reproachful eyes, I can recall the scene, aye, the very spot, where I slew them, and all the details of the stalk which ended so happily for me, and hope that some at least of my shipmates may enjoy the delights of deer-stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"DEVIL'S OWN."—The old Corps of Sharpshooters which did such good service in South Africa is being transformed into one of the new permanent regiments of Imperial Yeomanry. The Earl of Dunraven has been appointed to the command, and many of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men have given in their names. The temporary headquarters of the regiment are at 13A, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross. The title of the regiment is the 3rd County of London (Sharpshooters) Imperial Yeomanry. The particulars of service are as follows: Recruits, twelve drills (mounted or dismounted); Yeomen, six squad drills (mounted or dismounted), five mounted squadron drills, musketry course under the musketry regulations, and fourteen days training in camp, exclusive of the days of marching to and from the place of encampment. Yeomen who have since October 1, 1900, done duty with the Regulars will be classed as efficient, and will be allowed pay during training without being required to do the drills mentioned above. Pay will be given at the following rates during the fourteen days' annual training: Sergeants, 8s. 2d. and upwards a day; Corporals, 7s. 6d.; trumpeters, 5s. 8d.; privates, 5s. 6d.; also for one to two and a-half days' marching pay according to distance. A half day's pay is allowed for each of two days when attending squadron drills; and 3s. is given for each of three days' musketry practice. A horse allowance of £5 is made for all ranks attending the annual training, and 1s. 6d. a day forage allowance during training. The entrance subscription to the corps is 10s. for old sharpshooters, and 15s. for recruits.

* * * *

"JOHN A."—As applied to a ship or regiment, the term "crack" may be taken as indicating one that is entitled by its smartness or brilliant reputation to boast or brag of its achievements even though modesty forbids it to exercise the right. The derivation is from the old English "crake," to boast, and may be compared with "brag," one of the early meanings of which was spirited, proud, or, earlier still, "to make a loud noise."

"A gray hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit it right crously."
—Auld Maitland. "Child's Ballads."

In its present meaning of pre-eminent, first-class, it is found as early as 1793, in Young's "Annals of Agriculture" with reference to sheep, ". . . called here a crack flock, which is a provincial term for excellence." Theodore Hook in "Jack Brag," uses the word in the same sense: "My sleeping-room . . . was the crack apartment of the hotel." The "bess," in the familiar term of Brown Bess for the old regulation musket, is equivalent to the "buss" or "bus" in blunderbuss, arquebus, etc., and is derived from the German "büchse," French "buse"—a tube or barrel, though it has been suggested that the "buse," from which the term takes its origin, is that signifying a falcon or buzzard, many of the old weapons of offence and sport having taken their names from birds. The first derivation is, however, the more probable, and would give "brown barrels" as the meaning of the term. In the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," we find: "You should lay Brown Bess over the garden dike, and send the hail into their brains for them." Compare also the "bix" of the Americo-German lingo of the Breitmann Ballads, "Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix." It should be borne in mind that brown in connection with weapons of war frequently meant bright or shining, *e.g.*, "My bonny brown sword."—"Cospatrick," one of the Child ballads.

"W. C. C."—The following list of 101-gun two-deckers is taken from a list published in 1859: "Conqueror," built in 1855; "Donegal," built in 1859; "St. Jean d'Acre," built in 1853; "Gibraltar" and "Duncan" then on the stocks. With regard to your second query, the training ship "Warspite" has not been broken up, but has been moved from her old position in the river off Woolwich to new moorings off Greenhithe. She was an old three-decker, originally named "Waterloo," and subsequently renamed "Conqueror," but she must not be confused with the two-decker "Conqueror." Coming to your third question, I suppose the white ensign was adopted because it is the St. George's Cross. Your fourth query is best answered by the following genealogical table, in which I have only noticed the particular people you ask for and have not mentioned their brothers and sisters:

Henrietta, d. John Earl of Buckinghamshire. — William, 6th Marquess of Lothian. — (2) Harriet, d. 3rd Duke of Buccleuch.

John, 7th Marquess. — Lord Walter Kerr, *b.* 1839.

Lord Frederic Herbert Kerr, *b.* 1818.

* * * *

"ALDERSHOT."—The term of "Boot and Saddle" is said by Wedgwood to be derived from a corruption of the French "boute-selle," *i.e.*, put on saddle, one-half of the expression, "boute" being adopted bodily with merely a corruption of spelling into the English language, and the other translated in the orthodox manner. Cotgrave defines "boot-selle" as being the word to horsemen to prepare themselves to horse, "bouter selle" signifying to clap a saddle on a horse's back. Whyte Melville, in not the least stirring of his "Songs and Verses," writes:

"Stand to your horses! It's time to begin,
Boots and saddles! the pickets are in."

The original form of the word colonel was coronel, *i.e.*, the chief or coronal captain of a regiment. Spenser, in his "State of Ireland," says: "Theyr Coronell named Don Sebastiano came forth to intreate that they might parte with their armes like souldiours." Coronel or corommel was supplanted by colonnel or colonel late in the sixteenth century, the first use of colonel appearing about 1580. This form is probably derived from the Italian "colonello," the chief or leader of a column. As to the pronunciation, the word was trisyllabic up to the seventeenth century, usually accented on the third syllable in verse, *e.g.*, "Captain, or colonel, or knight-in-arms," in Milton's Sonnets, and, again, in 1691, in the "Old Intreague," we find:

"For equal falsehood, equal fate befell
This dub'd a knight and that a colonell."

In 1669 it began to be used in a dissyllabic form, but this did not become general until after 1816.

"If a tyrannic low-bred colonel,
Would be a martinet infernal."
—*Grand Master*, vii., 177.

Other forms of the word were crowner and crownall, but their use appears to be confined to Scotland. THE EDITOR.

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MAKING THE SAILOR.

Photo. Copyright. *G. Bosanquet.*

TEACHING LADS TO BOX THE COMPASS.

There are always a number of qualifications that go to the making of the sailor—seamanship, navigation, handiness, gunnery, and so on. To some extent some of these words do not bear exactly the same meaning as they did, say, half a century ago. "Seamanship" is a case in point. It is needed as much as ever, but it no longer includes smartness aloft. There are some things, however, which even steam has failed to render useless, and among these is a knowledge of the points of the compass, and of all that is collaterally included within that knowledge. This is one of the first things which a youngster is taught, and our picture shows a lot of lads being instructed in "boxing the compass"—that feat which is proverbially so difficult and is really so easy.

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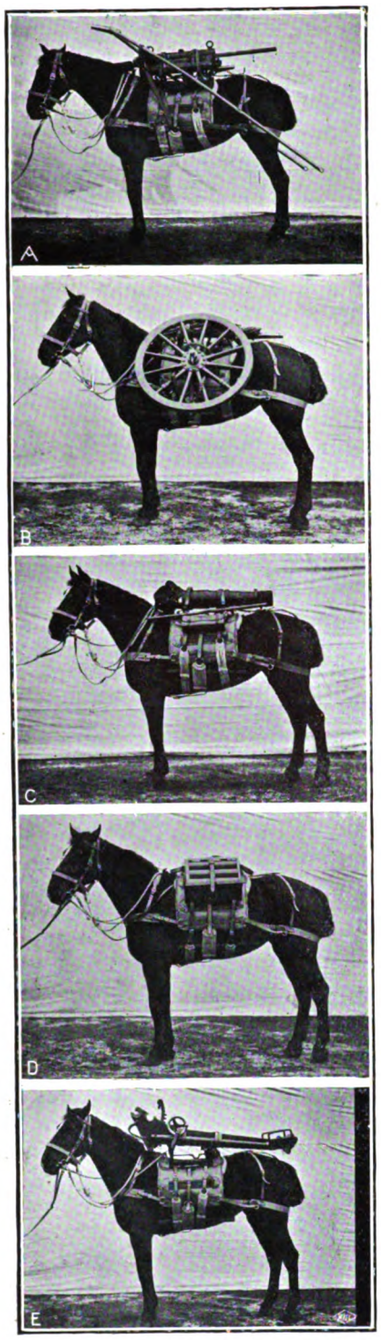
THE NEWEST GUNS INVENTED.

Are Foreign Countries Paying more Attention to Artillery than we are?



THE 2·95-IN. Q.F. GUN.
As carried by mules.

OF course no British gunner will ever admit that his guns are not the best in the world; and since the truth or otherwise of his belief could only be demonstrated by a war with one or other of the great European Powers, this particular phase of the complex artillery problem need not be discussed. The fact, however, cannot be denied that during the last decade every foreign Government has been spending huge sums on the manufacture of weapons claiming to be great improvements on those hitherto constructed; neither have these experiments been undertaken, as is commonly supposed, with the sole object of increasing the rapidity of fire. The latter has been, undoubtedly, the kernel of practically every scheme of new artillery, due either to national or private enterprise; but they have simultaneously included other important refinements, aiming at an increase of range, accuracy, simplicity of mechanism, and mobility of equipment. When we read of the elaborate trials and experiments that have been carried out, and the millions of money that have been spent, by Germany and France, since 1896, say, in rearming their Artillery, and then compare those efforts with the gunnery trials and expenditure of the British Government during the same period, it is impossible not to feel a trifle uneasy. Ever since the first shot was fired by the Artillery in the South African War the nations alluded to have not hesitated to proclaim their belief in the all-round superiority of their own guns—field, fortress, and siege; but it is very easy to be cocksure on parade ground or paper.

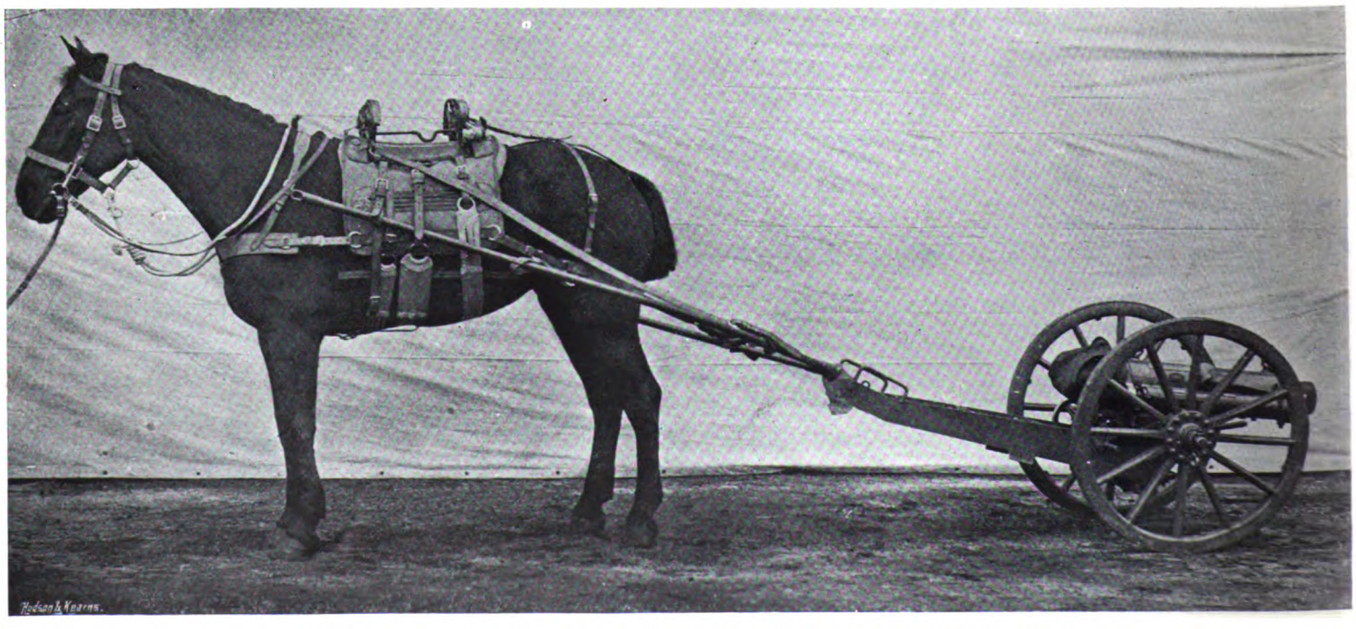
Possibly, when our foreign critics do happen to find themselves at war, they too will discover, as we have done, that the most ingenious mechanism not infrequently breaks down, and that an enemy, who in theory ought to have been blown to smithereens, has returned his casualties on the lines of the famous "Matanzas mule" incident. However, we may be quite sure about one thing, namely, that if the efficiency of their artillery does not fulfil expectations, whole columns of the newspapers will not be given over to the querulous jeremiads of irresponsible critics.

There is no reason why British field artillery should not be second to none. From the national point of view, France, perhaps, has hitherto possessed the best claim to that boast, owing to the fact that the Government has ever liberally encouraged and patronised the private manufacturing firms of ordnance equipment, thus wafting the healthy atmosphere of competition into official departments. Now British gun manufacturers have invariably proved their ability to turn out just as good work; but when they come to placing their wares, red tape loves to hum and haw over the question of purchase.

We are all of us familiar with the story of the "Pom-pom"; how it was rejected by the Government, and how it was left for the Boers to demonstrate its "jumpy" attributes. The famous firm of Vickers-Maxim, who were responsible for the creation of this wonderfully ingenious and demoralising weapon, have just brought forth a new mountain equipment for a 2·95-in. quick-firing gun. The latter is a queer-looking object, for it rests on a cylindrical cradle, which supports it from the breech to within a few inches of the muzzle.

On each side of this cylinder is a hydraulic buffer, the piston rods of which are connected to the lugs on the breech of the gun. The force of recoil is checked in the buffers by means of the liquid passing through grooves from one side of the piston to the other. Round the piston rods are two spiral springs which are compressed during the recoil, and bring the gun home in firing position. This mechanism enables the gun to fire at the rate of twelve aimed rounds per minute.

For long marches, and almost invariably in mountainous country, the different parts of the equipment are



THE 2·95-IN. A SMALL AND COMPACT WEAPON.
Horsed for travelling short distances over smooth roads.
Photos. lent by Messrs Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

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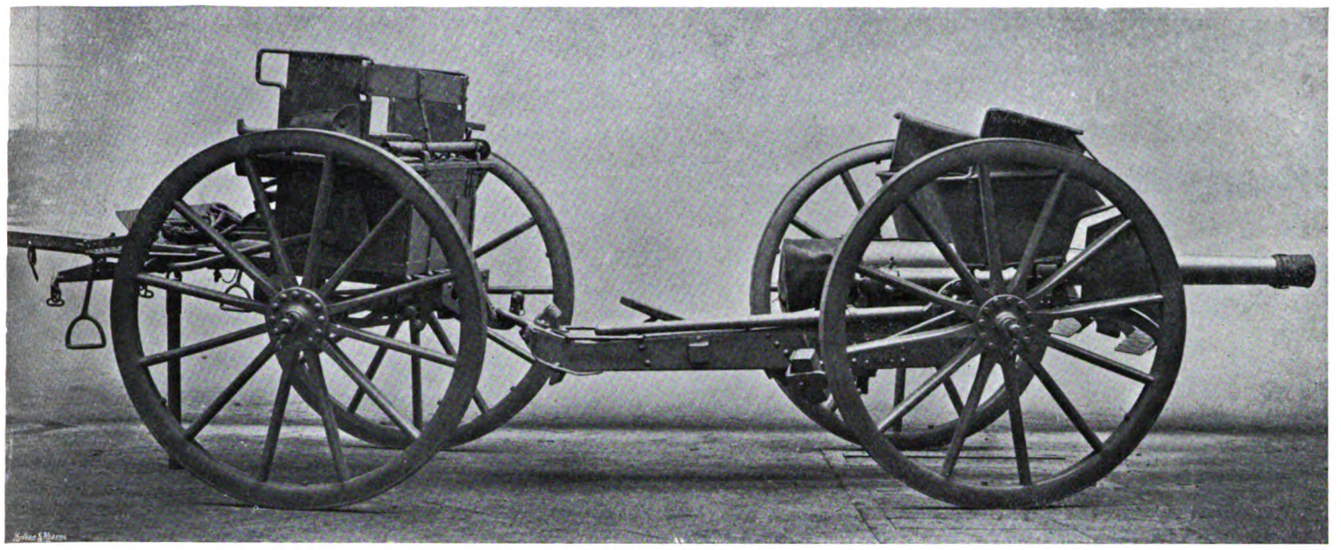


A 14½-POUNDER, DISCHARGING TWELVE SHOTS PER MINUTE.

The latest weapon of the kind made by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

carried on mules, making in all four loads. The gun, with its breech and muzzle protected by leather covers, is carried by the first mule; the second load is the cradle, the third the trail, and the fourth the axle and wheels, the diameter of the latter being but 36-in. Two more mules follow behind the equipment, each carrying four ammunition carriers, constructed of brass tubes, fixed in a skeleton steel frame. The interior of each tube corresponds with the chamber of the gun, and by this arrangement the "fixed" ammunition is fully protected during transport. For travelling short distances over smooth roads a pair of shafts are provided, which fit in the socket of the trail end, while the front ends of the shafts are supported by tugs and straps attached to the ordinary pack saddle.

The illustrations shown of this gun thus ready for the road enable one, by comparing the gun with the mule, to realise how small and compact the weapon is. The gun and breech mechanism weigh 236-lb., the total length of the gun is but 36-in., and the height of axis above ground, 26-in.

Nevertheless, this Liliputian weapon hurls a 12½-lb. projectile at a muzzle velocity of 920-ft. per second. It must be confessed that our Artillery sadly needs an up-to-date mountain gun. The 2·5-in. muzzle-loading 7-pounder gun, of jointed construction, and firing black powder, with which our mountain batteries were equipped in the Tirah and Natal Campaigns, is of little use against an enemy armed with long-range rifles. The muzzle-loading operation exposes the gunners, while the conspicuous black powder makes the equipment a target at a range considerably exceeding that which its projectiles can reach. As a matter of fact, the experiences of the Tirah Campaign induced the Indian military authorities to adopt a more up-to-date armament. The new gun is a breech-loader, and weighs the same as the old, viz., 400-lb., but the calibre has been enlarged to 2·75-in., and the weight of the projectile increased to 10-lb. The new gun also fires cordite, and its range is 4,000-yds., instead of 3,100-yds.

The 2·5-in. muzzle-loading gun was taken to Natal, unfortunately; for the story of Spion Kop might have been very different had we but possessed a light, quick-firing mountain gun, such as that of the Vickers-Maxim Company just described.

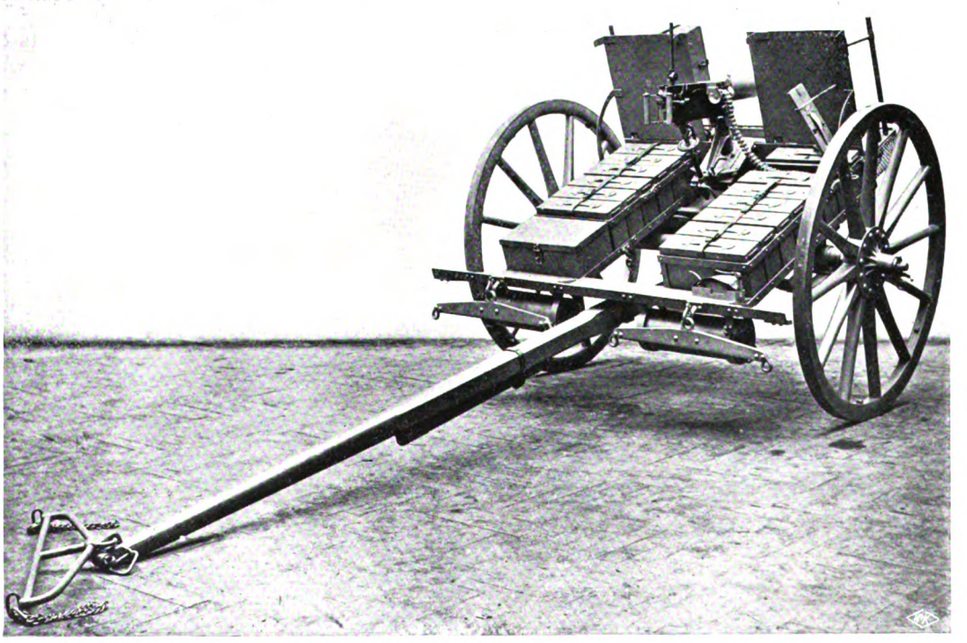
There is no need to remind our readers of the excellent work done by the C.I.V. battery, composed of Vickers-Maxim 12-pounder field guns, in South Africa.

One of the accompanying illustrations shows the latest weapon of the kind—a 14½-pounder, with a muzzle velocity of 1,640-ft. per second, and capable of discharging twelve shots per minute.

The great advantage claimed for this equipment rests in the mounting, which recoils but little on the ground, thus enabling the man laying the gun to remain on the trail during firing, while the elevating and traversing handles are so placed that the gunner can, without any difficulty, manipulate the same without leaving his seat. The breech mechanism, it may be added, is fitted with safety appliances, obviating the risk of distressing accidents, such as that which recently occurred at Freshwater, from accidental explosions when the breech block is not home. Again, in the event of a missfire, the firing pin can be recocked without opening the mechanism.

Lastly, we have from the same firm an improved form of light cavalry or galloping carriage for the Maxim rifle-calibre gun. The carriage consists of a light skeleton steel frame, the front of which is rendered bullet proof. The two seats also are made of bullet-proof steel plate, and the illustration shows them as raised during firing for the protection of the men serving the gun.

There is another seat at the centre of the splinter, but this is only used when the gun is fired with horses attached to the carriage. In the frame provision is made to carry fourteen ammunition-boxes, six on the off and eight on the near side, each holding 250 rounds in a belt. When in action the gun is fed from that ammunition-box on the near side which is in line with the feed-block, and when the cartridges of this box are expended the empty box is replaced by a full one. Two cylindrical water-tanks are carried underneath the footboard for replenishing the water-jacket enveloping the rifle barrel, without which the latter, during rapid firing, would soon become red-hot.



FOR THE MAXIM RIFLE-CALIBRE GUN.

An improved form of light cavalry or galloping carriage

Photos. lent by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

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IS SHE A COMING FLAG-SHIP?

Photo. Copyright. *Russell*

THE OFFICERS OF THE "FORMIDABLE."

Reading from left to right the names are: Act.-Gunner Francis McBride, Corpl. C. Hoar. Lieut. R. C. Scafe, R.M.L.I., Assist.-Paymaster G. B. Owens, Capt. F. W. Lumsden, R.M.A., Gunner Figg, Lieut. C. G. G. Crawley, R.M.A., Assist.-Engineer A. G. Bremner, Assist.-Engineer G. White, Gunner H. Hills, Gunner A. Allum, Midshipman Hon. P. R. H. D. Willoughby, Boatswain B. Everett, Lieut. P. A. Roberts, Sub.-Lieut. H. S. Roe, Lieut. T. H. Foster, Lieut. J. W. Nash, Lieut. H. J. de W. Kitcat, Lieut. J. L. Gall, R.N.R., Rev. A. H. Gage, M.A., Assist.-Engineer P. Dowling, Engineer G. E. Andrew, Lieut. A. Pringle, Lieut. R. Sterling, Staff-Paymaster H. W. Braddon, Commander W. E. Goodenough, Capt. A. W. Chisholm-Batten, Staff-Surgeon E. R. Dinsey, Naval Instructor H. H. Barton, B.A., Fleet Engineer G. B. Alton, Lieut. Bowden-Smith, Assist.-Engineer F. J. Talbot, Midshipmen Moore and R. Collins, Naval Cadet A. P. Hadow, D. H. V. Wilson, Midshipman G. Richardson, Naval Cadet G. Bilkington, Midshipmen G. Wilson, D. Tandy, H. P. Preston, and N. I. Makin, and Assist.-Clerk W. Noble.

The "Formidable" has given her name to a class of ships which really consists of eight vessels—for the differences between the two groups of three and five are too insignificant to differentiate them—and these vessels are the most powerful battle-ships in the British Navy. The "Formidable" is at present in the Mediterranean, and it is currently rumoured that when Sir John Fisher returns home in the "Renown," the "Formidable" will be the flag-ship of the new Commander-in-Chief. She is already supported by a sister ship, the "Implacable," and it is an understood thing that the "Irresistible," another of the class, is to be sent to the same station about April. With Captain Chisholm-Batten in command, and Commander Goodenough as his executive officer, the "Formidable" is, of course, an exceedingly "comfortable" ship.

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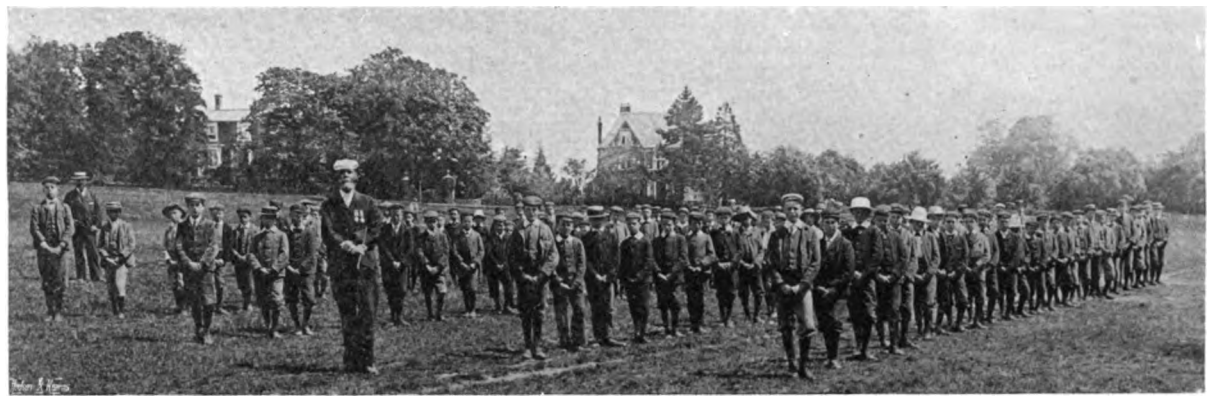
THE FINISHED ARTICLE.



RAW MATERIAL AT THE BRITISH SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

PARLIAMENT met last week, with regal ceremony, for one of the most important sessions of recent years. The nation has passed through a long period of strenuous effort, and is still upon its trial. We stand no more where we did when the war began. A revolution of thought and of national and Imperial feeling has been wrought, and Parliament, like the nation, must prove itself fit for the great work it must accomplish. Education is, no doubt, a most important matter; the rules of procedure of the House are a knotty affair; Ireland is looming larger in the future. But, above and beyond all these subjects of debate, lie the problems that arise out of the war. Peace has to be brought about, not by any weak-kneed surrender of principle, but by the process of convincing the Boers that resistance is hopeless, and that nothing will be yielded to clamour. Here Parliament may suitably make its voice felt. Then the Army measure demands further enquiry. Already it is not to be doubted that the flame has burnt out, and that only the embers remain. The scheme has proved practically a failure. The old things exist under new names, and the cry is still for men. Recruiting has languished, and the call for Volunteers has had a disappointing response. The Army must be made popular by sound organisation, and must give the soldier a career. What has the Army measure accomplished in that direction? And how little in any other! Then the Navy demands attention. There must be no slackening of effort, and the need exists for uncommon vigilance where the Naval forces of the Empire are concerned. In short, wherever we look, it is evident that Parliament has a heavy task before it.

AN obligation also lies upon the nation. The Government alone cannot settle South Africa. We cannot govern that country as we govern India. The nation, as the Prince of Wales said, must prove the strength of its affection for the daughter lands by sending to them only of its best. It can only be when Englishmen lose the power of colonisation that they can decline. The strength of young manhood is what South Africa needs. It is no unaccustomed hand that we bring to the task of settlement, but the first condition of success is that there shall be a large infusion of British blood. The white races in South Africa must become, sooner or later, incorporate together. They cannot, for a final settlement, and the due development of the country, live only side by side. Daily we become better acquainted with the rooted rancour of the Boers, and have to reckon with the hatred of the Dutch people as a race. Nothing has happened to soften it; on the contrary, all this hostility has but deepened it. How then shall the sting be drawn? It can only be done by sending out of "our best." Let us have men of worth and honour whom the bitterest of enemies can respect. Then from respect shall come regard, and the mingling of races shall follow, so that a couple of generations hence the enmity of this day shall be no more than a memory. This is what the nation has to work for, and it is an object worthy of a great people. We must begin by conciliating those who have seen devastated fields, burning houses, and farms stripped of stock. The Boers brought the sorrow upon themselves, but it is for us to lift them out of it, and Lord Milner, with that view, is already taking preliminary steps for the restocking of South Africa. But we must stock it with men as well as with cattle. The returning prosperity of Johannesburg may be a sign, but we want much more to assure the regeneration of South Africa.

SUCH lads as we depict, at the British School, Saffron Walden, should be the right raw material if they follow in the footsteps of Drill-Instructor Homan, whose portrait we give. A good old soldier is a man to be esteemed, and Sergeant-Major Homan is greatly respected in his part of East Anglia, where he is drill inspector in many schools, and has been a pattern of soldierly smartness among boys for thirty years. He was drill corporal of the 2nd King's Royal Rifles when Sir Redvers Buller joined in 1859, and wears the Indian Mutiny and China medals, won during his twenty-one years' service.

HEARTY and downright in their British character should be the congratulations offered in this country to the German Emperor on his birthday. On this great occasion among Germans there should be no thought in England of the bitter feeling against us which has occupied the breasts of many of the Emperor's subjects. We remember how twelve months ago His Majesty rendered the last homage to our late beloved Queen, and how his birthday was then saddened by a loss which he felt as deeply and truly as any of ourselves. Now, in the bright sunlight, as it were, the German people are celebrating the occasion, and Englishmen may join with them with heart and voice in their song of praise. Special distinction is given to the state ceremonies by the particular honour which the Emperor prepared for his cousin, the Prince of Wales. Here we seem to recognise a reparation which the august ruler of Germany desires to offer for many insults hurled against us. He is a German of the Germans, but a citizen also of the world, inspired by lofty impulses that lift him far above what Mr. Balfour aptly described as the "stupid ill-will" displayed by many of his subjects. William II. is a man of undoubted force and character. He struck a high note for the German people when, at the Saalburg, he likened his Empire to that of old Rome, so that as of yore it was said "Civis Romanus sum," so in the future each might say "I am a German citizen." He pointed out to the students at Bonn how the Empire from Charlemagne to Barbarossa, represented by the country from Aix-la-Chapelle to Mayence, differed from his own, based on a strong national will. The Emperor has shown in the counsels of state and the administration of affairs a wisdom and prescience such as have distinguished few of his predecessors. He has made it clear how deep is his interest in science and how great is his knowledge of art. William II. shines in many spheres, and is, indeed, a monarch *sui generis*, much in advance of many of his people; a good friend of England also, and thus, from many points of view, his birthday in a special manner is this year honoured among us.

WE have now had a little space of time in which to contemplate the state of affairs in China since the Imperial Court returned to the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City. The traces of "barbarian" desecration have been removed, and things stand pretty much where they were. It

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would be a rash thing to say that the heroic efforts of the Powers have been altogether without effect, but it may certainly be said that the effect upon China is practically inappreciable. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.* The change, moreover, is very small. The condemnation of one official, or the rise to power of another, cannot mean much, and the decree authorising the study of Western methods alongside the Chinese does not promise great illumination. The Powers have been expending huge efforts to move the inert mass, but they have exerted their strength from various directions, and something like an equilibrium of forces has resulted. The Empress Dowager is now rehabilitated. Her position is enhanced by what has occurred. She has returned, and the Allies have fled! What more was needed to justify her sagacity? Not until the Dowager disappears from the scene of her activity can we hope for any real reform. The puppet Emperor in her hands has been credited with a desire to make a change, but whether he will ever have the opportunity of exerting his will remains to be seen. Certain it is that the Allied Forces worked no reform in China, and that the punishment inflicted has been completely ineffectual.

THE Americans are having troubles in the Philippines similar to those we have encountered in South Africa, and are employing like methods. The difficulty has been mostly in the Island of Samar, where a company of infantry was savagely massacred in September, and where the Chief Lukban has since been very active with a desperate following. General Jacob H. Smith was remorseless in his pursuit, threatening to annihilate all who resisted. He declared that he would make every separate part of the island too hot to hold Lukban, and then expected to seize him. Lukban's supporters were disheartened, and suffering from famine, owing to the blockade of the coasts, while many towns had been burned. Lukban himself was desperate, and threatened to shoot any Filipino who communicated with the enemy. He had many supporters in the Island of Leyte, where great lengths of telegraph line were destroyed. Two emissaries, sent to the rebel camp, with intelligence that, if the offence were repeated, the towns and villages in the neighbourhood would be given to the flames, had their heads cut off, while the rebels themselves set fire to the places and fled to the hills. These are indications that the guerilla fighting is very obstinate, and that American officers are pushing the rebels relentlessly, which is indeed the logical system, though we do not observe that the sufferings of the Filipinos cause any indignation in those among us who profess commiseration for subject races "fighting to be free."

DURING the war between the United States and Spain extraordinary interest was aroused by the success of the Americans in bringing round the battle-ship "Oregon" from the Pacific, and very great credit was given to Captain Clark for his success in doubling the American continent and navigating his ship to join Admiral Sampson's flag, when there was a chance that the Spaniards might cut him off. An interesting story is now being told of how he was appointed to the ship. The selection of the best officer to command was felt to be a matter of great importance, and was much discussed in Secretary Long's office, where Captain Clark's name had been mentioned. "Has he the stick-to-it-iveness to take him clear through?" asked one officer. "Did you ever see him play chess?" rejoined another. The officials could not see the point, but Captain Clark's friend assured them that the chess-board was no bad introduction to Naval strategy. It was explained that Captain Clark was one of the most brilliant American chess players, and that, when he played at the Mercantile Literary Club at San Francisco, to which he much resorted, he did so with such concentrated earnestness that he was bathed in perspiration and heeded no invitations to refreshment. This intenseness impressed the officials. "If anyone," said his friend, "can pilot that battle-ship through the Pacific and bring her into action promptly in the Atlantic, it's Clark!" And so he was appointed, and justified his appointment.

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.

IT has been announced that Lady Aileen Roberts is about to be married to Dr. Kendal Franks. Lady Aileen Roberts is the elder daughter of the Commander-in-Chief, and, since his son was killed under circumstances that we all remember, the Earldom devolves upon her by special remainder. "To his heirs male, and in default of male issue to his elder daughter and her heirs male," is, we believe, somewhat like the technical reproduction of the fact that Lady Aileen Roberts is at the present moment the heiress presumptive to the Earldom. In her case "presumptive" might almost be written "apparent," in fact, though

Photos. Copyright. *Chancellor.*

DR. KENDAL FRANKS.

LADY AILEEN ROBERTS.

of course not in law; and the probability is that she will succeed to the title. Dr. Kendal Franks, who is to have the happiness of becoming her husband, is well known in Dublin. He is an eminent surgeon who has made his way in the Irish capital, and is known far beyond it. His reputation, in fact, is world-wide, and the fact that he performed an exceptionally difficult operation and extracted the bullet by which General Symons was struck at Dundee—without, however, being able to save a life that every doctor knew was already lost—was only another testimony to his professional merits.

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TRANSPORT BULLOCKS DRAGGING GUNS IN INDIA.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

INDIA has on various occasions given us a very distinct lead in matters of military progress, and may certainly claim to have done so in that of the Regimental Institute. It is easy to say that the happy circumstance that Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief in India for seven years before he ever came into the running for the Chiefship at home is chiefly responsible for his adaptation to the Home Army of ideas which he had proved to be sound in the "Shiny East." But that does not alter the fact that the Regimental Institute, that excellent combination of the recreation-room and refreshment-room, where a man can get a cheap supper, and a pint of beer with it, without going to the canteen, has been known in India for years, and is only now beginning to be tried at home. Whether the success attained will be anything like so great in the latter case as it has been in the former remains to be proved. The chances are that it will not, for in India the Regimental Institute provides attractions with which there is little or nothing outside to compete. In the average Indian cantonment there is no place where a decent British meal, washed down by British beer, can be obtained by the private soldier at a modest price, and in congenial company, while in most military stations at home there are numerous counter-attractions with, occasionally, the added prospect of being "stood treat" to a gratifying extent by civilian "pals."

Reverting to India in the pre-Institute days, I recall various praiseworthy, and entirely unsuccessful, attempts to minimise the injurious effect of the canteen upon the British soldier, but none more funny than the experiment made just about twenty years ago of substituting light French wines for beer! In my own regiment we were provided with a small consignment of claret, and at the end of a month were called upon to submit a report of the extent to which Private Thomas Atkins had availed himself of a beverage the virtues of which had been carefully extolled to him as per General Order. We were about 900 strong, and goodness knows how many fat barrels of strong ale we accounted for month in and month out of the thirsty year. But claret! In thirty days one sporting sergeant bought a pint bottle to see what it was like, and another pint got broken, or was otherwise accounted for, and two solitary pints were all that we had to enter upon our report. The experiment was then abruptly discontinued, even the headquarter faddist who imagined that the British soldier would positively prefer claret to beer being now fully convinced of his absurd wrong-headedness.

The introduction of a new material for the service dress of the Army recalls the well-worn fact that in the matter of khaki, again, the Indian service gave the home authorities a lead which, at any rate, they have followed for a good many years with excellent results. I well remember when khaki was first taken into general use for everyday purposes by the British troops in India, and the appalling appearance of my own battalion after the first washing day. A lasting khaki dye had not then been discovered, or was not, at any rate, generally available, and washing even a single pair of khaki trousers not infrequently meant that the two legs assumed totally different tints. The result in a parade of nearly 1,000 men, who only a week or two before had looked beautifully smart in their clean white uniform, was naturally pretty painful. But, as we all know, it is quite possible for a khaki-clad soldier nowadays to look very presentable, as well as business-like, and many will regret the disappearance at home of a colour associated with a good many Indian memories.

I am sorry to see in the new order as regards service dress no indication of any attention having been paid to some very interesting experiments which were made in India by Colonel Maude, late R.E., with a view to determining the best protection for the head from the effects of the sun. Some years ago Colonel Maude published the results of these experiments, and, though I cannot recall them fully, I remember that he had found that a red handkerchief or piece of silk tied round a very ordinary hat afforded wonderful protection even against the hottest sun. The question whether the adiactinic property of the red tint had anything to do with its neutralising the capacity of a sun-ray to produce heat-stroke is obviously interesting, and I should have liked to see this matter gone into a little more deeply. Perhaps some of the readers of these notes will kindly state whether they know of any similar investigations on the subject.

By a recent mail there came an interesting statement to the effect that the War Office has indented on India for an annual supply of 100,000 pairs of boots for the use of troops in England and the Colonies, the contract going to a well-known firm in Cawnpore. Everybody who has lived in India knows that a very important development of the leather industry is to be found at Cawnpore, but it will come as a surprise to many English readers that the British Government should find it desirable to place such a large contract for Army boots, for use "in England and the Colonies," outside the United Kingdom. The explanation probably is that not only are Indian-made boots very much cheaper than those produced at Nottingham and Leicester, but that, thanks to the enterprise of the Cawnpore merchants, they can now compete with them fairly in quality and durability. I can remember when Cawnpore leather was seldom satisfactory, owing, I suppose, to the faulty system of tanning adopted, but of late years there has been a remarkable improvement. Curiously enough, I was myself remotely associated with the earlier efforts of the Cawnpore firms to meet the requirements of the authorities in respect to Army boots. I happened to belong to a regiment recruited largely from the great boot-producing districts, and when I was at Simla the senior partner of the very firm which has just secured this big contract came to me and asked if I thought some of our men could be induced to enter his service.

I believe he had one or two men from us, but I remember that it was always difficult in the regiment to find anyone who could turn out a decent pair of boots from start to finish, because our "bootmakers" all came from factories where one man never worked on more than one portion of a boot, the upper, or the toecap, or some detail of that sort. At Cawnpore they had very little machinery in those days, and they wanted a few good all-round British bootmakers in order to give the native workmen a lead.

It is satisfactory to note that pigeon-flying is being

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seriously taken up by Indian amateurs, for there is no question that in certain circumstances good birds might be made extremely useful for military purposes. Official attempts in this direction have, I fancy, always proved more or less abortive, partly, I daresay, because the "fancy" requires a little enthusiasm, and is also rather costly; accordingly a Government loft, such as the one recently abolished at Aldershot, and another which suffered a like fate at Simla in my time, is constantly in danger of coming under the reforming gaze of some matter-of-fact economist. Amateur homing societies are therefore warmly to be encouraged, especially if, like the Southern India Homing Society of Bangalore, they possess a strong and spirited roll of members. I note that the gold medal of this society has just been won by Captain Duckworth of the Indian Medical Service, and that members of the Bangalore Railway Volunteers are also large owners of homing pigeons. Personally, I think that every military station in India should have a loft, and that the men of British regiments should be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in it. This is a matter which, with proper organisation, could be carried out without any official assistance other than an occasional grant from regimental canteen funds, and in most corps there would probably be found plenty of men only too glad to assist in the training of the birds and in the care of the loft generally.

The 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment) is to be most sincerely condoled with on the irreparable loss it has suffered by the burning of its mess-house at Rangoon. Two sets of colours were destroyed, and the whole of the plate and furniture, the latter being only insured for 35,000 rupees, which, of course, is much under its value. The loss of colours in this way is extremely sad, especially of old colours, and in the case of such a regiment as the 76th the destruction of simply priceless regimental plate is almost equally deplorable. The regiment had some pieces presented to it by the Iron Duke, and also a painting of him, which they will, of course, miss dreadfully. The fire is believed to have been due to the carelessness of a servant in letting a lighted lamp drop, and it is typical of the conditions of life in the "Shiny East" that the mess-house, which was thirty years old, and one of the landmarks of Rangoon, was reduced to ashes in twenty-five minutes. The mess-sergeant's two children narrowly escaped being burnt to death, and two officers living on the mess premises lost the whole of their property. But private misfortunes, short of physical injury, are hardly to be classed with such a catastrophe as the loss of a regiment's colours and plate. It is positively harrowing to think of a regiment storing up treasured relics for over a century only to have them simply obliterated in a few minutes through a servant's clumsiness.

It is interesting, though perhaps hardly consolatory, to recall in this connection the fact that there is hardly a regiment in our Army that has a more interesting Indian record than the 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). There were two previous regiments numbered as the 76th of the Line, but the 76th (Hindustan) Regiment was raised in 1787, and one of its first commanding officers was Colonel (afterwards Lord) Harris, the future captor of Seringapatam. The 76th served with distinction in the war against Tippoo Sahib in 1790-91, including the capture of the fortress of Severndroog and the storm and capture of Bangalore. From 1803-5 it bore a very distinguished part in Lord Lake's campaigns, in which it acquired the honourable nickname of the "Old Immortals" and the badge of the "Elephant with Howdah" which the West Riding Regiment still bears. The 76th also received a "standard of honour" from the old East India Company in commemoration of its services at Leswaree, Alighur, Deig, and in the assaults on the great mud fortress of Bhurtpore.

INDIAN HILL MANŒUVRES.

SOLDIERING in India is nothing if not practical, and in not a few directions even the peace training of the British garrison of our great Dependency is calculated to inspire home enthusiasts with wistful longings that Aldershot could go and do likewise. Of such directions a notable one is indicated in these two attractive little pictures, illustrating the Winter Hill Manœuvres in which British troops in India are now systematically exercised, partly as the result of the rather rude awakening we received in the great Frontier risings of 1897.

These particular manœuvres were carried out by the 93rd Highlanders, and were of the most practical and instructive description. As a supposed "enemy" the Highlanders had a small force of Gurkhas, who are the veritable Highlanders of India, and very much at home even on the sometimes perilous slopes of the Himalayas, among which the manœuvres in question were held. Both sides entered very fully into the spirit of the thing, and one can imagine the satisfaction which the 93rd felt when, after stealthily crossing a very considerable ridge, they succeeded in rushing the Gurkha camp at night. Interspersed with such dramatic delights as these are the more tedious and trying processes of going up hill and down dale for many a weary mile, and finally having to bivouac on a bleak mountain top, with nothing but a great-coat as a protection from the severe cold of those great altitudes. It is difficult to imagine any more genuinely sound military training than this, and it is pretty obvious that, if our Army had had more of it, the South African War might have assumed a very different complexion.

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ON A HIMALAYAN HILLSIDE

Highlanders on outpost duty during manœuvres.

A MOUNTAIN CAMP.

The 93rd at Bhowali, in the Kumaon District.

From time immemorial good mountaineers have made good fighting men, largely because simple existence among the hills necessitates the possession of qualities which are invaluable in war. But special training in hill warfare is also of peculiar utility to an Army like ours, which is constantly liable to campaigns under conditions to which the ordinary exercises of the barrack square, and the almost equally ordinary lessons to be derived from the average field day, are wholly inapplicable. The Afridis in the Tirah Campaign taught us some valuable lessons, and the Indian Army is doing well by taking them to heart, and by thus laying the foundation of a system of training far surpassing anything that can be done in the Long Valley or even on Salisbury Plain.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

THE captures of Erasmus and Wolmarans have been lauded in some quarters as important. The names are catch-penny, for the owners of them, as belligerents, are hardly worthy of notice, except that we owe Erasmus a great debt of gratitude for the share he failed to take in the battle of Talana. A well-educated Boer, with whom I have acquaintance, told me that at Talana Hill he "played Nelson at 13-stone," in so much as he refused to see that which he did not want to see. Without going into details with regard to Joubert's strategy, it is a generally-accepted theory that Erasmus was to co-operate with Lukas Meyer at Talana. My friend, who was on Erasmus's staff, tells me that Erasmus's men were in position on Impati all right, and that, in spite of the mist, they could easily see the shrapnel bursting over Lennox Hill. Erasmus, who suddenly began to experience pains in his body, called for his field-glasses. After a prolonged survey of the battlefield he said: "No, that is only a British trap. I can see it all quite clearly. They are bursting rockets in the air to make us believe that there is a fight in progress—outspan!"

Erasmus belongs to a very "old port" Dutch family, and, like old port, a very "tawny" family as well. There is a big dash of the Hottentot in the family. They seem to have existed as eminent citizens by toadying upon Kruger. It was Erasmus who presented the State coach to the late President—which State coach, I believe, has never been paid for. Major Wolmarans was the fat ceremonial commandant of the Staats Artillerie. He was without military value, and was not the man, as some papers have stated, who was tried by court-martial for the loss of the Lombard Kop guns.

I remember that quite recently an ill-natured Australian—he had not taken part in the war, be it said—wrote a letter to the *Times*, in which he accused the British soldier of not being able to fend for himself when "on trek." It is easy enough to write letters, but it seems more difficult to speak the truth. My experience of the British soldier is that he is uncommonly handy in looking after "No. 1." As to the Australian having his "billee" going as soon as he is in camp, it sounds very well, but the company cooks have a "flander's kettle"—a gallon—of tea going just as soon as any Australian. If you could see, as I have seen, a regiment going into action with about a ton of firewood distributed through the ranks—not to be relinquished even in the face of the enemy—you would not countenance comparisons which malign the simple soldier. As to the smaller matter of "supplementing the larder," the poor "foot-slogger" has but few opportunities of foraging for himself. He only gets to a farm after the mounted men have been through it. But there are column commanders who correct this unfairness, and allow their infantry three days a week. Mounted men caught foraging on infantry days are severely punished.

"ALL TOGETHER, BOYS—PUSH!"

Field hospital waggons crossing a drift.

A WELCOME BIT OF NEWS.

Sorting the English mails on the veldt.

Photos. Copyright. *Bradley.*

IN NEED OF REPAIR.

A bit of railway line in the Free State after a raid.

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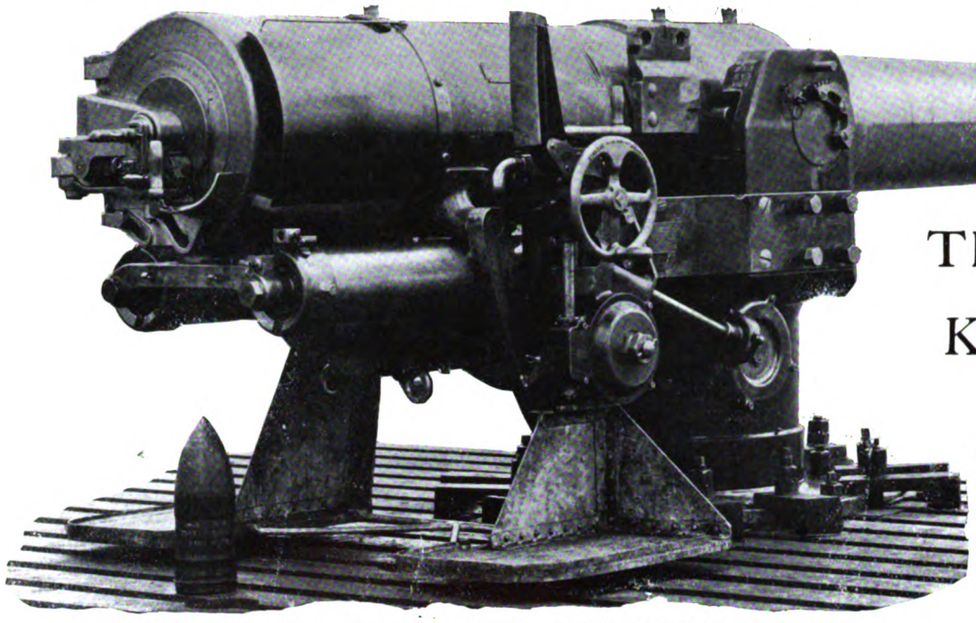


THE GUNS OF THE KING'S "NAVEE."

The Latest Inventions and Improvements.

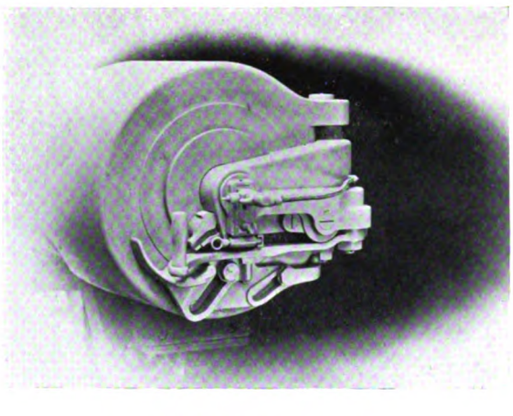
THE VICKERS-MAXIM 6-IN. QUICK-FIRING GUN.

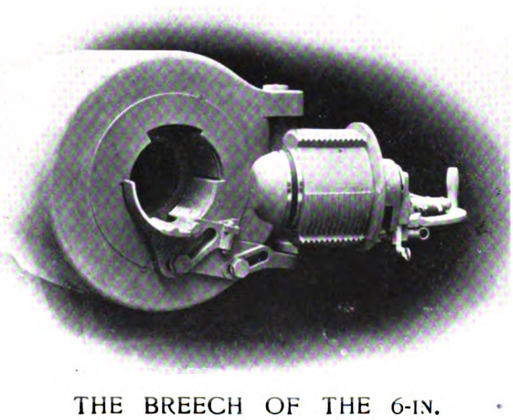
As supplied to all first-class battle-ships.

By H. G. ARCHER.

NOT long ago some alarming statements were made in the House of Commons, alleging superiority of French over British Naval ordnance. When, however, these statements came to be scrutinised, it was discovered that the detractors of British guns had based their comparison of power on velocity alone, which, as the French guns use projectiles weighing less than those of our own, entirely stultified the hostile criticism of the latter. For example, the comparison made between the French and British 12-in. weapons did not take into consideration the fact that the former uses a shot weighing 644-lb., whereas the English gun fires a projectile 859-lb. in weight. It may be added that the Vickers 12-in. gun, Mark IX., which is carried by all our new battle-ships, has a striking energy exceeding that of its French contemporary at 2,000-yds. by 44 per cent., at 4,000-yds. by 56 per cent., and at 6,000-yds. by 72 per cent. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that our 12-in. gun stands unsurpassed by any of similar calibre, and the same comfortable conviction may, in fact, be extended to cover all our most modern Naval guns of from 3-in. to 12-in. calibre. Some, as far as possible, non-technical description of the make and mechanism of our big Naval guns may be furnished by taking the Vickers-Maxim 6-in. quick-firing gun, which is found on board all first-class battle-ships and armoured cruisers, as a typical example of up-to-date armament.

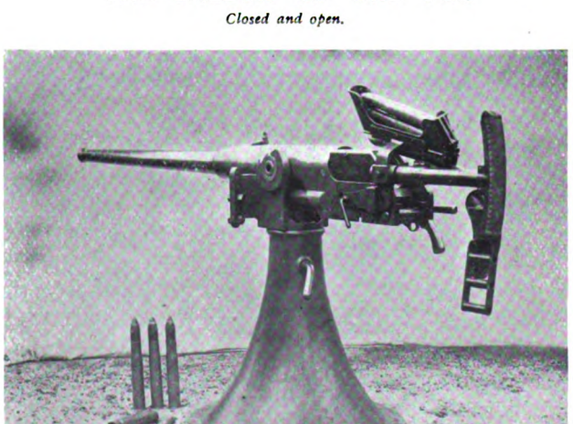
The gun is of steel and wire construction, with a total length from the breech face to the muzzle of 23-ft. 3-in. It is constructed with an outer tube of great thickness, extending the whole length of the gun, round which also wire is tightly wound in successive layers. This precaution obviates the tendency to bend that some designs of big guns have shown. The chamber of this gun is made exceptionally large, and is designed to stand erosion caused by the employment of large cordite charges. The ordinary charge is 25-lb. of cordite, which gives a muzzle velocity of 2,775-ft. per second to the 100-lb. projectile. The breech mechanism is of the new Vickers-Maxim design, which has been made a sealed pattern for all guns of 3-in. to 12-in. calibre both for the sea and land services, the company having arranged a satisfactory royalty with the Government. As none but a gunner could follow the arrangement and working of the complex apparatus of which it is composed, the simplest way of describing it will be to call it a "safety single-motion type," that is, the breech is opened or closed by the single motion of a hand-lever, while the firing gear is so arranged that the gun is absolutely safe before the breech commences to open. Lastly, the mounting consists of an arrangement by which the whole weight of the moving parts—gun, cradle, and carriage—is resting on ball bearings, thus making the training operation very easy. Another illustration shows a 6-in. gun mounted on board one of the fleet of gun-boats at Whale Island, whose duty it has hitherto been to conduct the Admiralty trials of such weapons under conditions resembling those of active service. However, this fleet of gun-boats is now about to pay off, for its functions have been transferred to the cruiser "Narcissus," which it is hoped will cause the trials to be accomplished in even more realistic fashion.





THE BREECH OF THE 6-IN.

Closed and open.



A 3-POUNDER AUTOMATIC GUN.

With Hopper feed.

From Photos. lent by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

Having treated of a specimen big gun, we may now turn to the opposite end of the scale, and describe a small one—namely, the 3-pounder automatic gun, with Hopper feed. The diameter of the bore is only 1·85-in., but the projectile hurled thence will penetrate iron plate to a depth of 5-ft. 3-in. and steel to that of 3-ft. 5-in. The gun is mounted on a cone, and elevation and direction are controlled by the man laying the piece, who, with his shoulder pressed against the crutch-handle-shaped shoulder-piece and his right hand clasping the little pistol grip, has full power over the movement of the gun. The automatic character of the weapon is best described as follows: Having inserted a loaded cartridge in the chamber, and charged the hopper or magazine-like receptacle on top, it is only necessary to press the trigger and to refill the hopper for the gun to keep on firing. After each shot the shock of recoil actuates mechanism that opens the breech, ejects the empty cartridge-case, plucks a fresh

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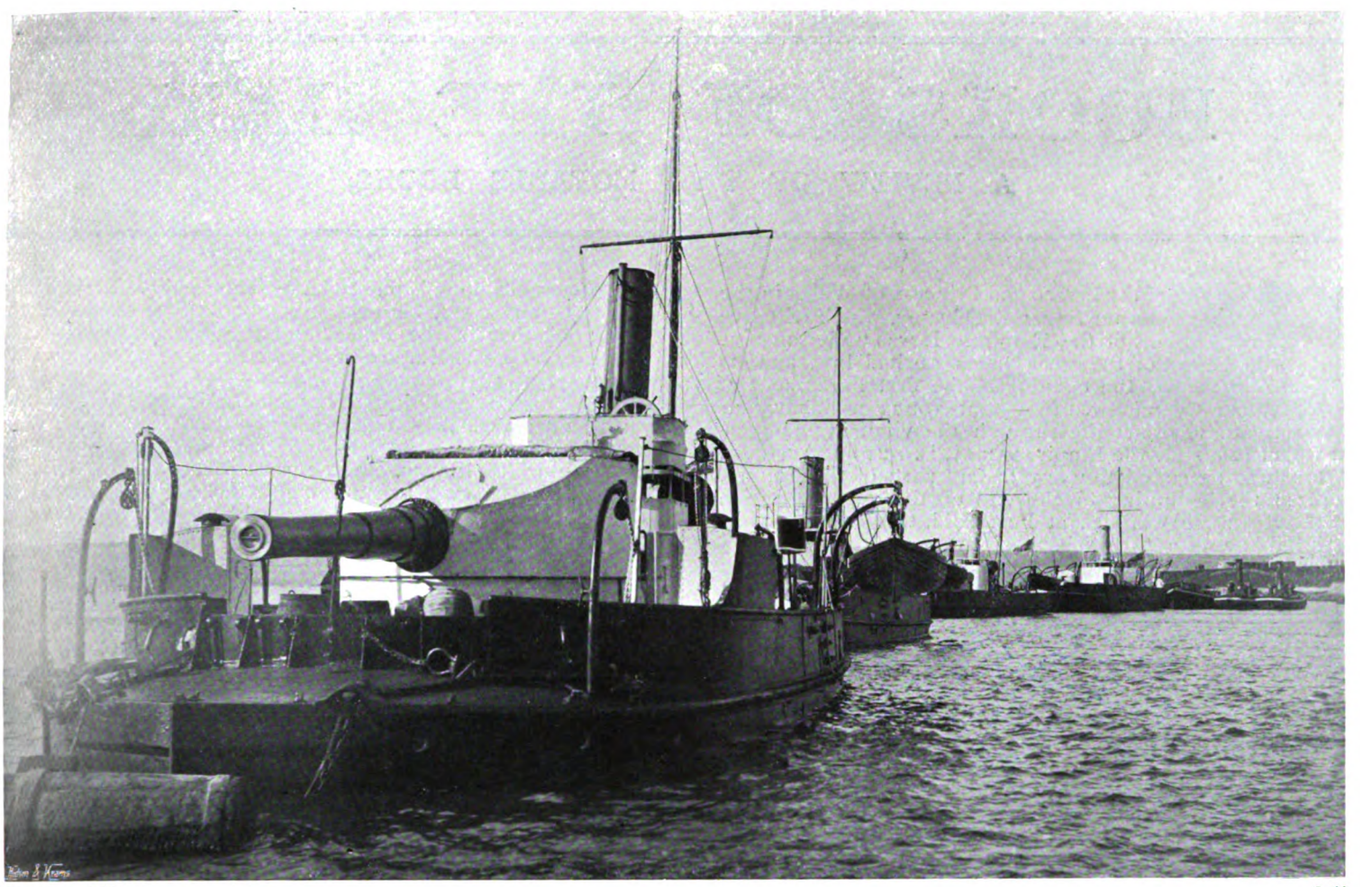


Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

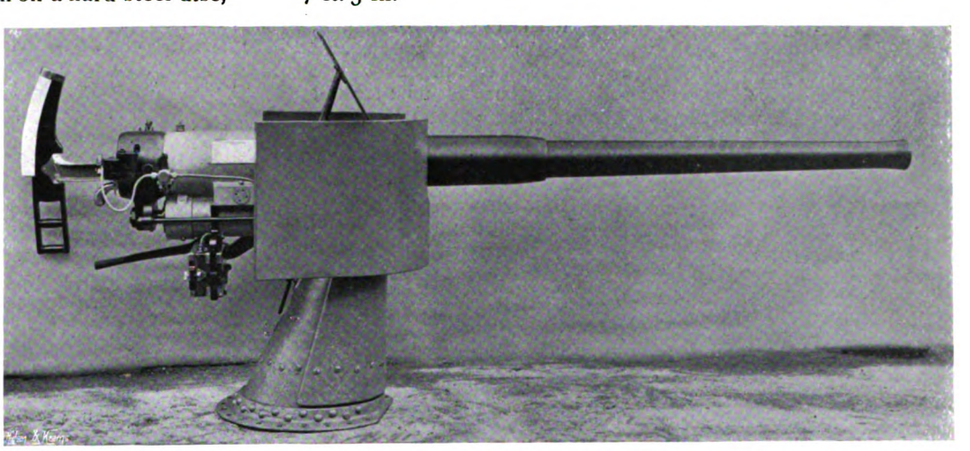
READY FOR A SEVERE TEST.

Gun-boats at Portsmouth ready to leave to try big guns.

cartridge from the hopper, inserts it in the chamber, closes the breech, and returns the gun into its firing position. Thus thirty-five rounds per minute can be fired.

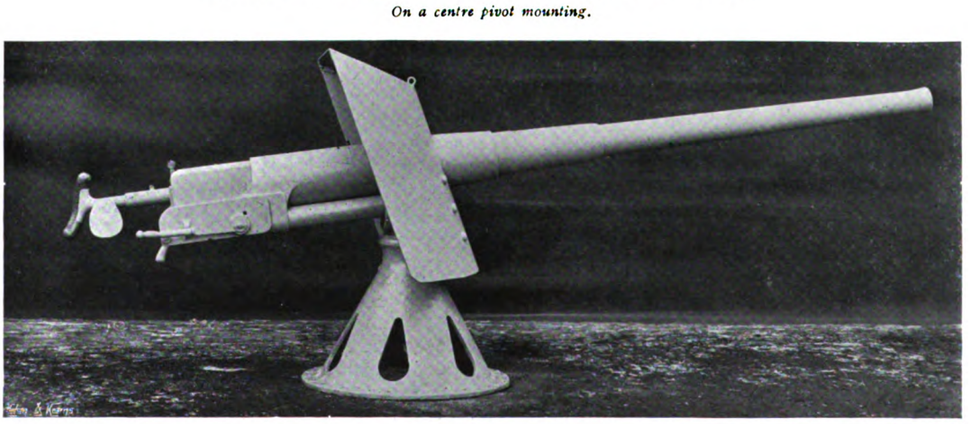
Next we have a 12-pounder quick-firing gun on what is known as a centre pivot mounting. With this weapon the whole weight of the moving parts is taken on a hard steel disc, so that the gun layer can easily train the gun by means of the shoulder-piece, which is conveniently placed for that purpose. Further, the gun is elevated and depressed by means of the shoulder-piece.

In conclusion, there is the new 14-pounder semi-automatic gun; and here we may devote a few lines to differentiating machine, automatic, and quick-firing guns. A machine gun is one that is loaded and fired by machinery, while its ammunition supply is entirely automatic till the belt feed is exhausted. Machine guns are generally limited in calibre to the small-arm ammunition, for if they go beyond this the weight of the gun becomes very great for the calibre. Automatic guns also are loaded and fired by machinery, but the ammunition supply is only partially automatic. Owing to the size of the projectile it is impossible to feed this class of weapon from belts, and for the same reason the hopper or magazine feeding the gun can only hold a few cartridges at a time, wherefore the latter entails the services of a man to replenish it. Quick-firing guns are distinguished from the former by the fact that they are loaded entirely by hand, and may be fired either by hand or by machinery. In all three classes there is practically no recoil. The semi-automatic properties of the 3-in. 14-pounder gun rest on the fact that, while it has to be loaded by hand, the closure of the breech, and, after firing, the opening of the breech, and extraction of the empty cartridge-case are entirely automatic movements. Twenty rounds per minute are possible with this beautifully-designed weapon, which has a muzzle velocity of 2,500-ft. per minute, and whose projectile penetrates steel plate to a depth of 7-ft. 3-in.



A 12-POUNDER QUICK-FIRING GUN.

On a centre pivot mounting.



A 14-POUNDER SEMI-AUTOMATIC GUN.

Loaded and fired by machinery.

From Photos. lent by Messrs Vickers, Sons, and Maxim.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A REVIEW OF TWO NOTABLE BOOKS.

THE voyage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the "Ophir" was an Imperial Odyssey, which will live in the annals of the Empire. It was undertaken at the behest of the great Queen we had lost, and its purpose was the opening of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth — that young nation which has sprung to vigorous life through the vitalising inspiration which has made the Empire what it is. From Australia the tour was extended to many distant parts of the Empire, and from the beginning to the end of the voyage, except that the Royal party landed at Port Said, they never set foot on soil that was not British. A journey so full of splendid inspiration deserved a worthy chronicler, found in the person of Mr. William Maxwell, who represented the *Standard*, and whose "With the 'Ophir' Round the Empire" (Cassell) is one of the most interesting volumes of the season. We spoke of Mr. Maxwell as a chronicler, but he is much more than that. Indeed, if we read his book for a catalogue of events and happenings, we might be disappointed. His purpose has rather been, as he says, not to record ceremonies, but to picture impressions and incidents in the hope of interesting rather than instructing those who have felt the breath of that racial and imperial pride which has come upon the people of Greater Britain in these later days.

Yet there is true instruction in Mr. Maxwell's graphic book. He has seen with the discerning eye of penetrative imagination, and the impressions he has received in his survey of the Empire are those of a man of the world. They are wholly gratifying to men of British blood, for Mr. Maxwell is an optimist upon excellent grounds. He believes more in the solid work of his countrymen than in the nervous energy and volcanic activity of some others, and in his eight months' journey from country to country, and from capital to capital, he saw not convulsions, but a ceaseless flow of energy directed to objects that must make a people great. What he witnessed he describes with a wonderfully vivid pen, and his excellent style makes his book delightful to read. He made acquaintance with men of English, Scotch, and Irish descent, who by courage, industry, and energy have made new Britains in the waste places of the earth. A set of brilliant word-pictures carries us through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The famous tanks of Aden, those wondrous evidences of high antiquity, are described. We are present at brilliant ceremonies in Ceylon, and in these entrancing pages visit the Boers, most of them in far greater comfort at "Krugersdorp" and "Steynsville," in Ceylon, than ever they were in the Transvaal or the Orange State. The camp is healthily situated, and sanitation and hospital arrangements are excellent. There are no needless restrictions, and Mr. Maxwell found the Boers better clothed and cleaner than he had ever seen them in their own country. We would commend the pro-Boer agitators to read his book. Nothing is better in it than his suggestive picture of the gorgeous East as he passed along its fringe, and his account of the indifferent Malay, handing over the undeveloped wealth and resources of his country to the indefatigable yellow man, is peculiarly instructive.

An amusing chapter describes the ceremonies that attended the visit of King Neptune to the ships. Space forbids us to attempt to follow Mr. Maxwell in his account of what he saw in the Australian Commonwealth, and in New Zealand. Melbourne, as he says, is a marvellous city, and there it was that he witnessed the great ceremony for which the Royal voyage had been designed. He gives us the romance of Australia in his account of its golden cities; he describes the vast wealth in flocks and herds upon the rich, rolling plains; and he has much to say about the Australian aborigines. The impressions of New Zealand are extremely interesting, especially in the picture of the excellent colonists, and of the Maoris, the only coloured race out of India with whom Britons will associate seemingly on terms of equality. The chapters upon Canada will not yield in interest to any of the others. Mr. Maxwell tells us that we have only scratched the surface there, and that there is a danger that we may leave the capitalists of the United States to reap the harvest which we are reluctant to sow. His account of the French Canadians is charming. He says of them that their hearts naturally incline to the land of their fathers, but they know that their interest and their future, their prosperity and their individuality, lie with Great Britain. It will be seen that Mr. Maxwell's book is one to be read and enjoyed. It is also one to be possessed, because it is not only a record of the renowned tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, but a picture also of the Empire in this first year of King Edward's reign.

A book to be linked with that of Mr. Maxwell is that entitled "Naval Brigades in the South African War, 1899-1900" (Sampson Low). Now the volumes dealing with the war would fill a library, but the work of the Naval Brigades demanded a separate treatment, and the extreme interest of the new book is found in the fact that its authors have all played a part, and in nearly every case a distinguished part, in the operations they so modestly describe. Major A. E. Marchant, C.B., R.M.L.I., assembled the remnant of the Naval Brigade after the heroic action of Graspan. Captain W. T. C. Jones, R.M.L.I., was severely wounded in that action. Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., accompanied the forces in the march which he describes from Enslin to Bloemfontein. Captain Leslie Wilson, D.S.O., R.M.L.I., took part in the same way in the advance from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, Diamond Hill, and eastward of the railway. Commander J. A. Furgusson, R.N., was with the famous marches of "Grant's guns" north of Bloemfontein, and Lieutenant E.C.P. Back, R.N., was also an actor in the events. The events in Natal are related by Captain E. P. Jones, C.B., R.N., whose gallant service is well known, Chief Engineer C. C. Sheen, and Fleet Surgeon F. J. Lilly.

The enthusiasm in the Fleet, when it was known that the Navy was to serve ashore with the military forces, was tremendous, and one of the most pleasing things in the book is to note the genuine harmony with which the two Services worked together, and the high regard that existed between them. The force which landed at Cape Town, under Commander Ethelston and Major Plumb, R.M.L.I., after proceeding to Naauport and Stormberg, was brought back to Queenstown, and ultimately embodied with the reconstituted brigade under Captain Prothero, which shared in the advance of Lord Methuen, and rendered devoted service in the tremendous action of Graspan. Officers and men went into it with high spirit, happy that at last the Navy was to have a "show." "By jove! what sport! What luck! Is it really true?" This was the spirit with which the march began. How the action was fought is well known, but the details have never been so well described as by Major Marchant. In regard to the "bunching" of the Naval Brigade, he makes the remark that perhaps, as the kopje was peak-shaped, every man took the summit as his point of direction and so closed in on the centre. After the action Captain Bearcroft of the "Philomel," and Major Urmston of the Marines, were sent up to take over the command, and at Jacobsdal Grant's guns were found—the two 4·7's "Little Bobs" and "Sloper"—and the fortunes of the force were thereafter merged under Captain Bearcroft in the march on Bloemfontein. The services that were rendered on the march and in the battles are admirably described. Surgeon Jeans, writing of the work at Paardeberg, remarks that the Naval Brigade was better fed than the rest of the army, partly owing to the smallness of numbers, and also to the fact that the men seemed to adapt themselves more readily to varying circumstances, showing ability to forage for themselves, and to cook. Elsewhere we read that the Bluejackets displayed wonderful adaptability in their power of dealing with the ox-teams. They learnt to drive as well as the natives, and could crack a whip with the best, besides teaching the black boys some other expletives apart from the uncomplimentary "verdomde Rooinek." Captain Leslie Wilson's and Commander Furgusson's chapters on the service of the brigade in the great advance from Bloemfontein, make us wonder at the marvellous way in which "Grant's guns" traversed the veldt, and overcame extraordinary difficulties in crossing drifts and passing through hilly country in those tremendous marches. The whole story must be read in the book itself, and the same may be said of the chapters on the Natal Campaign, which are last in the book but not least important. Those who would know what was done by the forces under Captain Lambton and Captain Jones, and the splendid services rendered by Captain Percy Scott in regard to providing mountings for the guns, must read these graphic pages. As a record they are all that could be wished, and, as a picture of the spirit, gallantry, and readiness of the Naval forces, they are not less than admirable. The book is very well illustrated.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII —No. 261.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1902

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OF ASHANTI RENOWN.

COLONEL SIR JAMES WILLCOCKS, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., WHO LEFT LAST WEEK FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir James Willcocks is emphatically the type of practical, level-headed soldier who is still wanted in South Africa, and may be confidently expected to increase on the veldt the fine reputation he has already gained in the forests of the West Coast, and among the rocky passes of the Indian Frontier. His conduct of the operations in Ashanti in 1900 brought him into well-deserved prominence, but he had previously made a name for himself in no fewer than eight campaigns. He is an ex-officer of the Leinsters, and is regarded with great personal esteem and liking by those who have served under him.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Why we are Disliked Abroad.

AN ingenious correspondent of the *Times* has discovered the real reason of German Anglophobia. It is so simple that we marvel no one thought of it before. We have been talking about trade rivalry and jealousies of universal empire and sympathy with a small race fighting a great country, but all these reasons are beside the mark. The real cause of the hatred which the Germans express towards us and the abuse to which we have been subjected is simply this—that we have set a new standard for civilised warfare, and have sent up beyond all reason the price of going to war. This means, of course, the Concentration Camps. The Germans, according to the ingenious correspondent, are afraid that the next time they invade France they will be compelled by public opinion to establish Refugee Camps for all the wives and children of the Frenchmen in the field. It would be a big job, beyond doubt. It would cost a great deal of money. The frugal German likes to do things on the cheap. Wherever the Teutonic tourist goes, prices seek a lower level. If war is to be made such an expensive business, will it be worth while devoting so much of the national time and energy to getting ready for it? Would it not be well to devote the same amount of labour and thought to cutting out the trade of other countries by making cheap imitations of their products? Germany can already turn out cheap razors, for example, which for any purpose except shaving are equal to the best Sheffield. She can imitate the choicest French china so cleverly that you never know the difference until after it has been washed. Why not extend these branches of commerce and enter other fields? It will pay much better than warfare *plus* Concentration Camps.

But surely, if our ingenious explanation goes so far, it ought to go a little further. It ought to furnish us with reasons for the dislike of which Great Britain is the object in other countries besides Germany. And, if we reflect upon it, it can easily be made to explain much else in addition to German Anglophobia. Is it not equally to be supposed that the habit, into which we have fallen during the South African War, of sending out huge supplies of comforts for the troops, may have caused the French to feel a burning indignation against us? The *boulevardier* must be thinking with a downcast spirit that the next time he has helped to plunge his country into war, he will be expected to do likewise. It is all very well to shout "A Berlin" and to encourage the departing troops with patriotic bellowing. But to knock off, say, the daily glass of absinthe, in order that those troops may sleep warmly; to send them cigarettes instead of smoking them yourself; to cut down dinner bills so that you can subscribe to funds for providing jam and pickles to make more palatable the Army rations of bread and beef—this is another thing altogether. Is it not enough to make the *boulevardier* more fierce than ever against *perfide Albion* and its hypocritical inhabitants who have set an example so painful to follow?

The Sultan, too, must regard as a very undesirable precedent the despatch of Royal chocolate boxes and Royal pipes. Is he to send huge consignments of Turkish delight and thousands of chibouques to solace his soldiers at their camp-fires when next he calls upon them to take the field? It is too much to expect. As the representative of the Prophet, he will give his troops the blessing of the Padishah, but the Treasury will certainly not respond to the call which gifts in kind would cause to be made upon it. What more natural, then, but that he should pass the word to his Ministers, and that they in turn should require all the Faithful to regard with horror and detestation the doings of a nation whose rulers are so utterly lost to all sense of their position? Clearly, we have hit upon the cause of Turkish Anglophobia beyond the shadow of a doubt. Think, too, what must be the feelings of a Turkish general who hears that, after the example set by Lord Roberts, he will be expected to nurse Armenian babies and to be represented in the Turkish illustrated papers as playing with the innocent darlings and telling his aides-de-camp to go away because he is particularly engaged. How their gorge must rise against the infidel dogs who tolerate and even admire such conduct on the part of their most trusted and most successful commanders!

And then the Russians, when they hear how the Boer captives are treated in Ceylon and St. Helena and Bermuda and at Ahmednagar, will they not furiously rage at the thought of being forced by public opinion to make prisoners in Siberia equally comfortable? The Russian idea of dealing with "undesirables" is to make them walk to their place of detention and then let them shift for themselves. Are they in future to be obliged, upon pain of outraging the sentiment of the civilised world, to provide Pullman cars for the convenience of the deported, to feed and clothe them with tasteful generosity, to supply them with light, pleasant occupations and pastimes? Imagine the shock to a Russian official's mind at the notion of prisoners playing lawn tennis and ping-pong and writing to their friends to say they have never had such a good time in their lives!

As for the huge bill we are running up, all the nations together point the finger at us for our ostentation. We are flaunting our wealth in their faces. They must feel as the country parson and doctor and small landowners feel when their trifling entertainments, croquet parties, or "whist drives" are put in the shade by some millionaire settler amongst them giving a costly feast with everything done on the most luxurious scale. How strange that this view of our unpopularity abroad has not occurred to anyone before! It was a German official who suggested to the writer of the letter in the *Times* the solution of the mystery we have all been trying to solve. It is so simple, so lucid; and yet somehow a doubt still worries us. Was the correspondent in earnest? If so, what is the German for telling tales to the Marines?

A CORRECTION.

We are greatly concerned to find that we have been led into a serious mistake with regard to the announcement made in the issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of January 25 of an approaching marriage between Lady Aileen Roberts and Dr. Kendal Franks. We are informed that there is not the slightest foundation for the story of this engagement, and it goes without saying that we are more than sorry that such an error should have found publicity in our columns. We can only apologise most sincerely for having thus inadvertently given pain to a family, the members of which are objects of such special respect and regard to every reader of this journal.

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A NEW METHOD OF COALING SHIPS AT SEA.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb*

THE TEMPERLEY-MILLER TRANSPORTER AT WORK.

The bags of coal in transit from the collier to the war-ship.

During the past week experiments have been carried out at Portsmouth with a mechanism for coaling war-ships at sea while moving through the water. A steamer, the "Muriel" of Newport, which is seen in the distance in our picture with two men on her mast, is fitted with the apparatus, and by means of it coal was transported to the "Trafalgar" battle-ship, which is in the foreground, at the rate of seven tons per hour. The result is reported to be very satisfactory, but further experiments are to be made at sea. Our picture further shows how the cableway is worked in the war-ship.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

GED CLIFFS, TAFEL.

The highest point in the Transvaal.

NEAR HERE KRUITZINGER WAS CAPTURED.

No. 30 Blockhouse its garrison and decorations.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE GARRISON OF No. 29 BLOCKHOUSE.

They belong to the 1st Coldstream Guards, but don't look it.

THE story which I am about to tell you is an official secret—you must be careful not to let it go further. A senior officer in the South African Constabulary found occasion one night after mess to read the officers of his particular section a lecture. He pointed out to them that there was little that the Boers accomplished which could not be done by intelligent Britishers. He closed his remarks by stating that he wished his officers and men to perfect themselves in Boer tactics. Two of his officers took his words to heart, and, as they shared the same tent, talked the matter over that night. They determined to prove themselves worthy of their superior's approbation, for in the morning they called their troop together and asked for volunteers to do a week's raid clothed as Boers.

It was at a period when the Boers were deliberately dressing themselves in khaki with intent to deceive. The two subalterns determined to take their major's words literally, and that night they set out on a week's jaunt with twenty men dressed in old slop suits found in the town. What is more, they were eminently successful. They rode in broad daylight into two small laagers, and, mistaken for friends, were able to bring in the two commandoes—about thirty—without a casualty. But the seniors would have no more of it.

It was against the custom and usages of war to fall upon the King's enemies in any other garb than that prescribed or permitted by the regulations, and the enterprising youths received no further encouragement, though, in my opinion, they deserved it.

Their hearts at least were in the right place, for they must have known that, if matters had gone ill with them, the Boers would have been well within their rights if they had executed them.

Not that it takes much at this period of the war to convert the average British trooper into the semblance of a Boer. It is a notorious fact that the best of the mounted corps in South Africa are now the least well dressed. Of those I call to mind the Carabiniers and 16th Lancers were the most ruffianly-looking lot that I saw out there. Yet I doubt if better British regiments were ever in the field in the whole annals of the British cavalry, with all its magnificent traditions. Rimington used to be able to send a troop of his Carabiniers anywhere, without the least apprehension about their safety; yet to look at they were more like a gang of bandits than the smart men in blue and white that we had known so well in peace-time.

But it is not fine feathers only that make fine birds, and it is on record that whenever a campaign-driven column comes into Pretoria or Bloemfontein, well-dressed town staff officers put on dirty clothes in order to be in the running with the veldt heroes.

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PORTUGUESE CHASSEURS ON PARADE.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

A "MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN," who made a gentle complaint in the *Times*, of the 20th, was, no doubt, quite in the right. It is wrong to speak of anybody as "on" a ship, instead of "in" her. Use and wont have decided that "in" is the correct form, and even if the form were as essentially absurd as it is to talk of any man or thing as depending on, instead of "from" another, still it would be employed by everybody who wishes to use the English language properly. As it is not absurd, but, on the contrary, strictly reasonable, there is, of course, no excuse for using any other. But the zeal of the purist has eaten up the moderation of "Man-of-War's Man." He objects to "on," because it is an abbreviation of "on board," and "is much in favour with those who, when they want a glass of bitter ale, ask for a 'glass of bitter.'" The implication is that to use abbreviations is at all times vulgar. I doubt whether the practice of "Man-of-War's Man" is always consistent with his doctrine. Does he, for instance, ask for "a glass of sherry," or for "a glass of sherry wine"? If he employs the latter form he is correct, but he either affects an antique turn, or he is vulgar. Sherry wine and port wine (or, more common still, pork wine) are said by uneducated people who have preserved a usage which has fallen out among the educated. Falstaff, we know, sang the praises of Sherres Sack, and that was good Elizabethan English. Sherres, or sherry, as it has become, is an adjective formed from the name of the Spanish town now spelt Jeres, and pronounced with a strong guttural. When Falstaff drank its wine, it was spelt Xeres, and pronounced Sheres. We have dropped the substantive, and keep the adjective only, just as we content ourselves with saying "bitter," and omitting to say "ale."

* * * *

If we had decided by custom to speak of an officer or man as being "on board" the ship he belonged to, and had abbreviated the two words into "on," we should have done something quite consistent with our usual practice and the genius of the language. We have not; and we are right, not only because we are entitled to settle the correct sense of words, but because we have the use of two phrases to express slightly different things. When it is said that Brown is in the "Thunder," this means that he forms part of her complement, and has his home and duty there. But supposing he has gone to see Smith of the "Jupiter," who is an old chum and messmate, would it be correct to say that he was in the "Jupiter"? If so, you use the same form to express different things, which is slovenly. To me, at least, it seems that the right course would be to say that Brown is in the "Thunder," but for the time being on the "Jupiter." The mere fact that "on" is short for "on board" is neither here nor there. Nothing is more idle or more pedantic than to attempt to limit the freedom of English to abbreviate and modify according to its nature. Swift said that it was a vulgarism to speak of the "mob," that "mobile" was the correct form, and only a vulgarian would use the abbreviation. Yet who would now think of saying that the "mobile" had broken windows in Fleet Street, and how many of his hearers would understand what he meant if he did. Then, too, is it not the case that Lieutenant Brown is "in" the "Thunder" when he belongs to her crew, even if he is with his family in Paris on leave and she is at Malta. He is on her when he is actually present on her deck. "In," then, I take it, denotes the permanent relation of membership of a crew, and on the temporary condition of being in a given place at a given moment.

* * * *

The same number of the *Times* contained an article from its correspondent at St. John's, Newfoundland, which states a case calling for very cool consideration and steady handling. The sum and substance of the tale is that the Naval Reserve in the premier colony is in danger of collapsing over a question of money. The writer is so angry that he tells us that in these years "the whole administration of the Army and Navy seems to reek of incompetence, and to be honeycombed with mismanagement." The proof is that the Admiralty has seen reason to doubt the wisdom of certain measures taken to form a Reserve in Newfoundland. This hysterical way of lavishing adjectives does not inspire much confidence in the sanity of public opinion in St. John's which is presumably represented by the correspondent. If there are incompetence and mismanagement—reek and honeycombs—they are just as likely to have caused the first steps as to be the origin of the subsequent change of mind. The gravamen of the complaint of Newfoundland is that the Admiralty began by taking fifty Naval Reserve men from the island on a practice cruise, and paying them; that it promised to send a training depôt ship; that the Reserve promised to become very popular among the fishermen; that, on second thoughts, the Admiralty saw that the line taken here was not consistent with the course followed in Australia, where the Reserve is paid by the colony, and is a bad precedent for the formation of the Canadian Reserve; and that, on due reflection, Whitehall did not send out the depôt ship, and the Newfoundland Naval Reserve is at a stand.

* * * *

Now, supposing this to be an accurate statement of the case, the whole history only shows what happens when people forget that business ought to be done with their headpiece, and not with their patriotic emotions. The Admiralty we are told have been advised that the Act of Parliament only authorises them to pay Naval Reserve men in the United Kingdom, and that they have gone beyond their powers in spending the money in Newfoundland. This is precisely the kind of detail which businesslike people ought to bear in mind. It is, however, a small matter, and could be easily put right. What is more serious is the whole question of policy. The correspondent warns us pretty clearly, in a tone not at all unusual with the Colonies, that unless the feelings of Newfoundland are consulted—unless, in short, a number of

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Newfoundlanders are to be paid retaining fees out of the pocket of the Mother Country, we must expect to see the Imperial sentiment of the Colony become cold. This sort of threat is not very gracious, and, if the correspondent is right, the Imperial enthusiasm of the Colony must be merely skin deep, and is hardly worth consulting. It would not stand a strain of any severity. If Newfoundland is really disposed to aid in the maintenance of the Navy, it must go beyond supplying a few men to be paid by the Mother Country. Its finances are not in a good condition, we will not ask why, or refer to certain facts which came to light a few years ago. It is enough to point out that the whole expense of a few hundred Naval Reserve men, and we have not heard of more, would only amount to a small sum. Newfoundland could meet the call well enough if it chose.

* * * * *

Of course it may be answered that if the sum is small the Mother Country can easily find the amount. So it can, but we have to settle the whole question of policy and principle. If we are to pay the Newfoundland Naval Reserve, why not the Canadian when it is formed, if ever, and why should Australia be called upon to provide money as it does now? Is it not obvious that if the Navy is a common interest the burden of maintaining it should be common also. To throw the expense on the Mother Country, while the Colonies confined themselves to taking pay for the Reserve men, would be a very one-sided arrangement. Australia, which has a fine national feeling, has shown that this is its opinion. We may fairly ask other Colonies to share her views—and her pride. How the Colonies can best help is another question. There are advocates of the scheme according to which the Colonies should make a money contribution to the Imperial Navy. Others, of whom I am one, think it would be better that each should have its own Naval establishment for local defence, and to help the Imperial force in case of need. What has no sense in it at all is the proposal that the Mother Country should supply, entirely at its own expense, arms, training-ships, pay, and rations, and should get in return only the service of Colonial Naval Reserve men whom it would have no means of controlling in war-time if they were not disposed to come. This would be simply a form of subvention to a local industry, and considering how ready the Colonies are to hamper the trade of the Mother Country with protective duties, there is absolutely nothing to which they are less entitled. A purely Colonial force might fail us in war, but at any rate it would have cost us nothing in peace.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CHINESE WAR.

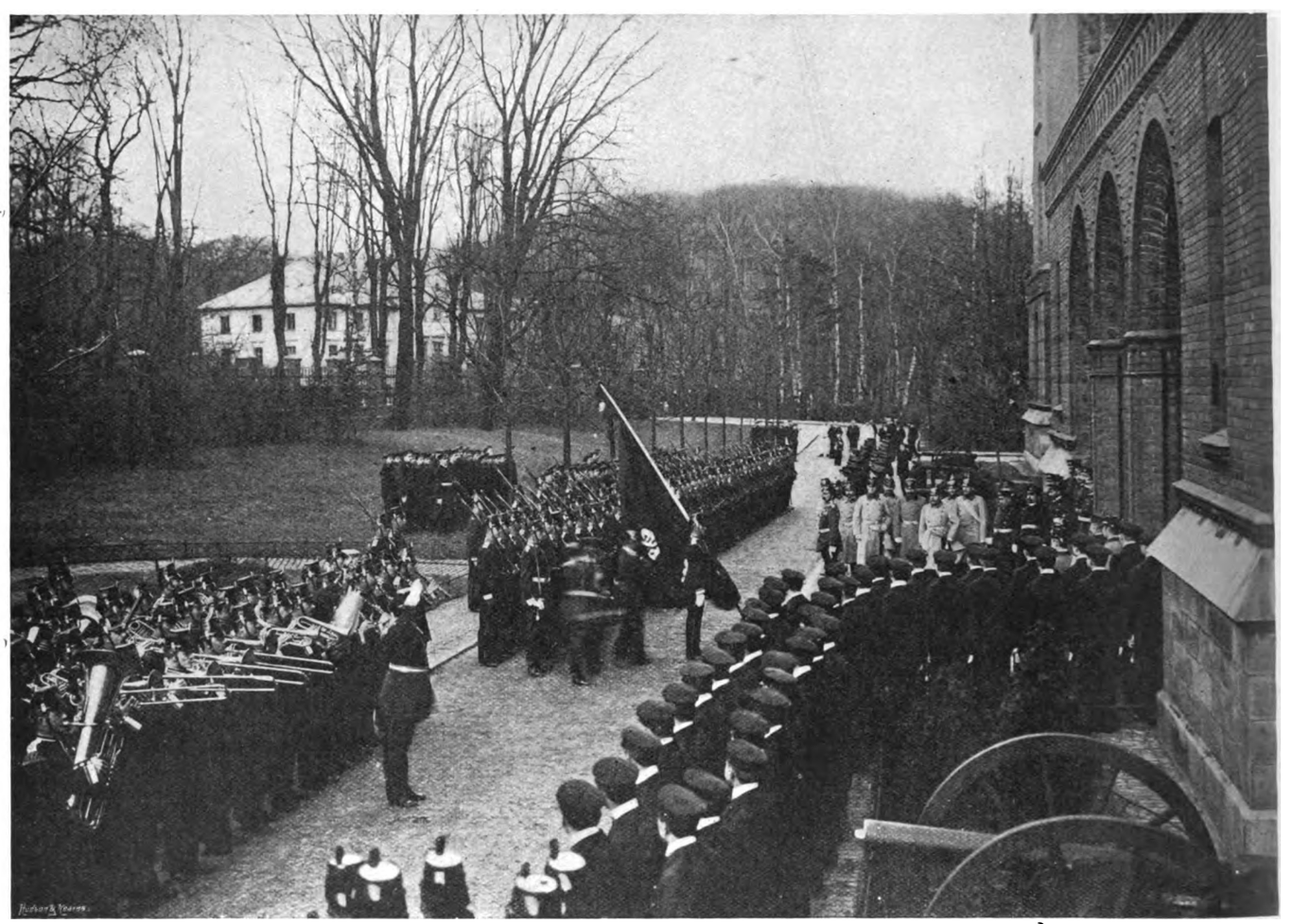

Photo. Copyright. *Renard.*

AT THE MUSEUM OF THE ACADEMY AT KIEL.

German soldiers deposit Chinese flags.

THE question of the reception or of the ultimate disposition of the flags borne away by a victorious Power in the case of any victory seems to have been invariably one of considerable difficulty. Perhaps the future in this case will not atone for the remissness of the past. But of that remissness there can be no doubt. We as a nation have never done our duty in the way of flags. We have never preserved them. We have never recognised that they were in effect national monuments.

Every flag that has been borne aloft, whether it be a British flag or a captured ensign, is worthy of all honour, and injustice is done to the country when these flags are lost to sight or are allowed to decay. Where are the innumerable flags that our Navy and Army have captured for us? In the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution there are a few flags which were gallantly borne by British troops. But the captured ensigns? We have told the truth by the note of interrogation which we have placed.

Let us reduce the matter to a definite point. Where are the flags of the ships which we took at Trafalgar? We believe that they were put in the crypt at St. Paul's, and that they have disappeared. There is surely something to be said over this loss of trophies which ought to be national treasures, and the authorities of St. Paul's, whoever they may be—we do not wish to involve ourselves in a discussion as to the relative importance of this or the other ecclesiastical dignitary—ought to be able to say what has happened to these flags. Where, again, are the flags which ought to be at Greenwich? Obviously Germany is in advance of us, and our picture shows how reverently the captured Chinese flags were deposited at Kiel.

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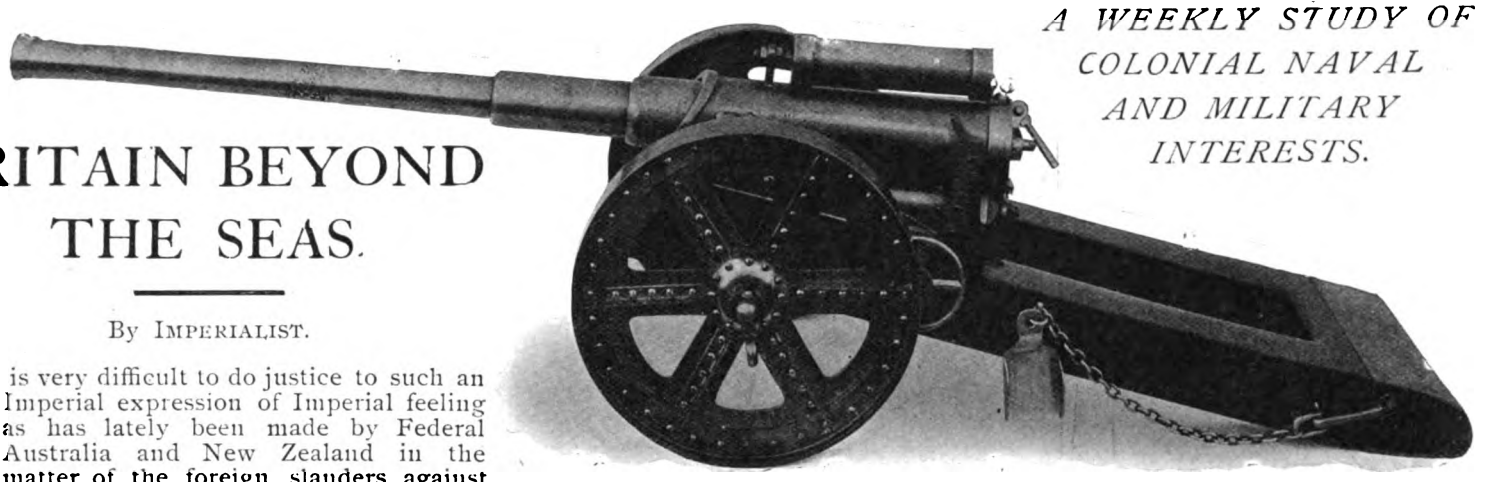

A WEEKLY STUDY OF COLONIAL NAVAL AND MILITARY INTERESTS.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is very difficult to do justice to such an Imperial expression of Imperial feeling as has lately been made by Federal Australia and New Zealand in the matter of the foreign slanders against the British army in South Africa. Probably, as a matter of fact, the full significance of this spontaneous pronouncement will never be properly appreciated by the present generation, if only for the simple reason that such epoch-making episodes are only to be rightly judged not by the contemporary impressions which they create, but by their historical results, and these may not be clearly apparent for many years to come. But in the meantime there is, of course, a very important lesson, as well as much cause for self-congratulation, in this stirring action on the part of the great Colonies concerned. It is intensely gratifying that Australia and New Zealand should have reaffirmed their conception of Imperialism in this vigorous fashion for the benefit of Continental Europe, and in the teeth of Continental Europe into the bargain. For here is no question of Colonial expansion, or of Imperial trade, no union to prevent disintegration, or to push the red tint on the map to a further and more profitable boundary. It is a matter of Continental insult levelled against the fighting men of the Empire, and the Continent must now be fully aware, unless it is singularly obtuse, that, in any such conflict with British susceptibilities, it, as well as Boerdom, has to reckon with a reserve of power, of patriotism, and of pride, the aggregate of which is beyond human calculation.

To those who study history from a loftier standpoint than is compatible with complete devotion to one's daily newspaper, there does indeed appear in this latest outburst of Imperial ardour something more forcible even than the early enthusiasm which prompted the despatch of the Colonial contingents to South Africa. Coming as it does on the top of the great sacrifices which the latter has involved, it is doubly impressive, but it is well to look at the two sets of circumstances in two different lights. It has not infrequently been urged in connection with the matter of the Colonial contingents, that the loyalty and patriotism evinced were largely helped by the fact that fighting was actually in progress, and that men of British blood would naturally jump at the chance of taking part in such a "goodly scrimmage," if only for fighting's sake. There have been those, too, who thought that, perhaps, some far-off possibilities of self-aggrandisement may have entered into the zeal with which many fine young fellows responded to the Imperial trumpet-call. On the Continent, we may be sure, the action of the Colonies, even if partly understood, was obscured as much as possible by suggestive insinuations and doubts as to the reality or permanence of the sentiments expressed.

Those who have slumbered under the influence of such delusions as these have had a rude awakening. The despatch of fresh Colonial contingents amid such enthusiasm as, for instance, was exhibited when the last Canadian force was embarked, must have fostered the uneasy conviction that mere lust of fighting or prospect of profit had strangely little to do with sustained patriotism of this stamp. But Continental Europe has had a demonstration of another sort since then. In reply to foul slanders circulated with curious freedom in a country with which we have much in common, and which has peculiarly close connections with our Navy and Army, Federal Australia and New Zealand have acted with a combined dignity and force which cannot but react strongly on the political situation. Without the least exhibition of hysteria they have given the world to understand that it is not only in South Africa they are prepared to stand by the Flag, and that the whole Continent of Europe is quite powerless to sever the British Colonies from the Mother Country in a matter of Imperial *amour propre*. When discussion of such points as have been raised reaches a certain point there is always a rather awkward factor in the situation in the shape of the British Navy to be considered, but, pending any appeal to such an argument as was deemed desirable when a certain famous Particular Service Squadron was mobilised, the Continent has now, to borrow the expression so felicitously employed in the German Reichstag, another piece of granite to bite upon.

For ourselves, it is profitable to reflect, by the light of such wise utterances as the Speech from the Throne on the opening of Parliament, that such episodes as those referred to are the result not only of foreign complications, but of improved home counsels. That we have as yet arrived at anything approaching ideal relations with our Colonies cannot be seriously maintained for an instant. We have only to look at such vexed questions as that which has reached the boiling point in the West Indies, to realise that the Panglosses among us are foolish in supposing that everything is for the best in the best of all possible Empires. But we *have* undoubtedly improved during the last few years upon the old condition of utter misunderstanding, in which distrust and indifference alternated most harmfully, and have arrived at an altogether saner conception of what is due to our Colonies and to ourselves in the adjustment of Imperial relations. How far this is due to Mr. Chamberlain the writer does not profess to say, or care, since, although expressions of political opinion can scarcely be altogether avoided in the discussion of Colonial topics, it is no part of the programme of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to deal in party personalities. But the fact remains that it is only within a very recent period that the give-and-take principle has been properly recognised at the Colonial Office, and that it is historically interesting that the Minister chiefly responsible for the improvement should have been so finely backed up by the Colonies in the misunderstanding which has made him personally objectionable to a foreign Power.

The future of South Africa is a very favourite topic of discussion just now, and is likely to continue so for a considerable period, at intervals of which a long series of expedients, from irrigation to military settlements, will be necessarily brought forward and "boomed for all they are worth." It seems a pity that the average plain man cannot be content to take a great subject like this, geographically as well as intrinsically great, piecemeal, instead of trying to bolt it whole, with the certain result of a bad attack of indigestion. There may or may not be a great deal to be said for military settlements such as those referred to in the last instalment of these notes, but one thing seems tolerably certain, namely, that any idea of colonising any but small tracts of the vast districts which will soon be at our disposal in South Africa with retired soldiers is altogether ethereal. Here and there little settlements may spring into existence, in which the former soldier will by passable husbandry extract a decent living from the soil, and by reason of his former training prove a useful standing safeguard against any possible hostile contingency. But what proportion will such small and sporadic communities, the mere creation of which cannot but be a costly process, bear to the thousands of square miles which will soon be available? Moreover, there are soldiers, and possibly sailors too, who would prefer to take up land in South Africa quite independently of any official scheme of "military colonisation." For the benefit of these, cannot some idea be arrived at, and formulated, of the areas which in due course will be open to men with perhaps a little capital in cash and a very considerable capital in energy and adaptability? Long before we need talk in detail of the "Future of South Africa" it might be possible to sow a good many seeds which, by the time the administration of *all* the conquered territory was on a sound footing, would have become healthy plants, thus giving an air of at least partial cultivation, which would be very encouraging. There are parts, surely, in which already a move might be made in the direction of inviting settlers with reasonable qualifications, preference being, perhaps, given to those who had already served their country in some distinctly official capacity. There are local susceptibilities, no doubt, to be considered, but to a large extent the new Colonies are purely Imperial possessions, towards the acquisition of which many who have never set foot in Africa have really contributed more than some who have lived in it

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all their lives, and are now busy looking around to reap some practical advantage from the War.

A communication from the *Times* correspondent at St. John's, Newfoundland, gives a very clear idea of the difficulty that has arisen in regard to the development of the Naval Reserve movement in that colony. The chief reason why the experiment made rather more than a year ago of enrolling fifty young fishermen, and giving them a six months' cruise in the West Indies on board the "Charybdis," has not been extended, is the fear of the Admiralty lest an awkward financial precedent may be created. It is felt that, however willing the Imperial Government might be to "pay the piper" in the case of a comparatively poor colony like Newfoundland, it might not be prepared to do so in that of a rich one like Canada, and discrimination between the two cases might be troublesome. There appears a prospect that the difficulty may be adjusted, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will, and that a movement which was so promising in every way will not be allowed to collapse without a strong effort on the Admiralty's part to brush away the obstacles indicated.

CEYLON VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.

"LUMSDEN'S HORSE" and the Ceylon Contingent have sufficiently demonstrated in South Africa what can be done in the way of practical soldiering by the planter element, but it is only fair to the manner in which Volunteering in India and Ceylon is conducted to say that the seed of the success won on the veldt lies in such training as is illustrated in the two accompanying pictures. Enthusiasm goes for much, and so do physique and horsemanship. But military training of some sort is what all bodies of men must have if they are to become useful factors in any organised campaign. And military training of a very sound sort is what Volunteers in the "Shiny East" unquestionably get, sometimes, it must be admitted, as in the case of "Ceylon's happy isle," amid very delightful surroundings. There is a very useful sprinkling of Volunteers in Ceylon, Artillery, Mounted Infantry, and Infantry being all represented, and when all three combine with the Regulars to form a Camp of Exercise the result is pretty certain to be a success.

THE "REST-HOUSE."

Used as headquarters by the Inspecting General.

The camp to which these pictures refer was held at a place called Urugasmanhandiya, the name of which will hardly bear frequent repetition in the limited space here available. Everyone knows that Ceylon has some of the loveliest scenery in the world, and possibly there may be great descriptive value attached to the local nomenclature. But for the practical purposes of a Volunteer camp a rather less tremendous mouthful seems desirable, and we have little doubt that in this case some handy abbreviation was duly adopted.

Altogether the Ceylon Volunteers appear to number about 2,000, 200 Artillery, 300 Mounted Infantry, and about 1,500 Infantry. They sent a contingent to take part in the late Queen's Jubilee celebrations in London, and all through a very high standard of physique and efficiency is attained.

The Ceylon Mounted Infantry, which we here see at riding school, is composed chiefly of tea-planters, and a very fine body of men they are said to be. The average tea-planter is not only an excellent horseman, but a first-rate horse master, which is another thing altogether, as we have learnt to our cost in South Africa. What is more, he is very much in earnest about anything he undertakes, and when he takes up soldiering he does not play with it, although Volunteering, as a rule, means to the planter a very serious sacrifice of ease and leisure. Attendance at an important parade may mean a twenty-mile ride there and a twenty-mile ride back, and this, too, in the busy season when time can ill be spared. But the planter makes little or no fuss about such matters, with the result that the adjutants of corps in which he does mostly congregate invariably entertain for this genuine Volunteer the highest respect as well as personal liking.

Photos. Copyright. *Sheen & Co., Colombo.*

AN OPEN-AIR RIDING SCHOOL.

Ceylon Mounted Infantry Volunteers undergoing instruction.

Naturally enough such a camp as the one under allusion is immensely enjoyed by both officers and men, who are not oppressed with the necessity of having to return home the moment a parade is finished, and who very sensibly combine pleasure with business in this annual outing. As in many cases officers and men are drawn from the same class there is the frankest and freest *camaraderie* on all sides, and, when the day's work is done, there is a very general and practical effort made in the direction of comprehensive "jollification" till "Lights out!"

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him if challenged in support of the views he had expressed at the dinner-table. Tammers states his remarks were to the point, and that he would not withdraw them for any man. A waiter gives him a message from Count Julowski that a gentleman will wait upon him. De Boivet, Count Julowski's representative, approaches.

CHAPTER VI.

TAMMERS' DECISION.

"IT is M. Tammaire to whom I have the honour to address myself?" said he, with an elaborate bow.

"That's how I am ticketed," returned Tammers, graciously.

De Boivet probably expected us to take the initiative from this point, but not knowing what was expected of us I broke the embarrassing pause by remarking that it was a fine night.

The Frenchman bowed and agreed with me. He was visibly discomposed at the recurring silence, and betrayed it by shifting from one leg to the other, and as we got no farther he bowed once more.

Tammers was all this time regarding him with interest.

"Cockatoo!" he said gravely.

The Frenchman stared, but Tammers was looking vacantly into the night sky. I felt indecorously near to laughter, and it was a relief when De Boivet in desperation took the lead once more.

"I come on the part of M. le Comte Julowski, and shall be pleased to know the name of your second," said the little man, and bowed towards me this time. "Allow me to introduce myself—Achille de Boivet, very much at your service."

"My name's Anson," I answered half involuntarily.

And that was how I came to be mixed up in Tammers' affair with Count Julowski.

"Perhaps monsieur can spare me a few moments?" De Boivet continued. "You have, without doubt, already discussed the arrangements with your principal."

Now, although I had done nothing of the kind, I felt we could not again make a parade of our inexperience, consequently I declared myself entirely at his disposal. We were about to walk away together when Tammers abruptly interposed.

"Time and place are subject to my choice—and weapons, aint they?" he demanded.

M. Achille de Boivet started obviously, thus conveying in the most delicate manner that he considered my principal's personal interference wholly out of order and irregular. Still he was good enough to make a reply.

He admitted that the choice lay with M. Tammaire, but added a hint that, for the moment, M. le Comte found it undesirable to return to France. Then he hesitated.

As neither of us spoke, he resumed:

"To men of honour, however, this presents but a small difficulty. A manœuvre to secure a place of meeting where we may be safe from interruption by the gendarmes of the island will but add an additional piquancy to the situation," he ended insinuatingly.

"I can make allowances," said Tammers genially. "For my part, Jersey is good enough for me to fight in."

Thereupon De Boivet thanked Tammers through me, and said it would afford him much pleasure to await my convenience at the hotel.

But Tammers had not done with him yet.

"As you are here, we may as well settle up details at once," he suggested.

But De Boivet turned resolutely away, as though he had not heard this — probably monstrous — proposal. He halted directly in front of me, and said with resolution:

"I await the coming of monsieur at the hotel."

With which assurance and another bow he disappeared into the darkness.

"Rum little chap!" commented Tammers. "Seemed uncomfortable, you know. He didn't want to speak to me."

"Of course not. It isn't the thing," I said in a tone of reproof.

"What's wrong about it? Why isn't it the thing?"

"It is not etiquette for the principals in a duel to take any personal part in the arrangements. That's what the seconds are for," I replied confidently. I had, like the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes, deduced so much from the behaviour of De Boivet.

"I thought they were to see fair play," said Tammers, "and I tell you this settling by proxy's a bad plan. A man gets the hang of a thing better when he goes into it himself. But if it's the custom, of course we must follow it." Then he went off at a tangent, "Duelling's contrary to the law here, I believe."

I replied that the same conviction was deeply rooted in my own mind.

"We must run that chance," I added. "And now about the meeting—when shall it take place?"

"What is to-day?" asked Tammers.

"Tuesday," I replied.

Tammers considered for a little, and then announced:

"Then you can go and tell him that I'll fight on Friday at dawn. Now that's settled," he concluded with satisfaction.

"Then you have made up your mind to fight?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't," he said. "As to the place, the sands at Plémont early in the morning when the tide is far out will be as good as any spot we can find in this crowded little island—it's retired and safe."

"Is there anything else you wish me to say?" I asked.

"No, that's all," he answered.

But before I had walked many paces he called out after me, and when I returned he shook my hand in a succession of hearty jerks, and said, "Beastly good of you to stand by me in this affair, Anson!"

I disclaimed any kindness, but as I trudged along in the dark a vivid sense of what I was letting myself in for rose up before my mind.

I knew that even as a second I ran a considerable risk, though not from the pistols of the yellow Count, but from the outraged laws of my own country. I had some dim recollection that in the magazine article I have before referred to the penalty attached to figuring as second in a duel meant seven —or was it fourteen?—years' hard labour.

Such a prospect would at any time have been far from inspiriting, but it seemed especially so at that moment when the soft sweet summer night was full of the melancholy cadences of wind and sea. Life and liberty are very good at such times, with the chances of losing all a man values not remote. My whole future might be sacrificed by that desperate five minutes on the morning sands beside the grey wash of the tide!

Then my thoughts shifted slightly. Tammers had said

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that he wished to be all on deck in this affair, and what a decent fellow he was! Yet here was I on my way to arrange with a rascally foreigner for his removal from this world!

That Tammers would be killed was almost a moral certainty, and the subsequent sentence on the participators in the crime I shuddered to contemplate. What a fool Tammers was to throw away dear life for some quixotic notion of upholding his opinions in the teeth of a murderous scoundrel like Julowski! However, Tammers had the courage of his convictions, and if he did not object to going the length of dying for them, why, that was his affair—but not mine. Why, in the name of all that was rational and sensible, had I suffered myself to be embroiled in such a harebrained business?

I went more and more slowly as I thought over all these things, and finally drew up under a lamp. Beside me a little lugger groaned at her moorings. I pulled out my watch. It was eleven o'clock. Should I go back while there was yet time and point out to Tammers the danger and the reckless folly of the whole mad affair? To him, it meant death—perhaps a long-drawn-out agony of death. To me, social ruin, short commons and rheumatism, varied only by exercise in a prison yard.

I further reflected that the Channel Islands are bad to run away from; also, I felt assured that we should have to pay in full for our proposed violation of the laws. It might not be a pleasant task to go back and tell Tammers all this, but it was worth the struggle to save him and myself.

As I hesitated, I glanced at the lugger, and caught her name painted in scaling letters on her bows. It was the "Good Luck." This poor, leaky, ill-found tub, that tramped to and fro across the ocean, called herself the "Good Luck." I don't know by what connection of ideas I was influenced, I only know that my cut-and-dry reasonings and prudent fears went out to the four winds. I felt that Tammers had that dogged grit in him which has painted the map red, and who was I to baulk him of his very laudable desire to see if he couldn't whop a foreigner, even if the odds were heavily in the other scale?

Perhaps it was some reminder of the adventurous dreams of my boyhood, perhaps it was due to the "incommunicable thrill of things," but my own petty private ambitions seemed as nothing in comparison with the honour of backing Tammers in this very unnecessary encounter. A phrase I had read floated vaguely through my mind, "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the enemy." In some strange, transferred fashion this appeared to apply very closely to the matter I had in hand. My mind was made up. I strode on rapidly to the hotel, and asked to be shown to the rooms of M. de Boivet.

I just managed to elude the vigilance of Pluvitt, who was lying in wait for me in the coffee-room. He came to the foot of the stairs and gazed up after me with a great deal of superfluous interest.

I found M. Achille de Boivet sitting in company with the Count, who, however, instantly retired. The more I saw of that sinister-looking individual the less I liked him.

De Boivet received me with immense politeness, offered me one of the ornate, uncomfortable, spindle-legged chairs, placed an open box of cigarettes beside me, and began by remarking that our *chef* at the Soleil Levant must be a *cordon bleu* at the very least.

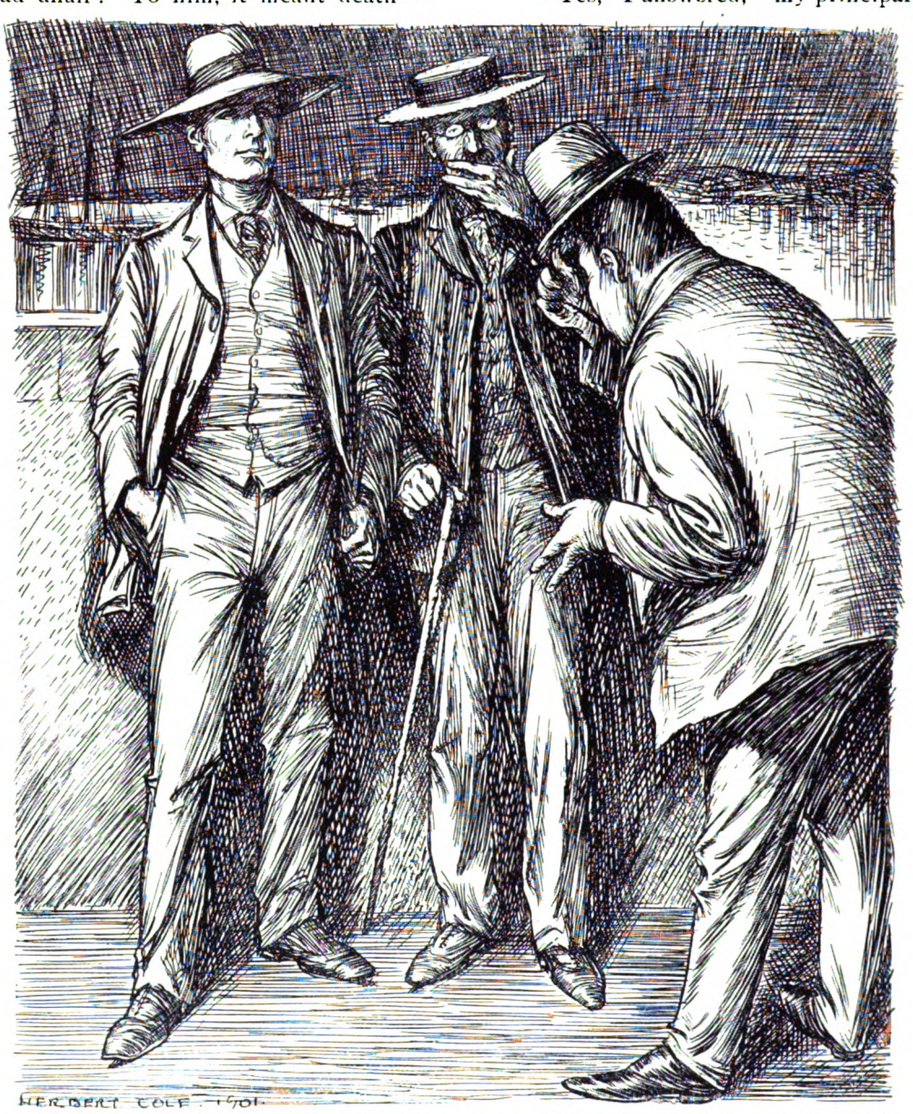
This last phrase was given in so admirable a manner that it impressed me with the sense of a personal compliment. By some delightful inflection of voice or gesture he seemed to place the proficiency of the cook to my credit.

Not to be behindhand in civility, I expressed my opinion that his nation far excelled mine as swordsmen and—cooks.

De Boivet's face clouded for an instant—he glanced at me sharply, and I became sensible that my Anglo-Saxon attempt at politeness lacked something in finish. The next moment, however, he was smiling again; he understood from my manner that, however wanting the performance, the intention had been good.

"Monsieur has, no doubt, come to arrange for the meeting between M. le Comte and his friend, M. Tammaire?" he enquired pleasantly.

"Yes," I answered, "my principal does not see his way to making any apology."



"IT IS M. TAMMAIRE TO WHOM I HAVE THE HONOUR TO ADDRESS MYSELF?" SAID HE, WITH AN ELABORATE BOW.

My style was not what it should have been, I was well aware, and I lacked the *aplomb* of the experienced second.

"Ah, excellent!" exclaimed De Boivet. "The insult, if monsieur will pardon me, was a grave one, and M. le Comte would have been but ill-content with an apology."

"Quite so," I said, with as much dignity as I could muster. "Mr. Tammers is also anxious to fight. He has fixed on Friday morning at five sharp as the time."

"But why not to-morrow, monsieur—why not to-morrow?" asked De Boivet. "Usually very little time is permitted to elapse between the insult and its — punishment."

"There have been occasions when——" I began.

The little Frenchman brought his elbows into his sides with a jerk, and spread out his fat hands.

"I admit that is true. But, in this instance, when the representatives of the law may interfere with our legitimate aims at any moment, is it not rash—even curious—that M. Tammaire should desire to postpone the decisive moment?"

I said that I understood the objections urged by my companion, but that no doubt Mr. Tammers had his own good reasons for the delay.

"But I pray you to see M. Tammaire and remind him of the increasing danger to our plans by the interference of the police," De Boivet entreated. "I am assured if he were to be made aware of the exact complexion his unexpected desire for delay must assume in our eyes, he would name to-morrow, at dawn, as the most suitable hour."

This invidious hint was conveyed in so courtly a manner that I did not see my way to resenting it. Accordingly I offered to return to Tammers and lay this new view of the matter before him. De Boivet looked pleased, but detained me for a moment with questions as to place and weapons, in case some other hitch should arise from my extraordinary ignorance of the procedure proper to the occasion, and which I might take the opportunity to set right at the same time.

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"Mr. Tammers suggested the sands at Plémont, a quiet spot, at the north-west corner of the island, where he and Count Julowski need fear no interruption," I answered.

"And the weapons, monsieur?"

Upon this, I looked blank. Tammers had not alluded to the weapons. With some discomposure I confessed as much to De Boivet.

"I should imagine that your principal has not much knowledge of sword-play," he observed, with a sort of contempt lurking under his urbanity, "but no doubt in his many wanderings he has made acquaintance with—what do you call them—shooting-irons?" and he laughed, well pleased with himself, as all foreigners are when they conquer an idiom or a slang word of our language.

I declined to commit myself to an opinion on this point, because, for all I knew, Tammers might choose to fight it out with swords. I therefore asked De Boivet to excuse me for a few moments while I ascertained from Tammers his wishes on the subject.

But I had promised more than I could by any possibility perform. I made enquiries, and was told that Tammers had gone up to his rooms. But no light was to be seen and the doors were fastened, and although I knocked and knocked, I could elicit no reply from Tammers.

So I had to face the humiliation of returning to De Boivet and informing him that Mr. Tammers was in bed and could not be awakened.

He shot a queer glance at me from the corner of his little bright dark eyes and merely responded:

"Ah—so?"

But the two words were loaded with meaning, and I wished fervently that Tammers had not happened to be so heavy a sleeper.

However, I begged my companion to let the matter stand over until the morning, when I hoped to supply all deficiencies. I fancied De Boivet regarded me with pity in his glance, but he agreed to my request with his usual courtesy.

I stepped out of the room and up to my own, where I sat on the balcony and smoked and pondered on my awkward position, and asked myself why I believed in Tammers, a man I had not seen twelve hours before. I could find no answer to this, so I went to bed. But even in my sleep I could not escape. I spent the night in a chain of dreams. From the one I dropped into the next.

In some of them I saw the Count, his coal-black eye flashing and his lean shoulder bent as he fixed a death-grip now on Tammers, now on me. Then the dream changed and I was looking on at a fight between a lion and a unicorn. The Count was the unicorn, and as he poked his horn into the lion's side, the spectators shouted and raised cries of "Shame!" and I woke to find the sun shining in at my window, while the siren of the Southampton steamer announced her approaching departure for England.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"PROJECTILES."—The most unusual I have come across are as follows: In the defence of St. Elmo by the knights of Malta against the Turks, a novel description of fireworks was used with conspicuous success. Hoops composed of the lightest wood were first dipped into brandy, then rubbed with boiling oil, covered with wool and cotton, and soaked in other combustible liquids mixed with saltpetre and gunpowder. The composition having been allowed to cool, the process was repeated thrice, and on an assault the hoops thus prepared, being set on fire, were taken up by tongs and thrown into the midst of the assailants, who, becoming entangled therein, either perished by burning or sought refuge in the water. The loss inflicted by this and other devices so enraged Mustapha, the Turkish leader, that after the capture of the fort he caused search to be made among the slain for the bodies of the knights. The breasts of these he caused to be cut open, not even sparing those who still breathed, and the hearts torn out, while, as an insult to the distinguishing badge of the order, the bodies were cut into the shape of a cross, covered with the *soubre veste*, and fastened to planks, which were thrown into the sea, so that the tide might bear them to the foot of the castle of St. Angelo, the head-quarters of the Order. The spectacle of the mutilated bodies so enraged the Grand Master, La Valette, that, by way of reprisal, and "to teach the Bashaw not to make war like a common executioner," he ordered all the prisoners to be slain, and, loading cannon with the bleeding heads, fired them into the enemy's camp. At the subsequent siege of Fort St. Michael, the Turks placed great reliance on a machine invented by one of their engineers. It was shaped like a long barrel, encircled and covered with iron hoops, and filled with gunpowder, iron chains, nails, and all sorts of grapeshot; a match was passed through the gunpowder. The machine, thus prepared, was dropped by the Turks into the ravelin in the midst of the knights defending the fort, but with unexpected results, as the knights, as soon as they perceived it, hastily threw it back among the besiegers before the match had done its work. The explosion made dreadful havoc among the Turks, who had gathered in great numbers to witness, as they imagined, the destruction of their enemies, and were thus "hoist with their own petard," those who escaped death being thrown into such confusion that nothing but headlong flight was possible.

* * * *

"VETERAN."—Yes; twenty-four clasps seem a very great number to issue with the South African medal, but it is impossible for anyone to obtain them all. When the late Queen distributed medals in 1848 for the Peninsula 690 survivors of the Rifle Brigade (then the 95th) received medals, and 3,469 clasps in all besides. One veteran, Peter Marsh, of the 95th, received a medal with no fewer than fourteen clasps, ranging from Roleia to Toulouse. This medal was sold by auction in London in 1891, and fetched £23. An old soldier of the disbanded 5th Battalion of the 60th Royal American Regiment (now King's Royal Rifles) received on the same occasion a medal with thirteen clasps. I believe there are records of two medals for the Peninsular War being given with fifteen clasps, and of an officer receiving a medal with fourteen clasps, but I have not been able to trace them. The score made at Bisley last year by the School of Musketry in the competition for the Methuen Cup was the best that has ever been made by an eight in the history of the National Rifle Association and the Army Rifle Association. The total—775 out of a possible 840—is remarkable for team shooting. It was made up as follows: 200-yds., 260; 500-yds., 265; 600-yds., 249. The previous record was held by the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, who in 1895 scored for the Queen's Cup as follows: 200-yds., 248; 500-yds., 258; 600-yds., 266; total, 772. In 1899 the School of Musketry made for the Methuen Cup 771. With these two exceptions, the score of the School of Musketry last year is the only one of over 770 recorded.

* * * *

"SEA MONSTERS."—As you appear interested in sea monsters, I will present to you the following account of one captured off the coast of Ireland. It is taken from a description published in 1673. The monster in question, after taking off a liberal discount for exaggeration, was probably one of the giant squids belonging to the genus Architeuthis: "This Monster was taken at Dingle-I-Cosh in the County of Kerry, being driven up by a great storm in the Month of October last, 1673, having two heads, one great head (out of which sprang a little head two foot or a yard from the great head) with two great eyes, each as big as a pewter dish, the length of it being about nineteen foot, bigger in the body than any horse of the shape represented by this figure, having upon the great head ten horns, some of six, some of eight or ten, one of eleven foot long, the biggest horns as big as a man's leg, the least as big as his wrist, which horns it threw from it on both sides. And to it again to defend itself, having two of the ten horns plain and smooth, that were the middle and biggest horns, the other eight had 100 crowns a piece, placed by two and two on each of them, in all 800 crowns, each crown having teeth that took anything that touched them by shutting together the sharp teeth, being like the wheels of a watch; the crowns were as big as a man's thumb, or something bigger, that a man might put his finger in the hollow part of them, and had in them something like a pearl or eye in the middle; over this Monster's back was a mantle of a bright Red colour, with a fringe round it—it hung down on both sides like a Carpet on a table, falling back on each side, and faced with white; the crowns and mantle were glorious to behold. This Monster had not one bone about him, nor skin, nor scales, or feet, but had a smooth skin like a man's belly. It swoom by the lappits of the mantle; the little head it could dart forth a yard from the great and draw it in again at pleasure, being like a hawk's beak, and having in the little head two tongues, by which it is thought it received all its nourishment. When it was dead and opened, the liver waved 30 pounds. The man that took it to Clonmel, the 4th of this instant December, with two of the horns in a long box, with the little head and the figure of the fish drawn on a painted cloth, which was the full proportion of it, and he went up to Dublin with an intent to show it to the Lord-Lieutenant."

* * * *

"JERSEY."—Your question as to whether in 1884 or 1885 the bass drummer of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers was a negro was not easy to answer. Both battalions are abroad, but an officer at the depôt of the regiment has kindly furnished me with the answer to your question. He tells me that to his personal knowledge since 1869 there has never been a negro bandsman in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. At one time there was a half-caste bugler, who enlisted in London, my informant believes, but he was dismissed with ignominy about 1874 or 1875. This officer has no personal knowledge of the 2nd Battalion, but he has made enquiries, and can find no one who remembers a black serving in the battalion. In answering "Musician" in our issue of August 10 last, I had some considerable research made, and I found no reference made to the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers as having retained negro bandsmen when other regiments had given them up for some years. However, I wrote to the depôt of the regiment to make sure, and have received an answer as expressed above. But perhaps the case to which you are referring is that of a negro in the band of the Tyrone Militia (now the 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers). This negro, who beat the drum and was called George, was employed by Colonel McClintock during the non-training period, and he served in the Militia from about 1875 to 1884.

* * * *

"NELSON'S HEIGHT."—Nelson is, of course, usually depicted as a man of somewhat diminutive stature, but, though no exact definition of his height can be traced, it may be assumed that he was at least 5-ft. 7-in. The plaster cast of Bailey's original design for the Trafalgar Square statue is preserved at the Admiralty, and is presumably life-size. This measures from the sole of the shoe to the top of the cockade of the hat 5-ft. 10-in., which, allowing 3-in. for the portion of the head concealed by the hat, would give approximately the correct height. The measurements of the two coats deposited in the Painted Hall at Greenwich were as follows: Coat worn at Trafalgar—length from top of collar to bottom of tail, 44¾-in.; ditto from top of collar to waist, 22½-in.; coat worn at the Nile—length from top of collar to bottom of tail, 44-in.; ditto from top of collar to waist, 23¾-in., which, allowing for the sartorial fashion of the time, would confirm the measurement above given.

THE EDITOR.

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THE TUNE OF THE SCOTS.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

"OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY."

Pipe-Major Ross of South African fame.

Everyone who has ever worked with a Highland regiment knows the way in which the men respond to the sound of the pipes. The effect on them, wandering along, weary, listless, is absolutely marvellous, and Pipe-Major John Ross, of the Highland Light Infantry, whose portrait we give, is just the man to set the feet working in unison and to induce even tired men to pull themselves together, and to march in that method which draws so broad a line between indifference and endurance. Pipe-Major Ross has recently been decorated by the King with the Distinguished Service Medal for bravery at Magersfontein.

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SAILORS AT PLAY.

Photo. Copyright. *G. Bosanquet.*

YOUNGSTERS WITH THE GLOVES.

On the start of a three-minute round

Our picture shows one of those little passages at arms which are of constant occurrence on board ship, and which always provoke the greatest interest. In this case the two opponents are boys on board a training-ship, but "the gloves" are continually utilised in bigger and more important vessels. The enthusiasm is general and contagious, for when did Englishmen cease to take an interest in a boxing competition, with the gloves or without them?

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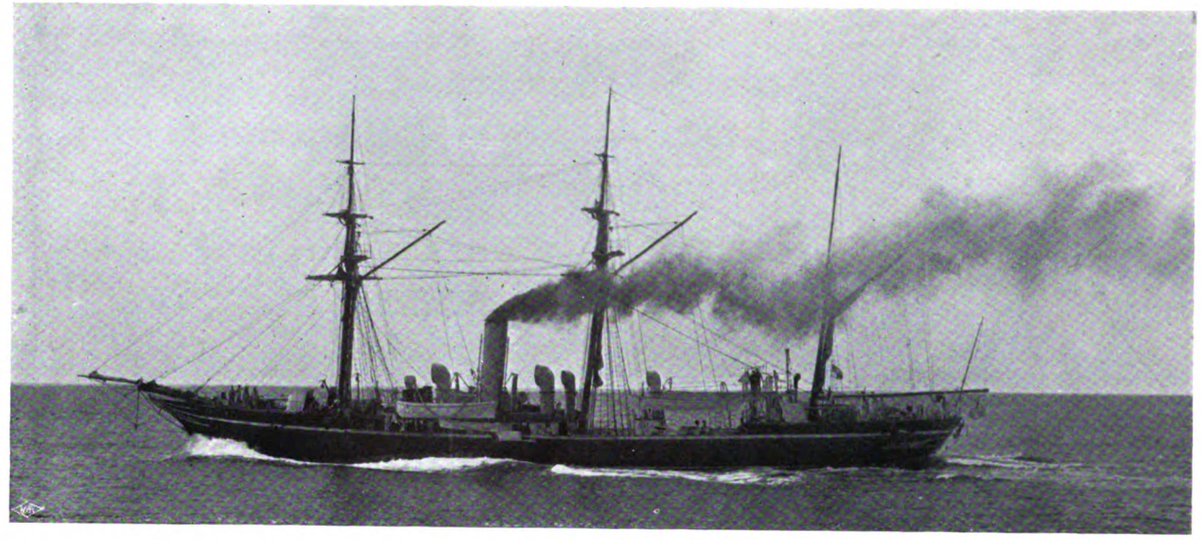
SMALL CRAFT OF THE NAVY.

THE OFFICERS OF THE SLOOP "CONDOR



FULL SPEED AHEAD—THE "CONDOR" UNDER STEAM.

Photos. Copyright.

HEAVY WEATHER—A DESTROYER IN A GALE

"Navy & Army."

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "BANSHEE."

The "Condor" is a sloop of some 980 tons, built in 1898. She was commissioned on November 1, 1900, for the Pacific station, and one of our pictures shows Commander Clifton Sclater and his officers. Another depicts the graceful little vessel at sea, and shows how well competent she is to rely upon sail power if anything should at any time go wrong with her machinery. The "Banshee" is one of the strong squadron of destroyers on the Mediterranean station, and our picture of her at sea off Malta shows the sort of weather that these little craft have sometimes to face.

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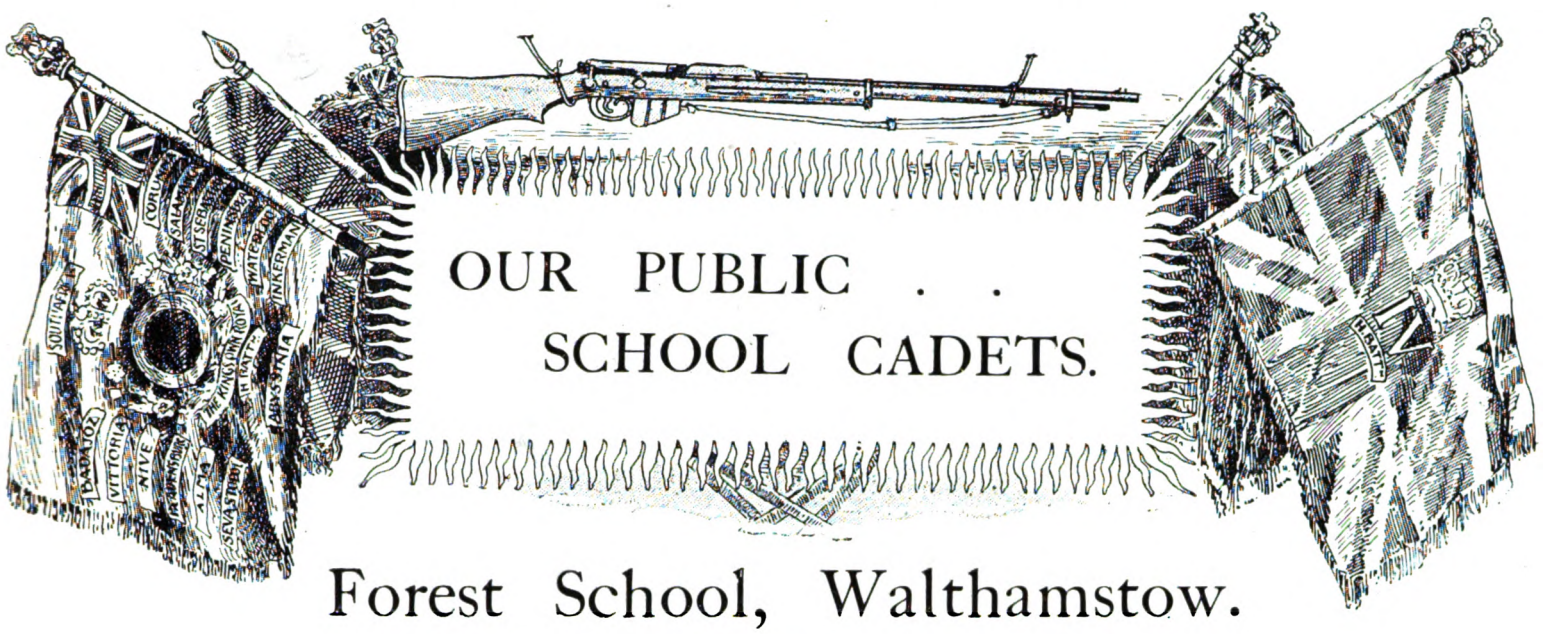

Forest School, Walthamstow.

By CALLUM BEG.

THIS cadet corps was founded in 1883, but not without some difficulty; not that such an institution was unpopular with either the boys or masters, but it was not found an easy matter to obtain the necessary arms and equipment.

The promoters of the project were, however, thoroughly in earnest, and in time all obstacles were overcome, and an issue was made to the rank and file of Snider rifles.

Captain Vaux was appointed to the command, which he held with success until 1892. Especially in the early days was his influence felt in the ranks, and the efficiency which the officers and men have always maintained is traceable in no small degree to the untiring efforts of the first commanding officer. Early in its history the corps enjoyed an honour which seldom falls to the lot of others similarly placed—that of forming a guard of honour to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught in 1886, and also for the Princess Christian when she laid the foundation-stone of the new hall. The following year saw a Morris-tube range established, with a view to encouraging the boys to become expert marksmen, and this range has been well patronised. Like so many others, Forest School relies largely upon this miniature range. Here all ranks are put through a course each term, and the best shots compete at the range at North Weald for the Bakew Cup. But unfortunately this range is a good distance from the school, and on that account it has not yet been found practicable to send an Eight to Bisley.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE FOREST SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

Lieut. Morrison. *Sergt.-Instructor Cleaver.* *Capt. Tassell.* *Second Lieut. Poole.*

A detachment was sent to the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot for the first time in 1892, and since then Forest School has contributed its quota to the camp annually, where they may be seen dressed, according to the latest military fashion, in khaki and slouch hats. This was the last year of Captain Vaux's command, and he was succeeded by the present headmaster, the Rev. R. C. Guy, who held command until 1894, when Captain I. G. Lloyd-Jones succeeded him. Perhaps no one has done so much for the institution as this officer, possessed as he was of exceptional enthusiasm and inexhaustible energy. Only those who were under him and who had an opportunity of testing, officially, his value as an officer can fully appreciate the loss sustained by the corps

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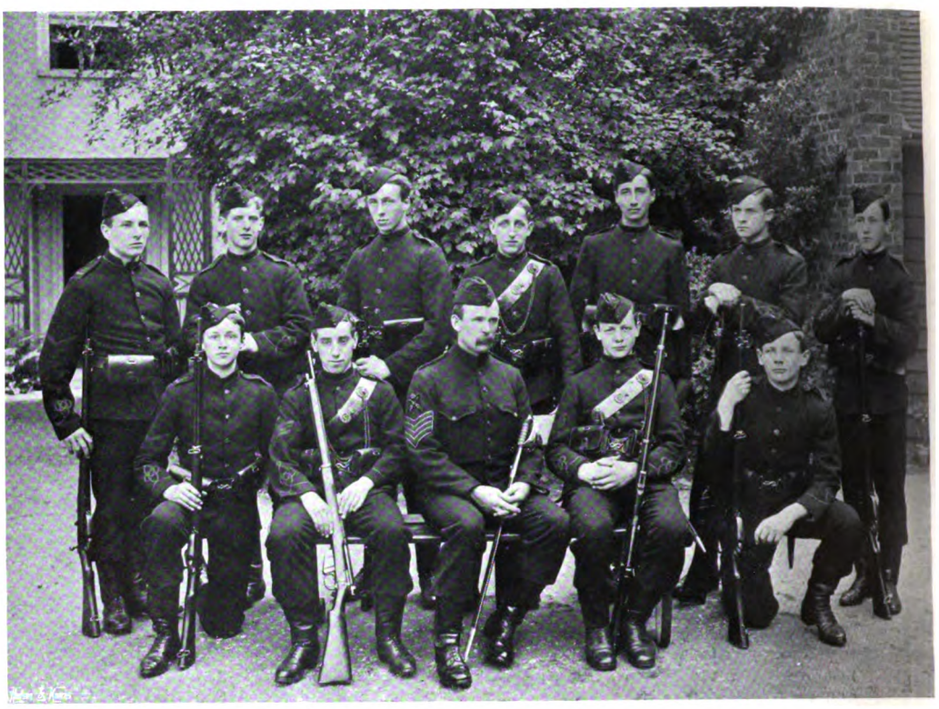
when Captain Lloyd-Jones ceased to command. Fortunately, however, he has been followed by an able successor in the person of Captain D. S. M. Tassell, who has gone on improving upon a good foundation.

The corps (which, by the way, is attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion Essex Regiment, with headquarters at Brentwood, and numbers some sixty or seventy rank and file) drills twice every week—on Monday and Thursday. A systematic scheme is carried out, and covers the school year, beginning with the Christmas Term, during which is performed every sort of preliminary drill leading up to company drill. The programme for the Easter Term is perhaps more interesting, embracing as it does movements in extended order and the construction of field-works. Than these two items nothing except musketry is so important in a soldier's training, as a close study of the South African Campaign will serve to show. At intervals during the term the cadets are also exercised in the ordinary parade movements, for although doing little to prepare a soldier for campaigning, the drill of the barrack-square teaches men to be smart and alert. In addition the cadets attend battalion drill from time to time with the 1st Volunteer Battalion Essex Regiment.

During the Summer Term the work already done is revised prior to the annual inspection, which is conducted by the officer commanding the 44th Regimental District. A detachment from the Forest School attends the Public Schools Field Day at Aldershot, and the cadets also attend a number of minor field days during the year at various places, in conjunction with Haileybury, Felsted, Highgate, St. Paul's, and Dulwich. The corps is a most popular institution both with the boys and authorities, and the discipline is of the first order. The men take an interest in the work, and it is seldom necessary to bring any to book for dirty equipment or a slovenly "turn-out."

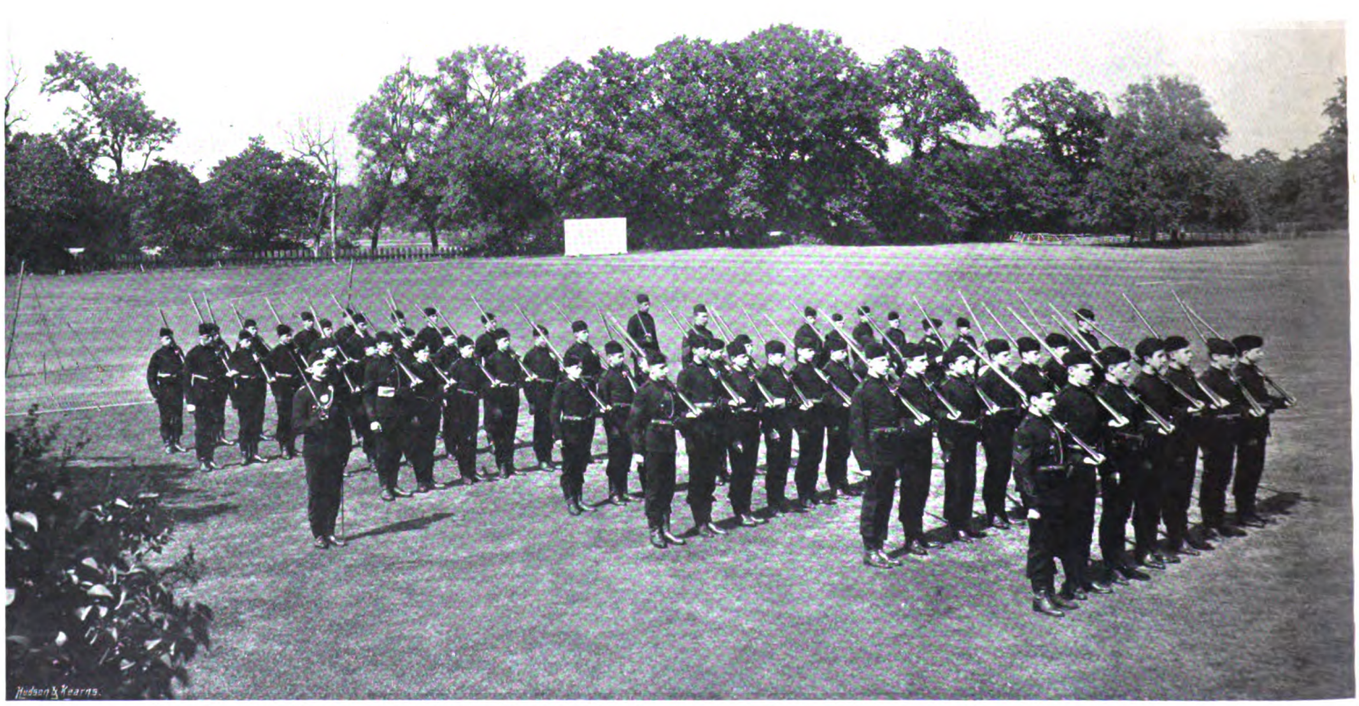
There is a drum and bugle band, which, although not large numerically, finds compensation in the keenness of the bandsmen, who are a marked credit to the corps. There is also the nucleus of a signalling section, which is constantly at practice with both flag and semaphore. The Forest corps undoubtedly owes much to Sergeant Cleaver, the sergeant-instructor, whose excellent work is appreciated by all ranks. Not a few old members of the corps have been or are now in South Africa, in the C.I.V. and other corps, and of these some had only just left school before going to take the field. The uniform is dark green with green facings.

[*The Felsted Cadets were dealt with on June* 29, *Haileybury on July* 20, *Cheltenham on August* 3, *Stonyhurst on August* 17, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September* 7, *Rossall on September* 21, *Sherborne on October* 5, *Eastbourne on October* 19, *Whitgift Grammar School on November* 2, *Dulwich College on November* 16, *Wesley on November* 30, *Brighton on December* 14, *Highgate on December* 28, *and Clifton on January* 18.]



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lance-Corpl. Poole, Corpl. McIver, Corpl. Henley, Sergt. Rayment, Corpl. Bonsey, Lance-Corpl. Ramsey, and Corpl. Frost. Front row: Lance-Corpl. Bonsey, Col.-Sergt. Rayment, Sergt.-Instructor Cleaver, Sergt. Guy, and Lance-Corpl. Bury.



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A FULL MUSTER OF ALL RANKS

Of the Forest School Cadet Corps.

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AT THE RANGE-FINDER.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

LORD KITCHENER'S most important despatch, lately published in the South African Blue Book relating to the refugee camps, left not a peg upon which the most outrageous or irrational assailants of the honour of the Army could justly hang the feeblest shred of an argument. It was Commandant-General Botha himself who caused the camps to be formed. In order to carry out his inexorable purpose of compelling every available burgher to go or remain upon commando, he was altogether pitiless. If they were unwilling, he would "confiscate everything movable or immovable, and also burn their houses," and would "leave their families on the veldt." Pizzaro or Alva would have done no more. It was humanity, then, that caused Lord Kitchener to establish the refugee camps, in order that the Dutch women and children might be protected from the Boer "methods of barbarism." If Botha could burn and destroy homesteads and farms to punish those who were merely unwilling to take up arms, how could we but take such measures against those who, having sworn allegiance, proved themselves treacherous enemies in disguise? And the record of the refugee camps is one of progress, for it was inevitable that many should at first sicken and die who had undergone the sufferings and hardships inevitably incident to the warfare into which their fathers and husbands had plunged them. Lord Kitchener's revelation coincided with a proud repudiation of the slanders by the Federal Parliament of Australia, and indignant expressions of opinion in New Zealand and Canada. In Germany Anglophobia was on the wane, and, remembering the Prince of Wales's visit to his imperial uncle, it would be unkind now to insist too much on the national aberration of which Germany has given us so singular an example.

THE recent visit of the Russian cruiser "Varyag" to Muskat and the Persian Gulf may be taken to possess much significance. In that quarter, at least, we cannot tolerate any excess of Muscovite activity. We have given the Russians a free hand in Northern Persia, while they, long ago, recognised the Southern country as a sphere in which we have a right to develop our interests. Let it be granted that a harbour there would offer commercial advantages to Russia. Can it be denied that it would possess a larger strategic value? Russian papers like the *Novoe Vremya* do not hesitate to emphasise that fact. What right has Russia to attempt to secure a strategic advantage on the highway to the East, and upon the line of our communications with our colonies? True it is that a place like this may be assigned a fictitious importance, for nothing is more certain than that the value of such a position depends on the possession of adequate Naval power to make use of its advantages. At the same time a station on the Persian Gulf in the hands of Russia would, in peace-time, involve a redistribution of force, and might add something to our burdens. That alone is a sufficient reason for being gratified at the firm tone lately adopted by Lord Cranborne in regard to our "ascendency" in the Persian Gulf as not "a question of theory but a statement of fact."

TUESDAY'S lecture at the Society of Arts by Commander Whitehouse, R.N., on the Uganda Railway, will not be surpassed in interest by any like paper of the season. Sir Henry Stanley, himself a veteran pioneer in what he called the Dark Continent, now being illuminated "in every cranny and dog-hole," was appropriately in the chair. The lecturer has played so prominent a part during the construction of the line, and has done so much to correct our imperfect knowledge of the shores and islands of the Victoria Nyanza with their teeming populations, that his words were eminently calculated to interest many in the great railway achievement, which is not, however, unfamiliar to readers of these pages, wherein the progress of the works has been several times illustrated. The railway was not undertaken upon purely utilitarian grounds, though there would have been sufficient justification. Great Britain, as a party to the Slave Trade Conference at Brussels in 1890, was bound to co-operate actively both by land and sea in the work of suppression. The coast was the outlet of the traffic, and the interior the source from which it sprang. To control the former a squadron has been maintained at a capitalised value estimated by the Treasury at three millions sterling, but the building of the railway was regarded on every hand as the only way of dealing effectively with the inland problem, and already its influence is felt. Considering the immense difficulties of the route, the swamps through which it passes in some parts, and the huge mountain escapements in others, the rate of construction has been maintained in a manner highly creditable to the engineering staff concerned. Traders are already settling in the district of the stations, the caravans into the surrounding country are being brought into line, and a demand for European products has sprung up. Upon these and many other matters Commander Whitehouse threw a good deal of light, and his hearers will not forget the splendid services which he has himself rendered in the prosecution of the work.

TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

RAILWAY enterprise is not, as all the world knows, confined to the British Empire. Difficulties arising from Turkish financial embarrassments may retard the Baghdad line, but M. de Witte is pushing a most vigorous railway policy in Russia, and, notwithstanding poor crops and industrial depression, has more than ever confidence in the rapid progress of the country. Enormous sums are to be devoted to the improvement of the Trans-Siberian and other existing lines, and the State has taken over the working of the railway from Moscow to Archangel. The Siberian line, though completed through Manchuria with its terminus at Port Arthur, still absorbs large sums of money, and will continue to do so owing to the defective way in which many parts of it have been laid, and the Baikal section is still in hand. Among the most important of the railways is a line from Orenburg to Tashkent, for which all the surveys have been made, and which M. de Witte hopes will one day serve as a connecting link between the European systems and those of British India. This project of uniting the Russian and Indian lines is a favourite idea with Russian statesmen, but has never proved attractive to Indian soldiers and administrators. Another important new Russian railway is on the western border, and is almost purely strategical, being intended to facilitate the mobilisation of troops and their movement to the frontier. A whole series of railways is, however, in hand or projected, and there is no hesitation in setting aside large sums of money for the work. It is the misfortune of Russian railway extension that it always appears to be a menace to someone—and indeed it too often has a double character, but it would be churlish not to recognise that M. de Witte's plans promise a large industrial and commercial future.

PRINCE HENRY'S approaching visit to the United States will certainly be an interesting event that will rivet the attention of the world. It may be taken as a *tour de force* on the part of the Emperor, even if it should work no political marvels. He desires by his graceful complement to take the edge off a certain hostility of feeling which has existed between the two countries. We all remember how Americans have regarded Germany with suspicion, crediting her with designs in the West Indies which were not to their mind. During the war with Spain there were disagreeable episodes, causing much soreness of feeling, and culminating in the singing with pronounced sarcastic intent, by Captain Coghlan, of the United States Navy, of a song entitled "Hoch! der Kaiser," of which versions found their way into the press. In the course of their hostilities with Spain the

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Americans found that we were their only friends, and a good understanding resulted. Whether, discovering a new friend in the Kaiser, they will show cooler feeling towards us, may be curious to discover. It would be wrong to suggest that His Majesty cherishes any hope that such may be the case. What we may certainly say is that the German Emperor holds out a friendly hand to our cousins, and that the visit of Prince Henry to New York is only one of those interesting international episodes which always excite the curiosity of observers of the drift of political things.

LET us hope that the Government will adopt a strong position in enforcing the claims to justice and equity of the West Indian colonists. The grievance is real, and capable of being demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt. The West Indian islands are rich in soil, and suitable in climate for the production of cane sugar. No place in the world can rival them. Our colonists, recognising their advantage, ventured the whole of their possessions in the cultivation of the land. They created a vast industry, and supplied the world, being prepared for competition in any fair form. They had no objection to the principle of Free Trade. But what is the condition now? They find themselves confronted by the whole of the continent of Europe in respect of its production of beet sugars. There would be nothing to say, perhaps, if the natural advantages of the West Indies for the production of cane sugar were matched against those of Europe for the production of sugar from beet. But instead of that they find the continental produce supported by a system of bounties which makes competition on their part impossible. Can it be called Free Trade when one party in the economic contest is handicapped thus? "Is this that natural justice," says one planter, "upon which Adam Smith based his advocacy of Free Trade, and his great follower Cobden carried the Corn Laws abolition?" It is illogical and disastrous to allow our colonists to suffer, and their natural advantages, the property of Great Britain, to be annihilated by the arbitrary and artificial forces of foreign protection. It is pitting the private resources of Englishmen in the islands against the long purse of foreign Governments. The planters in the West Indies are now formulating their grievance, and they will have to be listened to. They have claims upon the Mother Country that cannot be ignored.

SIMON'S TOWN DRAG HUNT.

[From a Naval Correspondent.]

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THE MEET.

Preparing a smart run with a Naval pack.

THERE are few opportunities in the Service where one can talk of a Naval pack of hounds, and it is with great pleasure that I can say a few words regarding the Simon's Town Drag Hunt.

About a year ago the pack simply consisted of about four couples of hounds, and great credit is due to the Rev. A. P. Hill, who was then Naval Chaplain, and who showed great keenness in the hounds, and was what one would call a good sportsman. He looked after the hounds, although opportunities were not altogether favourable with regard to the kennels. However, the great thing was that the climb up the ladder, as it were, was commenced, and it remained to be seen what the Navy would do in assisting to support and keep the hounds going. Needless to say the right man stepped into the right place, and Captain Bayly, R.N., of the "Monarch," was elected Master; he has taken the greatest interest in the hounds. The first great improvement was that he built entirely new kennels and then started to work to develop the pack; and I am sure I can safely say, and all the members will join me, that owing to his untiring energy the Simon's Town Drag Hunt can boast of nine and a-half couples, and excellent sport has been shown during the season. There are four and a-half couples of puppies out walking, and there is every prospect of continued good sport next season.

The whips, who comprise Dr. Penny, who has hunted the hounds for two seasons, and Flag-Lieutenant Talbot, R.N., have shown great keenness during the season, but unfortunately Dr. Penny has had to vacate his post owing to his returning home, and so Lieutenant Allison, R.N., is second whip, while Mr. Stamford has kindly undertaken the duties of secretary in Dr. Penny's place.

There are rumours of Captain Bayly going home in the "Monarch," but we all hope he may yet be spared to show us the way for another season; at any rate, the pack is in full swing and must be kept so, come what may.

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A SOLDIER OF TIPPOO SAHIB'S ARMY.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE announcement that, although no definite decision has been arrived at with regard to the suggested visit of the Prince of Wales to India, the possibility of such a visit is being more or less officially entertained, will have aroused the keenest gratification throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Continent. Every conceivable omen in regard to the proposal is auspicious. Never did the light of loyalty to the Throne burn more brightly in India than it does now. Not a few of the great Indian chiefs and nobles whom the Prince would visit remember with proud satisfaction the right royal success which greeted the visit of his father in the cold weather of 1875-6. The presence of the Prince at the Proclamation of the Kaisar-i-Hind at Delhi would invest that ceremony with an added interest and sentiment which could not fail to accentuate it in the eyes of some of the most impressionable and receptive races in the world. Lastly the Prince has already, by his Colonial tour, proved himself such a perfect representative and exponent of both Royalty in the concrete and of the Imperial idea in the abstract that it is difficult to overestimate the advantages which the suggested visit to India would derive from his personality alone.

It almost goes without saying that the Prince of Wales's very frank and gracious, and still perfectly dignified, demeanour will be warmly appreciated by the aristocracy of India, than whom there are few better judges of manners in the world. But it may be added that, like his illustrious Sire, he will also go straight to the hearts of most of them in his capacity as a first-rate sportsman, in point of fact one of the very best shots to be found anywhere. The Ruling Chief of India is always exceedingly polite to the "burra sahib" who can only with difficulty kill tigers which have been carefully preserved and fed for weeks in anticipation of the big man's visit, but he thinks a good deal more of genuine sportsmen to whom every detail of a good day's "shikar" is a joy, and who handles a gun as one to the manner born. The King's own son, who some day will be Kaisar-i-Hind himself, and who in the meantime is evidently a very real flesh-and-blood sportsman, as a great Prince of the Blood ought to be in the eyes of chiefs, nine-tenths of whom slew tigers when they were but striplings, is the right kind of Prince to make a Royal progress throughout India. In the view of some the consideration may seem lacking in dignity, but those who know India know otherwise, and know, too, how much of British Indian history has been made through the medium and influence of the intercourse and friendly understanding generated by common love of sport.

In a recent issue of the *Times* Major A. C. Yate discusses at some length an idea which he says has been in his mind for a number of years—the formation, namely, of a Baluchistan Militia on the same lines as those on which the Border Militia is now being organised in connection with the new Frontier Province. His contention is that if the latter is to maintain from 5,000 to 6,000 men, Baluchistan should maintain at least an equal number, and that a strong Baluchistan Militia, composed of horse, foot, camel corps, and transport, is needed for three reasons—first, to check Persian raiders like Mahomed Ali, who has recently been "wiped out" by a British force in Mekran; secondly, to control the Baluch and other tribes; and, thirdly, to lay the foundations of a local force which shall in days to come be a potent factor in the hands of the Government for offence and defence against all comers. Such a force would have to be adequately trained, disciplined, and armed, and commanded by British officers, and with its formation Major Yate thinks that the recruiting of Baluchis and Brahuis for the Baluch and Baluchistan infantry of the Bombay Army should cease. It is, he says, an unquestionable fact that the Baluchis and Brahuis are averse to service in the Regular Army, and of late years very little recruiting can have been done among the tribesmen, as out of the five Baluch battalions four have been on active service—two in East Africa and two in China.

The question mooted by Major Yate is one of the very greatest interest and importance, and his argument gains added weight from the fact that beyond all doubt the Baluchis are capital fighting-men. I remember the late Sir Charles Macgregor, whose "Wanderings in Baluchistan" can still be read with pleasure and profit by anyone wishing to "get up" this little-known country, telling me nearly twenty years ago how glad he would be to see Baluch regiments formed in the Indian Army, and how sure he was that they would be a success. In the Zhob Levy and the Khelat Camel Corps there have been precedents, showing that it does not need incorporation with our regular military system to render the Baluch and Brahui tribesmen useful fighting allies in the case of either local disturbances or external trouble. Of course, it is a matter of special consideration by the Government of India whether the policy of the present Viceroy in regard to Border Militia can be safely extended from its present experimental scope to such a country as Baluchistan, on which our actual grip is in some respects not quite so forceful as it is in the case of the Kurram and Waziristan. But, on the face of it, Major Yate's suggestion appears worthy of adoption, and, if successfully put into practice, it would certainly strengthen our hands considerably in a quarter in which political and commercial developments of the highest importance seem to be impending.

While on the subject of Baluchistan I may mention, with special reference to Major Yate's advocacy of a local camel corps, Sir Thomas Holdich's statement in "The Indian Borderland," that Mekran is one of the few districts left where camel breeding might be maintained on a large scale. With all his faults the camel is a very important feature in most Indian military operations, and at times it is by no means easy to collect enough of him at short notice. A State-aided system of camel breeding in Baluchistan would be a very beneficial enterprise in a variety of ways, and might, perhaps, be most usefully entered upon *pari passu* with the establishment of such a local Militia as that proposed by Major Yate.

One of the native papers has a good deal to say on the desirableness of closer study of the vernaculars by British officers in India, and says that if the English officers, who have to pass the greater part of their lives in the country, were to study the local languages, as well as Indians study English, a great deal of misunderstanding would disappear, and the rulers and the ruled would be drawn into a closer bond of friendship. There is a good deal of force in that contention, of course, but it is not one which can pass altogether unchallenged. Personally speaking, I doubt greatly whether much real or important misunderstanding is created by the failure of responsible British officials in India to comprehend such of the vernacular as it is their duty to listen to. Nor does it appear necessary, or even desirable, that the rulers of what, when all is said, is a conquered country, should be in every case required to make the same effort to learn the local languages as subjugated races necessarily make in their own interests to learn the language of the Paramount Power. It is, moreover, a curious fact that, although the high-class native naturally likes to have intercourse with Europeans who can speak his particular dialect with fluency and grace, the average British Army officer rather impresses the average Hindu by his refusal to acquire more than a few swear-words of the local "lingo." In one of his books, Sir Richard Burton himself, one of the greatest oriental linguists of all time, makes a point of this circumstance, although it is one upon which he might have been expected to hold very strong adverse views.

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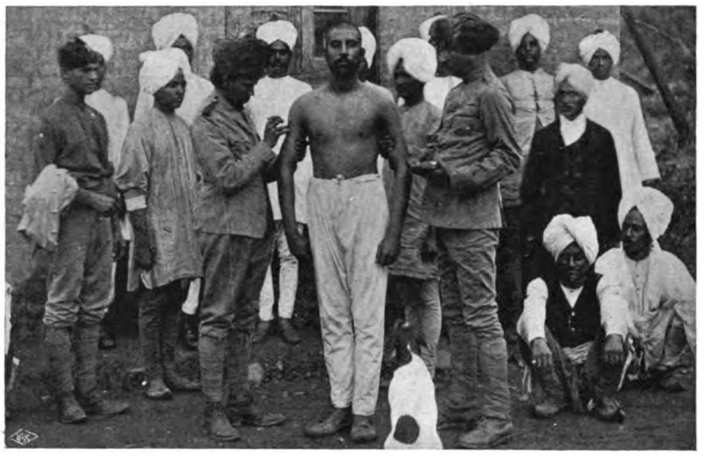
Putting this question, a somewhat contentious one, aside, it is, no doubt, satisfactory that when a knowledge of the vernaculars is indispensable the knowledge should be sound and full. I understand that the examinations which military officers have to undergo in order to pass by the various tests are conducted nowadays in a fashion quite distinct from that which prevailed when I was subaltern on the look out to obtain an easy 180 rupees by passing by the Lower Standard in Hindustani. For the benefit of home readers, I may explain that the test in question involves a slight knowledge of two written characters, Hindi, which is printed in solid, mostly rectangular, type, and Urdu, which is full of curls and dots, and is, I believe, the same character as the Persian. I was examined at Jubbulpore, where there was a Madras regiment stationed, and two officers of the latter were on my board, the remaining member being a Bengal infantry officer. Madras officers do not, as a rule, know much Hindustani, and the proceedings commenced with a lively argument between the Madras and Bengal members of the board—the president declined to have anything to say to the matter—as to which was Hindi and which was Urdu! With such a board I passed easily—I could hardly help it—and, as one of the members said, it was a pity I hadn't put in for the Higher Standard as well, as the board would have been just as pleased to help me through that!

SEPOYS AND SICKNESS.

PROBABLY few things are more surprising to the native mind than the amount of tender and skilful medical care which is lavished upon the sick soldier, and the absolute equality upon which in this respect European and native troops are consistently placed. Indeed it might almost be said that, in some respects, the soldier of the native Army is more fortunate in this matter than his white comrade, in that throughout the native service the regimental system prevails, and nearly every corps has its own doctor, who soon gets to know the constitution of most of those who come under his hands, and who naturally acquires, by long residence in the country, a peculiar and intimate acquaintance with the ills that flesh is locally heir to. The confidence which most natives have in the skill and experience of doctors trained in European schools—there are not a few native graduates in medicine now in the Indian Medical Department, some of whom have taken high honours—is, of course, fully justified, and it is sensibly increased by the humane methods employed to alleviate suffering in cases where the latter is unavoidable.



TOUCHING CONFIDENCE.

Jack Sepoy submits to the mysterious process of vaccination.

Only those who have experienced them know what agonies a sick man may undergo when it is found necessary to carry him for long marches with a moving column. In such circumstances there is probably no conveyance less irksome than the Indian "dhooli," in which we here see sick native soldiers being carried across a river in Burma. Not only is the motion as little trying to the patient as it well can be, but at any moment the "dhooli" can be set down, and the sick man is then as much at rest as in a bed. When vaccination was first introduced there was a distinct tendency to view it with something more than doubtfulness, for in such matters it is easy to awaken native prejudices which, once awakened, may assume a seriously hostile aspect. But wise counsels have prevailed, and now Jack Sepoy takes his vaccination as a sensible soldier should, in the full confidence that in all things his British officers, the "captain-doctor sahib" among them, are entirely to be trusted.

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A COMFORTABLE PASSAGE.

Sick Native soldiers being carried across a river on the march.

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SWITZERLAND'S NEW FIELD GUN.

THE Artillery Committee appointed by the Swiss Confederation, for the purpose of selecting a quick-firing field equipment, have recently completed their labours, after a series of exhaustive trials and experiments lasting four years. Indeed, the Swiss arsenals must now possess an unique job lot of ordnance manufacturers' samples, for the experts forming the committee extended a hearty welcome to every equipment claiming to be quick-firing; and if it appeared likely to meet requirements, one or two complete batteries would be purchased, in order that the gun trials might not be confined to practice ranges, but be extended to take part in the annual manœuvres under conditions resembling those of active service.

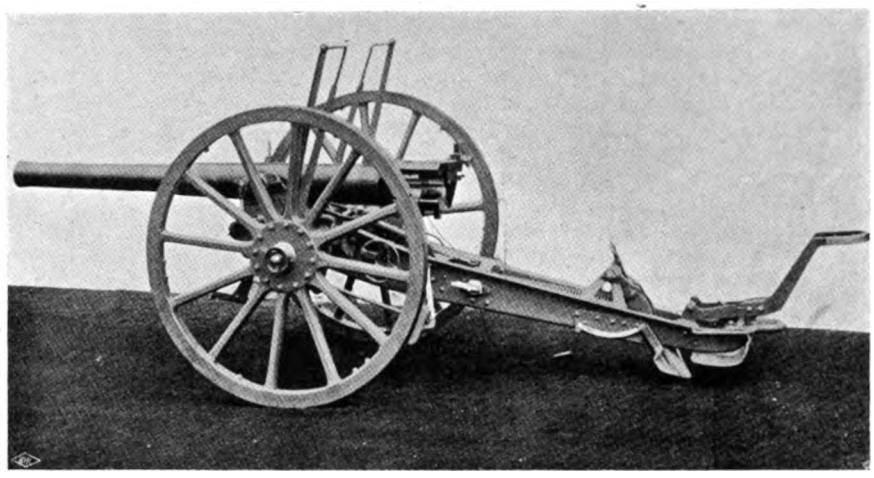
For example, the committee commenced experimenting in the spring of 1897 with rapid-laying carriages sent by English, French, German, and Belgian manufacturers, but in the following year only the German apparatus, of Krupp manufacture, was left in. In June, 1898, 300,000 francs were voted for the purchase of a six-gun battery, and at the manœuvres of 1899 this equipment was subjected to rigorous tests. Then came the Boer War, as a result of which Switzerland determined to proceed even more cautiously. During 1900 the Creusot quick-firers, as supplied to the South African Republics, the new Belgian Nordenfelt-Cockerill equipment, and the Ehrhardt guns, which our own Government purchased, all came in for serious consideration.

In March last, on the advice of the committee, the Federal Council proposed to the Federal Assembly the adoption of a new equipment, to be termed "Matériel d'Artillerie de Campagne 1901." The report of the committee, however, revealed the fact that an acrimonious quarrel had raged relative to the respective merits of pieces of long recoil and those on the spade or plough system. With the first type of equipment the carriage remains stationary whilst firing, while the gun slides in a cradle; the recoil is absorbed by means of a hydraulic brake, and the return to the firing position is effected by some elastic agency connecting with the brake—either compressed air, indiarubber, or metal springs. With the second type, however, the whole equipment moves—that is, when the piece is fired the teeth of a spade or plough bite into the ground, and the action of the carriage in moving over this anchor compresses a powerful spring in the trail. The latter absorbs the recoil, and then returns the piece to the firing position.

The principal exponent of the first-named equipment offered to the Swiss Government was the Ehrhardt, of which we have purchased many complete batteries. But the Swiss, while admitting that the Ehrhardt equipment was far and away the best of its class, rejected it on the grounds that the telescopic trail, which is pulled out when firing, so as to have the advantage of a long trail for preventing unsteadiness and jump in the mounting, is of flimsy construction; also, that it carries with it an augmentation of weight just where no additional burden ought to be.

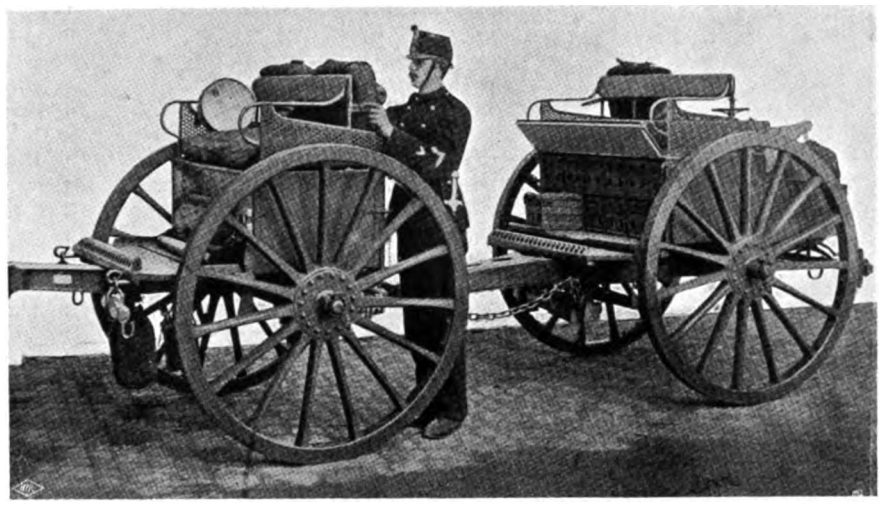
The equipment finally selected by the Swiss Government is an improved type of the Krupp spring-recoil spur equipment. In firing, the carriage remains rigid, but an upper carriage, on which the gun itself rests, moves to allow of lateral play to the extent of three degrees on either side. The trail is equipped with a spring spur, which absorbs the recoil, and, distending, returns the piece to the firing position. The breech mechanism is of a pattern known as the Leitwell, the block of which opens and closes with one movement. The use of a metal cartridge-case renders the chamber gas-tight, while the cartridge is detonated by means of a trigger and hammer. In the event of a missfire the hammer can be recocked without it being necessary to first open the breech. A safety bolt reduces the risk of accidental explosion to a minimum, and permits of the gun being manœuvred whilst loaded. The rate of aimed fire is from nine to ten shots per minute, and the empty cartridge-cases are automatically extracted. Lastly, the gun has a muzzle velocity of 1,640-ft. per second; its maximum range with 14-lb. shrapnel, which is the only projectile carried, is 6,457-yds.; and the weight of the equipment in battery amounts to 17·9-cwt. It is estimated that the cost of rearming the Swiss Artillery will be £700,000. The guns and their carriages will be manufactured at Essen, but the limbers, caissons, and ammunition waggons for the new batteries will be constructed in the Federal arsenal at Thun.

It may be noted that owing to the mountainous nature of their country the Swiss have no horse artillery, the *rôle* of the latter being filled by machine guns, introduced in 1899. At the machine-gun practices an ingenious form of target is used, consisting of small blue balloons, which are blown out on the spot, and attached by strings to hedges or stones. The practice is thus made extremely interesting by the bursting of these balloons when struck, and an officer can carry an entire company of the enemy in his pocket.



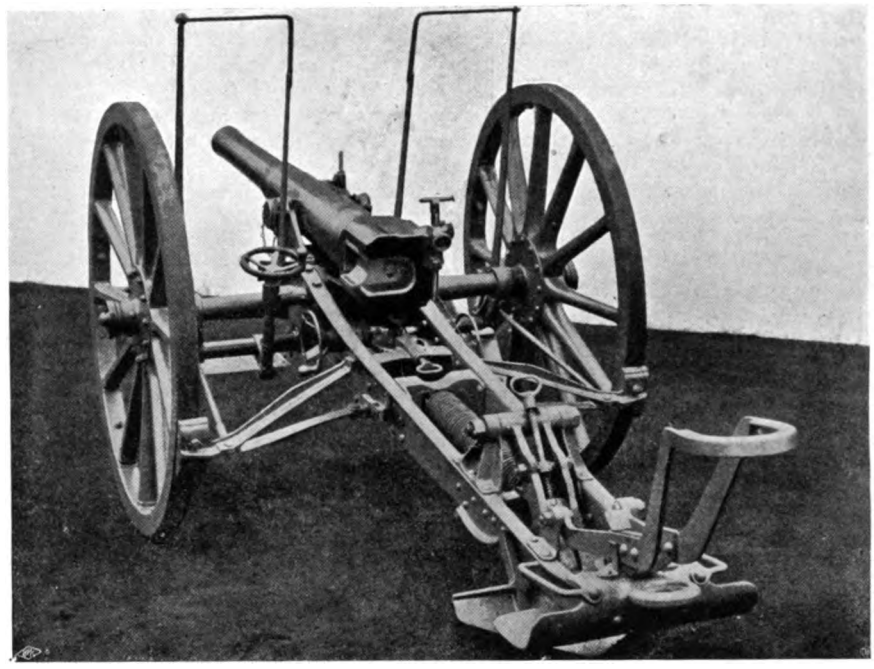
THE GUN SELECTED BY THE COMMITTEE.

An improved type of the Krupp spring-recoil spur equipment.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE GUN-CARRIAGE.

Constructed in the Federal Arsenal at Thun.



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THE GUN FROM THE REAR.

Showing spring spur which absorbs the recoil.

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Military and Naval Insurances and War Premiums.

By Captain W. Triggs, Manager, Army and General Assurance Association.

IT seems more than passing strange that whilst nearly every other profession, trade, and even religious community has its own special insurance company or companies (as, for instance, the Legal, the Medical, the Clergy, the Provident Clerks', the Wesleyan—even to the Salvation Army) which not only cater for their own particular needs and requirements, but mutually share in the profits derivable from their own and other people's thrift and providence, yet the two professions which undoubtedly stand in greatest need of specific treatment, through their necessarily nomadic habits and the inexorable exigencies of the services, the Army and Navy, have had to depend entirely on the existing assurance corporations of other professions, or of even more cosmopolitan character, for the transaction of their business, with the result that the particular needs and requirements of those two Services have not hitherto received that attention in detail to which they were entitled. Another plea on which I have strongly advocated the establishment of some recognised medium for the transaction of Military and Naval Life Assurance is the fact that the training of our officers does not fit them for that nice discrimination of points connected with the distribution of profits, reversionary and cash bonuses, convertible options, etc., or in the matter of surrender value, which are so much Greek even to many business—or legally-trained—minds. These things need to be worked out for them by some central authority in which they can feel absolute confidence that they are receiving the highest value procurable for their money.

It will doubtless be within the recollection of many that a somewhat discursive but futile discussion took place in the columns of the *Times* and other papers at the commencement of the present campaign, on the subject of extra war premiums charged by the life insurance companies, not only for new insurances effected after the outbreak of hostilities, but to old policy-holders engaging in the campaign, who, either through ignorance or neglect, were not legally covered from the outset of their insurance against the risks incidental to engaging in active operations outside the United Kingdom.

The subject has, however, since then become of far greater significance, and of tenfold importance, through the wholesale and unexpected participation of our "citizen forces" in risks to which they had not hitherto been regarded as at all liable, namely, the risks incidental to war and climate in a distant country. Still yet, who knows but what we may be within a measurable distance of at least some modified form of conscription—which would inevitably affect an even greater bulk of the quasi-civil population in a like degree? Let us consider for one moment to what an extent the life policy enters nowadays into our business and social affairs. Here are a few of its features: (1) The provision for families and others on death. (2) The provision of a lump sum at a certain age on the endowment system, when we may wish to retire on pensions, etc., or the same sum at death if earlier. (3) To provide marriage settlements for the unendowed and often impecunious candidate for matrimony. (4) To cover life interests in reversions—it is awkward, to say the least, where one's income depends solely on the survival of one life beyond another. (5) The provision of children's endowments for education, their starting in life, or for girls' dowries. (6) Redemption of loans, mortgages, and leases. (7) Liquidation of estate duties, etc. And we shall see immediately how great must have been the strain upon some, and how impossible it must have been to meet it at all by many others who were called upon to pay at a moment's notice very heavy extra premiums for the present campaign on policies which could not be forfeited without upsetting the whole fabric of their domestic arrangements.

Some have undoubtedly withheld from the companies in which they were insured all knowledge of their participation in the campaign, or have refused to pay the extra sums when demanded, thus placing their beneficiaries at the companies' mercy in the event of death. One such sad case, alas! of the folly of which I tried my best to convince my friend at the time, has since had a fatal termination, with what result regarding his policy I am afraid to contemplate. Doubtless it will be said that the extra premiums levied for this particular campaign, although heavy, have not covered the losses sustained by some few companies—although in no case so far do I find that they have appreciably affected either dividends or values of shares as quoted in official lists; but it must not be forgotten that against these losses there is at least a partial set-off in the extra premiums, ranging from 10s. to 15s. per cent., paid during many years of peace by those who had adopted the various military schemes, with free policies from the outset without a due proportion of loss heretofore attributable to campaigning, also—what may be taken as a very considerable factor in regard to the present campaign—the tremendous health-giving properties of the veldt to those who have survived its hardships.

There is undoubtedly an uneasy feeling, rightly or wrongly, existing among officers of both Services that they are being ungenerously and even unjustly treated in the relatively heavy extra rates prevailing to avail themselves during peace-time of a policy covering future war risks and whole-world residence without liability to further call.

As, therefore, at the conclusion of the present war, the subject will be eminently ripe for some remedial action, the suggestion is now put forward that an influential and representative "council" be formed, consisting of representative officers of all branches of the Services, together with the necessary expert actuarial assistance, to consider the subject in all its bearings, with a view to obtaining by negotiation with all the leading offices some satisfactory and equitable arrangement whereby all the risks incidental to the profession may be covered with safety to the assured and a fair return to the company or companies taking the risks, without being open to the objection so often raised that any extra risk is being run at the expense of the ordinary civil policy-holder. Doubtless a satisfactory solution could be found in an arrangement with one or more companies whereby Military and Naval risks could be kept in a class by themselves for profit-sharing, with possibly some safeguard as to devoting a higher percentage towards the reserve than for purely civil life business, and it is confidently believed that the necessary actuarial researches would prove that this could safely be done.

In this connection, it may be at once stated, a first-class office, established nearly three-quarters of a century, and possessing ample funds, has given special consideration to the subject, and has intimated its willingness to consider a scheme whereby Naval and Military officers—if a sufficient number are forthcoming—should be placed in a separate class, and thus given the benefit of any profit arising from favourable mortality. The policies would be issued at the ordinary civilian with-profit rates, would cover every risk, and the office would, out of its general funds, guarantee the payment of the sums assured.

The military funds would be debited with a proportionate amount of the general expenses of the office, which are on a moderate scale, and with the claims arising in the class. On the other hand, it would be credited with its proper share of interest earnings, and the whole surplus, after providing the necessary actuarial reserves, would be placed to the credit of the class. The office points out that a difficulty arises with regard to the equitable division of the profits. It is easily understood that a period of twenty or twenty-five years might elapse during which a considerable amount of profit might accumulate, but which in a year of disaster might easily be greatly depleted, and consequently it would be unwise to divide profits at frequent intervals. To overcome this difficulty, it is suggested that bonuses be payable on policies becoming claims either by death, or, in the case of endowment assurance, by attainment of the endowment age. Officers retiring from the Service should obviously receive some special consideration, and it is proposed—after, say, ten years from the date of assuring—to allow such officers to take in cash, or by way of addition to their policies, their then actuarial share of the contingent profits of the fund, place such officers in a separate section of the class, and give them future bonuses approximating to the ordinary bonus allotted to the general policy-holders of the office.

It is thought such a scheme as this should commend itself to Naval and Military men, being, as I consider, equitable as between the assuring office and the assured. The latter, in addition to being guaranteed against any reduction of the sum assured, is further guaranteed against any call in the shape of extra premiums on account of war or climate, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is paying the cost of the risk incurred, and no more.

A great and initial difficulty for the "prospective council," in entering into any negotiation for the accomplishment of this object, lies, of course, in the absence of any guarantee that in the event of such a scheme being formulated, and stamped with their approval and recommendation, a sufficiency of this particular class of business would be forthcoming to warrant the companies making such an innovation. It would, therefore, strengthen the hands of the Army and General Assurance Association (of 217, Piccadilly, W.) considerably in putting this suggestion forward, and more especially the hands of the council in subsequent negotiations, if any considerable number of intending insurers (Regular or Auxiliary Forces or Naval), at home or abroad, would notify their general adhesion to some such plan as is here sketched out—the larger the number, of course, the better the terms procurable—whilst any other suggestions for dealing with the matter would be equally welcome, and particularly so from those serving abroad, as well as from officers of the Indian Civil Services, who might advantageously join the movement.

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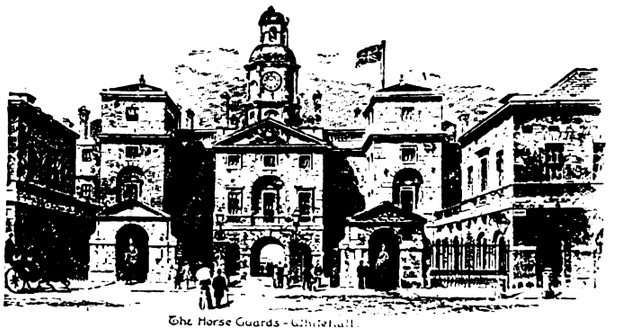

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EXAMPLES OF RECENT CLAIMS PAID THROUGH THE ASSOCIATION.

Regiment.	Rank of Claimant.	Nature of Claim.	Amount.	Regiment.	Rank of Claimant.	Nature of Claim.	Amount.
			£				£
2nd Life Guards ..	Captain	Charger died at sea	100	14th West York ...	Lieutenant ..	Fall in street	30
Royal Horse Guards	Lieutenant ...	Ditto	250	15th E. York ...	,, ..	Kicked by horse	25
2nd Dragoon Guards	,, ...	Accident at Polo	34	18th Royal Irish ...	,, ...	Football	33
2nd ,, ,,	Captain	Injured jumping a fence (riding)	35	20th Lanc. Fusiliers	,, ..	,, ...	10
3rd ,, ,,	Lieutenant ..	Cycling	13	21st R. Scots ...	,, ...	Articles stolen	20
5th ,, ,,	Sergeants' Mess	Stock damaged by fire	10	26th Cameronians ...	Captain	Accidentally knocked down in mess	40
6th ,, ,,	Lieutenant ..	Bicycle stolen	12	27th R. I. Fusiliers ..	Lieutenant ...	Injured by spark from railway engine ..	22
6th ,, ,,	,, ...	Fall from horse	35	29th Worcester ...	,, ..	Injured by lightning	12
6th ,, ,,	Captain ...	Horse fell	23	30th E. Lancashire ...	,, ...	Stumbled on Kopje in South Africa	9
7th ,, ,,	,, ...	Charger died at sea...	30	32nd D. of C.L.I. ...	Captain	Cycle stolen	24
1st Dragoons ...	Lieutenant ..	Theft from quarters	14	35th R. Sussex ...	,, ..	Pony stumbled and fell	21
3rd Hussars	,, ...	Fatal accident—Polo	1,000	41st Welsh	,, ...	Killed in action (annual premium £128 15s. covering war risks)	5,000
7th ,, ...	,, .	Steeple-chasing	15				
9th Lancers	,, ..	Injured knee at Polo	22	47th L. N. L. ..	,, ...	Charger died...	60
10th Hussars .	Major	Loss of charger by wreck	100	47th ,, ...	Officers' Mess ..	Marine claim...	6
12th ,, ...	Captain ...	Ditto	150	49th R. Berkshire ...	Lieutenant ...	Sprained back at sports	36
12th ,, ...	Lieutenant ..	Loss of two chargers by wreck	300	50th R. W. Kent ...	2nd Lieutenant	Wrenched knee	25
13th ,, ...	,, ..	Ditto	200	51st K. O. Y. L. I...	Captain	Injured wrestling	33
14th ,, ...	Captain	Sprain at Polo	10	51st ,, ,, ...	Lieut.-Col. ...	Uniform burned whilst assisting to extinguish fire	8
15th ,, ...	Lieutenant	Accident at Polo	26				
15th ,, ...	(Same Officer) ..	,, ...	16	63rd Manchester ..	Lieutenant ...	Poisoned hand	25
20th ,, ...	2nd Lieutenant	Injured cycling	11	63rd ,, ..	,, ...	Bicycle accident	21
R. H. Artillery ...	Captain	Pony fall	13	63rd ,, ..	Officers' Mess ..	Carpet burned	6
R. Fd. Artillery ..	,, ...	Train derailed in South Africa	150	67th Hampshire ...	2nd Lieutenant	Football	7
,, ,, ...	Major	Fall from horse	12	71st H. L. I. ...	Lieutenant ...	Strained arm	9
,, ,, ...	Lieut.-Col. ...	Charger died	100	W. I. Regiment ...	,, ...	Sprained leg at jumping	24
R. G. Artillery ...	Major	Carpet burned	5	A. S. Corps	,, ...	Slipped on stairs	126
,, ,, ..	Captain	Injured at hockey	7	R. A. M. C.	,, ...	Football	22
,, ,, ..	Lieutenant ...	Typhoid fever	42	,, ...	,, ...	Measles	9
2nd Queen's... ..	,, ...	Injured at football	63	A. P. Dept.	Major	Injured cycling by side slip	1
2nd ,, ...	(Same Officer)...	,, ,, ...	13	A. V. Dept.	Captain	Kicked by horse	11
4th King's Own ...	Lieutenant ..	Sprained ankle	10	,, ,, ...	Lieutenant ...	Polo accident	54
7th R. Fusiliers ...	Major	Burglary	33	,, ...	,, ...	,, ...	81
10th Lincoln	Leutenant ...	Injured knee at football	30	Indian S. Corps ...	Captain	Four slight accidents in one year	15
12th Suffolk	Lieutenant ..	Knocked knee against biscuit tin	69	,, ,, ...	Lieutenant ..	Injured leg, hunting	15

PROSPECTUS AND PROPOSAL FORMS ON APPLICATION TO THE

MANAGER, ARMY & GENERAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 217, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

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It is understood that a certain initial new business of 200 proposers at £1,000 each, or a total of £200,000 insurances altogether, would doubtless decide the Company to adopt the plan, if backed by an influential council as to its general suitability, whilst the members of such council could act as trustees for the "Service" policy-holders, with power to co-opt members to replace casualties. Following on the adoption of the foregoing suggestions, and with a reformed War Office, there appears no earthly reason why premiums for life and endowment insurances should not be deducted periodically from officers' pay prior to distribution by the agents, and direct payment to the companies, as now rules in the English Civil Service with great benefit to the members.

Fire and Burglary Insurances.

Let it not be thought that the remarks as to the necessity for special treatment for the Army and Navy apply only to what are known as Life and Endowment Insurances, although undoubtedly those are the most important; but in the whole range of insurances, including those for "accidents and disease," fire, burglary, and marine, pitfalls abound for the unwary Military or Naval officer in the ordinary civil policy, which, if they would not altogether vitiate a claim when it arises, would so far fetter the policy-holder in the event of any dispute as to place it in the Company's power to disown liability entirely through some very simple breach of conditions of contract. Only one illustration need be given here, and an attempt will be made later on to deal with some of the more glaring pitfalls under other insurances. Let us take an ordinary policy of fire insurance, for instance. By its main provision the insurer's property is covered against loss or damage by fire whilst he is residing in one specified dwelling-house, on removal from which the insured is obliged to give immediate notice, and to obtain an endorsement slip guaranteeing the insurance on his fresh dwelling, on peril of the policy lapsing altogether. Why, the policy of an ordinary Army officer, who moves nearly every year from station to station, and sometimes more than once from house to house in the same station during the same year, would become, in the course of a few years on home service, like a map of the United Kingdom, and be so smothered with endorsement slips that none of the original policy would be visible.

When he goes abroad it lapses altogether, no matter at what period the renewal premium may have been paid. The Special Army policy obviates all this in its clause that the property is covered in any garrison, camp, barracks, or private dwelling-house, without the necessity of endorsement or notification on removal.

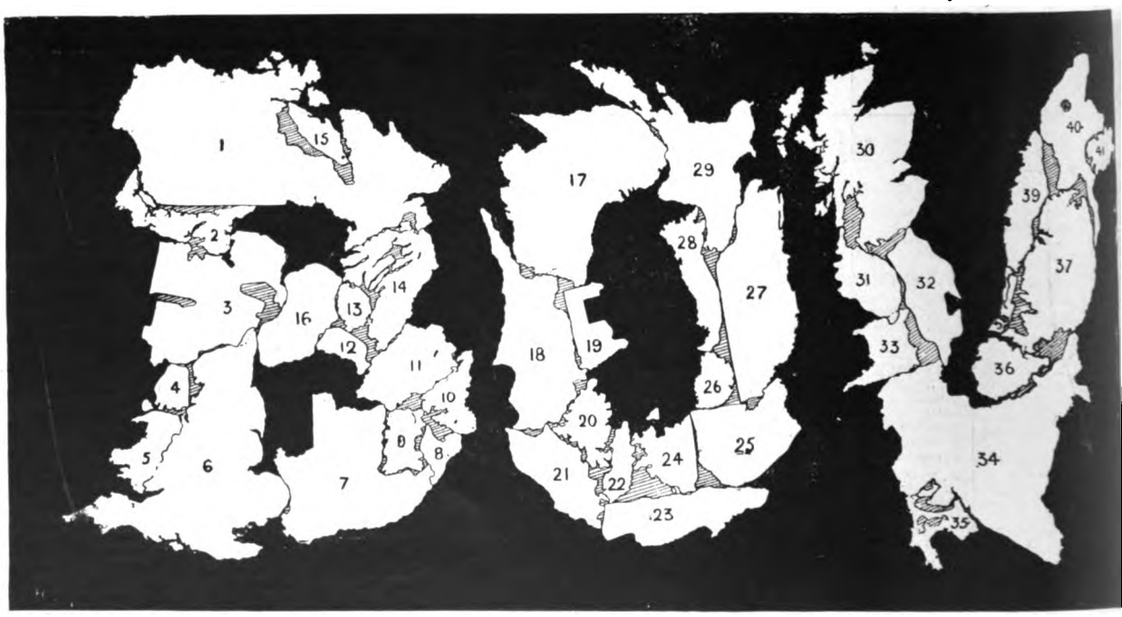
A recent innovation by the Army and General Assurance Association is the "combined" fire and burglary policy, which not only covers the risks of fire, theft, and burglary whilst the insured property is contained in any barracks, camp, garrison, or private dwelling-house, but also whilst temporarily at any hotel, inn, apartments, or boarding-house in the United Kingdom. The rates are no higher than the ordinary, whilst the security afforded to a roving population, "who are here to-day and gone to-morrow," is incomparably greater. Residence in Malta and Gibraltar can be covered without extra charge if notification is made, this being, we believe, the first experiment of insuring "burglary" risks outside the United Kingdom. Doubtless, the recent extension of the Association to the general public of approved status (but no trading or commercial risks are taken) will soon bring its special features very prominently to the front.

Then take the case of the thatched-roof bungalows of India, and some other of our tropical stations. Messes and individual officers have to pay at least £1 per cent. whilst inhabiting them, and more than half that sum if the buildings are of timber construction with other than a thatched roof. The thing is absurd, for after four years' experience of practical working it is shown that a "world-wide policy" can be profitably issued for the Services, covering residence in any kind of dwelling, without restriction as to construction, and including the risk of fire in transit from one station to another, at an all-round rate of 7s. 6d. per cent. This is another special feature of the Association in question.

Accidents and Diseases.

Next to the almost incumbent provision of life insurance, which should be made by the not too wealthy Army or Navy officer, comes in point of utility a sound insurance against "accidents and diseases." In the early negotiations for something suitable in this line, when the Army Association was being formed, there was found on the part of the leading companies in that branch a general indisposition to treat the military officer, with his supposed excessive time for leisure, his polo, hunting, and racing proclivities, his gymnastic and boxing classes, and his supposed general proneness to the use of splints, slings, and bandages, on the same footing as the ordinary civilian. In vain was it at first urged that accidents happen to the "civilian" as frequently at football, hockey, rowing, cricket, hunting, on the daily 'bus or railway journeys, and in the congested street traffic, as they do to the occasional polo player, or still less occasional pig-sticker, that regimental races are only run once a year, and so on, and that even the Army officer could not be, like Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once, or at least be running two risks at one and the same time. The matter was taken up, however, as a speciality, but with at first very gingerly treatment, by one company with more go in it than others. On the other hand, with military officers I found a general consensus of opinion that companies had been "niggardly" in the settlement of just claims, inclined to stand on legal technicalities when slight breaches of contract had occurred in not complying with the many abstruse clauses in the policies, as, for instance, regarding notifications of change of address, leaving the United Kingdom

How the BRITISH EMPIRE



and illustrates the close association of this Imperial British Nourishment with the whole of King Edward's Dominions at Home and beyond the Seas.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. XIII.—No. 262.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1902

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WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson's appointment as a Colonial Governor has been hailed with a chorus of general satisfaction both from the official and the personal standpoints. A Naval Governor will be a welcome addition to the Councils of Federal Australia, while Sir Harry Rawson's well-known gallantry, ability, and tact have made him habitually most popular throughout a long and varied career. He entered the Navy in 1857, served in China, and in the Egyptian War of 1882, organised and conducted the Benin Expedition, and successively commanded the Cape of Good Hope and Channel Squadrons.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Local Connection.

THE world has got so big that it is difficult to keep our interests as wide as people once did. We have to concentrate them upon the particular. The general swallows us up if we try to embrace it. Specialisation and decentralisation—two very long and ill-sounding words—are going on everywhere. A doctor, in order to succeed nowadays, must take up some one branch of medicine or of surgery and become an authority upon it. A historian, instead of setting to work, like the writers of aforetime, to write a history of the world, selects some short period, and seldom masters even that before Death ends his labour. Countries are no longer governed by one man, or even by one body of men, from one centre of supreme authority. Each district governs itself to a large extent, and only matters affecting the whole population are dealt with at a distance. The same thing is to be noticed when we consider the attention that is bestowed upon the Navy and the Army. Our regiments are no longer known by numbers. They have most of them been connected with particular counties, and naturally a county takes most interest in the regiment to which it has lent its name.

We have had striking proof of this during the present war. County funds have been collected in every part of the kingdom to send comforts to the regiments with which counties are nominally linked. Special efforts have been made by Northumberland to lighten the lot of the Northumberland Fusiliers, for example, and so on throughout the country. Again, it is generally found that recruits are anxious to join the regiments called after their own counties, and so a real as well as a nominal tie is created. The system is good for the Army, and it is good for people at home. Many who would not exert themselves to do anything for the Army as a whole, take the greatest pains to show the men of particular regiments that they are not forgotten by the friends they have left behind them. The feeling is just the same as that which impels a man to relieve a destitute family in his own parish, when he would never think of subscribing to a society that helps poor people all over the country.

We are just beginning to apply this system to the Navy. There are a number of His Majesty's ships which bear place-names, and the inhabitants of those places are just awakening to the fact. The county of Kent, for instance, is about to present a gift to the "Kent," with the object of showing that the county is anxious to keep up a connection with the vessel, and to take a sustained interest in her fortunes and in the welfare of those who form her crew. Other ships now building are to be named after other counties, which in their turn will, no doubt, follow Kent's excellent example. In the United States it was long ago laid down by law that all men-of-war should be called after states or cities. Only lately has the American Naval Department begun to give the names of famous admirals to its ships. The custom there is for each locality that has a ship thus connected with it to present it, upon its launching, with three gifts. The official body of the State or city gives a service of plate, or a trophy of some kind. The inhabitants subscribe for a bell with an inscription upon it. The leading ladies combine to present a flag. We might very well do in this country what our cousins the Americans do for their vessels. It would certainly help to bring home to us that the Navy is our own concern—not merely a force provided for our defence out of public funds, but an institution in which every one of us ought to take a particular pride and a personal interest.

The plan of calling ships by historic Naval names is a very good one, but there is no reason why we should not largely extend the practice of giving our men-of-war names that would carry with them a local connection. The "Devon" and the "Hampshire" would be most appropriate, seeing that the great Naval establishments of Plymouth and Portsmouth are in these counties. Norfolk, too, is a county that would welcome with enthusiasm a proposal to confer its name upon a battle-ship, or rather upon a cruiser, since the county names seem destined for the cruiser class, battle-ships, such as the "London" and the "Edinburgh," being named after great cities. Why should there not be a "Dublin," by the way? Let us make haste to prevent the cry of "Another injustice to Ireland!" We already have a good many vessels in the Navy bearing the names of places. These names were originally given, it is true, after persons—"Cumberland" after the Royal Duke, "Monmouth" in honour of the Duke of Monmouth, and so on. But it does not matter what the origin of the names may have been. There they are, and it is for the localities to establish the local connection, heeding only the fact that they are thus able to do something to prove to the Navy that landsmen seize any opportunity of making known their interest in our seamen and our ships. It is strange that no step has been taken towards showing the "London" that this great city is glad to have a ship called after it and ready to acknowledge and commemorate the connection. Is it that London is too big for any one individual or any one corporate body to take the lead in such action? The Lord Lieutenant is surely the man to set a movement on foot, if the Lord Mayor and the chairman of the County Council are inactive. Will not the Duke of Fife move in the matter?

How useful the local connection may be in stimulating the public interest in the defensive forces may be gathered from the fact that the German Emperor has just decided to name his regiments after the districts in which their garrison towns are situated. William II. is a shrewd observer and a ready imitator of anything British which commends itself to his mind as being useful and sensible. He has seen how regimental traditions are kept alive by the territorial system, and how local devotion to the Army is warmed by making much of the tie between regiment and district. So the 97th Infantry will henceforward be known also as the 1st Upper Rhenish, the 167th as the 1st Upper Alsatian, and the 173rd as the 9th Lorraine. In course of time the old numbers will probably drop out of use, just as they have done in our Army, and the Kaiser's regiments will be known solely by their territorial titles. The result is pretty sure to benefit the German Army by binding it up even more closely than it is bound up at present with the life of the nation. Strengthen the local connection, and you strengthen the country. That is evidently the Emperor's view. Let us remember that he bases it upon what he has learnt from us.

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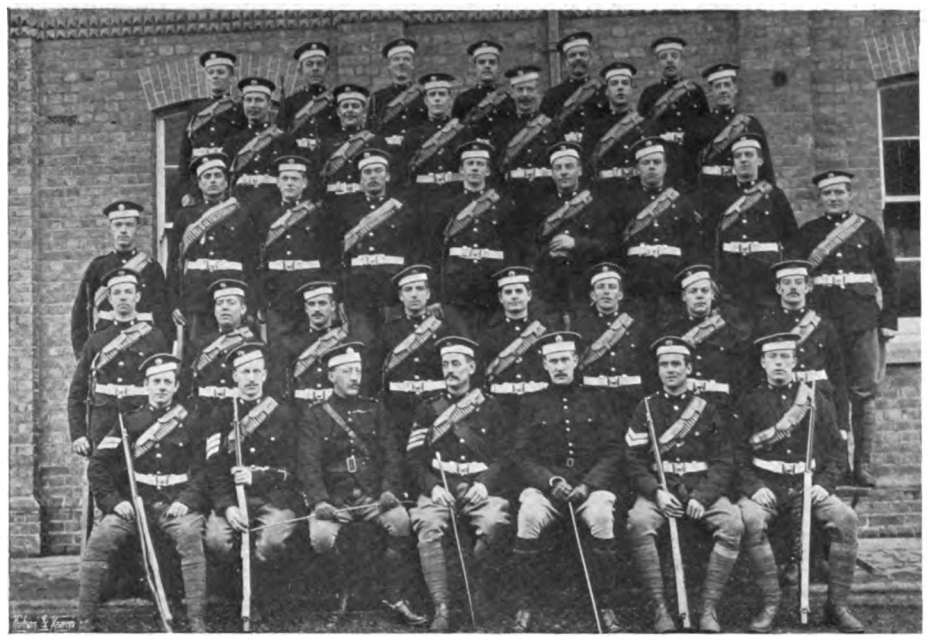
THE GUARDS' MOUNTED INFANTRY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



THE MEN OF THE COLDSTREAMS.

Second Lieutenant J. H. I. Phillips in command.

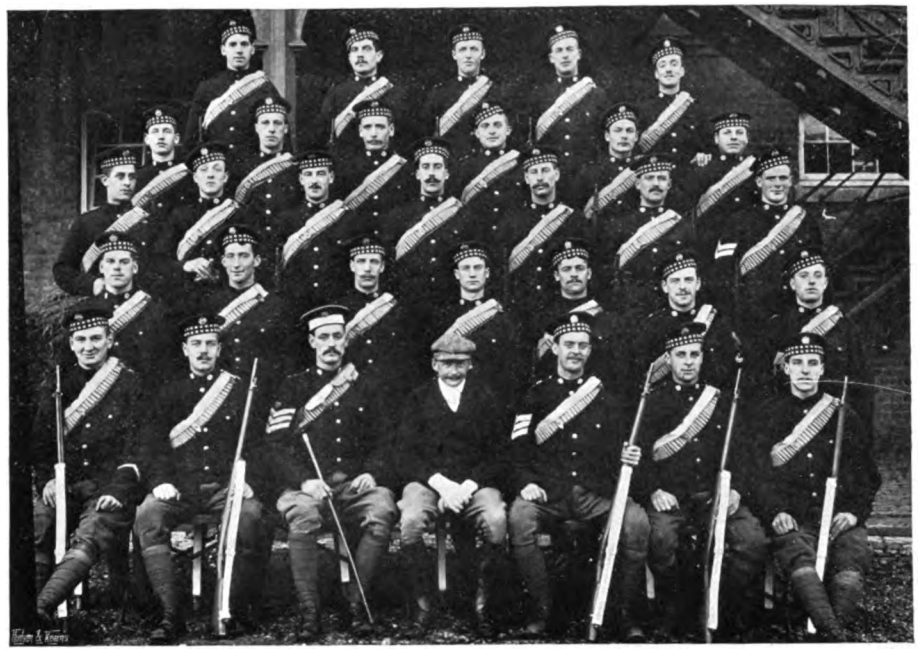
Photos. Copyright.

THE CONTINGENT OF GRENADIER GUARDS.

Lieutenant the Hon. C. M. B. Ponsonby in command.

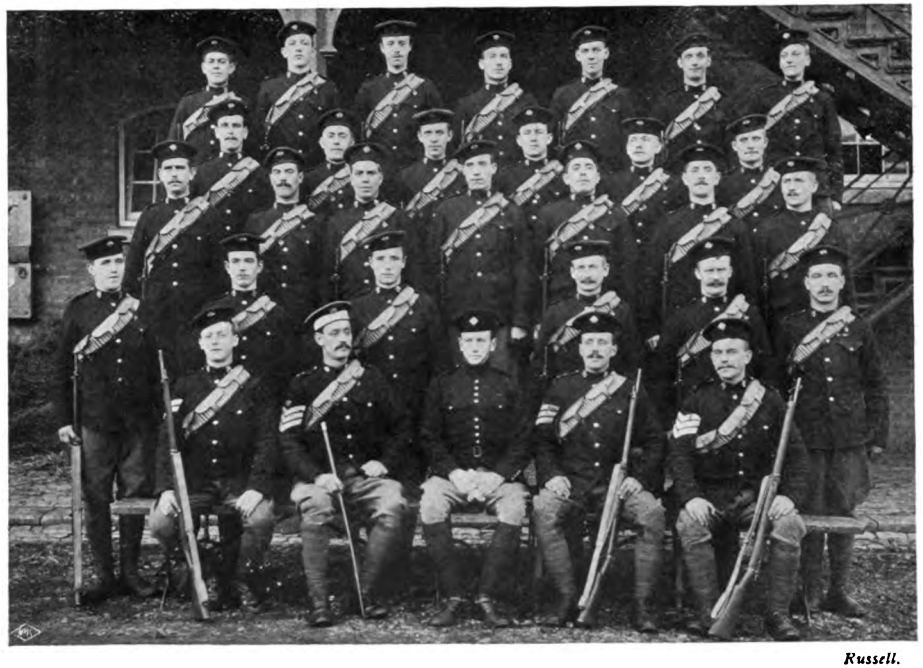
THESE men formed a part of the contingent of Mounted Infantry which embarked on February 4 for South Africa. There has been an idea—which has developed itself principally at home—that the Guards are not suited to mounted infantry work, that, in point of fact, we want lighter men, not only for mounted infantry, but for cavalry. This is akin to the heterodox notion which assumes that all wars are to be the same as our present fight in South Africa, and that the days of shock tactics are past. There will be plenty of room in any European campaign for cavalry and for a mobile infantry as well, and both will find lots of work to do, and will not suffer for being big men instead of little ones. Certainly the cavalry will not; and the Guards have already proved in South Africa that they can take care of themselves. Of course it is more weight for the horses to bear, but the remedy is to be found in a readjustment of burdens, and not in reducing the weight of the man. The Guards have already done good service in South Africa, and it used to be a proverb in the days of the Ring that "a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un." This applies perhaps more to the shock of the cavalry charge than to mounted infantry work, but it is certainly true of that personal effort which will be required to end the campaign. The pictures that we give of the men and their officers speak for themselves. They are the very likenesses of men who have been selected to go to the front by virtue of their fitness. Their typical eagerness shows that they are the men we want. In Captain J. Ponsonby they will have a commander whom they can trust, and the country wishes them God-speed.

The whole detachment is commanded by Captain J. Ponsonby.



THE SCOTS GUARDS CONTINGENT.

Lieutenant B. G. Van de Weyer in command.



Russell.

THE MEN OF THE IRISH GUARDS.

Lieutenant H. F. Ward in command

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

WITH GENERAL SPENS'S FORCE TO THE RELIEF OF ITALA.

Crossing the Buffalo River in flood.

OPERATING IN THE EASTERN TRANSVAAL.

The Gordon Highlanders halted for a rest.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

GENERAL BRUCE HAMILTON'S CHASE OF LOUIS BOTHA.

The 74th Royal Field Artillery crossing the Porgola River.

IT has generally escaped notice that this is the first war we have been engaged in in which both sides have used the Morse code as a means of signalling communication. The excellent system of the Boers in the matter of heliography has been one of the main features in their success. We have no signalling officer who has done better work than the quick-witted Lieutenant Paff, late Head of the Transvaal Military Telegraph Department. (I wonder if he is alive to-day, or whether he has answered war's last roll call.) Long before hostilities broke out Lieutenant Paff had organised and completed a system by which helio communication was possible between Pretoria and the whole of the two late Republics, with the exception of the very north of the Transvaal—that is, the various intermediate stations had been tested and settled, and, if Paff wanted communication, he knew exactly where to send his signallers. To give one line. Heliographic communication was possible between Maseru (Basutoland) and Pretoria by the following route: Maseru to Thabanchu, Thabanchu to Bloemfontein, Bloemfontein to Brandfort, Brandfort to Kopje Aileen, Kopje Aileen to Klip Riversberg, Klip Riversberg to Johannesburg, Johannesburg to Pretoria. When operating against an enemy fortified with such excellent means of communication it became very necessary for British signallers to pick up helio communication with extreme caution. Thus, when helio communication was first obtained with Ladysmith by the relief force, the besieged garrison were very sceptical of the twinkling mirror to the south. Before they would accept it as *bonâ fide* they had to know all about the said Barton from whom the message was reputed to have come, nor would they reply until General Barton proved his identity by stating the occasion on and circumstances under which he had last met Sir George White. As they had not met for years, the correct answer would have defeated even the ingenuity of Paff. But Paff's subordinates were not always up to the same standard as their chief. For instance, I remember a Boer heliograph at Dewetsdorp calling up General French's headquarters, when the latter were at Erste Geluk. "Who are you?" flashed the British mirror. "Brabant's 'Orse," came the Boer signaller's answer. "Repeat," said the British signaller, suspiciously. "Brabant's 'Orse," persevered the Boer. That was proof positive—no British signaller would have omitted so important a letter in two consecutive messages. "Go and learn how to spell—who are you?" queried the British helio facetiously. The message which the educated Boer sent back would not bear reproduction here. But at the Vaal River our signallers fairly caught the Boers. It was the day after Commandant Malan came to interview Lord Roberts. The signalling officer informed the Boers that he was Malan, and they came down to reinforce him — the Mounted Infantry did the rest.

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PORTUGUESE CYCLISTS.

GERMAN INFANTRYMEN.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

THE proposal, or rather the intention, of the Association of Kentish Men and Men of Kent to give a trophy to the war-ship which bears the name of the county is friendly, and in various ways commendable. The gift will doubtless be acceptable. Small presents, says the French proverb, preserve friendship. With a little goodwill it will be possible to light upon something which will be appropriate, and when it is provided the Navy can be trusted to see that it is carefully preserved. But, without the slightest wish to throw cold water on a kindly scheme, one cannot help being a little puzzled to discover the connection between a ship named after a place or county and the said place or county. We have numbers of place names in our Navy, the "Agincourt" and the "Ramillies," for instance, or even the "Asia," which have no connection whatever with the spot or region they are baptised after. A vessel called the "Kent" or the "Essex" may not even have been built in the county. It is pretty certain that no part of her material has been drawn from either. Nowadays ships are not made of heart of oak, but of metal brought, perhaps, to begin with, from all the four quarters of the earth. And then as regards the crews, what security can there be that a single one of them is of Kentish or Essex birth? The bond, in fact, between a regiment and a county is obvious, but you cannot provide an equivalent link between a county and a ship. Even as regards the mere name there may be no connection whatever. The first "Asia," if my memory is not at fault, was built in the East of teak, and there was in her case something in the name. But when she was worn out her successor would be made of oak, or iron, in England, and named after her. We might have one "Devon" built at Plymouth, and the next by contract at Newcastle or the Clyde. What then would the county have to do with her?

* * * *

On the whole, too, is it well to transfer the sentiment of local patriotism, which is admirable for the Army, to the Fleet? The Navy is one. Its men are, and must be, transferred from vessel to vessel, from station to station. We cannot limit them to this or the other district in any sort of way, and there must always be something sham in the effort to maintain a sentimental affection between Kent, or any other part of the Empire, and one particular man-of-war. In the eighteenth century the French Government did try to establish something like a territorial system for its ships' crews, but the scheme was fantastic and would not work; and in the case of France there was an excuse for the making of distinctions between the sources of supply for the crews of the Navy. For a reason written large on the map of Europe there has always been a certain separation between the Brest and the Toulon fleets, and a visible degree of jealousy between them. It is not extinct even now, if any credit is to be given to the author of "Les Maritimes," which was noticed here a fortnight ago. One of the details he notes is the more or less open contempt of the "Marin du Nord," the Brest seaman, for the Toulonese. Whether the French Navy has gained anything by the rivalry is another question.

* * * *

Which of us, said Thackeray, has his wish, or, having it, is satisfied? The quotation, which may be applied daily in most of the relations of life, can also, as one might expect, be used concerning the British Navy. An instance is the discontent expressed now and again with the results of the long-service system. Sixty years ago, or less, a Naval officer would have been delighted if he had been suddenly presented with such a body of trained men as is at his service to-day. If any other nation had possessed its equivalent he would have been filled with uneasiness, if not with fear, when he thought of the prospect before his own Service as it then was in case of a sudden conflict. What in the main lines is the existing situation? We have between permanent establishment and reserve trained men enough to make full and efficient use of every man-of-war we possess at once, and without having to wait till the crews are collected by bounties or by force, from home-coming merchant-ships, from the streets, the workhouse, and the gaol. That is what we had to do down to the Russian War, when even cabmen were taken with gratitude; of course, I do not mean to imply that Jarvy was inferior to "the workhouse or the gaol." Much the contrary—only it was the case that he was not a trained man, and, as a matter of fact, the officers who went with Sir Charles Napier to the Baltic had to begin by teaching the very rudiments of a sailor's business to our crews, and that in the days when sails were still of vital importance. In our time, the worst an officer who was commissioning a ship at the beginning of a war would have to complain of would be that part of his ship's company were not trained to perfection. If ever a reform was justified by the results, it was the introduction of Long Service into the Navy. It has given us a most solid and excellent establishment, which is a great and trustworthy force. To weaken this in any way would certainly be a mistake, unless it can be proved by very powerful arguments indeed that some other and greater advantage is to be obtained. Nothing could well be less practical than to begin by spoiling a good thing you have in the speculative hope that something better will be secured. When Long Service was introduced the British Navy had practically nothing in the shape of a system for providing itself with crews. There was, therefore, nothing to destroy, and there was a want to be supplied. To-day we have a fine organisation, which works well. What are we to gain by interfering with it?

* * * *

The answer is a greater Reserve. But would we secure a greater Reserve? The whole question is just whether we could have any security that men who had been passed through the Navy would continue at sea. My own firm conviction is that they would not. A man who had been first trained as a boy in a training-ship, had then served for seven years in a man-of-war, and was then expected to remain for five in the Reserve, according to Admiral Fremantle's scheme, would find a merchant-ship intolerable. He would turn to work on shore, and be lost to the sea. Besides, there is another and a simple consideration which ought to give us pause before we meddle with Long Service in the Navy. At the present time boys are obtained with ease for the Navy, because parents rely upon the Service to give continuous employment and a pension. No doubt it depends on the young seaman to secure these advantages by good behaviour and by re-enlisting; but the parents of a boy know that they have put him in a position to earn them if he behaves with common prudence. With Short Service they would have no such security. On the contrary, they would know that after a term of years he would be turned out to get work in the market. There is an enormous difference between the two offers, and it by no means follows that parents who are satisfied with the first would be attracted by the second. One of the first effects of introducing Short Service would almost certainly be to injure recruiting for the Navy, and it is surely needless to point out that for this very reason it would be fatal to the desired Reserve.

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The offer of the ex-Boer, General Vilonel, to raise a burgher force of 1,500 men for the service of the Empire against the Boers in the field is, properly speaking, a direct result of guerrillero warfare, and might have been foreseen. The guerrillero may be a very patriotic fellow, but there is one dreadful drawback to his way of conducting the struggle. It is that he must live on the country, in other words, by exaction from and at the expense of the peaceful part of the population. After a time they begin to find him a sore burden, and have to repel him in sheer self-defence. Patriotism, love of country, and hatred of the invader are strong sentiments, but men must live, and must secure food for their families. When it comes to pass that they find themselves unable to fulfil these social duties and secure this desirable end they rebel—and then they will take arms even against their own countrymen. In the Peninsular War there were notable instances in which Spanish towns repelled the guerrillero bands. Seville did for one. It was not that they loved the French, but simply because they could not afford to be occupied by the guerrilleros who lived by levying food and money on the country, and who could not give it a good guarantee that the French would not come back. A considerable portion of the burghers of the two late Republics is plainly getting into this way of thinking about the irreconcilables, and this is not the worst reason for believing that the end in South Africa is really approaching at last.

HOW THINGS APPEAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN one way and another the Colonies have done a good deal for the Empire in the course of the war in South Africa. They have given of their best—and they have done it ungrudgingly—and the sacrifice on their part has been accepted in the spirit in which it was offered, and the Empire has been richer in heroes for what the Colonies have lost in sons. We have almost ceased, indeed, to talk of Colonies. Personally, we would prefer to talk of daughter realms; but, after all, a mere name is of very little importance. Not only in a tribute of manhood, however, have these daughter realms aided in the maintenance of the Empire. They have not sent their sons to the front, careless then of what became of them—paying tribute as it were, and content when that tribute was paid—they have thought of those who were so far from them, of the men who were battling for the Empire and who were not of their own immediate kith and kin, and they have sought to find means to send comfort to those who were upholding the flag.

FAIR MAIDS AS COLLECTORS.

Pleading for Tommy's Christmas comforts.

Naturally, Christmastide afforded a special opportunity for giving effect to these feelings, and one of our pictures shows an interesting group taken outside the Town Hall at Pietermaritzburg, Natal — a group of children and young women with one or two older ones among them, prominent ladies and their daughters, who had undertaken a collection, after the fashion of the "Hospital Saturday" collection in this country, with the object of aiding the Natal Fund for Christmas comforts for the men at the front.

Our other picture is typical of the veldt. It shows the wide-stretching horizon in one direction, a kopje nearer at hand. The officer who is making some memoranda in his note-book is Lieutenant-Colonel R. Holden, of the Worcestershire Regiment, so well known in this country in connection with the Royal United Service Institution.

Like so many other men, he has recently been doing good service in South Africa; and, in his case, the service has meant the charge of an important district, a charge he has carried out with that ability and conscientiousness which would be expected of him by anyone who knew him.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AN INCIDENT ON THE VELDT.

A well-known officer and his orderly.

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BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is difficult indeed to say anything fresh about the repeated despatch of Colonial contingents to South Africa, and yet it is impossible to ignore such announcements as those which have recently been made in this pleasing connection. From Wellington, New Zealand, and from Melbourne have come telegrams indicating with what right goodwill Australasia is responding to the further call made upon it by the Imperial Government, while the despatch of the new contingent of Canadian Mounted Rifles, under Colonel Evans, from Halifax last week was marked by the same frank enthusiasm and genuine fervour which have characterised every previous departure of Dominion troops on Imperial active service. As regards Federal Australia, it would seem that local pro-Boerdom, although existent, meets with a significant lack of sympathy, the manner in which the latter is expressed being singularly instructive. When a pro-Boer representative brought forward the other day a petition praying for the withdrawal of Australian citizen soldiers from South Africa, the Federal Parliament neither hooted at him, nor proceeded to wrangle over minor details involved in his representations. It merely received the petition in silence, which was broken by the Premier's announcement that, the Imperial Government having asked for another 1,000 men, the Commonwealth would promptly comply with *that* request. This observation was not received in silence, but with ringing cheers. Seldom, if ever, in the history of Parliaments has a petition received a more dignified, a more conclusive, or, from an Imperial standpoint, a more completely satisfactory reply.

As for New Zealand, the eighth contingent was to sail on the 29th ult. and the ninth will leave on the 28th inst. There will be no difficulty, a Wellington correspondent cables, in raising this ninth contingent of 1,000 men, "seeing that 3,000 more than were required volunteered for the eighth contingent." It is said that figures can be made to prove anything, but when figures are crystallised in such solid fact as in this case it is difficult to shape them into any but one conclusion.

It is, however, interesting to note a concrete instance in which that same conclusion is being forced upon Continental Europe. No one can reasonably contend that the popular feeling in Belgium as regards England is, notwithstanding our historic claims upon the gratitude of that country, particularly friendly at the present moment. Quite the contrary. Yet even the pro-Boer Press of Brussels has of late been admitting that the behaviour of the British self-governing colonies in regard to the war "is an object-lesson in solidarity, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any other nation." With special reference to the recent responses of Federal Australia and non-federal New Zealand, to further calls for assistance, the Government organ, the *Journal de Bruxelles*, declares that Great Britain may well find compensation for European unfriendliness in the sympathy with which she meets in her most distant Colonies. That is just the view which has always been most strenuously upheld in these notes. The writer is not a great believer in the wisdom of discoursing too freely upon the "saving of the situation" in any particular manner, and in any particular set of circumstances. Whether the Colonies have or have not saved the Empire during the past two and a quarter years, is a matter which in any case the present generation is probably not very competent to discuss. In the meantime it is a pretty good working principle to go upon that, Colonies or no Colonies, the Mother Country is as able and willing to meet any other two nations, ship to ship, if not man to man. But when it comes to the value of Colonial assistance as an "object-lesson in solidarity," then it is safe and seemly to expatiate, as we have done, and shall continue to do, upon what is the real and most enduring significance of these grand Colonial manifestations of practical sympathy and Imperial sentiment.

Photo Chilley.

FIJIAN BUGLER.

The City of London is preparing to do honour to Mr. Chamberlain, by the presentation to him of an address expressive of the admiration of the Court of Common Council, of his statesmanlike qualities and patriotic action in the true interests of the British Empire. This event, which it is quite possible to regard from other than a party standpoint, will most certainly be of extraordinary personal and some historic interest, but, outside such reflections as are more or less obvious, it has an Imperial connection which must not be lost sight of. We have to bear in mind that, in no uncertain voice, and in very impressive circumstances, the Colonies themselves had previously recorded their warm support of Mr. Chamberlain, not only as a Colonial Secretary, but as an Imperial statesman, and the action of the City of London is thus rendered doubly significant. With unmistakable clearness it indicates the satisfaction of the City in the special grip which Mr. Chamberlain has acquired upon Colonial sympathies, for it will be remembered that when the matter of the presentation was brought before the Court of Common Council, the mover particularly referred to the Colonial Secretary as having "brought the Empire into one great Commonwealth, to which all were proud to belong," and as the man who, by his far-seeing policy, had "done more to consolidate our brethren beyond the seas than any other statesman." These are pregnant words, pregnant of goodwill and "better acquaintance" for others than "Mr. Secretary Chamberlain," as the quaint, old-world formula of the Colonial Office has it. The consolidation of our Colonial brethren, the formation of an Imperial Commonwealth, these are practical achievements which, while they may have reference only to emergent and temporary combinations of circumstances, will stand out in history as rocks of precedent upon which the waves of prejudice at home and hostility abroad will beat in vain.

At the time of writing there is a temporary misunderstanding, which will doubtless be cleared away, on the subject of the supply of meat furnished by Canada and Australasia for the use of the troops in South Africa and at home. As regards Canada, it appears that certain tinned beef supplied by the Dominion contractors was rejected in South Africa in favour of other samples supplied by the United States. The Dominion Government promptly assembled a Commission to investigate the matter, and this Commission emphatically declares the Canadian samples to be superior to those from the United States, and suggests that the War Office expert must have confused the two qualities. In this country the term "War Office expert," as applied to the examination of supplies, is not, it must be frankly admitted, regarded as absolutely convincing; but putting this aside, it is distinctly necessary for the military authorities to understand that this matter is not one of common gravity. If it transpires that, whether through error or otherwise, Canadian stores have been unduly rejected in favour of those supplied from the United States, something very much more to the point than mere expressions of regret will be expected, and perhaps demanded, on both sides of the Atlantic. Australasia, again, as represented by New Zealand, has been indignant at the acceptance by the War Office authorities of a contract in which there appeared a prospect of preference being given to Argentine beef. Some

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time back particular allusion was made in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to the satisfaction expressed by the Indian Government with the stores supplied by the Australian Colonies for use in China, and this fact, with others which will readily suggest themselves, should make the War Office particularly careful in ascertaining whether the Colonies can meet its requirements.

With reference to the idea, now apparently exploded, of raising a certain new Imperial Yeomanry regiment under the title "The Gentlemen's Corps," a correspondent writes to us from Durban that he hopes, for their own sake, that no corps will go out to South Africa under such a name. He suggests that a Public Schools Corps might be practicable, and that in this some hard-and-fast line might possibly be drawn, which it certainly could not be in any *soi-disant* "Gentlemen's Corps." Happily, as it seems, the question has not arisen, but if it had there would have been no lack of protests against such snobbery as the nomenclature suggested would involve. Our correspondent goes on, rather instructively, to say that it seems a pity that so many Yeomanry corps have adopted such "clap-trap" names" as "Sharpshooters," and, still worse, "Roughriders," which he thinks are unreal and un-English. The older Imperial Irregular corps which have been at the front since 1899 are quite content to be known as the I.L.H., the S.A.L.H., B.M.I., or T.M.I. There is a good deal of force in this contention, but we are fain to admit, incidentally, that while, of course, we recognised the Imperial and South African Light Horse under their initials, we had to refer to the Army List to make sure of Bethune's and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. In the absence, therefore, of Imperial, local, and personal designations, the fancy title has the excuse that it is at least distinctive. And "clap-trap" is not a very pretty word to use in such a connection, as our correspondent will on reflection doubtless admit. The main point in raising a new corps for active service is surely to make it popular with the class from which it is expected to derive thoroughly efficient recruits. At home, fancy titles seem to be liked, and if that be the fact, and the corps is successfully raised and does good work, it is ungracious to cavil at the name under which it is doing literally Yeoman's service for the Empire and its King.

CANADA'S OLDEST REGULAR FORCE.

Photo. Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

ROYAL CANADIAN GARRISON ARTILLERY.

Warrant officers, staff-sergeants, and sergeants.

NOTHING has been more conspicuous during the present war than the willingness—ought we not to write the eagerness?—of the Colonies to bear their share of the burden of the campaign. Troops have been freely offered, and, when their services have been accepted, the rush to find a place in their ranks has been so great that the authorities on the spot have been able to push selection to an extreme point, and to take the men absolutely best fitted for the accomplishment of the task before them.

The almost passionate devotion of the Colonies to the Mother Country has, indeed, afforded an object-lesson that assuredly has not escaped the attention of the other Great Military Powers, and nowhere has that loyalty been more strongly marked than in that wide Dominion which stretches from one side to the other of the great American continent. Since 1871 Canada has had no garrison of Imperial troops, but it has raised a Regular Force of its own, and our picture shows a group of the warrant and non-commissioned officers who are so largely responsible for the training and discipline of the oldest corps in that force, the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery, at present serving under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson at Quebec. Earl Roberts is the colonel-in-chief, and a number of the men served with that detachment of Royal Canadian Artillery which took part in the war in South Africa until December, 1900. The officer in the centre of the picture is Captain H. C. Thacker, the adjutant, who served in South Africa as staff-adjutant to the Brigade Division of Canadian Artillery.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt.

CHAPTER VII.

OPEN TO CRITICISM.

I GOT up and looked out. The air was warm, soft, and relaxing, but above all things balmy and pleasant. Far away the dark headland of Noirmont jutted out into the sparkling sea. The atmosphere was so clear that I half fancied I could catch a gleam of the wind-fanned yellow gorse flaming down the slopes amongst the cliffs, as I had seen it when we steamed past on the previous morning.

While I dressed my mind naturally reverted to the events of the last night. I went downstairs determined to look up Tammers at the earliest possible moment.

I breakfasted alone. Tammers had told me that he was an early riser, and I concluded he had gone out long ago. Algar was not present either, while I was thankful to be spared the company of the Frenchman and the Count, under the circumstances. They were unlikely to appear until the midday *déjeuner*.

Breakfast over, I went out for a stroll in the town, hoping to come upon Tammers, as the waiter told me he had seen him going out somewhat earlier. I passed through the narrow little streets until I reached the new market, where, before a butcher's stall, I almost ran into the arms of a mountainous figure in loose white garments and a sunhat, who greeted me cordially with a spongy grasp of the hand, and expressed himself delighted at the rencontre.

"Looking more cheery this morning, sir," said Pluvitt effusively. "And how has our friend slept after the excitement of last evening?" He made an elaborate show of secrecy as he said this.

"I suppose you are alluding to Mr. Tammers?" I returned shortly. "For all I know to the contrary, he has slept well, but I have not yet seen him this morning."

Pluvitt protruded his underlip and regarded me doubtfully over the convex expanse of his white waistcoat.

"You saw him last night, though, after your interview with the Frenchman, of course?" This was, however, less a question than a statement.

For the first time I felt glad that Tammers was a heavy sleeper.

"No, I didn't see him then."

"My dear sir——" expostulated Pluvitt playfully.

"I give you my word I have not seen Mr. Tammers since you watched me return from walking on the pier last evening," I answered rudely.

"Indeed! Um—may I ask what he proposes to do, sir?" continued the unabashed Pluvitt. "The affair cannot rest where it is. It isn't safe! Why, Julowski might shoot him on sight, as Mr. Tammers most imprudently suggested at dinner. What is to prevent its happening at this very moment, sir, here? And who's to say that the Count's aim might for once not be true?"

"Why, so much the better," said I.

"But you or I might be killed instead by a mistake. Think of that—by a pure mistake!" he exclaimed.

I declined to discuss such an absolutely extravagant idea, and pointed out that Julowski was above all things careful of his skin, and had no more ambition to see the inside of the gaol than Pluvitt himself. I could perceive that Pluvitt was rather nonplussed at my declaration that I had not seen Tammers since the previous evening, but he was not yet satisfied.

"Perhaps," he hazarded, "there was some talk of an apology between Mr. Tammers and the Count?"

"Well, there was, to tell you the truth," I admitted, as if unwillingly; "but I am happy to say there is now no longer occasion for anything of the kind."

"Then you did settle the business last night? I guessed as much," he cried, pleased with his own acuteness.

"What would you have them do?" I asked. "Some hot words passed, but on British soil, luckily, hard words do not entail murder."

"I'm glad to hear you say that the matter has been arranged so satisfactorily. It had a very ugly look last night."

I rid myself of Pluvitt at length, and then wandered disconsolately round St. Helier's. For a town of its size, it is the most bewildering with which I am acquainted. Apparently handy turnings tempt you every few yards, but they are without exception delusive, for they invariably debouch in an exactly contrary direction to the one you might reasonably expect. But in none of their turnings and windings did I encounter Tammers.

Finally I made my way back to the Soleil Levant and up to Tammers' floor.

As I stood knocking in his doorway the Breton chambermaid came along the passage and told me that the rooms were empty, that Mr. Tammers had not returned. Then I opened the door and went in. The wind fluttered the curtains and rattled a picture, but that was all.

I made a few other enquiries and went downstairs again. It was annoying of Tammers to choose this morning of all others for an early excursion, since I had yet to finish my interview with De Boivet, and a recollection of his "Ah—so?" bothered me.

I strolled out round the open space in front of the hotel, and lingered by the railings about the flower-beds surrounding the Queen's statue, hoping to catch sight of my man. The sunshine was blazing hot, though a cool wind tempered the heat a little. Presently I saw the blue-clad figure of the captain. He came up to me, smiling.

"I congratulate you," he said. "Your friend is a lucky man. I suppose it came off this morning?"

"What came off?" I asked in surprise.

The captain emitted a thin, queer whistle.

"You don't mean to say he's bolted?" he exclaimed. "I gave him credit for pluck, at any rate."

"I haven't a notion what you are hinting at," I said, carelessly; but a sudden qualm of dismay made itself felt somewhere inside me. What could the man mean?

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I fancied you were in it, as Tammers' friend, you know."

The captain's speeches carried a sub-acid flavour, which put me on the defensive.

I said, irritably, that I was "in it" as Tammers' friend. And then in my annoyance I forgot discretion, and added hastily:

"I may tell you in strict confidence that the meeting is to take place on the sands at Plémont on Friday morning."

"Indeed?" he returned, eyeing me oddly. "So it did

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not come off this morning? Well, Mr. Anson, I'm sorry for you!"

"It was postponed by Tammers' desire," I said.

"So I should suppose!" was his dry comment.

"But it is to come off on Friday," I repeated.

"That is open to doubt, to say the least of it," replied my companion, still scanning me out of his narrowed eyes; "for I don't suppose your friend Mr. Tammers will find that the Southampton mail-boat drops its passengers anywhere short of Guernsey."

"What in the world has the mail-boat to do with it?"

"Only that I saw him go aboard her this morning with a green carpet-bag in his hand, and he certainly went out of the pierheads aboard her also, for he did me the honour to wave his cap to me at the moment of passing."

"Impossible!" I gasped.

"He had much better have stood his ground, even if he did so with the help of the Constable of St. Helier's," the captain went on.

The first shock of surprise was over by this time, and I felt it due to Tammers and myself to resent the captain's obvious conclusions. I explained that if Tammers were really gone, he had probably crossed to Guernsey to keep out of the way until the decisive moment. I said this with the air of a man who thinks himself an ass not to have hit upon this very reasonable explanation before. On reviewing what I knew of Tammers I felt he was hardly the man to say he would fight and then to run away. There was a solidity about Tammers which inspired me with a certain amount of confidence.

"You may be right; I hope for your own sake that you are," said the captain sceptically. "Otherwise, it won't be a pleasant affair to account for his disappearance. Say what you like about it, it will have a queer look."

"I don't suppose there will be the slightest occasion for anything of the kind." And then I added: "As far as that goes, you should be glad, for you were peculiarly pessimistic in your hints last evening about the dangerous character of the Count. I should have thought you would have approved of Tammers finding discretion the better part of valour!"

The brown-faced captain stood gravely silent for a minute.

"I happen to be an Englishman," he said coldly.

"If you wait for a moment, I will enquire if Tammers has given up his rooms," I said, and crossed to the courtyard of the hotel, where I met the landlord and put the question to him.

He answered in apparent astonishment that Mr. Tammers was living at the hotel *en pension*, and that he had no reason to believe that the gentleman meant to leave yet awhile. People who came to the islands, and more especially the fortunate contingent who put up at the Soleil Levant, were seldom in a hurry to go away. Besides, and here he smiled pleasantly, Mr. Tammers had not paid his bill. There was little to be gathered from the man, as, under any circumstances, it would be his cue to feign ignorance of any dispute having occurred in his house of the nature of the Count's quarrel with Tammers.

I rejoined the captain and repeated what I had heard. He made no remark, but invited me to accompany him down to his boat, which was taking in cargo preparatory to making a start.

But I wanted to think over Tammers' last action in quiet. Instead of accompanying him I took myself off down the short central quay which juts out between the two piers dividing the old from the new harbour. I had agreed to meet De Boivet at one o'clock, and I had to consider what I should say to him. I could not pledge Tammers to fight with pistols, although Tammers prancing about with a duelling rapier seemed the most unlikely picture in the world. Even to myself I would not admit that Tammers was gone for good. I had hesitated and pitied myself to some extent the night before, when my man was on the spot, square and obstinate, to back up his words; but my position as second to a runaway principal was not to be dwelt upon.

"THE BRETON CHAMBERMAID TOLD ME THAT MR. TAMMERS HAD NOT RETURNED."

I went down the quay and sat on a block of unplaced stone and looked about me. The heat had increased so much that I wished for Pluvitt's white suit and big hat. But the harbours were full of life, resonant with the rattle of donkey-engines, the harsh cries of gulls, and the rise and fall of calling voices. The tide was still high and jumping in short waves under the breeze against the stone facing of the piers.

Above, the air was tremulous with the fluttering of pennants seemingly high up in the solid blue of the sky.

My mood was like a landscape on an April day, shining one moment and clouded the next. These variations of feeling and the disturbing mental atmosphere by which I found myself surrounded were foreign to the habits and tastes of my humdrum life. My spirits finally dropped to zero, and I wished I could be certain what Tammers was thinking of at that moment. After all, the captain knew nearly as much of Tammers as I did, and he at once concluded that our man had bolted. I tried to feel glad this might be so, that the chances of my being imprisoned for some years were fading in the distance with the steamer that bore away my erstwhile principal. But I was half-hearted about it. I had believed in Tammers. I had, unconsciously, hoped to see him, by some stroke of luck, take the wind out of Julowski's sails. And now I found that prospect transformed into a very nasty interview with De Boivet, in the course of which I should be obliged to own that Tammers had taken himself off, where I could not say. But I resolved to show a bold front and stick to it that he would come back in good time to keep his appointment with the Count on Friday morning.

(To be continued.)

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AN EVENING'S SPORT NEAR MAFEKING.

By P. BURTON-DURHAM.

SOME five years ago Dame Fortune willed that I should for a time sojourn in the now historical little South African town, Mafeking, and during my stay in that place I met several of my old comrades of the old B.B.P. (Bechuanaland Border Police) who served with me through the last Matabele rising, and rattling good fellows and good sportsmen most of them were, indulging in every form of sport open to them, from polo down to ratting with mongrel terriers amongst the Kaffir locations and piggeries which lay round the outskirts of the town.

How well I remember a day's shooting I enjoyed with four troopers of the B.B.P., three of whom were old public school men and all good shots and horsemen! Alas! R—— and D——'s names were mentioned in the long list of killed at Spion Kop, and I know not where the remaining two men who participated in the shoot I am about to write of may be, but I have no doubt both are fighting for their King and country—fighting side by side (for R—— and D—— were boon friends), as they did at Doornkop, for both came scatheless out of the Quixotic Jameson Raid. And now to get a bit forrarder to the gist of my yarn.

Situate about twenty miles from Mafeking along the banks of the Molopo River is a large tract of rough grass, sage, and bush veldt, which affords excellent covert for paauw (great bustard), korhaun (lesser bustard), francolin, hares, and, last but not least, a blesbok or steinbok could generally be found in the district, whilst a small reed-fringed lake, or, as the Boer has it, pan, proved a veritable paradise to the fowler, harbouring as it did great quantities of many different kinds of wildfowl, and it was on the shores of this pan we camped for a couple of days.

A small but well-found and well-provisioned buck-waggon, drawn by a span of eight strong Argentine mules, formed our transport, and one glorious morning, just as the golden head of old King Sol appeared above the summit of a distant line of brown, boulder-bestrewn, and fantastically-shaped kopjes, my four companions (having obtained the necessary furlough from their chief, Major Gould-Adams) and myself, accompanied by Jacob, a huge Basuto who acted the double part of driver and cook, left the town and went tramping along the rough veldt track, "setting our course" in an easterly direction. At about nine o'clock we outspanned for breakfast, and having fed and watered the mules, and allowed them an hour's freedom on the veldt for a browse, a roll, and a kick, we continued the trek, reaching our destination soon after four o'clock that afternoon, and outspanned within two hundred yards of the pan.

Sending the Kaffir down to the pan to water the mules, my companions and myself each set out to perform his allotted task, one to obtain water from a neighbouring fontein (spring), another to prepare meat and vegetables for a stew, a third, armed with a mealie-bag, went to collect arba longua (sun-dried cow-dung) with which to build a fire, whilst I, mounting a Basuto pony, took a beeline across the plain to purchase milk, eggs, and fruit at a Boer homestead lying some three miles away from our camp.

A sharp canter of twenty minutes or so took me to the quaintly picturesque reed-thatched farmhouse, and a quarter of an hour later I was on my return journey with a basket of eggs on my arm, a couple of quart bottles of fresh milk dangling from the D's of the saddle, and a flour-bag filled with peaches, and tomatoes flung across the pommel.

I had covered about half the distance lying between the homestead and camp, when my pony put a foot into an antbear hole, and, turning a complete somersault, shot me out of the saddle like a sack of nails, with the basket of eggs still on my arm. Fortunately for my neck, the spot on which I got my "purler" was covered with a dense growth of sage bush, and I might have taken a header into a pool of deep water for all the damage I sustained.

The eggs were scattered about the veldt in all directions, but luckily only two were smashed, and although the peaches and tomatoes were decidedly pulpy, the bottles of milk were intact. None the worse for my mishap, I jumped into the saddle again, and quickly arrived at camp.

After "skoff," the guns were taken from the slings in the waggon, for D—— and myself decided to have an hour with the fowl before darkness set in, whilst our three companions started off across the veldt to try for red-wing partridges (francolin) and korhaun. The pan, of oval formation, was fringed on all sides by tall bamboo-like reeds, and the surface of the water was covered with a carpet-like growth of beautiful white and mauve lilies and other aquatic plants. In every open pool and narrow channel were to be seen wild fowl of many different kinds, from the huge, ungainly-looking spur-wing goose to that sober-plumaged but delicious little morsel, the pink-billed teal. A big colony of grey coots had taken possession of one end of the pan, and jealously held their position against the incursions of other fowl. Dotted here and there along the outskirts of the reeds, and in the more open water, were a number of tiny rufus-headed grebes, diving and ducking about for all the world like that interesting little frequenter of our British rivers and lakes, the dabchick.

The drought had left a considerable portion of mud at the shallower end of the pan almost high and dry, and upon that patch of foully smelling ooze were congregated numbers of grey and white herons, sacred ibis, hummerkops, avocets, greenshanks, black and white plovers, and many other kinds of waders, the names of which unfortunately I am ignorant.

So occupied were D—— and myself in watching that study of feathered life through our field-glasses, that it was not until the distant reports of our friends' guns rang out across the silent veldt that we remembered our mission to the pan was to supply the larder with some of the fowl whose habits we had been watching so intently from behind a big outcrop.

Unfortunately but one brace of "cockers," belonging to B——, had been brought out from Mafeking, both of which accompanied their master, who was engaged with the francolin and korhaun, and as Jacob, the Basuto, was unable to leave the waggon and mules to their own sweet will, for even in those days the marauding Boer and the pilfering Kaffir were to be found hanging around every outspan, there was nothing for it but that either D—— or myself should play the part of retriever in beating through the reeds. We therefore tossed the "nimble sixpence" to decide who was to be "dog," and, as is usually the case, the coin fell the wrong side up for me, and so I commenced my beat through the reeds in knee-deep mud and water, my facetious dry-footed friend encouraging me the while with such calls as "Hi! Find!" "Good dog!" "Push 'em up!" etc.

For about ten minutes did I splash and blunder through the middle of those reeds without moving a feather, but so laborious was the going that I slipped out of the dense growth and continued along outside the covert, tapping the reeds with the barrels of my gun as I went. Suddenly, with a great to-do, a bunch of about thirty pink-billed teal rose from a little bay of the shore within twenty yards of me, and so closely were they packed that I cut down five of their number with a right and left. The remainder of the bunch then flew left-handed, and, affording D—— an easy shot, he also scored a couple to his credit. Scarcely had the reports of our guns rung out than fowl rose from every part of the water; comparatively few, however, pitched again, but having circled several times round the pan, winged their way to quieter and happier waters across the veldt.

From the shelter of the reeds I obtained a good ten minutes' sport, as the companies of fowl passed by me or over my head, and although I am bound to confess I shot but indifferently well, three grey ducks, seven teal, and an old bald coot were gathered by me after the fusillade. My companion also shot a couple of grey ducks and a teal, and might have had much better sport had he joined me in the reeds instead of acting the "scarecrow" on the shore; but then some men, like cats, hate to wet the soles of their feet.

Several poddlings of both duck and teal gathered together in the middle of the little lake, but in a part utterly devoid of reed covert, and therefore, although in no part was the water of greater depth than five feet, it was quite useless attempting to stalk the birds, and so I continued my beat along the edge of the reeds without meeting with much success, for only a single teal, a couple of snipe, and an avocet—all of which fell to my companion's gun—were shot during the remainder of the circuit round the pan.

By the time we had finished working the lake, the grey mantle of approaching night was beginning to fall over the veldt, and knowing that the advent of the flighting time of the fowl was near at hand, D—— and myself lay up behind the big outcrop mentioned above. Six grey ducks, a leash of teal, and a beautiful purple heron were the aggregate bag made by my companion and myself during the short quarter of an hour spent between the lights under cover of that huge block of quartz, as the fowl passed to and from their nightly feeding grounds across the vast expanse of undulating veldt.

Then we returned to camp and to supper, and many a tough fight with the brave and warlike Matabele was fought over again as with pipes "under way" we sat in a circle round the glowing arbalongua fire. The possibilities of a war with the Boers was also discussed, but little did we think that the two men of our party who had passed through greater hardships and dangers unscathed than all the men of the old troop put together would be the first to "go under" to the Boer fire.

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THE CHIEF WARDER OF THE TOWER.

Photo. Copyright. *Ball.*

WEARING THE KING'S DECORATION.

Thomas Middleton, chief warder of the Tower of London, was recently decorated by the King's own hand with the medal of the Victorian Order. He is an old soldier whose service dates from 1851, when he enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders. The Indian Mutiny medal, with the Lucknow clasp, the North-Western Frontier medal, with a clasp, the Jubilee medal, and, of course, the Good Conduct medal, have fallen to his share. In his present berth he can afford to look back on past experiences and to be justly proud of them.

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EAGER TO LEARN.

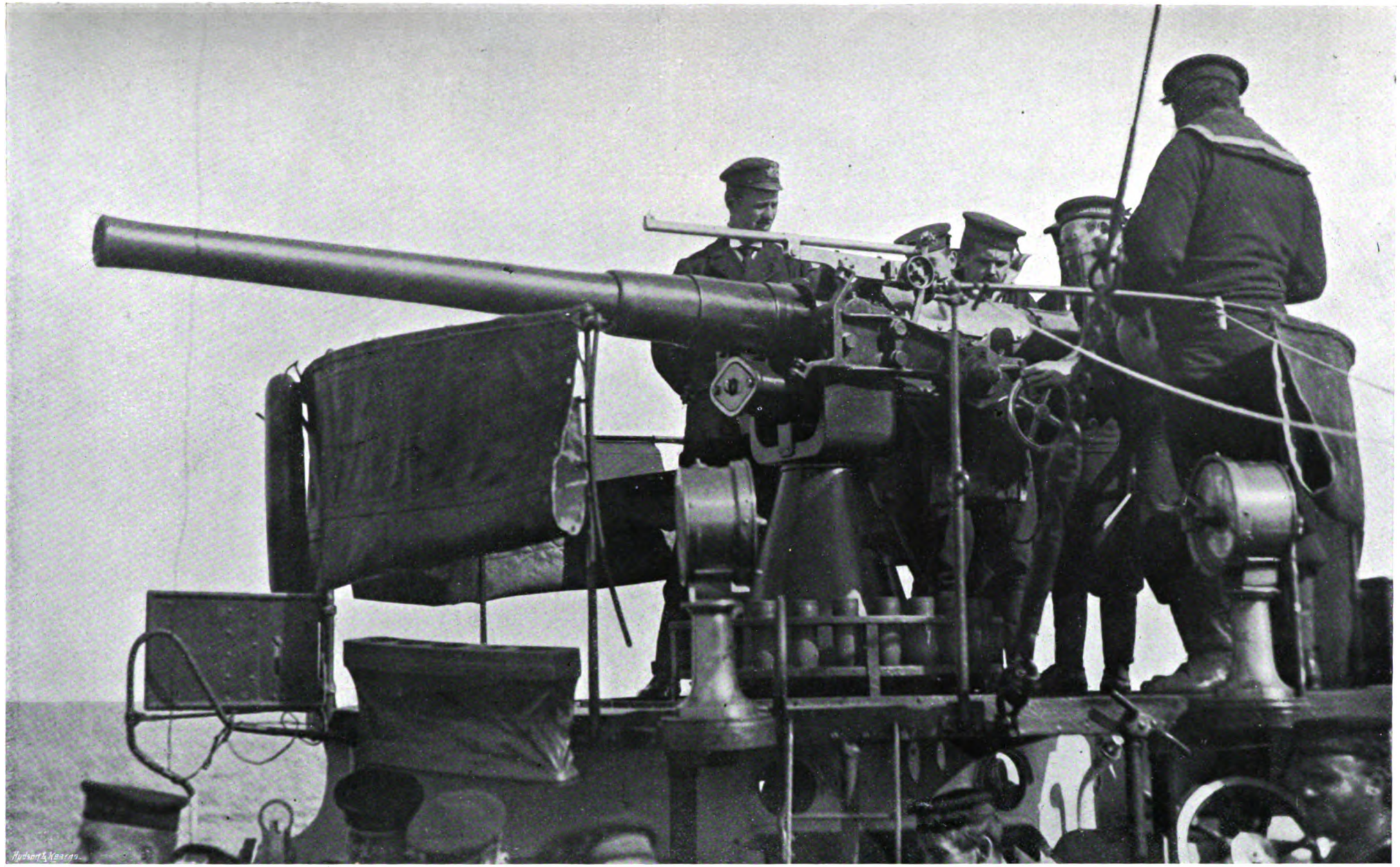

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

A CLASS ON BOARD A DESTROYER.

The object of the torpedo-boat destroyer is expressed in its name. It is to overhaul and destroy hostile torpedo-boats wherever they can be found. Hitherto it has had an advantage in speed, but no advantage in strength of construction. Still, it has had a 12-pounder quick-firer, as well as five 6-pounders, and the "big" gun—big for the class of vessel—has given an indubitable advantage. At each of our Naval ports there are flotillas of destroyers which are maintained for instructional purposes. They go to sea periodically, and our picture shows a gun's crew being taught how to handle the 12-pounder. This is really a very formidable weapon for such small craft, but upon its accurate shooting depends the superiority of the destroyer over its opposing torpedo-boats. All the more reason, therefore, why the work of it should be well taught in such manner as is shown in our picture.

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HOW JOHNNY GURKHA IS TRAINED.

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS.
Young Gurkha soldier passed as "fit" for the ranks.

AMONG the various fighting races grandly represented in our Indian Army the Gurkhas have always been special favourites both with their comrades of the British service and with the British public. Those who have read the history of India should remember the trouble which the inhabitants of the Nepal Valley gave us in our early struggles with them, and respect the native Gurkha alike for the vigorous stand he then made against us, and for his unswerving friendliness ever since. The late Jung Bahadur of Nepal was one of the best friends to British rule in India who ever lived, and to this day our relations with Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepal, are of the pleasantest and most amicable description. As to the Gurkhas in our service, it would be easy to fill pages with the splendid fighting quality they have exhibited on our behalf, both when working independently, and in combination with British troops. In the Afghan War they were regarded by the enemy as veritable "Sheitan"—which needs no translation—and in repeated Frontier expeditions their splendid activity and genuine love of fighting have been most gloriously exemplified.

THE VERY RAW MATERIAL.
Gurkha villager as freshly imported from Nepal.

The quaint friendships which have sprung up between Gurkhas and British soldiers have been an exceedingly pleasant feature of some of our Frontier wars, and there is no mistaking the genuine respect in which the little hill soldier is held by his white comrade, who often can give him a foot in stature, but who ranks him very near himself as a "first-class fighting man."

In Lockhart's Tirah campaign a notable new departure was made by the organisation of a force of Gurkha scouts, who made no difficulty of working along the hills on either side of the valleys through which the main army made its way, and who obtained splendid results by their combined activity, intelligence, and utter fearlessness. To see a Gurkha go for a tribesman nearly double his own size, and eventually crumple him up—though the phrase, perhaps, hardly does justice to the rather gruesome manner in which the operation is sometimes performed—is a very striking lesson in the possibilities of physical activity, coupled with the real lust of battle, and a thorough knowledge of the weapon chiefly used. The national weapon of the Gurkha, by the way, must be handled to be realised. The *kookri*, a murderous-looking knife with a peculiarly curved blade, is very curiously and effectively balanced, and with it an average Gurkha can decapitate a goat without any trouble. It can also be used with an upward cut in a most unpleasantly practical fashion.

But our present object in presenting this highly interesting series of pictures is not so much to extol the military qualities of the Gurkha, which are familiar in men's mouths as household words, nor to enter into easily accessible details about his equipment and peculiarities. The accompanying illustrations have a greater attractiveness as indicating with a completeness never before, to our knowledge, attempted in any other publication, the process of "catching" the Gurkha and training him to be the gallant and splendidly efficient little soldier he almost invariably becomes.

In this connection it is necessary first of all to realise the undoubted fact that the Gurkha is, not to put a fine point on it, what is technically called a "mercenary" soldier. He is not British, in the sense that most other of our Native soldiers are British, for he belongs to a race which is entirely independent, and, except during his military service, he is not necessarily a subject of the King. But if all mercenaries in the world's history had been as trustworthy as the fine specimens whom we get from the Nepal Valley, there would probably have been serious modifications in the recorded annals of more than one mighty Empire.

Having realised that stout little Johnny Gurkha is really a foreign soldier on hire, let us follow the recruiting parties sent out every year by each Gurkha regiment into Nepal, where the said parties naturally extol the virtues of their particular corps among their fellow-villagers. When a sufficient number of youngsters have been collected, as the correspondent who sends us these pictures says, "by the specious devices known to recruiters," they are sent to the district recruiting centre, the most important of such centres for Gurkhas being Gorakhpur. Here the wild Nepalese village youth, of the extremely rough-and-ready type depicted in our illustration of the "raw material," is given a foretaste of that discipline and those restrictions which must perforce be undergone by all who aspire to call themselves British soldiers. He, the untutored Magar, the unsophisticated Gurung, has his hair cut, is washed, and, after these desirable preliminaries, appears before the District Recruiting Officer.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.
Gurkha rifleman in field service order (khaki).

This important official ascertains whether the recruit is of the right caste for the regiment he proposes to join, and whether he comes up to the required standard of height and chest measurement. If all is satisfactory, the medical examination, which we here see illustrated, follows, and it is a really searching one, for the work which the Gurkha may be called upon to do is often of the most exacting description. When passed by the doctor the recruit is given a certain

Photos. "Navy & Army."
"RIGHT BEHIND!"
Thoroughly smart and workmanlike from every standpoint.

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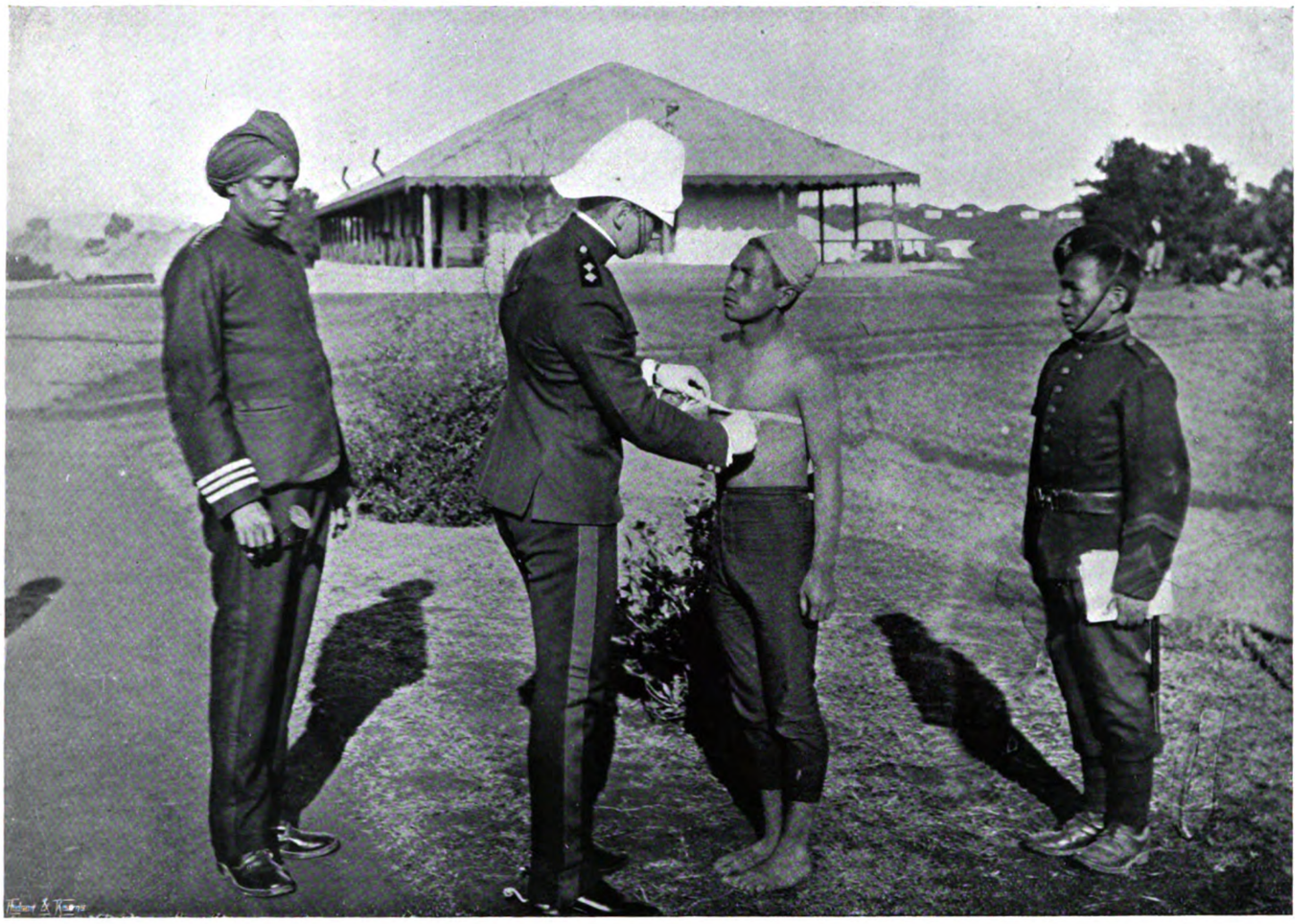

PASSING THE DOCTOR.

The senior hospital assistant, and the hospital havildar in attendance.

Photos. Copyright. *Navy & Army."*

A LESSON IN MUSKETRY.

Johnny Gurkha's first introduction to the rifle.

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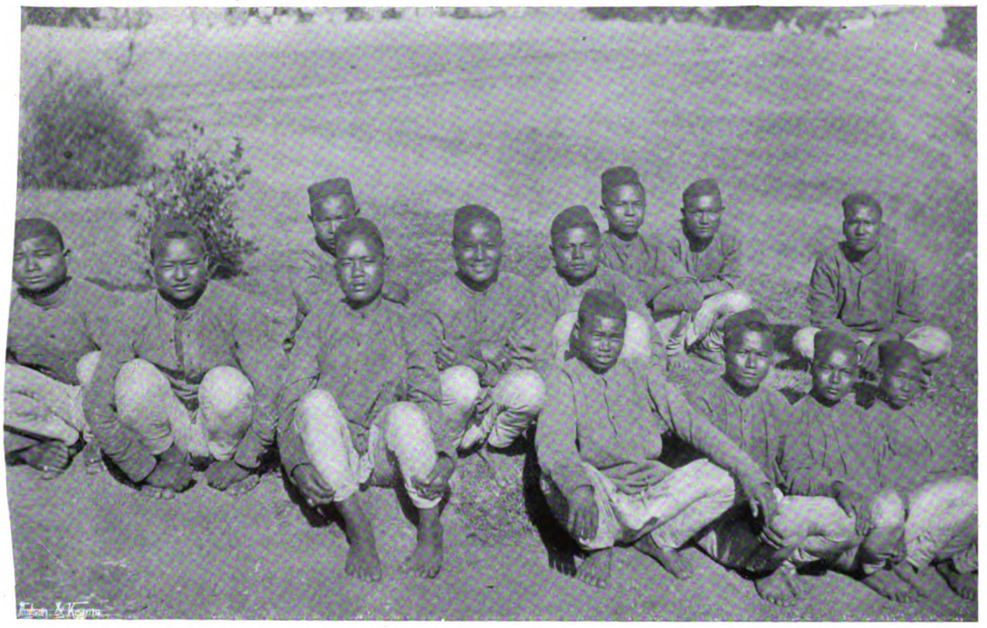
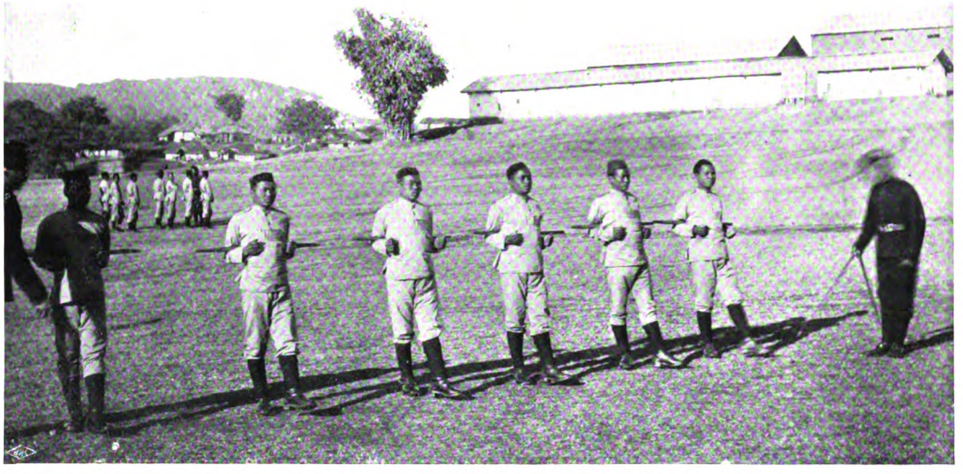


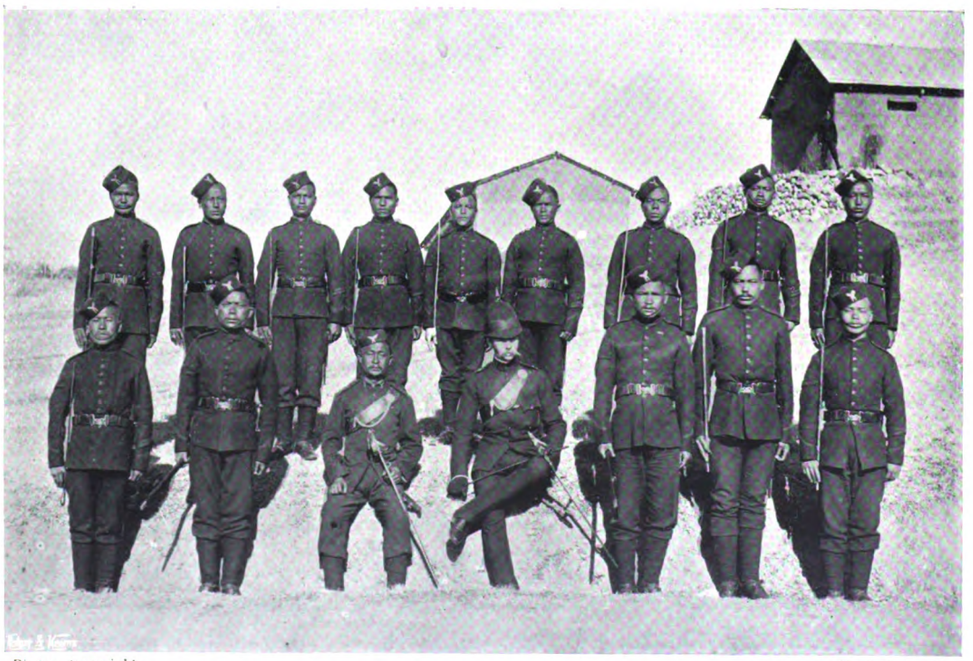
A RECENT BATCH.

Recruits shortly after enlistment in our Army.



THE RUDIMENTS OF DRILL.

Gurkhas practising the good old goose-step.



Photos. Copyright. *Navy & Army.*

THE PROFESSORIAL STAFF.

The Adjutant, Native adjutant, and instructors.

amount of his kit and drafted off to join his particular regiment.

We see in one of our pictures a batch of newly-caught recruits, and a very bright and pleasant-looking lot of youngsters they are. Indeed, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the raw Gurkhali recruit is his perpetual grin—a facial gesture for the making of which the "good-natured gash" that serves for a Gurkha mouth is peculiarly well fitted. As a youngster the Gurkha is inclined to be a little free-and-easy, but it is all pure friendliness and the simple desire to be on the best of terms with everyone, British officers in particular.

Arrived at the headquarters of his regiment, the recruit is again medically examined, his identifying marks are checked, and he is given a suit of khaki uniform. Then comes his recruit's course, of which we have a couple of interesting illustrations, together with a third, in which his various tutors are grouped together with their head, the British adjutant, in the centre. Even with such apt pupils the course necessarily takes time and trouble, for there is much to learn and unlearn before the young barbarian from the hills can become even the bright youngster we see here depicted in the portrait entitled "After Twelve Months." For the first year the Gurkha recruit cannot call many minutes in the day his own, and, even when he is a smart and fully-trained soldier, he is all the better for pretty continuous work. It is said that in Burma, where some of the Gurkha battalions have of late been luxuriating, there is a distinctly observable tendency on the part of these fine fellows to wax fat and comparatively lazy. On the other hand, when there is plenty of work to be done, and, above all, plenty of fighting, the Gurkha is as bright and willing as possible, and, as to smartness, there is seldom any sort of question about that. The picture we give of a fully-trained and adult Gurkha soldier in field service order affords a capital idea of him as he stands on parade, but it does not convey a very accurate notion of what he looks like with the light of battle in his eye, and his *kookri* out, racing up to a sangar or stalking a Waziri who is under the impression that he is stalking someone else, and does not realise how near he is to sudden death.

In looking at results one is apt to forget the means, oft laborious and troublesome, by which they have been accomplished, and this is particularly the case when the result leaves so little to be desired in the way of smartness and efficiency as Johnny Gurkha does. But here, at any rate, we need not omit to do justice to the excellence of the system which makes a disciplined fighting man of the rude hill villager, and, while preserving every ounce of his native aptitude for war, enables him to be used with perfect freedom side by side with British Regular troops. In such a connection the British officers of Gurkha battalions deserve most honourable mention for the zeal and energy they display in handling material which, with less absolutely competent management, might prove at times a little refractory.

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AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE presentation of the address of the City of London to Mr. Chamberlain at the Guildhall next Tuesday, and the *déjeuner* at the Mansion House in his honour, may be regarded on one hand as a recognition of the Colonial Secretary's courage and ability during the progress of the war and of the personal campaign against him, and on the other as an expression of the profound resentment of the most powerful and honourable civic corporation in the world at the foul slanders uttered in the course of that shameful campaign. Dr. Conan Doyle's modest book on "The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct," is a perfect vindication both of policy and methods, and its enormous sale is proof sufficient of the strength of public opinion in favour of the course adopted. The most rabid pro-Boer cannot read it dispassionately without recognising, as the author says, that "the British Government has done its best to avoid war, and the British Army to wage it with humanity." Lord Kitchener's despatch established the latter fact, and Dr. Conan Doyle places it beyond all dispute. The decision to translate the pamphlet into all European languages and to send it to every responsible statesman and representative of the people, as a reply to continental calumnies, is excellent, and those who are engaged in the work deserve all support from their countrymen.

NO Englishman who has ever studied with knowledge the problems of national defence attaches the smallest value to the arguments of the "hedgerow" school, but there is a danger in extremes, and those who have laughed at rifle clubs should consider what an excellent purpose they may serve. Perhaps Mr. Kipling's bitter jibes at "flannelled fools" and "muddied oafs" were merely a desperate thrust at the pachydermatous hide of the easy-going Englishman. It would undoubtedly be an excellent thing if every man knew how to handle a rifle, and, we may add, to ride. The former would not imply that he placed trust in anything but a sea defence, but it would give him the quality really essential in the modern soldier. If this fortunate state of affairs can be brought about, when the next call comes for men we shall have volunteers efficient almost from the first hour. In the *Publishers' Circular* the matter was admirably put last month. It is a lamentable truth that thousands of British soldiers have been killed or wounded in South Africa by the deadly aim of Boer youths and boys. "If the aim be true, a bullet is just as deadly when fired by a lad of fifteen as by a man of fifty." Let us then "teach the young idea how to shoot." It must be part of the boy's education, even if it withdraws him to some small extent from the cricket and football field. It is not sufficiently realised that, by recent inventions in firearms, and the introduction of miniature charges and targets, the conditions of the problem have been changed. The difficulties in connection with ranges have vanished, and the cost is inconsiderable. The writer of the article alluded to tells us that, after giving a lad of fifteen a few lessons, and an hour's practice a day for a week or two in a suburban garden, the boy knew how to make a bull's-eye among the first half-dozen shots he fired at the Runnymede rifle ranges. His brother, a boy of ten, could hit the bull's-eye three times out of five at a hundred yards after a week or two's practice. It is interesting work, and the youth may well continue his exercises in rifle clubs or volunteer corps. The head-masters of the public and large schools are taking the matter up, so that a good working scheme should be evolved, and those schools which already have cadet corps possess the right material wherewith to make a beginning.

OUR excellent friends the Portuguese have found themselves breathing a new atmosphere at Lorenzo Marques since the departure of Mr. Potts, that pronounced Hollander, and the advent of Captain Fitz-Crowe as British Consul-General. The place is too far away from the central government to be effectually controlled, and, being a profitable feeder of the revenue, perhaps there was no great disposition to enquire into what went on there. The Portuguese Government was certainly in a very difficult position in the early days of the war, for the Boer oligarchy was a perpetual menace. Hence contraband, through very fear, came through in large quantities, though it is permissible to believe that the Colonial Portuguese grew fat on the transactions. Governor-General Machado, finding himself unable to check the system, threw up his post, but the conditions are now righting themselves. We may certainly regret that the Delagoa Bay agreement does not give us control of the customs, harbour, and railway, for British energy would have made Lorenzo Marques the busiest port in South Africa. Natal and the Cape would, however, have found something to regret, so that perhaps it is just as well that the place is in other hands. It will still be the business of the Portuguese to recruit native labour for the mines, and this work, under the eye of Sir Godfrey Lagden, will be divested of the somewhat close resemblance to slavery which in the Kruger days it bore. Then the Portuguese authorities received 30s. per head for natives sent up, instead of 13s. as under the new arrangement, and the charges of the labour agent and other expenses brought up the cost to about £7. When full prosperity returns there should be a great demand for native labour, and if the Portuguese receive less, they are not likely to suffer in the end. Lorenzo Marques, even if it do not rival Durban, must share in the coming prosperity of South Africa, and become the channel for a great volume of trade, and the natives will find themselves in more honest hands than heretofore.

AT WELLINGTON ROAD.

THE willingness of the Danes to dispose of their West Indian possessions came as a surprise to those who have not been watching the drift of things. The islands of Santa Cruz, south-east of Porto Rico, and St. Thomas and St. John in the Virgin group have languished, and been a burden rather than a valued possession to the Danes, and the Little Denmarker has evidently no imaginative eye for the future. The islanders were mostly adverse to any change, but Denmark has exacted no guarantee from the United States as to the granting to them either of American citizenship or free trade. The transfer does not mean much politically. There is one European Power the less in the western hemisphere, and the circumstance, without adding much to the riches of the United States, is flattering to the pride of the American citizen. It is a drop added to the cup of satisfaction at the acquisition of Cuba and Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, hard as are these latter to subject. The French were bought out of the North American continent in 1803, when Louisiana was acquired, the Spaniards in 1821 by the taking over of Florida, and the Russians in 1867 by the purchase of Alaska. Spain and Denmark have now gone entirely, and Great Britain is the only European Power upon the continent of North America, but France and Holland, as well as ourselves, are still represented in the islands. These are states that will hold tenaciously to what they possess, and it is not likely that any further redistribution will occur for a long time to come.

IT was, of course, obvious, without the semi-official statement from Washington, that the United States could not at this present time be drawn into any controversy arising out of public discussion of the action taken by European Powers to exert pressure on the American Government before and during the war with Spain. The opinion expressed by some New York papers that Lord Cranborne's recent statement in the House of Commons was due to a desire to interfere with the concord of the new relations between Germany and the United States was unjustifiable. Every

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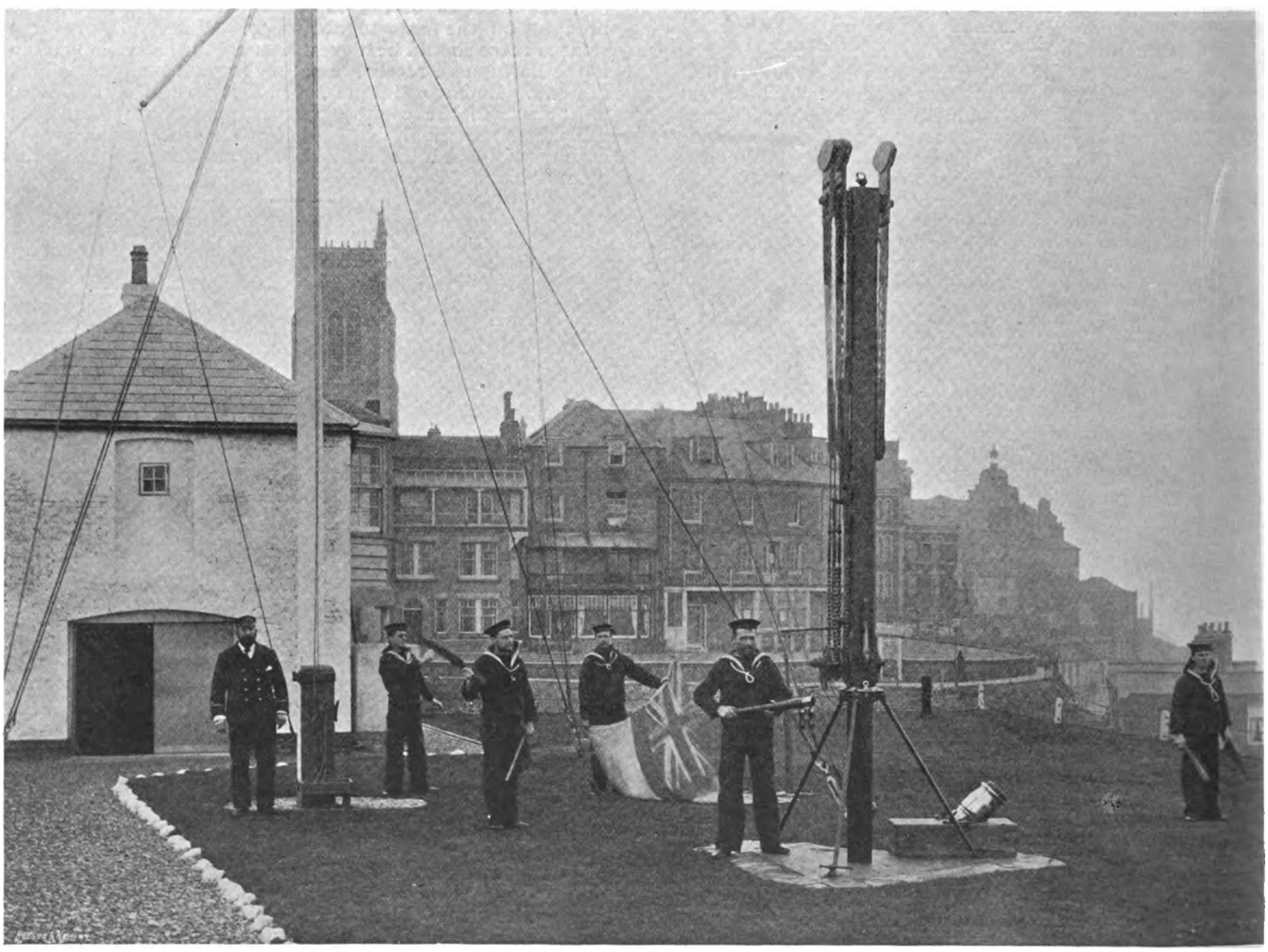
American at all conversant with the course of affairs knows that the attitude of the British Government at that time was most friendly, and in some senses even actively friendly. It was only natural that other Powers should hold other views, and be quite within their rights in doing so. One American paper has said, perhaps with truth, that at the time Russia and Italy were indifferently friendly, France and Austria actively hostile, and Germany mischievously hostile. What is of interest to the Americans is to know who were their friends, and not to enquire too curiously as to who were the friends of Spain. If any of these can be won over by the contemplation of a *fait accompli*, which is evidently within the bounds of practical politics, so much the better for the Americans. No possible good can come of awakening somewhat troubled memories. The historian will in the future know how to assign its proper place to the political background of the war.

MOST people would have supposed that the civic authorities of the Borough of Greenwich would have known, without an intimation from the Home Office, that they could not fly the Royal Standard upon their town hall without incurring divers pains and penalties. No one may use the Royal Standard or the Royal Arms without due cause or warranty. The Standard is the personal mark of the Sovereign, and legally implies his presence in the building or the ship over which it is flown. If flying on board a war-ship it implies a royal salute from other war-ships, and the penalty for illegally using it afloat is £500. Why, then, should it fly, merely for decorative purposes, over a town hall or church? The same question might be asked of the use of the white ensign. A step once adopted by certain civic magnates in a country town, who were in doubt as to the flag to be used, had sound sense in it, though some alleged that it was done unwittingly. They hoisted the signal for a pilot. They wanted a guide, but the historian unfortunately has made no record of what followed. Many will want guides in the Coronation time. Then there will be a plenteous display of bunting, and it is to be hoped that the monstrous absurdities of the Jubilee, Mafeking, and Ladysmith days will not reappear. Perhaps some official authority will explain what are the privileges of the private citizen and the corporate body in this regard. At the present time the general ignorance is profound.

CROMER COASTGUARD AND SIGNALLING STATION.

DOUBTLESS few of those who frequent that most delightful of East Coast watering-places, Cromer, during the summer holidays, realise that in winter, during northerly gales, the sea breaks there with a force unchecked by anything nearer than Spitzbergen, and the approach for vessels is then so tremendous as to be called by mariners the "Devil's Throttle." The town, which stands chiefly on cliffs, and is environed by an amphitheatre of wooded, beautiful, romantic hills, has at different times suffered much from the incursions of the sea. For example, the jetty, built in 1845, was so much damaged by a storm in 1897 that it had to be pulled down in 1899; but a pier, costing £11,000, has recently taken its place.

The town is a lifeboat station, and no wonder; for ships are continually seen passing on the North Sea, and the dangerous character of the coast is best evidenced by the fact that between this and Yarmouth there are five lights. Further, it is an old coastguard and Lloyd's signalling station combined. A prominent feature of the accompanying illustration is the semaphore belonging to the latter. The apparatus is a mast with two arms, worked by winches, and in appearance somewhat resembles a railway signal. This type of semaphore was invented by Sir Home Popham in 1816, when it soon replaced the cumbersome and complex apparatus, composed of six shutters in two frames, by the opening and shutting of which in various combinations sixty-three distinct signals could be formed. Needless to explain, the electric telegraph has long since ousted the semaphore system of inland communication—the last important semaphore line, the Portsmouth, sent its last message on December 31, 1847—just as now the development of wireless telegraphy promises to abolish the coast semaphore, whose duty it is to bespeak homeward-bound vessels, and to notify outward-bound ones, if it is required that they should be intercepted and ordered to some other port.



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THE COASTGUARD STATION AT CROMER.

A well-known spot to residents and visitors in Poppy Land.

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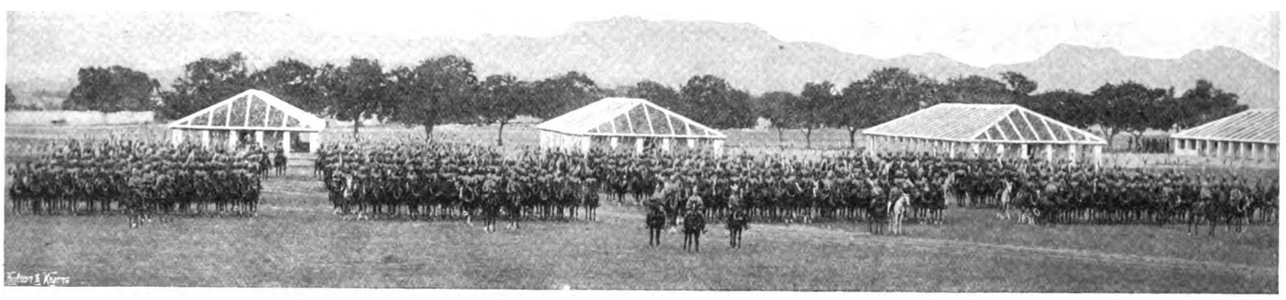

MADRAS LANCERS ON PARADE.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE early days of a Session are rather conducive to reflection on the curious influence which Parliament exercises on the daily life and thought of the dweller, both European and Native, in the "Shiny East." There is something very strange in the idea of that great continent—for India, it cannot be too often repeated, *is* a continent, not a country—with all its wonderful administrative machinery, and its powerful, many-peopled Army, being subject to the control of an assembly like that at Westminster, a very large proportion of which has but the vaguest idea of what India is like, and what are the requirements of those who dwell there. To those who do not know the facts, it might seem positively marvellous that a system in which there are so many possibilities of error and misunderstanding should work, on the whole, remarkably well, and should certainly be free from any glaring absurdities or downright injustice. The plan under which a Viceroy administers India, but has to obtain for all important measures the sanction of the Secretary of State for India, who again is responsible to Parliament, was once cruelly described by a witty writer as reminding him of Johnson's famous definition of angling, while the Government of India itself has been smartly described by another Anglo-Indian humorist as a "despotism of despatch-boxes tempered by the occasional loss of the keys!" But no amount of wit and satire will obscure the fact that, in spite of the delightful ignorance of India which pervades at least two-thirds of the House of Commons, in spite of the empty benches to which the Indian Budget is invariably unfolded, the Parliamentary control of our Indian Empire is habitually exercised, not only with moderation, but with a very considerable degree of tact and good sense.

In the days of the old East India Company, the difficulties of every responsible official in India were probably much greater than they are now. I have seen some of the original letters which the Court of Directors used to send out to their Governor-General, and though they invariably ended, if I remember rightly, with the formula, "Your loving friends," they were, occasionally, anything but loving in character, and it must have been trying indeed for a man who had been conducting tremendous operations amid extraordinary difficulties to receive, nearly a year after he had brought things to a successful issue, a solemn wigging for some minor act which the Court of Directors had failed to understand. The Company, too, was guilty of much besides ignorant misconception, especially in its relations with its Army. It was, at times, distinctly rapacious, and the early Governors, Warren Hastings in particular, found it hard indeed to carry on the wars which were forced on them, and, at the same time, to satisfy the clamours of the Court of Directors for an increased revenue. When, later, Lord Dalhousie urged upon the Company the necessity of providing for the military safety of India by reducing the disproportion between British and Native troops, and increasing the number of loyal Gurkha and Punjab regiments, they took no heed. In nine State papers Dalhousie warned the Company that "the security and stability of our position in the East" was in danger, and nothing more of these papers was heard until after the Mutiny had spent its terrible force.

Parliamentary control of India would never permit such fearful blunders as that, though it is possible that quickness of communication and the power of the Press are largely responsible for the improved state of affairs. It is a complaint among a certain class of Anglo-Indians that Parliament does not interest itself sufficiently in Indian affairs, and particularly in Indian Army affairs, but it must be borne in mind that interest beyond a certain point becomes interference, and ignorant interference on the part of the House of Commons in Indian affairs to-day would mean a good deal more than did the interference which Clive, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, and Minto suffered from their "loving friends" at the old East India House. It is just because the House of Commons is not everlastingly interfering in its administration that the Indian Army has had time to become the grandly efficient and progressive fighting machine it is. It has its checks and drawbacks, but at least it is spared the constant humiliation of being alternately vilified and patronised by legislators who know literally nothing of military service and its requirements.

The Indian Army, too, is happy in its representatives both in Parliament and among those qualified and able to influence Parliamentary action. At the India Office there are always at least two highly distinguished and experienced Anglo-Indian soldiers as Military Member of the Secretary of State for India's Council and Military Secretary respectively. These two high officials constitute admirable safeguards against Parliamentary ineptitude in dealing with Indian Army affairs. Before any large military question can be effectively discussed in the House of Commons, it must, as a rule, go through the following routine. Out in India it will have probably originated in one of the great Army Departments, the head of which will have personally submitted it to the Commander-in-Chief on what is called "Schedule" day, that is to say, the day on which a Departmental head has his weekly interview with the Commander-in-Chief, and obtains his approval of various schemes and appointments. With the Commander-in-Chief's approval the project will have been submitted to the Military Department of the Government of India, and, if of sufficient importance, will have been considered by the Governor-General in Council. It will then, and not until then, be sent home to the Secretary of State for India, who, again, will discuss it in Council, after his own Military Department has fully gone into the matter. It will be seen from this that no crude or fanciful scheme with reference to the Indian Army has much chance of coming before Parliament, and, if it did, there is a strong probability that it would be promptly squashed by a few forcible words from the Secretary of State for India, or from some hon. member, such as Sir James Fergusson, who has had important Indian experience.

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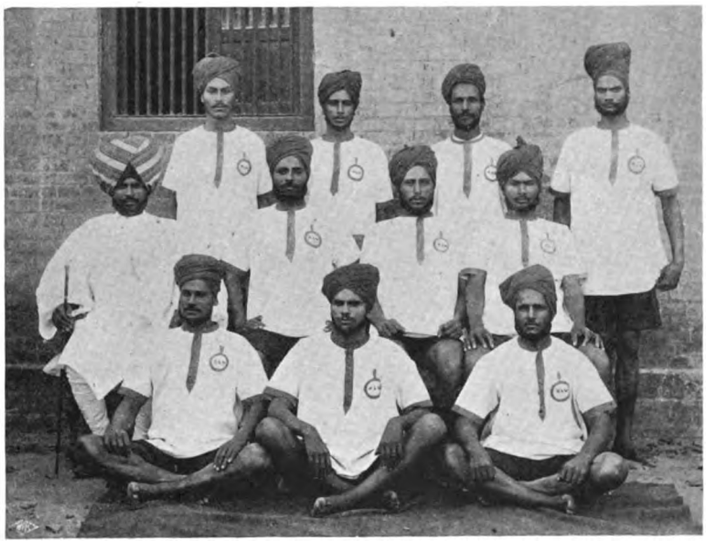
But what may be called the representation of the Indian Army at home does not end here by any means. It constantly happens that either the Commander-in-Chief or some of the great staff officers at Army Headquarters have held high positions in India, and are consequently ready to lend the weight of their influence in order to secure speedy Parliamentary acquiescence in any Indian military changes which may be thought desirable, and which it is necessary that the Secretary of State for India should lay before the House of Commons. A glance at the Army List will show how strong is the home representation of India in this respect. In Lord Roberts we have an ex-Commander-in-Chief in India and an ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Madras; Sir William Nicholson, the Director-General of Mobilisation and Military Intelligence, is a former Adjutant-General in India; Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, the Quartermaster-General to the Forces, previously held the Madras command; and Sir Henry Brackenbury, the Director-General of Ordnance, was for five years Military Member of the Viceroy's Council. The Inspector-General of Cavalry, Major-General H. F. Grant, has held the same post in India, and Surgeon-General Taylor has just given up the post of Principal Medical Officer in India in order to become Director-General of the Army Medical Service.

India is also directly represented on the Headquarters Staff by an Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs, and by a Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General and a Staff Captain in the Intelligence Division. If, therefore, there is ignorance at home concerning the Indian Army, it is not the kind of ignorance which is likely to do much harm or to prevent desirable progress.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the Assistant Military Secretaryship for Indian Affairs at the War Office has just changed hands, the officer newly appointed being Colonel H. D. Hutchinson of the Indian Staff Corps, who has for some years been Director of Military Education in India, and is a well-known and accomplished writer on military subjects. His "Story of Waterloo" (Gale and Polden) is a model little bit of military history, and his "Military Sketching Made Easy" and other "helps" have passed through numerous editions. In my time in India, Colonel (he was then only a captain) Hutchinson was a Garrison-Instructor, and his classes were in high favour with officers wishing to pass examinations for promotion with ease and comfort. He has seen war service in Chitral and Tirah, and is the author of an excellent account of the latter campaign, composed chiefly of his letters to the *Times*, for which he acted as special correspondent. At the War Office he is now holding a post which was once held by his chief in the Tirah Campaign, the late Sir William Lockhart.

RATTRAY'S SIKHS.

"VICTORY to the Khalsa!" (Khalsa ka jai!) This cry has often made the British soldier sit up and look to his laurels. To-day, it happily adds to his confidence, as he knows that it betokens the neighbourhood of firm friends and fellow-subjects whose loyalty is no less than his own. On many a hard-fought field the gallant Sikh has shown that he is as estimable as a friend as he was formerly as an enemy. The Sikhs are a race of soldiers, and it must also be acknowledged that they are, like the ruling race, very shrewd traders. As we are a nation of shopkeepers, we should all the more appreciate this trait in their character.



BOLD AND BRAWNY.

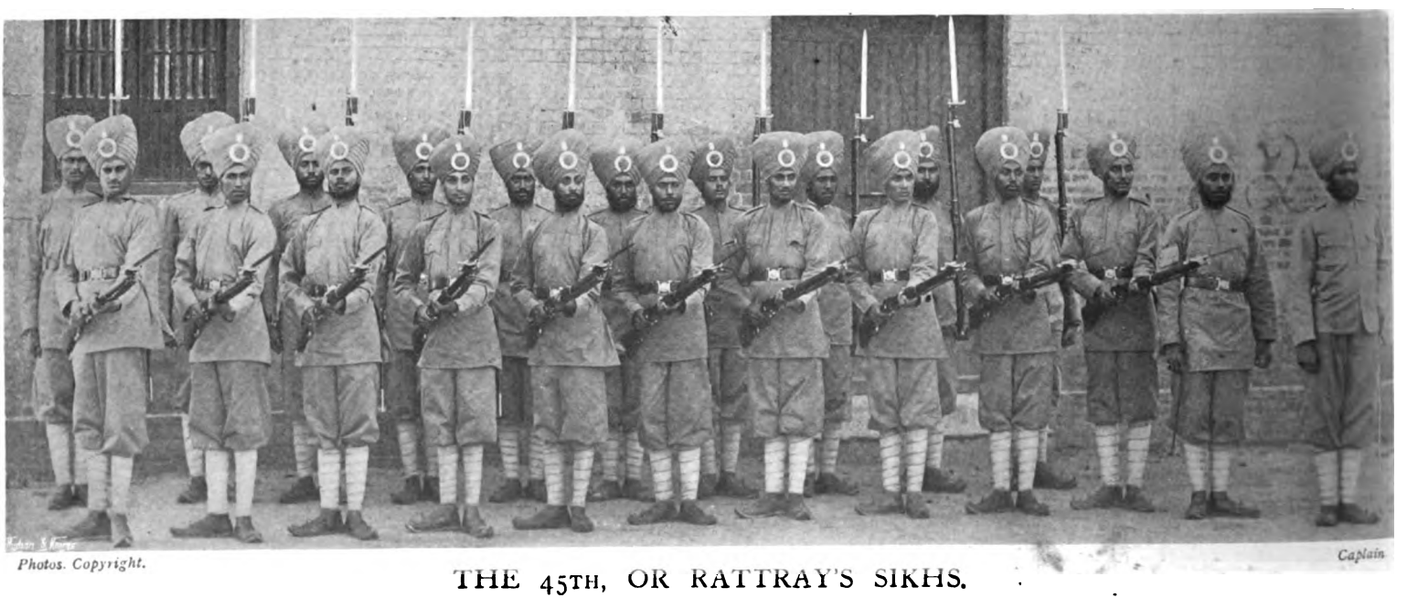
Tug-of-war team—Rattray's Sikhs

The 45th Sikhs were raised in 1856 by Rattray, who has left his name in the history of the Indian Mutiny. They were formerly a battalion of Bengal Police. A glance at the pictures will give an idea of the personnel of this regiment, which is typical of the gallant Sikh regiments serving King Edward VII.

It will be noticed that they are armed with a sword-bayonet, instead of the long bayonet of triangular section with which British troops using the Martini Henry were armed. Now that all the Indian troops are being rearmed, they have either got or will soon be supplied with the short "knife" which has supplanted the bayonet.

It is pleasant to note that there is still a Rattray—Capt. H. B. Rattray D.S.O.—borne on the strength of the regiment. No class of soldiers appreciate old names of comrades more than do the Indians, of whatever fighting class they may be. The old men tell the young ones how So-and-So Sahib has borne himself in action, and young So-and-So is almost bound to follow in his father's footsteps when called upon to do so. This is a relic of the feudal system, and the feudal system makes bold soldiers, although it had doubtless many æsthetic faults.

Rattray's Sikhs wear the quoit or chukker in a distinctive way. Most Sikh regiments wear it all round the pugaree or turban, in the form that old Sikh warriors used it when it was a weapon to hurl in the charge, at a distance where cold steel could not be delivered. Rattray's Sikhs wear an ornament representing the quoit as an embellishment to the pugaree. Their facings are white.



Photos. Copyright. *Captain*

THE 45TH, OR RATTRAY'S SIKHS.

A fine company on parade.

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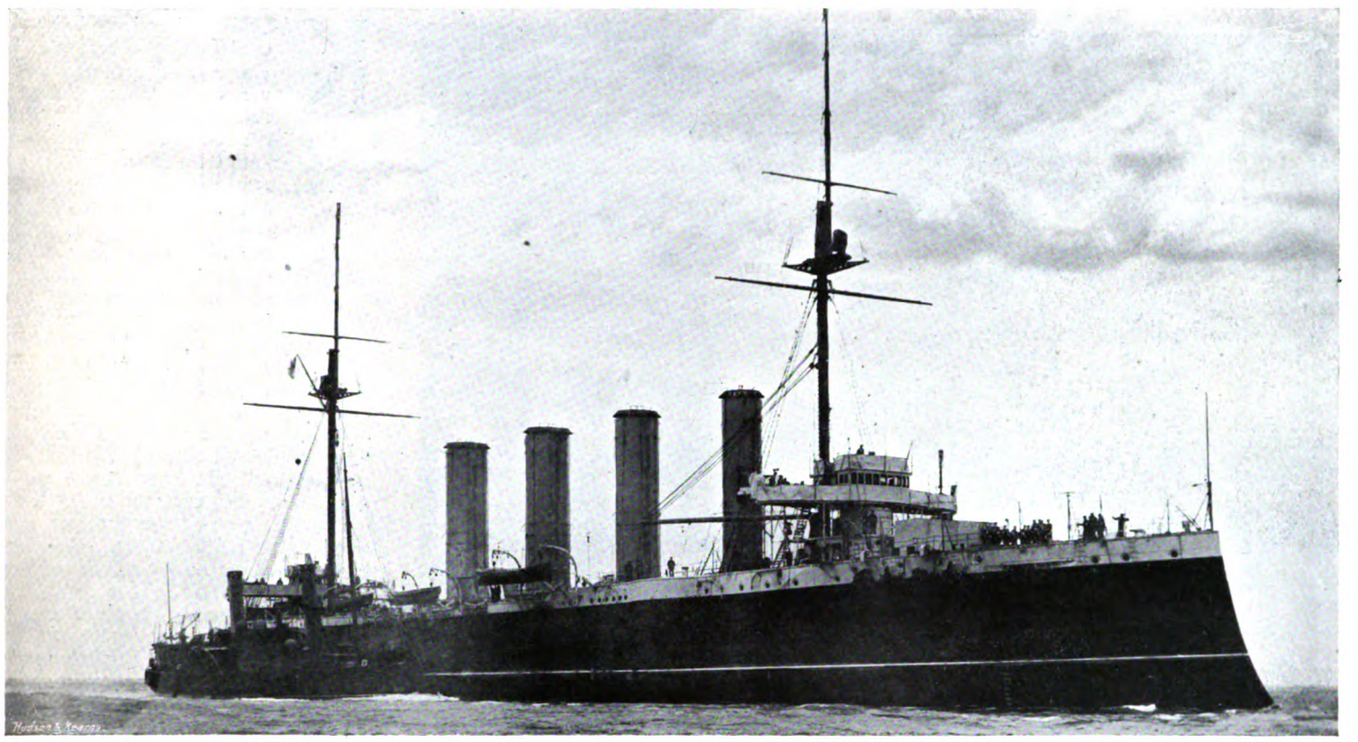
CAPE COLONY'S GIFT TO THE NAVY.



THE "GOOD HOPE" AT PORTSMOUTH.

His Majesty's armoured cruiser "Good Hope," originally known as the "Africa," is the outcome of the generous offer of Cape Colony, made during the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, to present a first-class man-of-war to the Mother Country. She is the first contribution of the Colonies to the British Navy which has been made unclogged by any conditions. She belongs to a group of four ships; her displacement is 14,100 tons, and she is expected to attain a natural draught speed of 23 knots an hour. She has an armour belt of Harveyed steel extending over four-fifths of her length, and is armed with two 9·2-in. guns, each mounted in a barbette, sixteen 6-in. guns, and fourteen 12-pounders. Add the fact that her bows are protected to an extent unusual with British armoured cruisers, and it will at once be seen that this handsome ship will be one of the most powerful vessels of her type afloat.

Photos. Copyright *Cribb.*

THE MEN WHO BUILT THE "GOOD HOPE."

The length of the "Good Hope" is 500-ft. and her beam 71-ft., while her mean draught of water with all her weights on board will be 26-ft. Although, in accordance with the custom which sends vessels built by contract to one of the Royal dockyards for completion, she was sent to Portsmouth just before last Christmas, she was constructed on the Clyde at the well-known establishment of the Fairfield Ship-building Company, where so many powerful ships have been built for the British Navy. The Company, indeed, may be almost said to make a speciality of armoured cruisers, seeing that of vessels of that type they have recently built or are building the Aboukir," "Bedford," "Cressy," and "Donegal," in addition to the "Good Hope." Our picture portrays an interesting group, showing as it does some of the "good men and true" at the Fairfield Works who have aided in the construction of Cape Colony's gift to the Empire.

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INDIA'S FAVOURITE LEAVE RESORT.

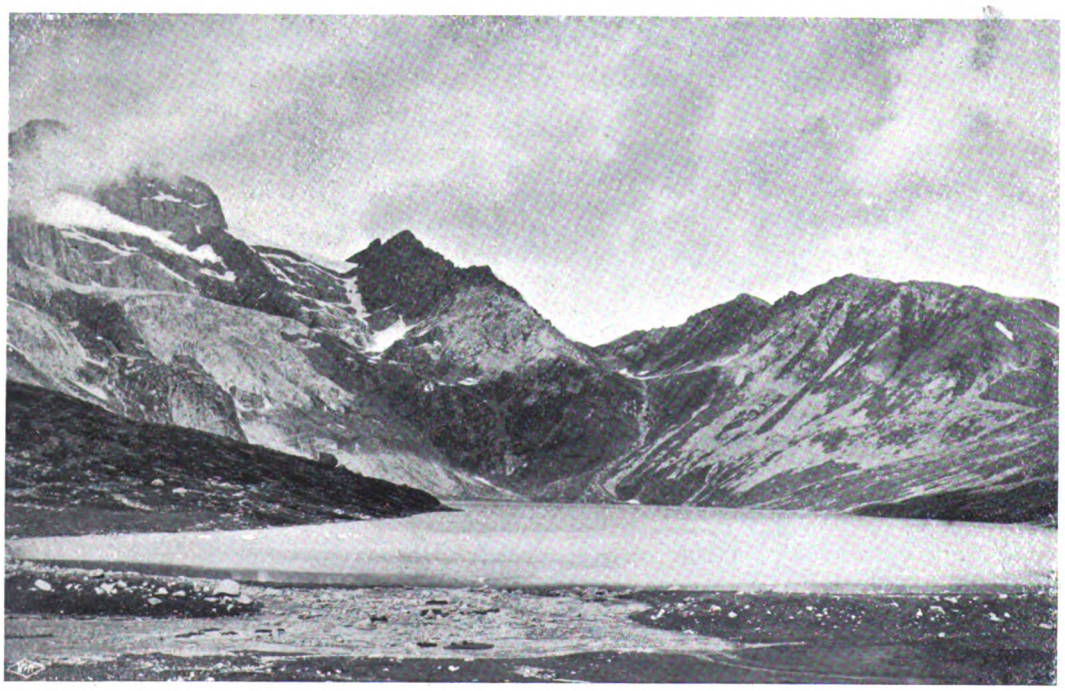
By R. A. R.

A GIANT OF THE SNOWS.

Nangi Parbut in the Pir Panjal Range.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Junction of Lidar River and Shesha Nag Stream.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A HINDOO HOLY OF HOLIES.

The sacred lake of Gangabal.

KASHMIR has long been the country most favoured by English officers of all services as their place of relaxation and sport during the leave season.

If anyone who cannot easily get there wants a true description of this lovely country, let him read "Lalla Rookh." Let him, however, adapt "Lalla Rookh" to modern times and realise the fact that the subaltern on leave in Kashmir has not only the opportunity of seeing the loveliest country on earth, but that while doing so he is actually saving money at the same time that he is enjoying its cool breezes and delightful climate.

Most men used to go for sport only to this favoured region, but modern methods have made transport easy, and consequently there has of late years been an immense invasion of white ladies. Whether they have improved Kashmir or not, let old Indians say. It is enough to indicate the change, to state that in the old marching days, before the present excellent roads were made, one would as soon have thought of taking a dress suit to Kashmir as of dressing as a clown at a funeral.

Now that "frocks and frills" have their sway, as they will have wherever the divine woman shows herself, the swallow-tail is *de rigueur*. Thank Providence no records of Ping-Pong Tournaments are as yet to hand from Kashmir.

The sportsman stays little in the frequented places, and his kit does not include the evening dress of the loafer. It is generally of the plainest as far as clothes go, and of the best as far as his battery is concerned. He sniffs the ibex afar off even at Barramulla, and in memory of old times, he often embarks there, though the new road is open to him. He goes through the Woolar to Srinagar, there to complete his "bund-o-bust" for the pursuit of ibex, márkhor, or tár, not forgetting the bára singh on his return.

The pictures show some places known to all sportsmen. Two are on one route to the northern sporting grounds, which are yearly becoming more and more restricted as the blockhouse system of Game Laws, licences, and their cause—globe-trotterism—increase.

The view from Gulmarg (Rose Meadow) shows the magnificent Pir Panjál Range, prominent being the famous Nangi Parbut.

The river view shows the junction of the Lidar River with the stream from Shesha Nag Lake.

The third view is that of the Holy Lake of Gangabal, which is more sacred than Shesha Nag above named, itself a place of great sanctity. To Gangabal come annually several thousands of half-naked pilgrims from all parts of India, who endure cold, privation, and hardship, and months of marching, for its sanctifying properties. It is on the top of Haramuk, which is 16,905-ft. above the sea. The actual height of the lake is given by Thornton as 1,300-ft.

Pir Panjál means Saints' Mountain, and the shrine of a very celebrated Pir or Saint still exists at the Pir Panjál Pass (11,500-ft. above the sea), formerly one of the favourite routes into Kashmir.

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MUMMERS AFLOAT.

WHEN a ship is commissioned, and officers and men are brought together for the first time, other things besides the mere routine of duties speedily begin to attract attention. Probably one of the officers is an enthusiast in boat racing, either under sail or with oars, and he starts looking about for likely men to make up his racing crew. No time is to be lost, too, in discovering promising members for the cricket and football teams, which are the indispensable adjuncts to a British battle-ship or cruiser, and probably for a hockey team as well; and it does not take long to ascertain who are more or less expert with the gloves. Nor does it take long to find out who is possessed of dramatic or musical talent; and where this is sufficiently abundant and promising, there is usually some officer sufficiently enthusiastic to undertake the often thankless task of organising a theatrical performance. Such performances afford abundance of occupation and amusement. Naturally they vary greatly in merit so far as the acting is concerned, but a competent and earnest stage manager will generally succeed in getting his material into very tolerable shape. In the choice of a play, too, there is an abundant field for selection. Sometimes a well-known piece will be chosen; but frequently there is an officer on board who can write an original farce or pantomime, in which case there are sure to be plenty of topical allusions, and the peculiarities of the station are certain to be hit off to the amusement of the audience. The resources of the ship are usually equal to the necessary costumes, and sometimes to the painting of the scenery as well. The spirited scenes which are represented in our pictures are taken from the burlesque of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," played at Wei-hai-Wei by the dramatic company of the "Goliath." The performances were most successful, and the piece was sprightly played and very amusing. We congratulate Lieutenant R. A. Hopwood on his knowledge of stage management as exemplified in the grouping of his characters. Our first picture shows the entry of Hassarac (Lieutenant R. J. N. Watson), the Lieutenant of the Forty Thieves. In our next picture we see Lieutenant R. A. Hopwood, the Captain of the Thieves, introducing himself and his companions to Ali Baba (Mr. J. W. Howard) as a Naval Patrol landed for his protection, and, finally, we have the Magic Cave into which no woman may enter, or the robbers become powerless. Morgiana (Midshipman C. G. L. Woollcombe), Ali's slave, having entered to look for Cassim (Assistant-Engineer A. W. McKinlay), the Thieves are immediately converted into clock-work figures. Two performances were given. At the first, about 1,700 of the men of the Fleet were present, and on the second night the audience comprised the Commander-in-Chief, the Rear-Admiral, the captains, and officers and their friends.

ENTER THE LIEUTENANT OF THE FORTY THIEVES.

THE THIEVES DESIRE TO "PROTECT" ALI BABA.

THE MAGIC CAVE, WHICH NO WOMAN MAY ENTER.

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AN IMPORTANT MILITARY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

DURING the strenuous days of the defence of Ladysmith there were few who remembered, even if they possessed any knowledge of, the romantic circumstances which associated that place with the famous and heroic siege of Badajos in 1812. All the world knew that the beleaguered town took its name from the "dear campaigning wife" of Sir Harry Smith, that gallant soldier who waged the wars of his country upon four continents, but not many were aware that he fell in love with her, and won her for his bride, just when the tremendous siege of Badajos came to its dramatic end. The whole story is told in the fascinating "Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith," which his grand-nephew, Mr. G. C. Moore Smith, M.A., has edited and supplemented (John Murray, 2 vols., 24s.). It is a thing to be wondered at, that this entirely pleasing narrative of the famous soldier's career, full of incident and adventure, should have lain hidden since the day of his death in 1860. Sir Harry Smith himself said that he had never read a page of it "since my scrawling it over at full gallop," but the editor, nevertheless, has had a light task, and we have rarely read a biography more spontaneous and natural, nor one disclosing more completely the character of its subject. Sir Harry Smith hoped that Charles Lever might make a good story of it; but the reader has cause to congratulate himself that it appears practically as it was written. The good soldier began his military service in 1804, by entering the Whittlesea Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry as a boy of sixteen, and he remembered how the French prisoners at Norman Cross Barracks, which he patrolled, laughed at him exceedingly, saying, "I say, leetle fellow, go home to your mamma; you must eat more pudding." But the youthful soldier was soon gazetted a lieutenant in the 95th Rifles, and served with them at the capture of Monte Video and in the disastrous affair of Buenos Ayres, for which lamentable catastrophe he showers condemnation upon the head of General Leveson-Gower. His vivacious and gallant character had won the heart of an old Spanish lady, who was very kind to him, and who, as he records, offered him her daughter's hand in marriage and 20,000-dols., as many thousand oxen as he wished, and a country house into the bargain. The offer was not accepted, and Harry Smith came home just in time to join Sir John Moore and that fine body of troops "destined to cover itself with glory, disgrace, victory, and misfortune." He did gallant things ere they reached Corunna. "Oh, the filthy state we were all in! We lost our baggage at Calcavallos; for three weeks we had no clothes but those on our backs; we were literally covered and almost eaten up with vermin, most of us suffering from ague and dysentery, every man a living still active skeleton." Some there were among them who slept for three days and nights continuously. Smith was back again in the Peninsula with Craufurd in the Light Division, and his excellent narrative, full of fun, gallantry, and animal spirits describes the action at the Coa, the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the capture of Badajos. It is a thrilling story, and he records how Lord Fitzroy Somerset came up to the Division, after the great escalade, saying the Duke desired them to storm again. "The devil," says I. "Why, we have had enough; we are all knocked to pieces." Lord Fitzroy says, "I daresay, but you must try again." Happily for the decimated force the battle was already won, and amid the wounded and slain Smith was almost unhurt. The atrocities that followed went to his heart, and he says that no words could suffice to depict them. Strange indeed it was that out of this scene of terror should come what Smith describes as the whole happiness of his life. A Spanish lady, in terror for the fate of her young sister, threw herself upon the clemency of the British officer. The girl was only fourteen, but already possessed charms which are rapturously described in these pages. Sir John Kincaid fell in love with her on the spot, but never had the courage to tell his devotion, recording, however, that "a more impudent fellow" won the lady. The "impudent fellow" in question was Harry Smith. The girl became his wife, and these pages are testimony to his devoted love for her. Juana Smith accompanied him on all his campaigns in every part of the world. She was with him all through the Peninsular War, and when all was over they had quarters in an old château at Toulouse. "The feeling of no war, no picquets, no alerts, no apprehension of being turned out, was so novel, after six years' perpetual and vigilant war, it is impossible to describe the sensation."

But Harry Smith, notable as had been his service, had not won his majority, and he was soon fighting again. He was present at the battle of Bladensberg and the capture of Washington, and describes the events with a great deal of animation. He returned home with the despatches, but presently was in America again with Sir Edward Pakenham, for whom he had the greatest admiration, and he draws a marked distinction between the misfortune at New Orleans and the catastrophe of Buenos Ayres, with both of which events, strangely enough, he was associated.

He came home just in time to join the Duke of Wellington in Flanders, describes a very interesting interview with him, and at Waterloo was in the thick of the fighting, but declines to describe it. So far, Smith had seen enough of fighting in Europe and America, but now, with greater responsibilities, he was to take part in the memorable military events in Asia and Africa. At the Cape he was D.Q.M.G. under three successive Governors, and chief of the staff to Sir Benjamin D'Urban in the Kaffir War. Among his achievements was a great march of unparalleled rapidity from Cape Town to Grahamstown, a distance of 600 miles, in less than six days. He was constantly employed throughout the operation, and was delighted at King William's Town to find his "dear campaigning wife" again under canvas, surrounded by all the circumstance of war. As is well known, Lord Glenelg ordered the abandonment of the Queen Adelaide Province, to the great regret of many, and, before taking up the appointment of D.A.G. in India, Sir Harry Smith received a perfect ovation from his many admirers at Cape Town and elsewhere in South Africa.

Smith was disappointed that he did not receive the command in the Afghan War, but stirring times awaited him, and he played a notable part in the conquest of Sind and the first Sikh War, winning the brilliant victory of Aliwal. In 1844 he was made a K.C.B., and made a characteristic note in his autobiography, which is worth quoting: "I entered the Army perfectly unknown to the world; in ten years, by force of circumstances, I was Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have been present in as many battles and sieges as any officer of my standing in the Army. I never fought a duel, and only once made a man an apology, although I am as hot a fellow as the world produces; and I may, without vanity, say the friendship I have experienced equals the love I bear my comrades, officer or soldier. My wife has accompanied me throughout the world; she has ever met with kind friends, and never has had controversy or dispute with man or woman."

The autobiography breaks off with a brilliant account of the battle of Sobraon, but Mr. Moore Smith has carried it forward to the end, and although the bright personal interest which animates the earlier part of the narrative is wanting, he has accomplished his task with great discrimination and skill. In 1847 Sir Harry Smith was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner, and the services he rendered there are well known. He defeated the Boers at Boomplatz, and came home in 1852, after telling the people that he had spent in the colony some of the best years of his life, and, excepting those during which he had been Governor, some of the happiest. His opinion of the administration of an earlier time had not been very high, and he lamented the measures which led to the emigration of the Dutch. "Had my system been persisted in, and the order of things so firmly planted and rapidly growing to maturity been allowed to continue, not a Boer would have migrated. I am proud to say I had as much influence over the Boers as over the Kaffirs, and, by a kind and persuasive manner in expostulation, had they meditated such a step, I could at once have deterred them." Peculiar interest attaches to this expression of opinion at the present time.

It was a fortunate thing that Sir Harry Smith took up his pen to tell the story of his well-filled romantic and adventurous career. He probably saw more fighting than any of his contemporaries, and his career was full of incident and action. It makes a truly fascinating book, which will deserve to rank very high among military biographies. The character of the author may be read in every line, and the two volumes give an excellent picture of his loyal, enthusiastic, cheery, and devoted personality. Further praise of the book is unnecessary here. It is emphatically one of the best books of the winter season.

We shall add brief notices of certain other books eminently suitable for presentation. A better edition of Shakespeare could not be wished than that which is found in the three volumes of the "Thin Paper Edition" (Newnes, 10s. 6d.). The edition is daintiness itself, and the form given to the volume is most attractive. Better we have never seen. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in two volumes, in the Caxton Series (Newnes, 6s.), merits the same praise. In artistic character, excellence of type, and charm of form and binding the edition could not be bettered.

"Under the Great Bear," by Kirk Munroe (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is a first-rate story by a well-known writer. It has thrilling episodes, abounds in interest, and is quite topical, because it deals with the conditions which arise from the "French Shore" question and Newfoundland sealing. The author knows his subject well, and also how to use it for the purposes of fiction.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 263.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 1902

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.

WHO HAS RAISED A SPECIAL CORPS OF VETERAN IMPERIAL YEOMEN AND COLONIALS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

"Younghusband of the Guides" is very much the right man in the right place as commandant of a special Corps of Horse of his own raising. India breeds some of the finest cavalry leaders in the world, and in an Army where there is little that is not splendidly up to the mark the Guides are a "corps d'elite." Originally in the 17th (Leicestershires), Colonel Younghusband has seen service with the Guides in four campaigns, and won special distinction and a brevet in Chitral. He is also a graduate of the Staff College; in fact, a first-rate soldier all round.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Britain Through . . Foreign Spectacles.

IF the Man in the Moon were to drop suddenly to earth, to listen to certain speeches and to read various newspaper articles, he might well imagine that the British Empire was in a parlous state. He would be told how we were the objects of universal hatred everywhere outside our own dominions. He would hear that we were crippling our resources by continuing to pay for the war at the rate of sixty millions sterling a year. He would be given to understand that we had lost our leading position in the councils of Europe, and that, with our Army occupied 6,000 miles away from our own shores, we could not afford to take a strong line on any question which brought our interests into conflict with those of another great Power. All our misfortunes would be attributed to the "mad folly of Imperialism"—a fine phrase for a peroration, but one which has no particular meaning save that it shows those who use it to be either political cranks or dyspeptic dispraisers on principle of all institutions and policies that happen to be adopted by their own country. Unfortunately, though there are not many of these people, they contrive to make a good deal of noise. A small boy with a stone in his shoe will attract more attention in a crowded street than any number of contented citizens going quietly about their business. And a few croakers, groaning dismally about the wickedness of their rulers and the decadence of their country, often contrive to make themselves heard above the voices of more sensible people who are not so anxious for notoriety.

Now it is just as well that such croakings should not always be treated with silent contempt. It is impossible to be continually arguing with pessimists and sentimental fad-mongers. But now and again it is desirable to offer the patient public proof that the dire misfortunes which are daily talked about are nothing but the creations of super-imaginative people determined to discredit British methods and British aims by any and every means within their power. The first witness we call to refute the assertion of these peculiar people that Great Britain's influence in Europe has disappeared is Colonel Picquart, whose name must be known to most Englishmen, as it is to all Frenchmen, as the name of a high-minded, chivalrous officer, a soldier of distinguished bravery and intelligence, and a shrewd observer into the bargain. Colonel Picquart is contributing a series of articles to a French monthly review on the military situation in France. He showed last month that the French Ministry of War will soon find it as difficult to keep its conscript Army up to the necessary standard of numbers as we find it to attract enough recruits for our voluntary Forces. Germany can go on increasing her Army for a long time to come. Her population is increasing rapidly. In spite of the recent breaking of certain commercial and industrial bubbles, the prosperity of her people is rapidly increasing. Agriculture and manufactures both show excellent returns. There is plenty of room for more Germans, and every prospect that the supply will be well maintained. In France, on the other hand, the population stands still, if it does not actually decrease. As a nation the French are well-to-do, but their industry has not behind it that driving force which is bringing Germany so quickly to the front—the force of a young nation just beginning to make history, intent less upon personal comfort than upon adding to the might of their Empire, and asking only to be allowed to work hard, live sparingly, and bring up large families to the glory of the Imperial name.

Having pointed this out, Colonel Picquart goes on in the February number of the *Grande Revue* to consider what steps France ought to take in order to make up by foreign alliance for the loss of strength she is suffering at home, and the whole trend of his interesting article is in favour of an "understanding" between France and England, if not a formal alliance. Even the neutrality of England, in the event of another Franco-German War, would, he says, afford France military advantages of the highest order. Well, Great Britain is not likely to enter into an alliance either with France or with Germany. Our best policy is to keep outside all Continental combinations, and to be equally friendly with all our neighbours. But is not this article, written by a prominent Frenchman in a leading French review, comment enough upon the ridiculous statement that England is now regarded by the nations of Europe as a *quantité negligeable* in international affairs?

Again, contrast with the veiled suggestion of the pessimist that we are not disliked abroad without good cause Count Adalbert Sternberg's views on the real causes of the war. Count Sternberg is a soldier who fought early in the campaign on the Boer side. He knows both Boer and Briton, and he tells the world that Great Britain went to war in defence of the British principles of straightness and equal rights for all. The Englishman's motto through all his life is, as Mr. Henry Newbolt phrases it in one of his stirring poems:

"Play up, play up, and play the game."

The Boer, or, at any rate, the Boer Government, was not "straight," acted in an underhand, roundabout manner, would not play the game. We tried to induce a more open method of dealing with British interests, but to no purpose. Therefore at last the British lion, which has always been "the bulwark of freedom and humanity," was roused to action, and action ended in conflict, though the first blow was actually struck by the other side. Now, Count Sternberg is not of those whom foreign newspapers contemptuously call Anglophiles. He deals us some shrewd knocks even in this article of his from which the passages quoted above are taken. But he is a man who has travelled and studied what he calls "the English principle" on English soil. He sees that the world has no good reason to hate a nation which "has borne alone the cost of its colonies and has then invited the whole world without distinction of religion or of race to join in working together for their greater prosperity."

When we next read in a newspaper, or hear in a speech, melancholy prophesies of England's rapid decline from her great position, and hints that such decline will not be undeserved, let us recall the words of Count Sternberg and of Colonel Picquart. They will serve as an effective antidote to the maunderings of the Little Englander and the dreary polemics of the political partisan.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

ALTHOUGH I have never lived in a Boer laager, yet, what with concentration camps and Boer acquaintances, I have been able to reap a certain knowledge of the conditions of camp life which existed amongst the Boers during the earlier phases of the war. The commandant and field cornet were paid officials, and the only paid men in the Boer military service, excepting the artillery and departmental corps. They received £1 and 10s. per day respectively. When a burgher was commandeered he was expected to present himself at his laager provided with a horse, saddle, bridle, and blankets; also he had to bring eight days' food for himself. From the Government he received a rifle and ammunition, and after the first eight days forage for his horse and food for himself. If he failed to present himself at the appointed hour or if he deserted he was liable to be fined for a first offence any sum up to and not exceeding £37 10s. Discipline was maintained in a rough-and-ready fashion. An outpost caught asleep on his post was turned on to sweep out the horse lines. The punishment lay not so much in the labour of the fatigue as in the degradation of being set to do employment usually reserved for Kaffirs. Most of the punishments, however, were restricted to money fines. Thus, if a man fired his rifle within a certain radius of the camp without sufficient reason he was liable to be fined £5. Waste of ammunition was prevented by a high rate of fine. Every burgher short of his allotted number of rounds was fined £1 per cartridge. The story is told of a burgher, who had fired off his rifle at a buck, riding twenty miles in the night to fetch a single cartridge from his home, rather than pay the fine for shortage at the corporal's morning inspection.

But the laager punishment which will strike the British reader as the most incongruous, is that provided for drunken, mutinous, and unsoldierlike conduct. A burgher cited for these crimes was taken by his comrades and tossed in a raw ox-hide, much in the same way as we have all seen schoolboys tossed in a blanket in our younger days. I have never been able to appreciate the precise effectiveness of this strange punishment, unless the hardy farmer has a rooted objection to being held up to ridicule. Later in the war, cowardice and disobedience of orders were met with bare-backed flogging and sometimes with death; but the latter was exceptional. Malingering was a very common complaint; but the best case of a malingerer which has come to my notice is that of an ingenious farmer who, rather than go on commando, arranged a bogus death and interment. After the weighted coffin had been buried, he lived for months in seclusion in an attic, while his wife and family went into mourning.

During the earlier months of the war it was possible for the wealthier burghers to evade the "commandeering order" by sending a substitute into the field. The farmers on the southern border of the Orange Free State easily found substitutes, as there were numbers of hot-headed Dutch youths in Cape Colony only too anxious to join the Republicans in the field. The market price of a substitute was £35 for six months to the substitute as a price for his services, and £5 as a *pour boire* to the commandant, the farmer originally commandeered, of course, supplying the military outfit for the man who took his place. Commandants did a great traffic before commandeering became wholesale, and one authority reports that Commandant Olivier, in a single town in Cape Colony, made £1,000 by Colony burghers buying themselves off military service. Of course the men who originally were represented by paid substitutes eventually were obliged to go and fight when it became necessary for the Republics to put every available male into the field.

General Louis Botha was the general who would have no malingering amongst the men in his commandoes. He found, when he first took over the command of the forces on the Tugela, that 50 per cent. of his men were suffering from "headache" and slight stomachic disorders. He therefore gave strict orders that no man was to be admitted to hospital—which meant in most cases a free pass to their homes—who could stand without fainting. What would the Pro Boers have said if such an order had been issued in any of the British camps!

BOER PRISONERS AT BERMUDA.

The prisoners' camp on Hawkin's Island.

SICK AND SORRY.

Prisoners landing from the "Harlech Castle"

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BOUND FOR THE UNKNOWN.

Embarking Boer prisoners at Cape Town.

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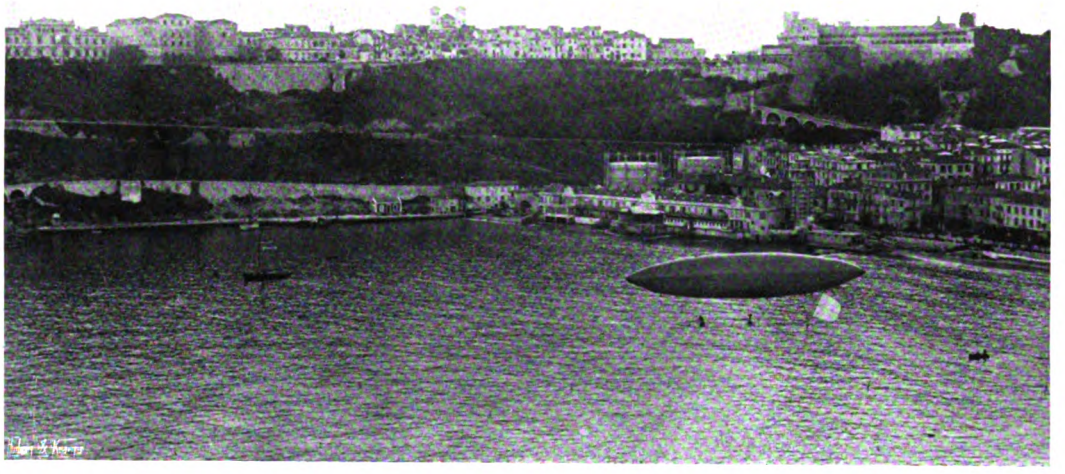
AERONAUTICS ON THE RIVIERA.

M. Santos-Dumont Achieves another Triumph with a New Air-ship.

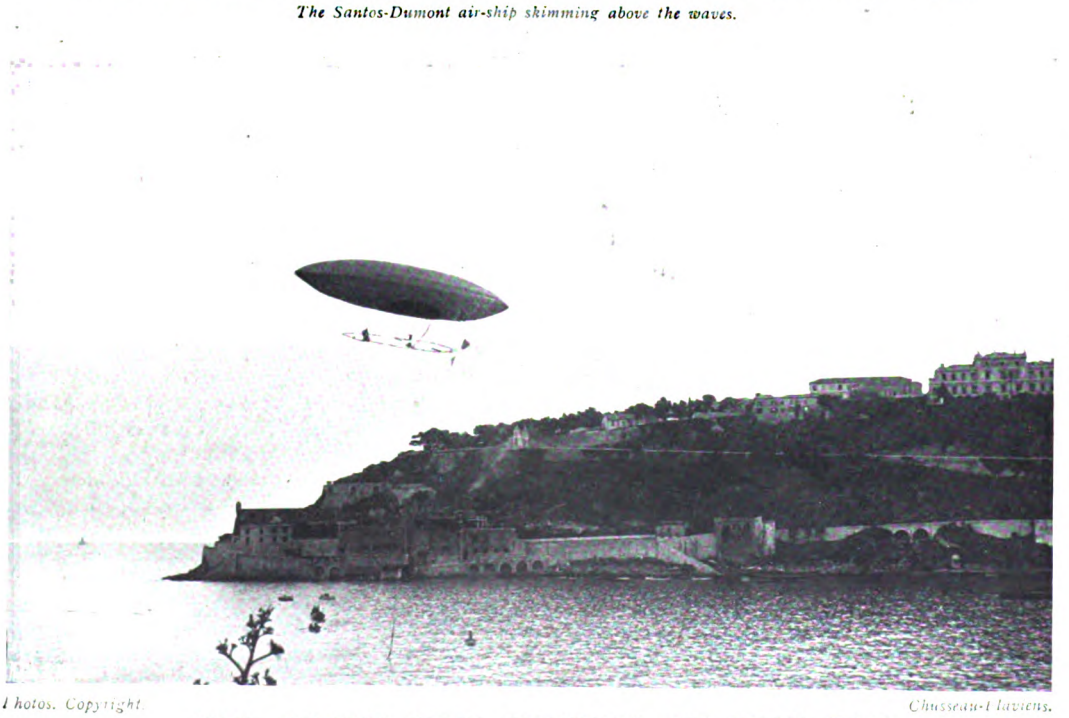
THE LAUNCH OF AN AIR-SHIP.

The Santos-Dumont balloon emerging from its house for a trial trip



A STRANGE FLYING FISH QUITE UNDER CONTROL.

The Santos-Dumont air-ship skimming above the waves.



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FAR ABOVE THE WATERS OF THE BAY.

The Santos-Dumont air-ship turning at an altitude of 300-ft.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT, the intrepid young Brazilian aeronaut who has won much renown in Paris, and has been awarded the prize of 100,000-fr. offered by M. Henri Deutsch, an oil refiner, for successfully navigating his cigar-shaped balloon, which is equipped with powerful petroleum motors, round the Eiffel Tower, has followed the world of riches, rank, and fashion to its winter quarters on the Riviera.

However, M. Santos-Dumont's journey has only one object in view, namely, the pursuit of his hobby, for which, indeed, the calm and beautiful Riviera district, sheltered as it is on the north by mountains, offers exceptionally favourable climatic and atmospheric conditions. His original idea was to build a new and improved air-ship here, with which to cross the Mediterranean from Monaco to Corsica, and then, later on, to Tunis. "The framework of this balloon," he stated in an interview, "will be encased in an impermeable silk covering, so that if I come down in the Mediterranean I shall float. My guide rope, too, will be made of what sailors call 'bastin,' so that it will float on the surface of the sea and serve as equilibrium in the same way as I employ it when manœuvring over Longchamps Race-course. I shall be followed by a steam launch in case of accidents, and shall extend the radius of my excursions every day."

Well, M. Santos-Dumont has constructed his new air-ship all right, and housed it in a special dock on the seashore in the centre of Monaco's beautiful bay; but, alas! the military authorities have spoilt sport by intimating to the brave young Brazilian that aerial trips to Corsica and Tunis cannot be permitted. However, the new air-ship has already taken some trial trips over the waters of the bay, acquitting itself in such admirable style that it is now quite within the bounds of probability that longer journeys, like those mentioned, could be accomplished safely enough. The first trial trip was made at 10.30 a.m. on January 28. Accompanied by M. Aimé—a fact which of itself constitutes marked progress, for hitherto the inventor had been the sole occupant of the basket—he sailed over the bay at a height of 60-ft., steering his aerial craft in all directions with surprising certainty and ease. In the afternoon he made a more serious test of his balloon, spending three-quarters of an hour in the air, going well out to sea, and mounting to a height of 300-ft.

Needless to say, the spectacle of M. Santos-Dumont's balloon circling about in mid-air has created a perfect *furore* among the visitors to the gay principality. The inventor himself is confident that ultimately he will be able to cross the Atlantic, taking a crew of half-a-dozen men with him. The difficulty of carrying sufficient petroleum for the motors is the biggest problem in connection with such a project.

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A FRENCH DRAGOON, 1807.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

AN IMPERIAL GUARD, 1807.

THE history of our little misfortunes as buyers of horses has of course excited a good deal of virtuous indignation, and has produced much grave head-shaking even among the friends of the Government. Beyond all question it is not much to the glory of the War Office, and is even rather discreditable to its common-sense. But it is really amusing, and the money which has gone into the pockets of those astute men of business who managed the business so cleverly (was there ever a spoiling of the Egyptians in which a member of the chosen people was not busy and successful?), will not have been quite wasted if we draw the proper moral. The tale, of course, is as old as Pharaoh. At least I have no sort of doubt that if Ramses the Great did ever send a commander of fifty chariots to Damascus to buy horses, the officer was solemnly choused by horse copers of the tenth century B.C. or thereabouts, and that the King of Upper and of Lower Egypt paid three or four times what the brutes were worth. Perhaps, however, Ramses found it quicker and more economical to commandeer. We, not being able to do that in foreign countries, and being seemingly unwilling to do it in our own Colonies, have to buy. Now all buying in the market—most especially in the horse market—is accompanied with cheating by the seller, and counter wiles on the part of the purchaser. When this latter is a total stranger, and when he relies on his own acuteness, though he is by nature simple minded, he is swindled. He becomes a mark to be aimed at by all the rogues in the country-side, and of course they bleed him at every pore.

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If our Government had remembered what had happened in the past, say in the Russian War, it might have avoided having to tell the pitiful history of its losses in Hungary. At that time the gipsy mule copers in a certain part of Spain were made of a cheerful countenance by the visit of a British Hussar officer who came out with a veterinary surgeon to buy mules for the siege of Sebastopol. The adventure was complicated by the fact that the vet., finding himself in a country where good strong wine was to be got for threepence a bottle and the local brandy was cheap and not contemptible, betook himself to conviviality. The Hussar, being full of zeal and filled with the pleasing confidence in his capacity to manage any business which distinguishes all officers, went about to buy mules himself. Of course, the gipsy copers held a regular carnival. They doctored up old crocks and sold them for three times the value of a good animal. Then they stole the said crocks, doctored them up in another way, and got another price for them in disguise. At last the Hussar began to suspect that he was being cheated, and then he ended where he ought to have begun. He went to his Consul, and got through him the services of a local man who was well acquainted with the tricks of the children of Egypt. He also applied to the Civil Governor for the loan of a few soldiers of the Civil Guard to watch his stables. A half-pay Spanish veterinary surgeon, who had spent his life in fighting the gipsy dealers, and knew all there was to know about their manœuvres, was glad to be employed for a moderate sum of dollars per month. In the end a consignment of very decent mules was secured at a reasonable price, and went up the Black Sea under charge of Spanish *capataces*. But before that the British Government had been made to waste about as much money as would have remounted the Life Guards.

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Apparently we have had the same experience all over again. What amount of money has been absolutely wasted is perhaps a matter for nice calculation. Let us be moderate and put it at £100,000, or the value of 2,000 good animals at £50 a head. I am thinking only of the coin for which there was nothing to show. We have really to add the brutes which were delivered but were of no use. They would run the figure up very greatly. And why has this loss been incurred? Simply because the British Government will use its razor to mix its salad. It is absurd to send an Army officer to act as purchaser in a foreign market, even if he has had experience in the remount department at home. Here the business runs on known lines, there are precedents, there are familiar and trustworthy dealers. In the foreign market all is new, men and ways alike, the purchaser has no experience—at least not when he is a cavalry officer—and no friends. Of course he is a blank for every speculator to hoot at. A real man of business would know that, and would find means to get information before moving. Every trade is represented in the City of London, and beyond doubt the Government could have found somebody who was directly or indirectly connected with the export of Hungarian horses. Why did it not go to them? Apparently because there are traditions and official rules which impose another course.

* * * *

To the mere *pékin* and looker-on, however, it does seem that even a cavalry officer might save himself from being cheated and the British Government from wasting its money without very great difficulty. There may be reasons which one does not quite understand why it is impossible for him to have a quiet talk, as between officers and gentlemen, with the colonel or general commanding the cavalry of the garrison in the foreign town he was visiting. Unless the Austrian cavalry officers are very different from their Naval men, they are gentlemen and good fellows. Would it have been impossible to get one of them to tell him what the Austrian Government pays for the horses it buys (and it cannot breed all its mounts), and where they are got? He could not expect to get his beasts at the same rate as does the Austrian Government, in the first place because he is only an occasional purchaser, and in the second place because he comes into the market with a sudden demand, and therefore, of course, sends up prices. But he would escape having to give three times or more the correct figure to some local bloodsucker. Besides, where there are a Press and markets there are published prices. As for giving excessive amounts for transport, it is a kind of blunder which is really too bad. Every railway in the world has its tariff, and its traffic managers who will give prices. The details can be got by asking for them, and if the British agent is in any doubt, it must be his own fault if he cannot get good advice from some of his countrymen in the town. Every town of any business activity in Europe has its British commercial colony, and though this body seldom fails to include its percentage of scamps, the majority are decent people. Of course if the soldier and gentleman who is playing the merchant with the estimates at his back is too proud to ask advice, and is so cocksure of his own smartness that he feels equal to outmanœuvring Jew and gipsy, that is another matter. His confidence may be consistent with honour. It is not consistent with common-sense.

* * * *

And then, is not the whole story a wondrous example of the methods of our War Office? It must have known for generations past that it might have to buy horses and mules abroad. In fact, it is always buying them, as other countries do also. France, for instance, purchases largely in Germany, and for a time at least after 1871 it imported mounts from Hungary. This being the case, would it not appear to be the sensible thing that the War Office should have found out long ago how the horse trade is conducted in every country in Europe? The details to be mastered are not so many. What are the chief horse-breeding districts? Where are the main markets? Does the breeder sell direct or is the business in the hands of middle men? Which is the chief port of export? By what lines of railway is it reached? What are the prices of railway transport? What are the average prices of animals of this, that, or the other quality and age? These are the main questions to be answered, and a Military Attaché could get the information at once. It could be filed till wanted, and thus the remount officer sent to buy would at least not be at the mercy of the first Shylock who approached him with a mendacious bill.

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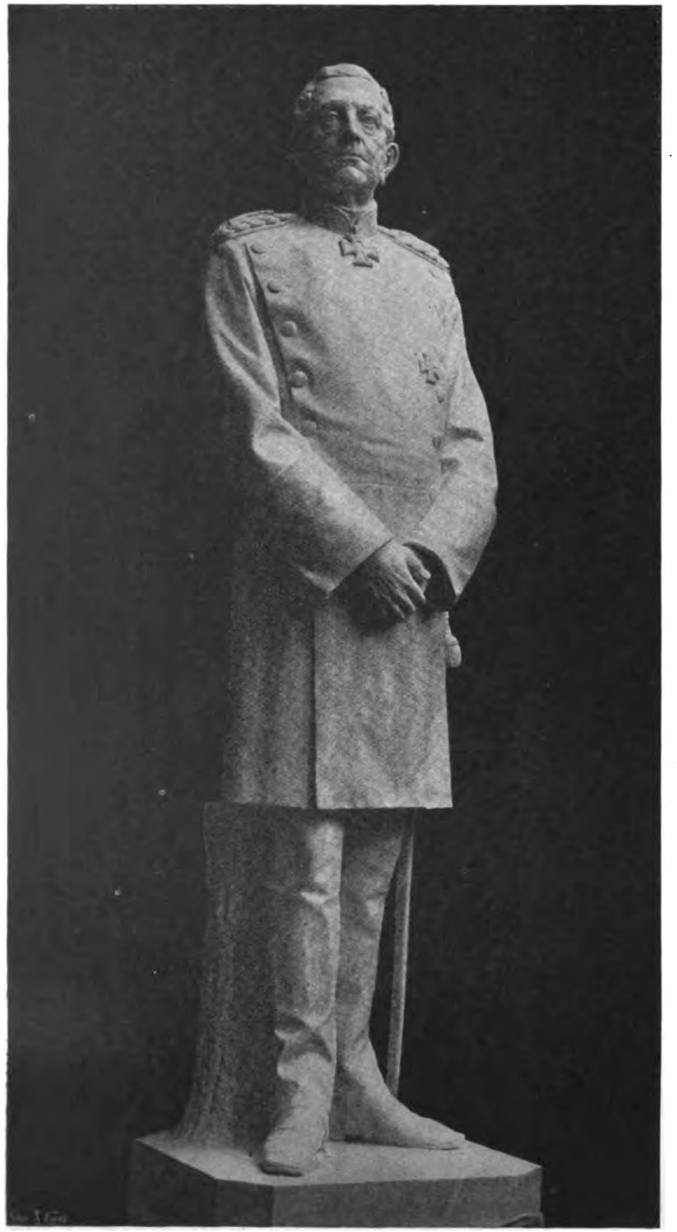
THE FOUNDERS OF GERMAN UNITY.



GERMANY OWES TO HIM AN EMPIRE.

BLOOD AND IRON.

A SOLDIER—AND LOYALTY PERSONIFIED.

Bismarck the statesman, the man of blood and iron, Von Moltke, the strategist, whose brain had long before conceived the necessary moves on the chessboard, and who simply made them as necessity arose, and von Roon, the loyal and devoted soldier who pushed forward simply to do a soldier's duty. The statues have been executed by Hasso Magnussen, the great German sculptor, in order that they may find a place in the Hall of Fame at Görlitz.

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Photo. Stewart.
CAPT. PATTERSON, R.F.A.
On his way to South Africa.

NEAR KLIP RIVER STATION.

Photo. West & Son.
CAPT. J. G. GREIG, I.S.C.
Hampshire County Cricketer.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

THE writer of these notes may surely claim some credit for what, in the circumstances, was a rather happy anticipation of an announcement of very great interest and importance to "Britain Beyond the Seas." On November 23, with reference to the statement that Rear-Admiral Beaumont, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, had been invited to confer with the Federal Premier at Melbourne on the subject of Australian Naval Defence, he wrote: "*Apropos* of this particular question, why does not the Colonial Office oftener appoint Naval officers as Colonial Governors? There are several such posts in which one would think that Naval experience and methods would be singularly valuable—in a variety of ways."

And now comes the announcement that Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, K.C.B., has been appointed Governor of the State of New South Wales. What makes this prompt sequel to a casual observation all the more interesting is the fact that there seem to have been very few cases indeed in which Naval officers have held Colonial Governorships, at any rate of late years. The writer, in asking the question quoted, had in his mind one case, by no means a very fortunate one, that, namely, of the late Sir John Franklin, who, if memory serves, was at one time Governor of Tasmania, and created some little local friction in that capacity. But, of course, there is a marked distinction between the appointment of a man like Sir John Franklin and that of Sir Harry Rawson, who, from a professional standpoint, stands a head and shoulders higher. Sir Harry has been Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, and has only recently vacated the command of the still more important Channel Squadron. He therefore stands in the very first rank of Naval officers on the Active List, and New South Wales may indeed be congratulated on having been able to detach such a man even temporarily from the sure course of advancement which in any case lay before him as a Flag Officer of such marked distinction and such exceptional experience. In that sense, the answer which has been thus unexpectedly given to the question asked by NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a few weeks back is in the nature of a real surprise.

But, apart from the purely personal aspect of the appointment, the principle which it involves is, it is needless to say, of extraordinary significance at a juncture like this when the organisation and administration of the Naval and Military forces of the Colonies in their relation to Imperial Defence are being tackled with a seriousness and determination never before equalled. The *Times* surmises that the appointment, following on the selection of Colonel Sir George Clarke and Major-General Sir Herbert Chermside, as Governors of Victoria and Queensland respectively, foreshadows the institution of a sort of Naval and Military Advisory Council which shall be supremely well qualified to assist the Governor-General upon matters connected with the Navy and Army. If that be the case, and the surmise is most reasonable, it would be difficult indeed for the most astute Governor-General that ever lived, which Lord Hopetoun, with all his virtues, could scarcely claim to be, to pick out three men more splendidly fitted by ability and experience to form such a Council than Sir Harry Rawson, Sir Herbert Chermside, and Sir George Clarke. In the first we have the *beau ideal* of the Naval officer of high rank; in Sir Herbert Chermside, a soldier who has gained distinction both in the leadership of troops in the field and in a difficult diplomatic position; while Sir George Clarke not only unites the good soldier with the strong thinker and able writer, but is, perhaps, the most admirable living exponent of the doctrine that in the safety of our Colonies the all-important factor is not local military strength, but Imperial Naval supremacy. With shrewd level-headed statesmen to supervise its fiscal policy and internal administration, and such a trio to keep it straight in all that pertains to Naval and Military security, the Antipodes may well live up to the motto "Advance Australia!" while the good ship New South Wales will, of course, with its new Naval Governor on board, have its indicator set almost permanently at "Full Steam Ahead!"

Talking of New South Wales, in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for October 12 appeared a portrait of Commander Connor, R.N., whom we inaccurately described as "Commandant of the New South Wales Naval Defence Force." Our attention has been called to the latest issue of the New South Wales *Army and Navy List*, from which it appears that the acting Commandant of the New South Wales Naval Forces is Captain G. S. Lindeman, retired R.N., who saw service as commanding officer of the Peruvian barque "Iquique," 600 tons, with a prize crew from the "Leander," on the South Pacific station in 1864. Captain Lindeman was present with the British squadron at the bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spaniards in 1865, and landed with a ship's company to protect British subjects and extinguish fires. The substantive commandant of the New South Wales Naval Forces, Captain F. Hixson, V.D., late R.N., is, we are officially informed, now on leave.

New Zealand has been brought very close to the Mother Country of late, and the approximation has been notably emphasised by the loyalty expressed by the Maoris in connection with both the Prince of Wales's visit and the war. At a recent meeting the Maoris passed resolutions congratulating Mr. Chamberlain on his South African policy, and regretting that they themselves have been debarred from participation in the Imperial conflict at the Cape. It was stated at this meeting that, if required, 5,000 Maoris, who are extremely skilful scouts, would be ready for embarkation in a fortnight. Five-and-thirty years ago these same Maoris were in process of more or less organised revolt against us, and we learnt some rather dear lessons in operating against their palisado-fortified villages. It was not until 1871 that tranquillity was established throughout their country, and since then there has been one agitation among certain of the score or so of different Maori clans, which, if the Colonial Government had not acted with vigour and promptitude, might have been serious. And now once more the Maoris are disturbed, not because they have fallen out among themselves, or are longing to throw off the British yoke, but because they cannot be shipped off to a far-distant land in order to fight the enemies of the Empire. As the Americans say, "What's the matter" with an Imperialism which produces "disturbances" of this sort?

It is a good hearing that the Earl of Ranfurly is to have a further year as Governor of New Zealand, his tenure being thus extended to August, 1904. Lord Ranfurly has not only made himself very popular in New Zealand, but is closely identified with Australasia as the owner of large properties in the Irrigation Colonies of Victoria. He is further connected with "what might have been" in the way of Imperial expansion by the fact that he is a descendant of the great William Penn who founded Pennsylvania.

Mr. Frank Wilkinson, the war correspondent of the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, and author of "Australia at the Front," has produced an interesting account of the New

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South Wales Lancer Regiment and the First Australian Horse in a publication entitled "Australian Cavalry," which is obtainable in England, price 2s., from the Australian Book Company, 38, West Smithfield, E.C. The book is capitally illustrated, and as a regimental record leaves little to be desired. But Mr. Wilkinson has, a little unfortunately perhaps, mixed up with his story of the origin and services of the two Australian cavalry corps mentioned, a good deal of personal disquisition on the value of cavalry as distinct from mounted infantry, a subject on which much of what he says is unquestionably sound, but, it may reasonably be urged, a little out of place in the present publication. With this not very serious reservation we gladly commend "Australian Cavalry" to our readers, who should be genuinely interested in the admirable public spirit which has been shown throughout their history by these two fine corps. This public spirit has been manifested at home as well as in South Africa, and in the face, too, of early official discouragement and other obstacles. It is related by Mr. Wilkinson how, when the Sydney troop was waiting for its lances to come out from England, it had to drill with bamboo fishing-rods, to the ends of which were tied pennants, and, as a matter of history, the men turned out with these makeshift "weapons" to act as an escort to Lord Carrington when he first landed in Sydney. Country recruits paraded for months without any arms at all, and on one occasion a troop escorted a visiting Governor "carrying highly unorthodox stock-whips!"

Australasia has this week occupied so much of our attention that very little space is left in which to discuss a number of other topics of Colonial importance. But a passing glance, at any rate, must be given to the announcement that an immense scheme is being worked out for garrisoning South Africa after the war with a distinct force of Cape Colonial troops largely composed of the specially raised corps which have done duty in the war. It is stated that this force will be about 50,000 strong, and will be organised in divisions, the headquarters of which will be at places like Pietermaritzburg, Newcastle, Bloemfontein, Kroonstad, Standerton, Vryburg, Potchefstroom, and Krugersdorp, the commands being given to selected Colonial as well as Regular Army officers. The main objection to such a scheme is its costliness. The trouble with all these Colonial organisations has been the fact that the rate of pay has had to be from three to five times as much as we can afford to pay the Regular British soldier. In the case of a special body of men who will eventually be charged with special duties, such as "B.-P.'s Police," it may be convenient to pay five shillings a day; but 50,000 at a shilling a day less would mean £10,000 a day, and that would mean about four millions a year for pay alone. The normal pay of the whole Regular Army as shown in the Estimates for 1900-1901 is under seven millions, which will give some idea of what a Colonial garrison of South Africa would mean unless Colonials are willing to serve at rates very different from those to which in the past they have been accustomed.

CONTRIBUTED BY A DAUGHTER REALM.

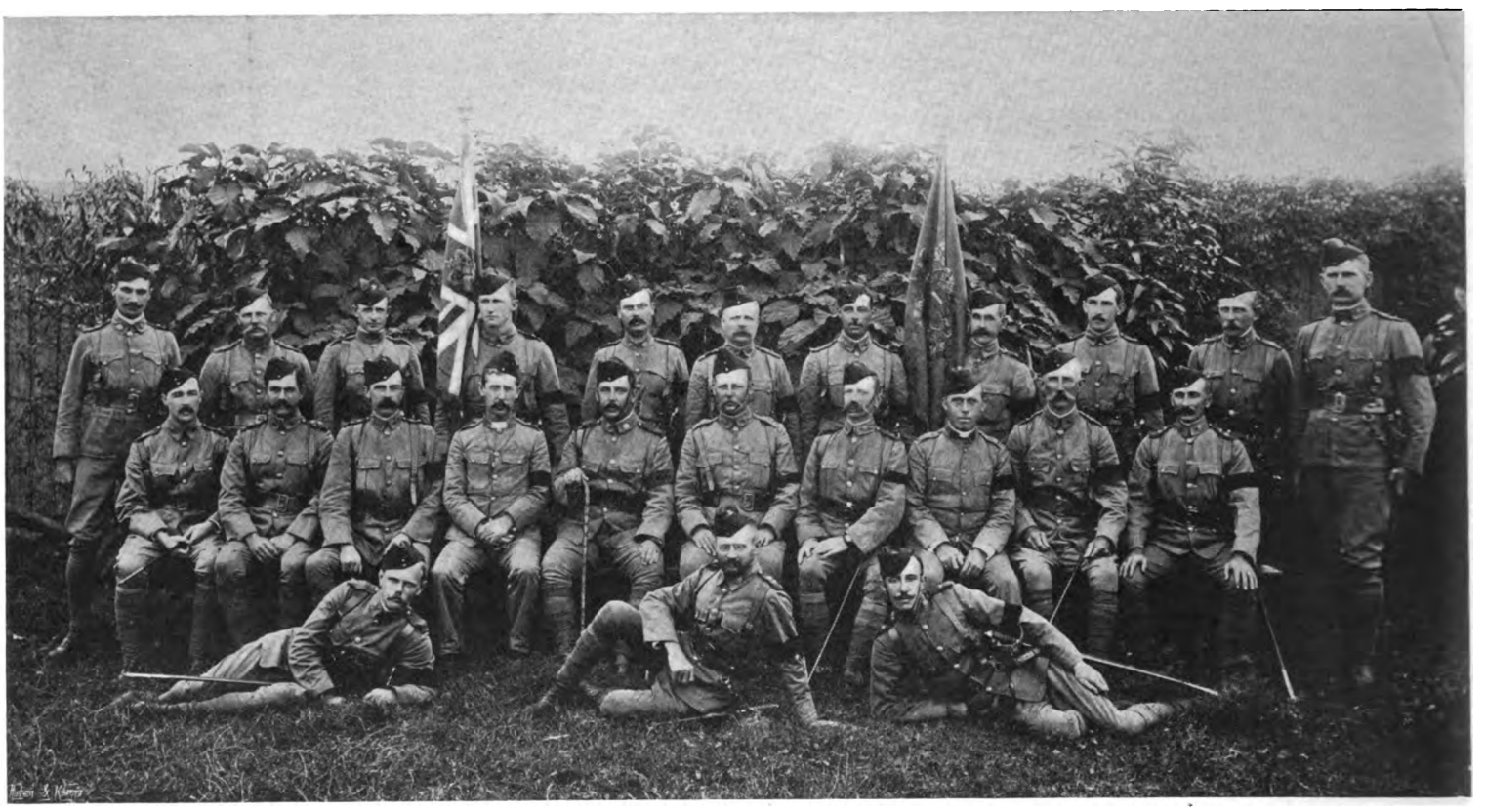

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION QUEENSLANDERS.

Many of whom have served in South Africa.

AUSTRALIA has done its share in the contribution of men for service at the front, and the different portions of the Federation have vied with one another in their efforts to send men to the seat of war. Of course, the number which each State of the Federation has been allowed to contribute has been strictly limited, but there can be no question that any State would have been willing to contribute innumerably more men than it has been asked to send. Nor is the supply exhausted. The fringe only has been touched, and in any struggle for Empire the forces of the Australian Federation, of the Canadian Dominion, of New Zealand, and of the other outlying portions of the British Empire, would be at hand to see that the cause, which was the cause of Empire, suffered no hurt. If they had any grounds of grievance it would not be until the end of the war that we should hear of them. The daughter realms would fight first, and settle any domestic squabble with their mother afterwards. But there has been no such squabble, and there is not likely to be. "Britain Beyond the Seas" has come forward in the most loyal and sympathetic fashion to support the Islands dotted in the midst of the North Sea, and to prove that all are parts of a world-reaching Empire. And when questions have been asked of Australia as a whole, when the point at issue has been the supply of men, Queensland has ever been in the foreground. There may have been a certain amount of friction between her and the other portions of the Australian Federation on some points, but in regard to the supply of men there has been no doubt whatever. She has given of her best, and given them early and without stint, and one need only look at this picture of the officers of the 1st Battalion of Queenslanders to see what manner of men they are—stalwart, well set up, fit to go anywhere and to do anything. They have not belied their appearance in the work they have done in South Africa, and many of the men whose likenesses appear here are now at the front. Indeed, in the story of the Boer War, the part played by Queensland must ever be a prominent one. As Sir Horace Tozer said when presiding at the dinner given by the Colonial Club to Sir Herbert Chermside, "he had it on the authority of the Prince of Wales, who, when in Queensland, especially congratulated the people of Queensland, as an historical event, on the fact that when Great Britain wanted assistance, the first of all the Colonies to come forward was Queensland, and the agency by which that offer was made was the hand of Lord Lamington."

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN.

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt. In the morning Anson discovers to his dismay that Tammers has left in the mail-steamer for England, and the captain of the French boat openly derides the idea of his returning to fight the duel on Friday morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LE BON ST. ELOI."

I RAMMED my straw hat down on my head and started for the hotel. The broad, open square in front of it was blazing with sunlight, and I entered the courtyard with light-dimmed eyes; yet it seemed to me that a big white shadow slunk away into the building as I turned in at the gate, and a hurried waiter flitted across the yard in another direction. If the shadow was Pluvitt, why did he want to avoid me?

I sat down to lunch with what appetite I could. If anyone will take the trouble to put himself into my position at that juncture, he will readily comprehend what a delicate one it was. On enquiry I was rather relieved to find that the Count and De Boivet were out, but in course of time a note was brought to me in which De Boivet begged that I would meet him during the afternoon at the Morris-tube range in Halkett Place.

Presently I set out, and by way of a little tangle of streets reached a new church; leaving this on my right, I passed through another lane and found myself at the range.

The Count was firing, and De Boivet affected not to see me for a short interval, during which the Count rang the bell with every shot, to the evident wonder of Mr. Vint, the proprietor.

I recognised that I had been bidden to come here with a view to giving me some notion of the Count's remarkable powers in the way of making possibles. I also recollected the captain's speech that Julowski's reputation fought half his battles for him. Putting these two together, I concluded that the Count and his second meant business.

De Boivet turned presently and saw me. He greeted me with suave cordiality, and we passed out into the street together.

"Ah! one cannot hear one's self speak," complained De Boivet, as we paused at the corner of the street; but I was enabled to supply his desire for quiet by leading him back to the church, alongside of which a gravelled space of unexampled dreariness, devoted to the use of pedestrians only, afforded us a suitable spot for our discussion.

"To come to the point," began De Boivet, as we paraded slowly up and down, "has the choice of M. Tammaire fallen on pistols?"

I tried to overcome my embarrassment, but I am persuaded that I mumbled unbecomingly in explaining that I had not yet had the chance of seeing Mr. Tammers, and could not, therefore, add anything to my arrangements of the previous evening.

De Boivet drew away a pace and looked at me.

"I can understand that you, monsieur, are here to pass an enjoyable holiday, but permit me to remind you that business of this sort takes precedence of all personal affairs," he observed.

I replied that I knew this was so, and that I had passed the entire forenoon in trying to find Mr. Tammers, but unluckily failed to catch him before he started on a little trip to Guernsey.

A smile of polite astonishment broke over the little man's face, but I detected the insult behind the smile.

"Ah, ah! I understand. M. Tammaire has gone without saying much of his intentions to you; is it not so? Has he left anything behind him—has he left any baggage that we may be sure of his return?"

I answered that I had not thought it worth while to enquire, since I was entirely assured of Mr. Tammers' good faith.

De Boivet made a suggestive gesture with his hand, twiddling his fingers rapidly. No form of words could have expressed flippant incredulity one half so strongly.

"Then he has, in fact, left nothing in this island, so far as you know?" he asked softly.

"There you are mistaken," I answered with some heat. "He has left a very solid promise to fight!"

"*Hélas!* Monsieur, that is a bond you will find it difficult to realise upon, I am afraid. You discover yourself placed in a serious dilemma."

I merely reiterated my belief that Tammers would turn up in time to face the Count on Friday morning.

"And should he fail, can we rely on you, monsieur, to fill his *rôle*?" he added slily.

Now this was sheer bluff.

I replied with more clearness than politeness that I should not dream of doing anything of the kind. Furthermore, I said it was full early to discuss that question.

"Have you ever heard the little French song of King Dagobert? It goes so." De Boivet stood opposite to me, and hummed at my ear in a rumbling bass:

"Le bon roi Dagobert
Un jour s'en-va-t à la guerre;
Le bon St. Eloi lui dit, 'Oh, mon roi,
Votre Majesté va se faire tué!'
'C'est vrai,' lui dit le roi,
'Mets-tu bien vîte devant moi!'"

Then he pointed his forefinger at me and added, "I apprehend that you are this moment precisely in the position of 'le bon St. Eloi'!"

I called to mind having told Tammers that he had got himself fixed between the devil and the deep sea. But it was evidently the opinion of everyone who heard of his departure that he had slipped away, and left me to occupy that unenviable lodgment myself.

"I feel absolutely sure that my principal will return in good time," I remarked, with some severity of demeanour, "and until it is proved that he has deceived us, reflections on his courage and threats towards me would more honourably be dispensed with."

De Boivet raised his hat with an inimitable movement of apology and contrition.

"But pardon, monsieur, you are right! I had forgotten what is due to you. So! We will postpone this interview until M. Tammaire returns to justify the loyalty of his friend."

The Frenchman bowed even more deeply than usual and left me, just as Algar's big upright figure approached me from the other side.

"Another friend, Anson?" he asked, smiling. "I had a

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notion you were a retiring kind of fellow, but you appear to have a grasp upon the general public, so to speak!"

"You would be a good deal more surprised if you guessed what I had been talking to him about," I replied. For various reasons, I meant to take Algar into my confidence as to the duel.

"Well, come along to the club and tell me all about it there."

A few minutes after I was ensconced in a luxurious chair—the room was cool—an iced drink at my elbow—all of which, coming as a sequel to my wanderings and worries of the morning, I found to be very soothing.

"What sort of dinner-party had you last night?" I began; for now that the opportunity was come, I felt diffident in broaching the subject of the duel in cold blood. I could imagine Algar roaring with laughter at the story, and refusing to see any serious side to it at all.

"It was not a dinner-party, my dear fellow. For that matter, it was not even a dinner in the strict sense of the term!"

"What was wrong with it?"

"Nothing wrong, exactly. It was simple, clean, and may very likely have been wholesome; but it was rudimentary. We English don't understand the poetry of food."

"The *chef* is ruining you, Algar, both your body and your soul," I rejoined, with a laugh. "I suspect you had nothing half so good in the Egyptian or Burmese Campaigns."

"BY GEORGE, YOU DON'T SAY SO! WHY WASN'T I THERE?"

"There's a good deal more truth in that speech than you guess," he said, with a change of expression. "I live to eat—because my grateful country won't give me anything else to do! By the way, you don't really think I'm any stouter?" he enquired a little anxiously.

"You're beastly fat, that's the fact!" I replied with the kindly candour of friendship.

"Come, now, not so bad as all that!" he exclaimed, getting up and looking down at himself with a shade of real gravity. "Well, well, it can't be helped! I found the General in high feather at having his daughter home again."

"You mentioned no daughter last night," I remarked.

"For the best of reasons—I hadn't a notion they possessed such a thing! I shouldn't have gone had I known. I'm rather a susceptible sort of character. However, it doesn't matter. She's quite a young girl, twenty or so, not dangerous—yet."

"Pretty?" I went on, putting off the evil moment.

"No, not as some girls go, but she has a good air. She's one of the tall and slender sort, and carries her head well. Oddly enough, she was telling me that she had met that poor fellow Gore in London last spring. He has just been killed in a duel by that scoundrel Julowski. The whole affair was in the paper last night. This morning who do you suppose sat opposite me at *déjeuner* but the very man! And they tell me he had a row with some unlucky beggar at the *table d'hôte* yesterday. Not that he can hurt him here, eh?"

"Who told you all that?"

"Pluvitt, a sputtering, interfering old bounder, who always comes into the hotel for meals."

I cleared my throat with extraordinary difficulty—appeared very dry—and then I put a question to Algar.

"What do you think of duelling?"

"Think of it? Why, that it's an all-fired folly, of course! The continental nations appear to think they need it to keep them straight, but Englishmen can do without a steel bit, I hope!"

"Then you think Gore was wrong to go out with Julowski?"

"I won't go so far as that. After all, if it was a mistake, it was a splendid mistake, that he knew very well he'd have to pay for with his life! Julowski looks a sweep! He turns an honest man's stomach! He ought to be shot like a wild beast. In his perfections of swordsmanship and shooting he is as dangerous as a man-eating tiger in the jungle. The stories about him are legion."

"Yet he fights strictly according to the code of honour," I said.

"Honour be hanged! What code of honour permitted those two German officers the other day to bully and kill a civilian who was practically unarmed? Thank God, our British interpretation of honour does not include bullying and taking every conceivable advantage of one's opponent! We leave that reading of the word to the others."

"The French seem inclined to agree with you sometimes. Julowski has had to leave Paris on account of his affair with Gore."

"To do them justice, the French are too plucky themselves not to admire courage like Gore's. The whole thing was a black disgrace!"

"So Tammers told Julowski last night at *table d'hôte*," I remarked. "He said it was the meanest kind of murder, and called Julowski a coward!"

Algar sat up in huge delight.

"By George, you don't say so! Why wasn't I there? I always miss the good things of life! Did Tammers know to whom he was talking?"

Thereupon I told the story in full, while the Colonel chuckled and rolled in his chair. I, however, withheld my own share in the matter.

"So he's going to fight Julowski. There is a brutal picturesqueness about that friend of yours, Anson! That's the sort of man who makes and keeps the Empire for us! You must introduce me before the fatal morning—you won't have the chance afterwards, I'm afraid. When is it to be, by the way?"

"On Friday," I replied. "Meanwhile, Tammers has had the delicacy to go to Guernsey; you see, it might have been awkward meeting the Count and De Boivet at every turn."

Then Algar annoyed me. He followed the captain's example. He whistled.

"He's gone away; has he? Doesn't look healthy, that, eh? A trifle too delicate a notion—to spare the Count's feelings, eh? I shouldn't be surprised if the fun's over as far as Tammers is concerned."

"No," I asserted, all the more doggedly because Algar was taking the ordinary view of Tammers' behaviour, "he is absolutely certain to come back in time. You don't know Tammers!"

Algar opened his eyes.

"Do you?" he said trenchantly.

Then I should have collapsed, for this was a home-thrust, but I answered:

"Yes; I'm his second!"

There was a significant silence upon this, while Algar stared at me.

"My dear good Anson, have you taken leave of your

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senses?" he asked at length, and then suddenly burst into one of his big, jovial guffaws.

"Not at all!" I replied.

"But you—you, Anson! Why, it's absurd!"

This nettled me, though I had expected it.

"I may not be a soldier, nor a builder-up of the Empire. I'm a plain, home-keeping journalist, I know," I said sulkily, "but still I have some remnant of manhood left about me."

"My dear fellow," returned Algar, looking anxiously at me—I am assured that at that moment he believed me to be temporarily off my head—"you have entirely misapprehended my meaning."

"I'm glad to hear it," I replied; "for I intend to see Tammers through this business, however it turns out."

"Believe me, you may find yourself in very hot water indeed."

"So Captain Hilton, of the St. Malo boat, tells me. I can only ask you to keep the secret until the duel is over. If the worst happens," I ended with a laugh, "you can bring me tobacco when you come to see me on visiting days at Portland; for it's a criminal offence, and I shall have been an accessory before the fact."

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"T. W. A."—Sir Walter Raleigh made two expeditions to Guiana, and neither of them was successful. The first was made in 1596, and on his return home without bringing any treasure, he tried in vain to interest Queen Elizabeth and prominent people in her Court in a project for fitting out an expedition to conquer Guiana for England. On Queen Elizabeth's death Raleigh fell into disgrace, and was confined for twelve years in the Tower and other places. At length he was released, and in 1617 another expedition was with difficulty fitted out, and though Raleigh did all that he could to make it a success, he came home with nothing. His hands had been tied in the expedition by James I., who was at the time very much under the Spanish Ambassador's thumb. Whether the mine that Raleigh mentions in his letters as being one he is desirous of working for the King, is being worked now, I cannot say, but Sir Walter Raleigh's dreams of an El Dorado appear not to have been realised until quite recently. Mining began in the district in 1886. In the first ten years the returns amounted to £2,796,300, and each year has shown an increase. The last annual returns published show that the output was in 1899-1900 £416,630. You should consult a mining expert.

* * * *

"THREE OLD SOLDIERS."—The rank of the several regiments of the British Army was first regulated by a Board of General Officers assembled in the Netherlands, by command of William III., on June 10, 1694. Another Board of General Officers was assembled by order of Queen Anne in 1713, to decide on the rank and precedence of regiments raised subsequently to 1694. A third Board was assembled by command of George I., in 1715, for the same purpose. These Boards recommended that English regiments raised in England should take rank from the dates of their formation; and that English, Scots, and Irish regiments raised for the service of a foreign Power should rank from the dates of their being placed on the English establishment. The numerical titles of regiments as fixed on the principles laid down on the reports of the Boards of General Officers were confirmed by the warrant issued by George II., dated July 1, 1751, and also by the warrant of George III. of December 19, 1768. Before that period, regiments were generally designated by the names of their colonels. The regiments which had been formed by Charles II., on his restoration to the throne in 1660, and those which had been subsequently raised in the reigns of James II. and William III., were numbered according to the dates of their being placed on the English establishment from the 1st (or Royal Regiment) to the 27th. The regiments of infantry which were added to the Army in the reign of Queen Anne, from 1702, and retained on the establishment after the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, began with the 28th and ended with the 39th. The 40th was raised in 1719, the 41st in 1719, the 42nd in 1739, the 43rd in 1740. Two regiments of Marines were raised in 1739 and 1740, and were numbered 44th and 45th, but they were disbanded in 1748. Seven regiments were added in 1741. The number of infantry regiments was in 1775 seventy, but that was increased in 1779 to 105, and again fixed at seventy in 1782. The number varied in succeeding years, but at the beginning of last century the 93rd Highlanders was the last regiment on the establishment.

* * * *

"R. F. H. C."—The "Queen" and the "Prince of Wales" are sister ships of the "London," which ship is now doing her trials at Portsmouth. Their armament consists of four 12-in. wire-wound guns of forty calibres; twelve 6-in. wire-wound guns of forty-five calibres; sixteen 12-pounder 12-cwt. guns of forty calibres; two 12-pounder 8-cwt. field guns of twenty-eight calibres; six 6-pounder guns of forty-two calibres; eight ·303-in. Maxim machine guns. It was said at one time that these two ships were to have a secondary armament of eight 7·5-in. and ten 6-in. guns, but this was erroneous, and arose from a confusion between them and the 16,500-ton battle-ships of the "King Edward" class. These latter ships, whose details have not yet been made public, will be a distinct departure from existing types. They will have a protected central battery, and a heavy secondary armament consisting possibly of 9·2-in. and 7·5-in. or 6-in. guns.

* * * *

"BAYONET."—Usually derived from the name of the French town Bayonne. Des Accords in 1583 writes of "bayonnettes de Bayonne," but some trace it to the old French *bayon* or *baion*, an arrow or shaft of the cross-bow; originally it was in the form of a small, flat pocket dagger, or a large knife worn hanging from the girdle. In something approaching to its present form it was first issued to British troops in 1672, when a regiment of Dragoons raised and placed under the command of Prince Rupert was ordered, among other weapons, "to carry one bayonett or greate knife." This was the plug bayonet to be fitted into the muzzle of the musket, and is described by Harford in "English Military Discipline" (1680) as "of the same length as the poinard," *i.e.*, 12-in. or 13-in. It is further stated that "it hath neither guard nor handle but onely a haft of wood." The blade was sharp pointed and double edged, 1-ft. in length, and a "large inch in breadth." There were two varieties, one slightly longer than the other. Specimens of this weapon are still preserved at the Tower, the Guard Chamber at St. James's Palace, and at Hampton Court. Its introduction, for the use rapidly spread to other regiments, speedily displaced the pike, which finally dropped out of use as a military weapon in 1706. Some years before the bayonet became known in England, W. Neade in his book, "The Double-armed Man," advocated a combination of bow, spliced to pike, which was tried, but discarded as useless. The bow had to be shortened, and lost its projectile power through lack of tension, while the pike lost its balance for the thrust, because of the bow attachment.

* * * *

J. B. MACDOWALL.—The regiment about which you ask is the old 91st, now the 1st Battalion Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders). Honourable as was its conduct in eight separate hard-fought battles in the Peninsula, its admirable behaviour on the trying occasions of the wrecks of the "Abercrombie Robinson" and the "Birkenhead" transcended all its glorious achievements in war. The "Abercrombie Robinson" and the "Waterloo," two transports, were wrecked off the Cape on August 28, 1842. In the case of the former, everybody was saved through the steady obedience of the men to the orders calmly delivered, and the noble and courageous example of Captain Bertie Gordon. The men of the 91st waited on the deck of the doomed vessel until the detachments of the 27th and Cape Mounted Rifles had disembarked, when they left the ship themselves. The "Birkenhead" was wrecked in Simon's Bay on February 28, 1852. It had on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 6th, 12th, 43rd, 45th, and 60th Rifles, 73rd, 74th, and 91st Regiments. Of 638 persons on board only 184 were saved by the boats. The wreck afforded one of the noblest examples and instances of disciplined heroism ever recorded. While the vessel was rapidly sinking and the sick with the women and children were being put into the boats, the men were drawn up by detachments on deck, and went down with the ship as if standing on parade. As a splendid lesson in discipline to his Army, the German Emperor William I. (then King of Prussia) ordered the glorious story to be read on parade at the head of every regiment in his Service.

* * * *

ERNEST PENKIVIL.—Your question as to the number of killed and wounded of the British Army in the Crimea from the date of embarkation for the East to April 30, 1856, the date of the close of the war, is best answered by the following table:

	Cavalry.		Artillery.		Engineers.		Infantry.	
	Officers.	*N.C.O.'s and Men.*	*Officers.*	*N.C.O.'s and Men.*	*Officers.*	*N.C.O.'s and Men.*	*Officers.*	*N.C.O.'s and Men.*
Killed in action ...	9	114	11	121	9	32	125	2,331
Died of wounds ...	4	26	1	52	6	23	73	1,832
Died of disease, etc.	23	1,007	10	1,298	5	175	105	13,414
Total deaths ...	36	1,147	22	1,471	20	230	303	17,577
Wounded ...	26	237	30	632	13	86	435	10,406

It will be seen that the sacrifice of life was immense, but the number who died from disease far exceeded those who fell on the field of battle.

* * * *

"HERALDRY."—The story you refer to is related by Prince in his "Worthies of Devon," and is to the effect that Sir F. Drake on receiving knighthood adopted, without leave or licence, the family arms of the Drakes of Tavistock, and that the head of that family, Mr. B. Drake of Asshe, wroth with his impertinence, smote him a shrewd blow on the ear at Court, whereupon the Queen, to appease the wounded feelings of one who had just brought her a very handsome return for her venture in the voyage from which he had recently returned, gave him a "new coat of everlasting honour," with a preposterous crest invented by the Heralds' College to commemorate the circumnavigation of the world. As an additional rebuke to the smiter it is further alleged that she ordered the wyvern gules which appeared in the Drake arms to be represented in the new coat as hanging by the heels from the rigging of the ship. The story is a pure fabrication, the only possible foundation for it being that in some early representations of the crest, as in that which surmounts the cocoanut cup given to Drake by the Queen, and in the heraldic mantelpiece put up by his brother in Buckland Abbey, a demi-wyvern appears in the ship, and in a sketch preserved in the College of Arms there is a wyvern, but so badly drawn that it seems to be hanging by the neck from the rigging. As a matter of fact, the draft design for the arms is endorsed with a memorandum that B. Drake, "chief of that coat armour and sundry others of that family of worship and good credit," had testified that Sir F. Drake, by right of birth and descent, might bear the arms of his name and family, and Drake himself seldom used the new arms except quarterly, as an augmentation of honour upon the family coat.

* * * *

E. TIFFLES.—An answer to your question appeared on page 88 of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for October 12, 1901. In this you will see it stated that the Household Cavalry, like the seven regiments of Dragoon Guards, were originally raised as "Regiments of Horse." In olden days there were no sergeants in "horse" regiments, the corresponding rank being corporal of horse. This title has been retained in the case of the Household Cavalry, but the Dragoon Guards now have sergeants. The Household Cavalry, being regiments specially connected with the Sovereign and forming his bodyguard, have many privileges, and are allowed to retain old titles and customs which are not granted to the cavalry of the line, just as the Brigade of Guards have many privileges not shared by the infantry of the line. THE EDITOR.

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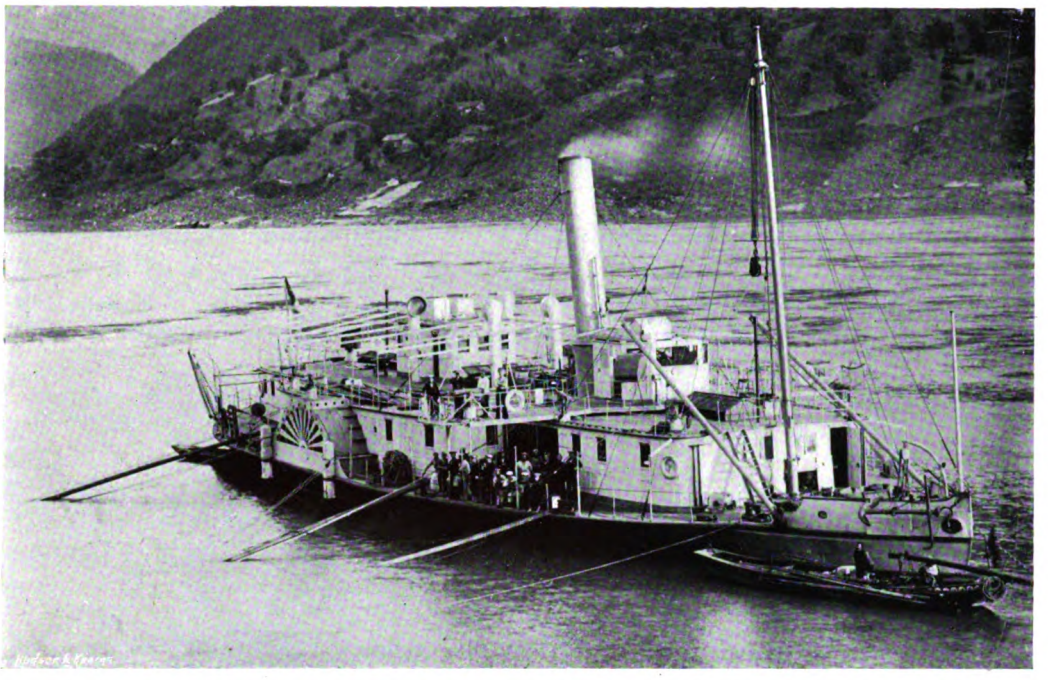
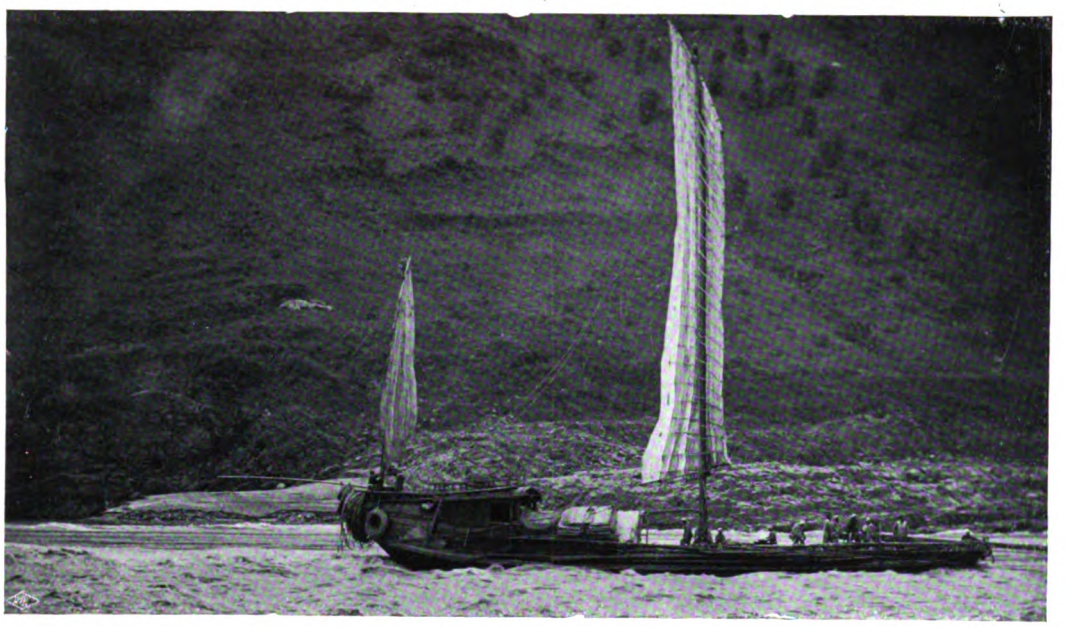
SHOOTING THE



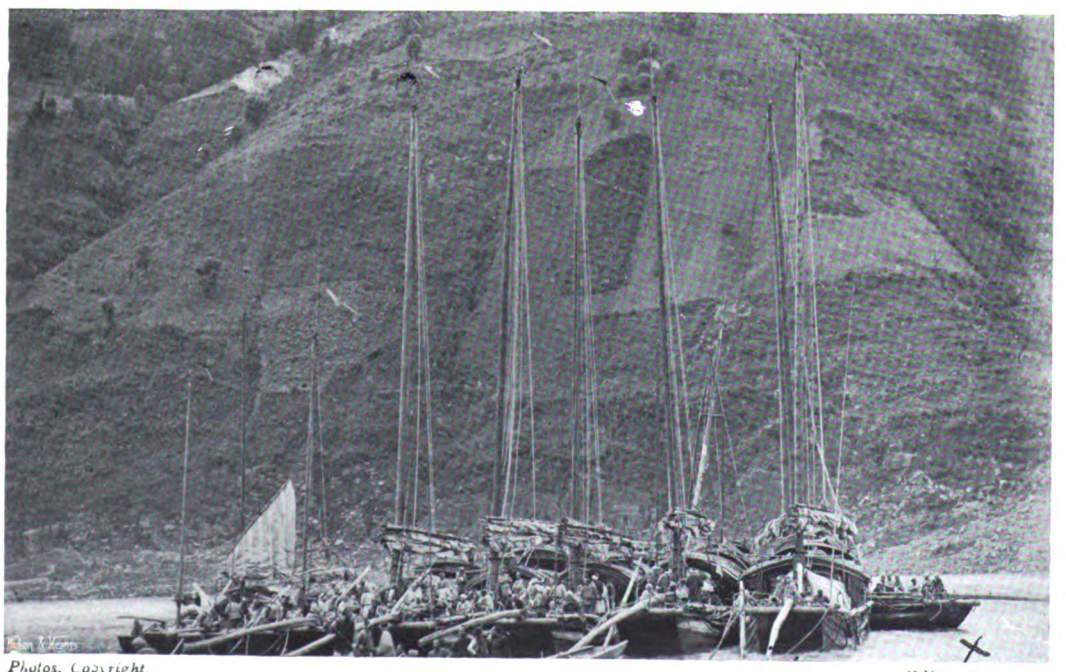
THE 'KINSHA."

Formerly the steam-ship "Pioneer" of the Yangtse Trading Company, and purchased during the recent trouble.



ALL DEPENDS ON THE ROPE.

A native junk being eased round a ticklish corner.



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WAITING THEIR TURN.

Junks living to until they can be "tracked" over a rapid.

FEW stay-at-home folk realise how essentially is China an agricultural country. The Imperial colour is yellow, and the borders of the Emperor's yellow robes are embroidered to represent the waves of the sea, while the upper parts are flowers, animals, and dragons. All this is an allegory. The Imperial yellow signifies the golden crops and brightness of sunshine, sustaining animal and vegetable life; the wavy skirts indicate the coast of the Empire; and the dragons are the five genii who bore in their mouths six-eared heads of corn, which they left with the Celestials, and then vanished.

Now the most fertile part of the Empire is the Yangtse Valley, which stream has been described as the "noblest river of the old world." Rising in the Min Mountains of Tibet, it moves with a majestic current throughout its course of 2,900 miles, until it empties itself in the Yellow Sea. The basin area of the Yangtse is reckoned to be about 548,000 square miles, and it is navigable for steamers as far as Ichang, upwards of 1,200 miles from its mouth. Along the navigable portion of the river are dotted many rich and populous cities, among which the chief are Nanking, Chang-king, Hankow, and Ichang. Beyond the last-named the navigation becomes impossible for any but light native craft, by reason of the rapids which occur at frequent intervals in the deep mountain gorges through which the river runs between Kwai-chow and Ichang. As a matter of fact, however, some very difficult and dangerous rapids are encountered before Ichang, to shoot which steamers and junks have to be "tracked"—a term which will be explained further on. The magnitude of the Yangtse is strikingly displayed by the facts that the tide ascends it to Lake Po-Yang, 450 miles from the sea, and that on occasions of high wind and swell the waves are hardly inferior in height to those of the ocean.

The various projects for railways in the Yangtse Valley are apparently as far from realisation as ever; hence the great trade is still confined to the water-way. The river, therefore, has to be patrolled by gun-boats. One of our newest Yangtse gun-boats is the "Kinsha." This vessel, which was formerly the property of the Yangtse Trading Company, and then known as the steam-ship "Pioneer," acted as guard-ship at Chang-king during 1900, after which she was purchased by the Admiralty to be permanently stationed there, and rechristened. The "Kinsha" is 180-ft. in length, of 60-ft. beam, and draws 6-ft. of water, while her engines indicate 1,000 horse-power. Her armament consists of a few machine guns. She was first commissioned at Shanghai in June, 1901, with a crew drawn from the "Arethusa" and "Orlando." On September 17 last she sailed for Chang-king, which voyage proved an exciting experience for all concerned. All went well till October 18, when the

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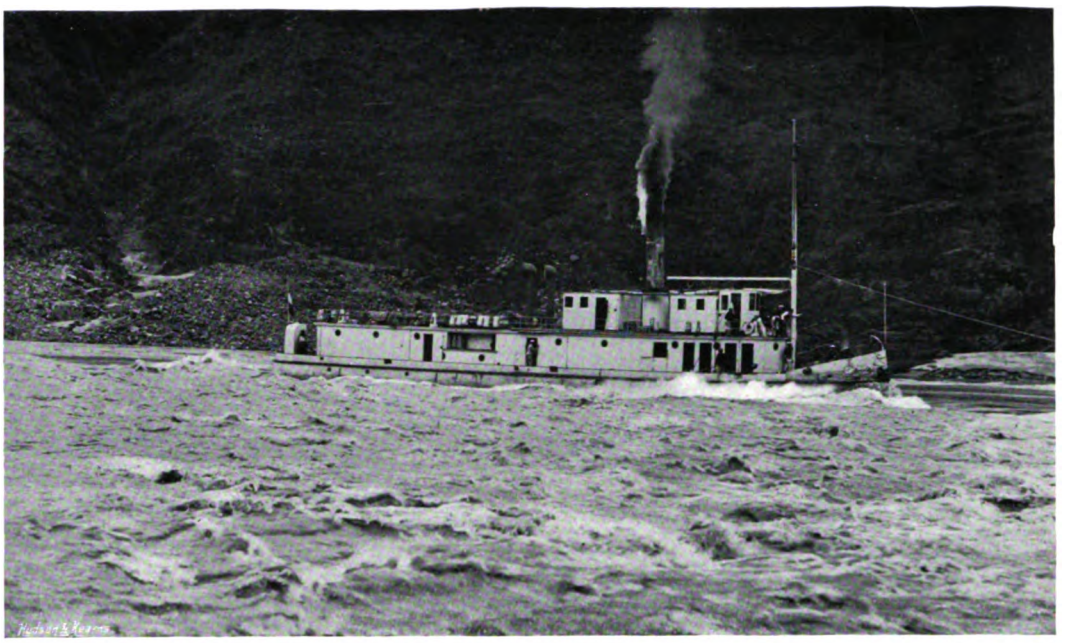
YANGTSE RAPIDS.

Yertan rapid, some 1,100 miles from Shanghai, was reached. At all times to negotiate this and other rapids means steaming at right angles all the way up, first round one corner and then round another. The vessel also has to be "tracked," that is to say, a steel hawser is paid out from the shore, where it is fixed, and then by means of windlass and capstan, working by steam, to which the other end of the hawser is attached, the main engine power is supplemented in the task of easing the vessel round. On October 19 the "Kinska" made two desperate struggles to shoot the rapid, but despite the fact that she was steaming at the rate of 16 knots the current proved too strong. The water, in fact, offered the same resistance as a rock, and she could not advance an inch. At the second attempt the steel rope snapped like cotton, whereupon the "Kinsha" had to drop back into a cove. On the following morning, the rope having been repaired and doubled during the night, another attempt was made, but this again ended in failure, for just as everything seemed to be going well the low-pressure slide valve cover gave out, and disabled the starboard engine, compelling her to lay to in slack water, with side booms out, to keep her off the rocks. Whilst the necessary repairs were being carried out, a French gun-boat arrived on the scene, and started on the same ordeal. After two hours' hard fighting the latter succeeded in getting through, but her draught was only one-third that of the "Kinsha"; consequently, she was able to get much closer to the bank, where the resistance of the water was much less. However, when the broken cover had been repaired, the "Kinsha" steamed through this formidable rapid all right. As may be imagined from the foregoing, the voyage of the native junks up the rapids is a very long-drawn-out and arduous affair. They are "tracked" by manual labour, and at the same time the crew row with sweeps for all they are worth. These junks, it may be added, have rudders perforated by numerous rhomboidal-shaped holes, from a notion that the eddying of the water through the latter imparts an additional power in steering. The native passenger-boat for navigating the Yangtse is termed a *kwatza*, which means house-boat. The crew find accommodation under the bamboo covers forward, while the travellers are housed in a deck-shelter, not unlike the superstructure of that of our own Thames house-boats. It takes these cumbrous craft about thirty days to perform the journey of 100 miles between Chang-king and Ichang. Wherever a rapid occurs, the banks on either side are lined by a regular colony of "trackers'" huts, which edifices are made entirely of bamboo. In a hut the tracker himself, his women, children, pigs, and dogs all live together in one room, and if there is anything to choose in the way of accommodation, the pigs have it.

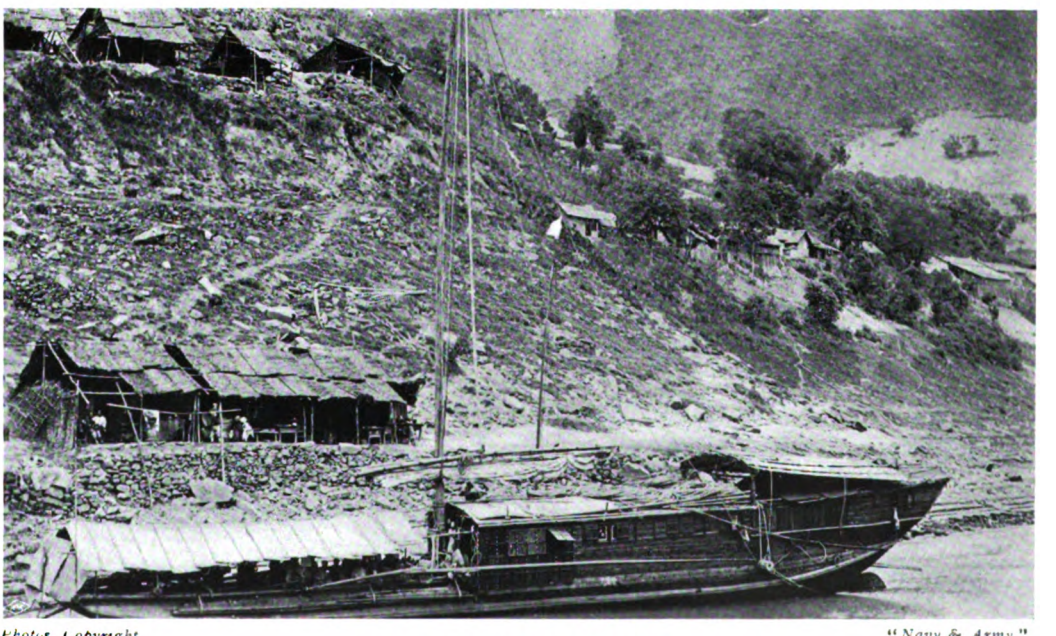


AN EXCITING STRUGGLE.

A French gun-boat barely holding her own in the Yertan rapid.

"PULLEE-HAULEE."

Trackers at work.



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A YANGTSE KWATZA.

A Chinese form of house-boat, which conveys native passengers up and down the great river.

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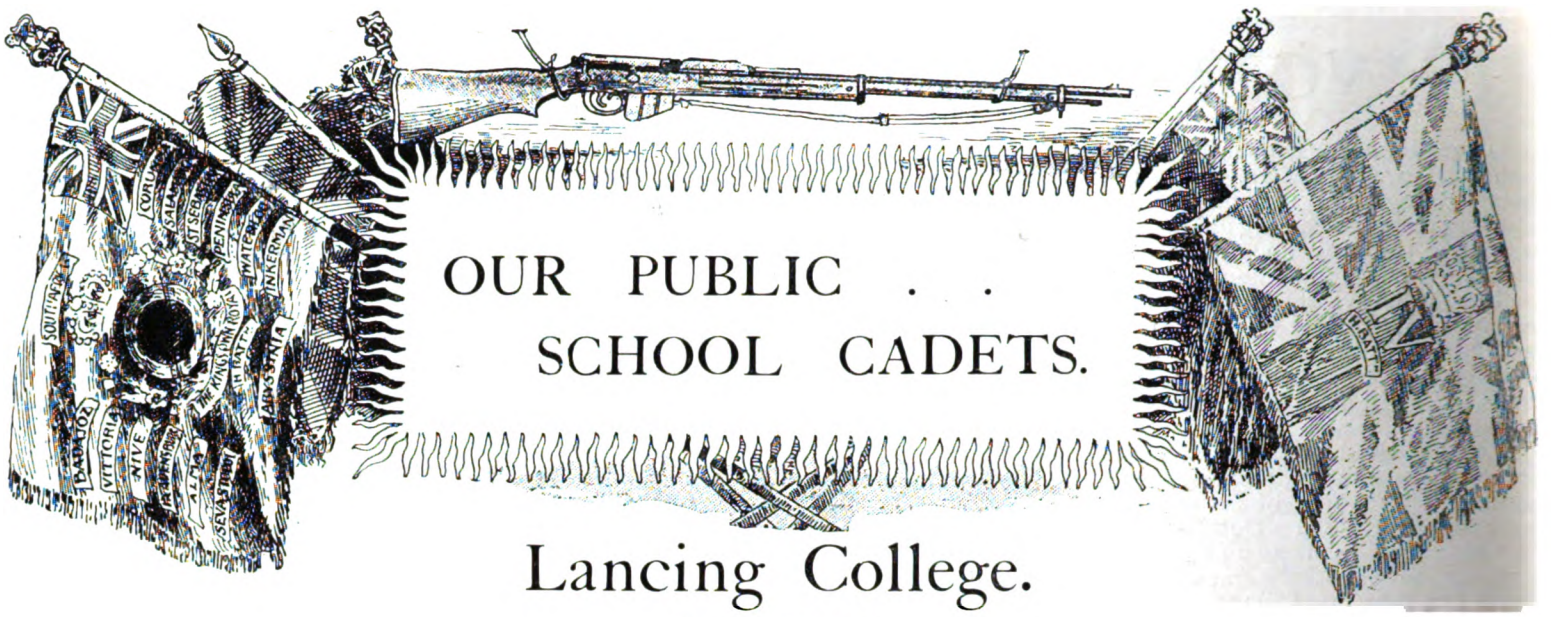

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Lancing College.

By CALLUM BEG.

THIS institution owes its origin to that hitherto unknown display of patriotism that manifested itself throughout the Empire on the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, and which was directly responsible for augmenting by thousands our Imperial Forces. It was to be expected that the patriotism of our schoolboys would rival, if not altogether outshine, that of their elder brothers, and so it proved. Lancing College, then, was one of those schools that appeared eager to contribute their quota to the ranks of the Auxiliary Forces, and when, in January, 1900, Captain J. L. Watson raised a corps from among the boys, no fewer than 80 per cent. hastened to enrol in its ranks. The proportion is a creditable one, which does not fall off as time goes on, for up to the present the ranks have been constantly filled by such as are eligible to enrol themselves. If the corps cannot thus boast of its past records, of honours won at Bisley and elsewhere, of victories stubbornly contested among the Fox Hills or in the Long Valley, it can at least lay claim to something more than ordinary enthusiasm, and to a general smartness of which no adult corps need be ashamed.

Possibly this desirable state of things is due in some degree to the fact that the War Office blessed the birth of the corps with its official smile, and for its encouragement supplied a fairly substantial birthday present in the shape of forty rifles and forty carbines. But we are anticipating, for this armament was not at first available—in fact, for four months neither uniform nor arms were issued.

No movement of this nature can be carried out even by organisers of first-rate capacity—and among such Captain Watson may be classed—without considerable difficulties being encountered. This was especially the case in this instance, when almost all those who, under normal conditions, could and would have helped the school in its military project were far away in South Africa. Not least among such was the school sergeant, to whom Captain Watson would, under other conditions, have looked for aid. The only ex-soldier who could at the time be found was one who was in private—or shall we say in public?—life a music-hall performer. His knowledge of drill, however, was by no means proportionate to his enthusiasm, and consequently the brunt of the work at first rested upon the captain of the corps and his two lieutenants, Stephenson and Haig-Brown.

A movement started under such disadvantageous circumstances would

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THE OFFICERS.

Capt. J. L. Watson. *Second Lieut. A. R. Haig-Brown.* *Lieut. J. H. N. Stephenson.*

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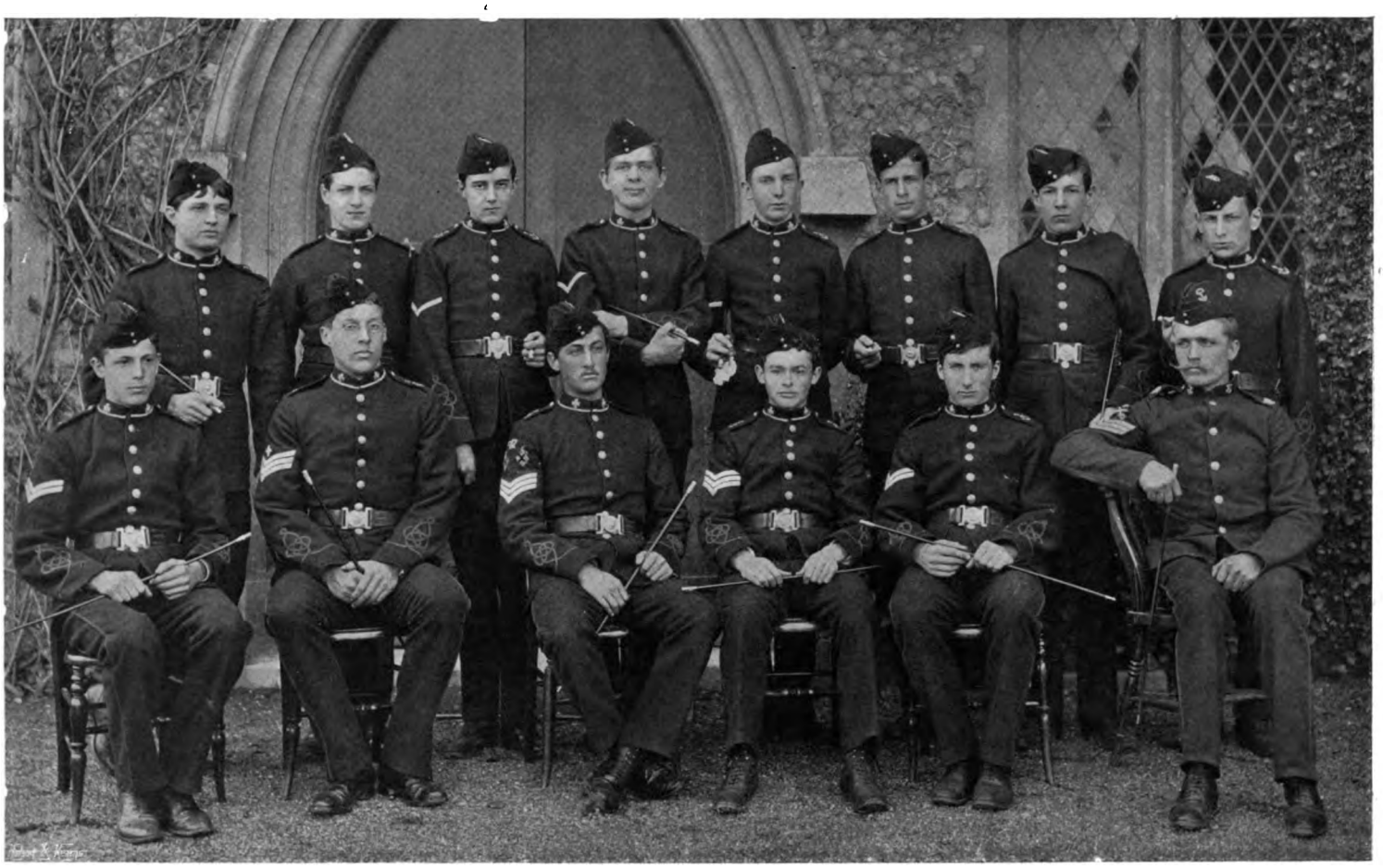

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Back row: Lance-Corpl. Harrison, Lance-Corpl. Carr, Lance-Corpl. Ross, Lance-Corpl. Butt, Corpl. Parnell, Lance-Corpl. Candler, Lance-Corpl. Ground, and Lance-Corpl. Felton. Front row: Corpl. Greene, Sergt. Esdaile, Col.-Sergt. Beningfield, Sergt. Mertens, Corpl. Stubbs, and Sergt.-Instr. Seagor.

not, under less able management, have long survived its birth; but the three officers referred to were not to be discouraged by any disappointment. Of these officers only one (the captain) had served before, and that as a private, but by dint of hard work they soon qualified themselves to instruct their men, and they were eventually assisted in their work by a sergeant-instructor, who came over once a week from Worthing.

All drills are now conducted by officers. Squad drills are held twice a week, and company drill in uniform takes place every Friday; but the programme of training does not consist wholly of barrack-square drill. Prominence is given to field work of every description, such as the company attack, rear-guard actions, etc.

It is greatly to the credit of all ranks that a representative detachment from Lancing has attended every Public School Field Day since the corps was raised, especially as this has necessitated *réveille* being sounded at 5 a.m., a long

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THE BAND.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Private Curties, Private Horn, Private Shrubsole, Lance-Corpl.-Bugler Brisley, Private Read, Lance-Corpl.-Bugler Morrison, Private White, and Private Hodgkinson. Sitting: Private Street, Private Cole, Private Sprake, and Private Allsopp.

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ON PARADE.

The Lancing College Cadets in the school square.

journey to the scene of action, and a late return at 8.30 p.m. The camp of the Public School Corps at Aldershot is always attended, and besides the field days already alluded to, Lancing engages in minor operations in conjunction with Hurst or Brighton College, or both.

There is at present no school range, but it is hoped before long to construct one up to 800-yds. on the college premises. Indeed, although numerous consents are necessary on the part of the local landlords, it is thought that the negotiations have now practically been brought to a satisfactory termination. Meanwhile the cadets have the occasional use of the range of the Sussex Volunteer Artillery, two and a-half miles distant from the college. Although these conditions are not ideal, viewed from a marksman's standpoint, the disadvantages connected with the ever-present range question are somewhat compensated by the existence of a miniature range in the school grounds, where practice may be had with the Morris tube.

The drum and bugle band, of which Lance-Corporal Morrison is in charge, is conspicuous for its efficiency, which is traceable to the interest taken in it by Second Lieutenant Haig-Brown. Among other prizes are those given annually by officers to the best bugler and to the private with the smartest kit.

The success of the corps is largely due to a well-established *esprit de corps* and to the energy of the non-commissioned officers. Owing to being isolated, too, the corps has learned to rely upon its own resources, with very good results. Everything is so arranged that athletics do not clash with military training, nor *vice versâ*, and it is worthy of note that the colour-sergeant is the captain of football, who is, be it observed, equally at home in either capacity.

The corps is attached to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, of which no less a personage than the Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of England, is a lieutenant-colonel. The headquarters are at the college, where there is an armoury. This is not at present sufficient for the requirements, but it is hoped soon to build a new armoury.

[*The Felsted Cadets were dealt with on June* 29, *Haileybury on July* 20, *Cheltenham on August* 3, *Stonyhurst on August* 17, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, on September* 7, *Rossall on September* 21, *Sherborne on October* 5, *Eastbourne on October* 19, *Whitgift Grammar School on November* 2, *Dulwich College on November* 16, *Wesley on November* 30, *Brighton on December* 14, *Highgate on December* 28, *Clifton on January* 18, *and Forest School, Walthamstow, on February* 1.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AMERICAN."—A little observation will show you the difference in uniform of the three regiments of Household Cavalry. Taking the tunic first, you will see that the 1st Life Guards wear one of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar and cuffs and blue cloth edging. The 2nd Life Guards' tunic is of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar, cuffs, and edging. The Royal Horse Guards wear blue cloth tunics with scarlet cloth collar, cuffs, and edging. The helmets of the three regiments are of German silver, with gilt ornaments and silver garter star in front. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards wear white horsehair plumes and the Royal Horse Guards red. In full dress all the three regiments wear white leather pantaloons and jacked boots. In undress the trousers of all three regiments are blue, but the stripes differ. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards wear two red stripes welted, 1¼-in. wide and ½-in. apart, a scarlet welt between the stripes; and the Royal Horse Guards have a single red stripe 2½-in. wide. The stable jackets of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar, cuffs, and edging, and of the Royal Horse Guards of blue cloth with scarlet cloth collar, cuffs, and edging. The forage cap of all the regiments is of blue cloth with a scarlet band. The cloaks of the 1st Life Guards are scarlet with blue cloth collars and capes and scarlet serge lining. The 2nd Life Guards wear scarlet cloaks with blue capes and scarlet collars and scarlet shalloon lining. The Royal Horse Guards have blue cloaks with scarlet collars and scarlet rattinet lining. These are a few of the most conspicuous distinctions, but there are several other points of difference.

"QUEEN ANNE."—In Macpherson's "Annals of Commerce" (A.D. 1701) you will find the order in which the ports of England stood in their relative commercial importance exactly 200 years ago. As the table is of more than passing interest, I reproduce it as the first carefully checked account of the mercantile marine of England. It was the outcome of returns to circular letters sent out by the Commissioners of Customs in January, 1701. The total mercantile marine of England and Wales aggregated 3,281 vessels, estimated at 261,222 tons, armed with 5,660 guns, and manned by 27,196 men. The chief ports to which they belonged were as follows:

Port.	*Vessels.*	*Tons.*	*Men.*
London ...	560 ...	84,882 ...	10,065
Bristol ...	165 ...	17,338 ...	2,359
Yarmouth ...	143 ...	9,914 ...	668
Exeter ...	121 ...	7,107 ..	978
Hull ...	115* ...	7,564 ...	187
Whitby ...	110 ...	8,292 ...	571
Liverpool ...	102 ...	8,619 ...	1,101
Scarborough	100 ...	6,860 ...	606

* 80 laid up, so not manned.

The other ports are not included, as none of them had a hundred vessels. It rather startles one to see Yarmouth and Exeter at the top of the list and Liverpool at the bottom, being run close by Scarborough. To help to elucidate the table I may add from other sources that in 1700 839 British ships of 80,040 tons, and 496 foreign ships of 76,995 tons, entered the port of London from abroad.

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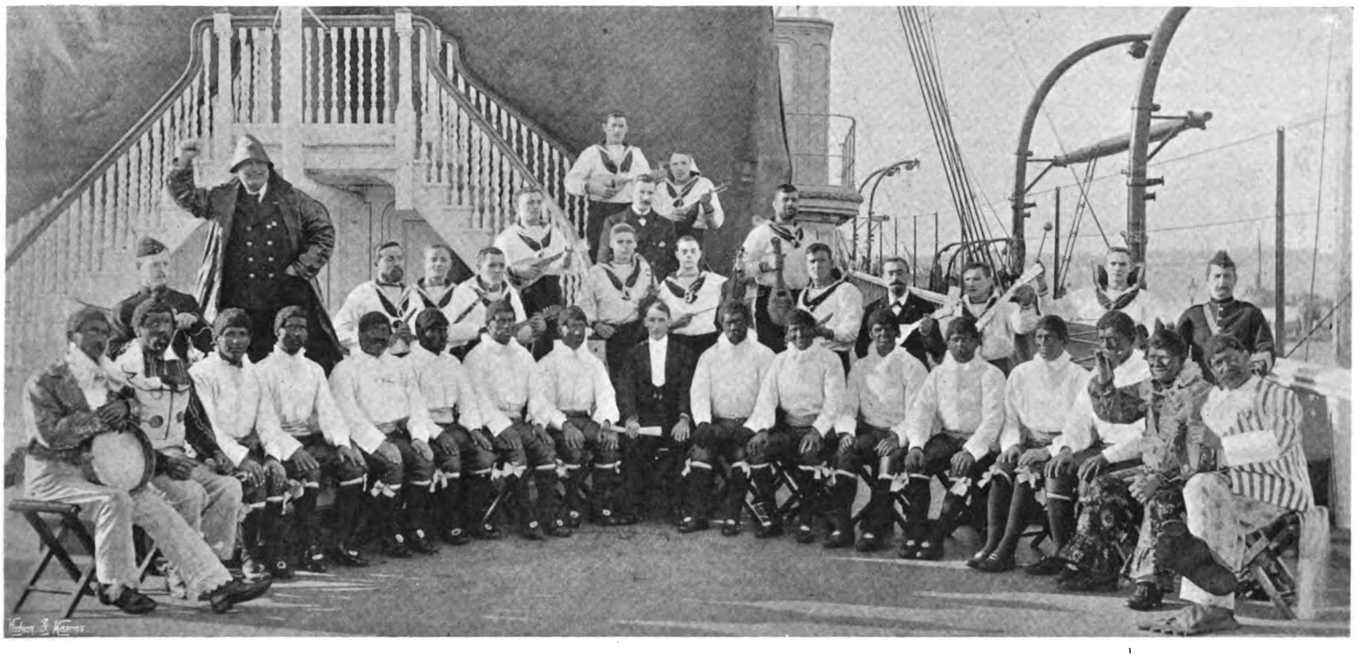

THE "SONS OF THE SEA MINSTRELS."

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE first Ladysmith Dinner will be held at the Hotel Cecil on Friday, February 28, and Sir George White has promised to preside. This is to be an annual function, and the committee are anxious to have a complete register of officers of the beleaguered garrison. Officers, both Imperial and Colonial, as well as civilians, are therefore invited to communicate with the honorary secretary, Major the Hon. H. S. Davey, at Messrs. Cox's. Those who have worked for the same cause and shared in the same dangers are always glad to meet together in after years, and no event can link men more closely together than the strenuous defence of Ladysmith. Indeed, we may all look on at the celebration of that triumphant resistance, feeling that rarely has there been so critical a time in the history of the Empire. Let us be grateful to those who stood out so gallantly in those dark days of misfortune and of somewhat darkened counsel. We cannot calmly think of what might—nay, would—have happened if those stout men had failed. With Ladysmith in the hands of the enemy, could Natal or the Cape have been retained? And who could gauge how high that tide of misfortune might have risen, or tell where its ravages might have been stayed? The men of Ladysmith deserve right well to be honoured throughout the land—a goodly company of Englishmen and Colonial brothers, indeed.

WHEN the Volunteer Forces were called upon to take an active part in the Boer War, something more than two years ago, we witnessed another historic event of the highest national significance, and the service rendered well deserves also to be commemorated. It is to be celebrated, like the defence of Ladysmith, after the true English fashion, by an annual dinner at some London hotel, which shall be the agency for bringing together many old campaigners around the convivial board. Various schemes have been prepared, but this of a yearly gathering in London of officers who have served in South Africa with Volunteer Service Companies of the line regiments has met with the fullest approval. Captain T. M. Keene, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, is acting as honorary secretary *pro tem.*, and those who are interested in the plan should communicate with him at Mold, Flintshire. There seems to be no reason why this Volunteer Boer War Dinner should not take its place with the Lucknow and Ladysmith Dinners and with other annual functions of the class. So long as English history is preserved should the day be remembered upon which the Auxiliary Forces were first employed as such on active service. It was an event that demonstrated to the world the real value of our reserve of strength, that indicated a right function for the Volunteers, and that certainly deserves to be commemorated. The advisability of an association to keep alive the movement is under consideration.

DOUBTLESS the Imperial Yeomen who have fought against the enemy will adopt some like step. The spirit in many of the new Yeomanry corps is particularly strong and vigorous, and perhaps nowhere more so than in London. At any rate, the County of London Imperial Yeomanry is the only Yeomanry corps that has raised a second battalion for service. The recruiting ground is, of course, large, but the fact is nevertheless noteworthy, and young men wishing to join the corps should make application at once, as the second battalion is now almost full. The office has been removed from 9, Pall Mall, to 102, Victoria Street, S.W. The uniform of the London corps is very neat and, at the same time, exceedingly smart-looking. There can be no doubt that the Imperial Yeomanry have proved a most valuable force at the front, and they now hold a large place in the plan of Army reorganisation. Some of the second contingent of Yeomen sent out to South Africa may have been deficient, but there can be no question that the later drafts were, like the first, of excellent quality. London has taken a large part in the movement, and the activity shown in raising a second battalion for the County of London Corps is not a thing to be surprised at.

GREAT is the fame of the "Sons of the Sea Minstrels." They cannot be heard on the ordinary stage, but their performances delight the crowned heads of Europe and other illustrious visitors to the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert." The merry troupe, sitting in that semi-circle made world-famous by Moore and Burgess, have many a time amused the members of our own Royal Family, and their musical talent is conspicuous. All are Royal yachtsmen, and recently, under the patronage of Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, they gave on board the "Victoria and Albert" a successful entertainment in aid of the widow and orphans of Mr. W. Farley, R.N., late boatswain of the yacht. A good sum was realised, to the satisfaction of Mr. Nicholson, R.N., who directed the minstrels and all who were concerned. Among the performers in the group will be seen Mr. Colwill, now the popular boatswain of the yacht, whose song "The Midshipmite," is always much appreciated, and who may be recognised by his oilskins and sou'-wester. Another notable performer is the left-handed fiddler, and there is also a mandoline band. There has never been any lack of musical talent in the Navy, still less of ready humour

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and genial jollity, which seem to be the only qualities essential in the nigger minstrel, and the "Sons of the Sea" are proof that there is no falling off in the spirit of merry melody, with a dash of the sentimental, which always appeals to Jack. May they long continue to delight and amuse the illustrious passengers in the Royal Yacht, and to keep alive the good feeling which has ever been characteristic of the British seaman.

THE burden of Empire is imposing some responsibilities upon German shoulders which they are not yet well accustomed to bear. It is becoming more and more evident that if the Colonies are to be made much of, and their hinterlands tapped to profit, much money must be expended on railways and other communications. This is an indispensable condition for future prosperity, for the absence of modern means of internal transport prevents all possible extension of the production and commerce of some of the Colonies. Already, in its infant strength, our Uganda Railway has secured a large slice of the commerce of German East Africa, and the Germans have energetic neighbours in other quarters also, for the rapid progress of railway construction in British and French Colonies is a danger to the trade of Togoland. Indeed, it has lately been stated officially that a great injury to German Colonial development can only be avoided by making up quickly for lost time. On the other hand, the progress of the Colonies in Africa and the South Sea is on the whole, and notwithstanding some disadvantages, satisfactory, and labour is being organised with the introduction of more settled conditions; but greater difficulty is found in German New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago, and the Cameroons, in which places much of the country is unknown, and warlike tribes make incursions on the settlements and forbid communication with the interior. Progress is, however, being made, and the railway question, in relation to the more important Colonies, is the chief preoccupation of German Colonial administrators.

GERMAN activity in Asiatic Turkey has at length aroused the Russians to positive alarm, and is soon likely to stir them to activity. Ever since the completion of the Trans-Caspian Railway they have regarded Persia as eventually their own, and they do not like the successful diplomacy and practical intrusion of Germany implied by the Baghdad Railway concession. General Komaroff declares that the time has come when Russia must strenuously oppose Germany's aggressive policy in Asiatic Turkey and Persia. Everything depends upon her winning in the railway race, and a Russo-Persian line must be pushed on to the Gulf before the Baghdad line can be carried down to the southern littoral. This is declared by high Russian authorities to be the only means of securing the national position, and of effectually opposing the menace implied by the Baghdad railway. Russia, it is declared, must boldly tackle the Persian scheme, and strain every effort to the expeditious completion of a line to the Persian Gulf. Otherwise her historic importance and political inheritance in Asia Minor and Persia may vanish. None of these eager utterances take any account of the possible views of Great Britain, though some Russian papers delight in saying that the projected line will threaten the flank of India, which, of course, is an open question. The time for embarking upon a great project, involving large expenditure, is financially unpropitious, but, notwithstanding this, those who are best acquainted with the inner workings of Russian policy forecast that it will presently take a more active and decisive course, both in political and commercial relations, in that part of the world.

TO all dispassionate men the policy to be adopted in regard to the native question in South Africa will commend itself wholly. There is to be no attempt to deal with the matter regardless of Colonial sentiment, and the very important questions involved will be treated progressively, the great endeavour being to secure common justice to the native and to suppress the illicit drink traffic. The last is a difficult affair, and Lord Milner says there will be a great fight over it, but the Government is alive to the momentous importance of the issues involved. The recruiting of native labour for the mines was one of the crying scandals of the Boer administration, and the line drawn between free labour and slavery was very obscure. The work could be in no better hands than those of Sir Godfrey Lagden, with Native Commissioners under him, men of high character, chosen for their knowledge of native problems, and occupying an important position in the native administration in South Africa. These officers will be beyond reproach, and will supervise the labour agents, who will all be licensed, and will hold their licences only by integrity of conduct. Punishment for fraud or cruelty will be instant and severe. Every native taken for the service will know exactly what he is undertaking and what his remuneration will be, and under heavy pains and penalties on both sides the contract will be carried out. Flogging will be abolished, and harshness and unscrupulous trickery will be severely visited. Manifestly with such a system there will be regularity and justice, and in course of time the South African native may learn to understand what our social philosophers at home have called the dignity of labour.

TO THE FRONT FROM MEAN-MEER.

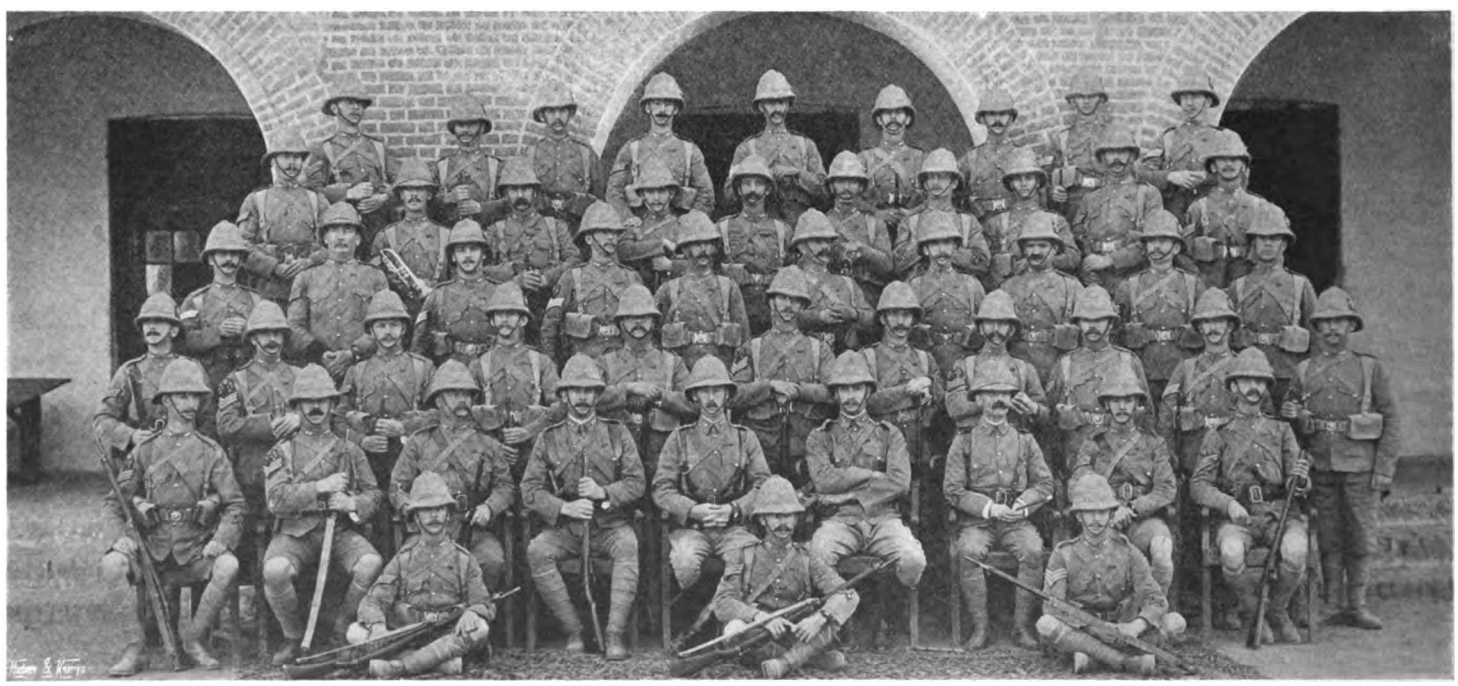

Photo. Copyright. *Hanson, Mean-Meer.*

THE SERGEANTS OF THE INNISKILLING FUSILIERS.

On their way to the front.

The 2nd Battalion of this regiment is one of those which have been ordered from India to the front in exchange for other battalions. It left Mean-Meer on January 16, with a strength of 960, not including officers, and embarked on January 23 in the "Armenian." Colonel A. J. Murray is in the centre of the sitting row in our picture, Captain and Adjutant Travers E. Clarke is on his right, and Sergeant-Major E. Lumsden is on his left.

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LADIES IN INDIA AT RIFLE PRACTICE.

A PUNJABI RECRUIT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE interest which Mr. Caine, M.P., exhibits in Indian affairs is not, perhaps, regarded with unanimous approval by all Anglo-Indians, but at any rate he contrives periodically to extract from the Secretary of State for India some valuable and interesting information. The other day he asked Lord George Hamilton to state what troops belonging to the Indian Army, European and Native respectively, were now stationed in places outside the frontier of India, and where. The Secretary of State for India replied that, with certain modifications, the figures which he had given on February 18, 1901, in reply to a similar question remained substantially unaltered. I do not suppose that many will have taken the trouble to refer back to the newspapers of that remote period, but, as it happens, I have kept a note of Mr. Caine's question then put, and of the answer, and am therefore able to give the information up-to-date in a more intelligible and handy form than it pleased Lord George Hamilton to put it.

There are, according to this statement, about 5,200 British troops belonging to the Indian establishment now in South Africa, and a certain number, in addition, on the seas between the two countries, owing to the interchange of corps which is now going on; there are about 5,000 Native troops in China; about 1,500 Native troops in Mauritius; about 800 Native troops in Singapore; about 2,100 British troops belonging to the Indian establishment and 800 Native troops in Ceylon; and about 100 Native troops in Somaliland. This makes a total of 7,300 British troops and 8,200 Native troops, as against 7,600 British troops and 20,000 Native troops who were serving beyond the Indian frontier a year ago. Figures are dry reading, I know, but I regard these as of particular interest and value, and I think Mr. Caine is doing good service in making it clear how many British troops belonging to the Indian establishment are being employed elsewhere, and that the number has only been reduced during the past twelve months by the 300 men brought back from China.

It is, moreover, a question whether the strength of the British garrison in India has not, in reality, suffered very substantial diminution since February of last year, in view of the interchange of troops between India and South Africa referred to in Lord George Hamilton's reply. Without any sort of disparagement of corps which have done such glorious service in South Africa, and to which, by reason of their recent experience, must be conceded a measure of special efficiency not easily to be estimated, it must be remembered that the reason why these corps are going to India is because they are "war-worn," and cannot, therefore, be regarded for all purposes as equivalent to such magnificently fresh and vigorous corps as those now being sent from India to replace them. Then, again, to bring up their numbers to full establishment hundreds of youngsters will, presumably, be required from home, and the class of youngsters obtained of late by recruiters has not been convincing. We may take it, then, that by the time the interchange is over India will be in point of efficiency, as regards her British garrison, about 15 per cent. worse off than she was when the war began, and I say unhesitatingly, as one who claims some real knowledge of the subject, that we must now be very careful indeed lest we overstep the mark—if we have not done so already.

I should like to draw the attention of every reader of these notes to an article in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, headed "Two Years Under Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart in Afghanistan, 1878-80." The writer is General E. F. Chapman, C.B., who recently vacated the command in Scotland, and who is very well remembered in India as Military Secretary to Sir Donald Stewart, and afterwards Q.M.G. During part of the Afghan War he was A.Q.M.G. to Sir Donald, and his D.A. was Captain (now Lieutenant-General) Sir Alfred Gaselee, who recently commanded in China. As one who knew all three I am naturally most interested in the warm testimony which General Chapman, quoting Sir Alfred Gaselee, bears to the late Field-Marshal's great qualities. But there is not, I should imagine, a soldier living, of whatever rank or station, who would not find some profit in perusing this admirably conceived eulogium. It is more than pleasant to see such a highly distinguished soldier as General Chapman effacing himself so completely in order to bring into stronger relief the virtues and utter soldierliness of his old chief. It is additionally delightful to read the footnote in which General Chapman records, with Sir Alfred Gaselee's permission, the fact that the latter, in the recent expedition to Peking, constantly recalled Stewart's wise directions, "while the control of that portion of the city of Peking which was under his management was made easy by the adoption of the regulations which Sir Donald had enforced at Candahar."

Dear old Sir Donald Stewart! "As a commander, strict, just, and considerate in no ordinary degree, humorous, and sometimes sarcastic; too shrewd for many, but kind-hearted to excess, he was trusted, honoured, and respected by those who knew him slightly, but loved by those who were privileged to call him friend." That is one passage in General Chapman's glowing tribute, and one which will be very warmly endorsed by everyone who had any sort of relationship with this grand old Scotsman. I could hardly presume myself to call him friend, but I once served in a capacity which brought me into rather intimate intercourse with him, and he was always a very good friend to me. One of my most treasured possessions is a letter which he wrote me when I was trying for some billet or other, and which showed the kindly remembrance he had of my small services. In all my life I think I have never met a man who, amid the distractions of a lofty station, was so utterly simple and full

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of friendliness for youngsters whom many in his position would not have deigned to notice.

Talking of Sir Donald Stewart and General Chapman, I call to mind a funny little incident which occurred at Simla during the time that the latter was Military Secretary to the former, but, if I remember rightly, General (then Colonel) Chapman was on leave, and Colonel X. was officiating for him. The telephone had recently been introduced into Simla, and there was communication between the Military Secretary's office and the office of the A.G. One day the 1st A.A.G. was talking to Colonel X. over the wire about some matter—the communication was not good and the conversation was rather broken — and Colonel X. demurred a little to a suggestion made by the 1st A.A.G., on the ground that the chief held a different opinion. "The chief knows nothing whatever about it," said the 1st A.A.G. "Oh, but he does!" was the reply, and reasons were given which proved that the Chief did know a good deal about it, and the 1st A.A.G. was obliged to confess himself in the wrong. A day or two afterwards the latter met Colonel X., and learnt that during the aforesaid conversation on the telephone Sir Donald had entered the Military Secretary's office and had taken the receiver from Colonel X. at the moment when the 1st A.A.G. had expressed his conviction of the Chief's utter ignorance of the point at issue. It was highly characteristic of the late Field-Marshal that he should have regarded the incident purely from the humorous standpoint, and I can fancy his eyes twinkling under those great bushy eyebrows as he shouted back "Oh, but he does!"

The new church at Croydon, which is being built as a memorial to the old East India Company's Training College at Addiscombe, and of which the memorial stone was laid the other day by Lieutenant-General Sir James Hill-Johnes, as Lord Roberts's representative, should have the support of others besides old Addiscombe cadets. Addiscombe College is full of historical as well as of personal associations, and even the youngest member of the Indian Civil Service and the rawest recruit of the Indian Army are feeling its influence to-day. In the report of the proceedings at the laying of the memorial stone it is mentioned that the old Addiscombe College produced Lord Roberts, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Henry Durand, and Generals Sir A. Cotton, Sir H. A. Lake, Sir James Abbott, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir W. Olpherts, V.C., and Sir W. Erskine Baker. To this list may usefully be added the honoured names of James Brind, John Jacob, and Eldred Pottinger, the defender of Herat.

A picture which appears herewith gives a bright and realistic presentment of an important new development in feminine Anglo-Indian circles. For some time past, and especially since the Mahomedan riots in Calcutta some three or four years ago, English ladies in many parts of India have been taking a keen interest in rifle-shooting, not, of course, because any serious repetition of such disturbances is in any way definitely anticipated, but merely with the idea of taking ordinary precautions against possible and, perhaps, awkward contingencies. Of the ladies who are here depicted, one, Mrs. Bearpark, the wife of the sergeant-instructor, made 38 points out of a possible 40, at 300-yds., a performance whice indicates pretty clearly that in any of those sudden troubles which, at times, may beset isolated European families in a disturbed district, this lady, at any rate, would be a "warlike factor" of some importance. Within limits, the movement is to be warmly commended, especially where predilection and skill produce such admirable results.

THE RIGHT OF THE LINE.

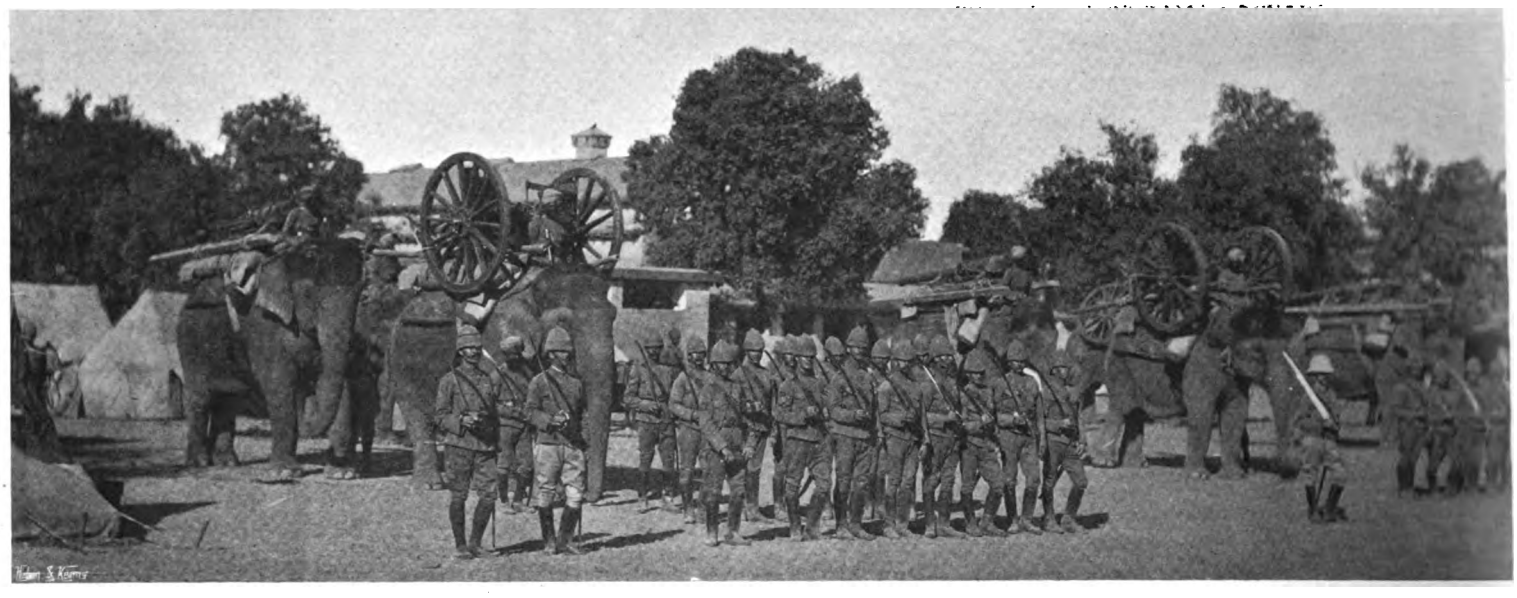

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

"HOSSY MEN AFUT."

"A" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, with elephant equipment.

WE have heard of men who have turned their swords into ploughshares, and who are supposed to have done excellent work with their new implements. The Royal Horse Artillery, however, can be credited with a still more marvellous performance—that is, turning their horses into elephants. Who would say on first looking at the above picture that it represented a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery? Still, it is the gallant "A," who, when anxious to give the Afridis a taste of the quality of their shrapnel, left their horses at Rawal Pindi and put their guns on elephants. The horses were useless in the mountainous country to be traversed. On many of the mountain tracks it was difficult for a man in marching order to move, and many might think that a beast of such unwieldy bulk as an elephant would be handicapped severely in such a position. On the contrary, an elephant is an excellent hill climber, and even when heavily laden, he can pick his way on an average goat-track.

The change from horse to elephant was not quite a "lightning illusion," and it took some time for the horsemen to become accustomed to their new mounts. Of course, they were chaffed by their horse comrades, and the good old song containing the lines

> "See that rough-riding bombardier
> (My goodness, what a grip!)
> As he sits upon his elephant with a pole-axe for a whip"

was often sung for their edification.

During the Afghan War many batteries had their guns carried across the passes, where wheel traffic was impossible, on elephants. They, however, had their horses led, and were ready to become horse artillery at a moment's notice on reaching ground where movement became possible. It was known that in the Tirah country horses would have been of no use, and "A" were consequently prepared to act as an elephant battery pure and simple. It took them a long time to come into action when they first tried to do so under their altered circumstances, but after a few weeks' practice about one minute was sufficient time from the word "Action!" in which to have the gun ready. Not bad time when it is considered that the gun had to be taken off one elephant and the carriage off another, and that guns require careful handling.

However, after all their careful preparation the Chestnuts were doomed to disappointment as far as getting to the front goes. The mountain guns were found sufficient for the artillery work required, as the enemy had no artillery. After a period of expectancy at Peshawar the right of the line were able once more to return to their beloved chestnuts. We may be quite certain of one thing, that all the old Chestnuts enjoyed the change of being footmen for a time—not, be it noted, for a permanency—as change is the essence of a soldier's life.

Major E. A. Burrows commanded the Chestnut Troop at the time of Tirah.

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PHYSICAL TRAINING IN NEW ZEALAND.

A PYRAMID SHOWN BY THE CADETS OF THE OTAGO HIGH SCHOOL.

These boys run from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and all in the school go through the same training.

Photos. Copyright. *Grey.*

THE CADET CORPS OF THE OTAGO HIGH SCHOOL.

The above illustrations represent the cadet corps in uniform—blue with white facings, forage cap, with white belts. The candidate for admission must be 5-ft. 4-in. in height to be successful. The captain is one of the school staff. The rector, Mr. A. Wilson, M.A., is as particular about the drill as about any other of the subjects taught in the school. The object set before the staff and members of the corps is to obtain as thorough proficiency as possible in shooting and military exercises, so that on leaving school the members may at once take their place amongst efficients in the Colonial Volunteer corps. Many of the old members of the school have not only reached prominent positions in the local corps, but have done good service in South Africa. Among these latter may be mentioned Lieut.-Col. Robin, the late Capt. Harvey, Capt. Fulton, Capt. Bockup, and Lieut. Macdonald in the fighting line, and Surgeons Burns, Neal, and Watt in the medical department. The instructor to the school, Mr. J. Hanna, late of the Scots Guards, recently returned to England in order to learn anything new which might be of use in the promotion of efficiency in the corps and for the development of the physical training of the youth of the province.

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YOUNGHUSBAND'S HORSE.

THE 26TH BATTALION IMPERIAL YEOMANRY ON PARADE.

These veteran soldiers left this week for South Africa on board the "Braemar Castle." Lord Roberts in his farewell speech, when he inspected them at Shorncliffe on the 6th inst., termed them "an exceedingly fine body of men."

Photos. Copyright. ***Lambert & Weston.***

THE OFFICERS.

Reading from left to right the names are—Standing: Lieut. Moncrieffe, Lieut E. H. Lord, Lieut. Baron de Thoren, Lieut. W. R. Strickland, Lieut. H. M. Goldie, Lieut. J. Geigar, Lieut. T. A. Chalk, Lieut. G. D. L. McKechnie, Lieut. G. Seccombe, and Lieut. F. R. S. Jourdain. Sitting: Lieut. L. Johnson, Capt. A. St. H. Gibbons, Capt. Digby, Lieut.-Col. G. L. Younghusband, Capt. Carey, Capt. H A. Boyce, and Lieut. J. A. W. Bone.

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FENCING OF JAPANESE IMPERIAL PALACE POLICE, TOKIO.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O.

SARUDA TONOSUKE.
A fencer's signature.

FENCING in Japan has a very different signification to the idea that Europeans are apt to attach to the name. Instead of being conducted in a dignified silence, during which the combatants scarcely shift their ground at all and maintain conventional stereotyped positions throughout, Japanese fencing is to the onlooker a far more ferocious and warlike pastime.

By the kind invitation of Baron Yoshitane Sannomiya, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Emperor of Japan, I was, with my friend the great traveller, Mr. Karl Theodor Stoepel, enabled to see these warlike exercises under the most favourable auspices. It was a beautiful sunshiny spring morning when we drove up to the door of the Household Department of the Imperial Palace, and the wide moats and the white pagoda-shaped guard buildings, built beyond them upon the tops of the lofty battlements, were glittering brightly in the sun. We found that the Grand Master of the Ceremonies had preceded us to the fencing school for the Palace Police. A pretty drive, first passing along the side of an enormous moat covered with wild ducks, and then winding through passage-ways in immense and picturesque parapets, apparently built both for appearance and for internal defence of the palace grounds, brought us at the end of a few minutes to where the Baron was awaiting us.

It did not need the shouts and cries which we heard as we approached the door of the one-storeyed gymnasium to tell us that we were going to see something unusual, as for that we were prepared already. Herr Stoepel, however, as a German officer, and I as an English one, certainly looked at each other in a little astonishment that so much noise should proceed from a fencing school.

On entering and being greeted by our kind host upon a slightly raised daïs overlooking the school, the noise was so deafening that we could hardly hear his welcoming words as he conducted us to seats beside him, and invited us to hospitality in other ways.

The Baron was attended by Oga Sawarra, the Chief of the Imperial Police, and by other police officials in their neat European uniforms, but anything more un-European than the sight before our eyes on entering it would be difficult to imagine.

MUTO HIDESIGNE.
A fencer's signature

Immediately in front of and within a few feet of us there was apparently a seething mass of stage hobgoblins, all wielding long, two-handed swords, made of bamboo, and all at once striking, yelling, guarding, grappling, advancing, and retiring in every direction with tremendous activity and rapidity of motion. There were about forty couples of the Palace Police fighting all at once, and a very few minutes' observance of their agility, pluck, and skill was sufficient to

A MELEE WITH BAMBOO SWORDS.

Forty couples all fighting at once.

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"FORM" BEFORE THE SWORD EXERCISE.

The two Negisis—father and son.

SARUDA TONOSUKE AND MUTO HIDESIGNE.

With artificial bamboo swords. Attitude on commencing to fence.

KOZUKI AND NEGISI.

Engaging with lances in front of the fencing school.

convince us that, little man though he may be and is, the Japanese policeman or the Japanese soldier is a formidable foe indeed.

There was indeed something terrifying in the ferocious cutting and pointing, the dashing about and yelling of these brave little fellows, with their eyes gleaming through the iron visors of their felt masks. As they dealt and received without wincing the most tremendous blows, not only upon protected, but on unprotected parts of the body or bare arms, and, moreover, as they fought on for a very long time without getting tired, it was easy to understand the really warlike spirit which still animates the whole Japanese race right down to the bottom, in spite of a generation of Europeanisation and of reform.

Yes, they may be polite and civil, even humble in manner, they may, many of them, be small and insignificant in appearance, but for all that the old "samurai" feeling of the two-sworded soldier is still there at bottom, and the modern Japanese is, like the ancient Japanese, a fighter at heart and to the backbone.

But to get back to the fencing, the dress is remarkable. First there is a helmet of felt, through which a blow can be distinctly felt, however. This protects head and neck, while a leather strap or beard in front protects the throat, at which the only point allowed is made.

Round the chest, or rather the stomach, is a cuirass or belt, which is put on like a life-saving cork belt. It is composed of strips of wood or bamboo within, covered on the outside with red or black lacquer, like a tray or a "saké" cup. The hands are protected with a glove which extends over the wrist. Round the hips and over the legs the men wear a blue "hakama." The hakama is a very loose divided skirt, and gives perfect freedom of action, especially as nothing else but some closely-fitting loin drawers, such as those worn by athletes in all lands, are worn below it.

Through the kindness of Baron Sannomiya we had been awarded permission to take a series of photographs of the men of the Imperial Police fencing, and Mr. Stoepel had therefore brought a camera with him, with which we took the photographs accompanying this paper.

This is a permission that has never before been accorded to anybody, for as a rule no portraits are allowed to be taken of anything appertaining to the Emperor's palace or person. Accordingly, after witnessing the exercises of the men inside the fencing school, we took them outside and photographed them with short-time exposures. My friend only tried one instantaneous picture of the men in a melée, and it will be noticed that the movement of their swords and limbs is observable.

When the first great melée came to an end, a series of matches between skilled swordsmen began. We now saw the polite or parade ceremonies which are indulged in before a match commences, and they were both graceful and interesting. This part of the fencing is, so the Baron told us, called "Form"—and it is certainly very good form.

(To be continued.)

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. XIII.—No. 264.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd 1902

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SURGEON-GENERAL W. TAYLOR, C.B.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.

The Army Medical Service is happy indeed in having at its head such a singularly distinguished and able officer as Surgeon-General Taylor. He is highly popular, universally respected, and his recent transference from India, where he was Principal Medical Officer, to Home Army Headquarters, was greeted with very real departmental approval. Surgeon-General Taylor has served in a variety of campaigns, in two of which, the Ashanti and Khartoum Expeditions, he won marked distinction by his administrative capacity as Principal Medical Officer. He also accompanied the Japanese Army Headquarters in the war with China, and was granted the Japanese war medal.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Our New Alliance.

WHEN we said last week that the settled policy of Great Britain was to keep outside all groupings of Continental Powers, we did not think that we should so soon be discussing an alliance entered into by ourselves in the Far East. It has been known for some time that the friendly relations existing between the British Empire and Japan were being drawn a little closer together, but the announcement of a definite Treaty came as a surprise. It was a welcome surprise, however. The achievement is one that calls for congratulation. Lord Salisbury's Government have taken a bold and decided step at last—a step towards that firm attitude in Far Eastern affairs which has so long been urged upon them. There is nothing in this movement which is inconsistent with our policy of isolation as regards the Continent of Europe. The European nations are grouped against each other in such a manner as to produce that Balance of Power which it is the main object of our diplomacy to preserve. If Great Britain entered into alliance with one or more of them, not only should we accept great risks without corresponding advantages, but we should actually destroy the Balance of Power upon which the peace of the world so largely depends. In the Far East the situation is altogether different. There was no Balance of Power in that region until the Anglo-Japanese alliance was concluded. It is true that we were known to be friendly with Japan. It is true that our interests and Japanese interests were seen to have a great deal in common. But Japan could not count upon British assistance. She stood alone as the defender of the principles which we believe to be the right principles in Far Eastern affairs, and she had to face the possibility that such action might bring her into single-handed conflict with the combined forces of Russia and of France.

Of course, English statesmen of all parties were agreed that we could not allow Japan to fight such an unequal contest unaided. There is no doubt that, when it came to the point, we should have ranged ourselves alongside the Japanese. This being the case, surely it is better to have a distinct black-and-white agreement, known to the whole world, in place of a shadowy understanding capable of misconstruction and susceptible of half-a-dozen different meanings, according to the way in which it was looked at. Lord Lansdowne put this view forcibly in the House of Lords. "If it is our policy to support Japan, to protect Japan against the danger of a coalition of other Powers, I do not think we can avow it too frankly or too distinctly. To my mind, there is a much greater danger in leaving great questions of international policy of that kind to vague and hazy understandings than there is in embodying them explicitly in agreements, the purport of which cannot possibly be misunderstood by those concerned."

The world, therefore, is now formally notified and warned that Great Britain and Japan are agreed upon the principles which ought in their view to govern their action so far as Chinese questions are concerned. Thereto they have plighted their troth. So important is it to us that these principles shall be followed, that we have departed from our plan of keeping ourselves unfettered by treaty, and have entered into a definite alliance. "An ally," said Palmerston in a famous speech on British relations with other countries, "is a Power allied to some other Power by treaty engagements in carrying on some active operation, political or otherwise." In this sense Japan has now become our ally. What are the "active operations, political or otherwise," which we are engaged to carry on? First of all, we are determined to maintain the solidity of the Chinese Empire, so far as it can be called solid at this moment. Secondly, our object is to insist upon the policy of the "open door" in commercial matters. Thirdly, we desire to preserve peace in the Far East. In defence of these objects we are prepared, if necessary, to go to war. That is the really important point in the new Treaty. It is all very well for Powers to draw up well-sounding documents declaring that they hope this and wish for that and expect the other. All such declarations are merely "words, words, words," unless there is added to them a statement of what will happen in the event of the hopes and expectations and wishes being falsified, frustrated, and cast down. We issued such a declaration not long ago, in concert with Germany, respecting the Russian occupation of Manchuria. What came of it? Absolutely nothing. Russia went on as before. The bomb made a noise, but hurt nobody. The solemn diplomatic phrases echoed round the world,

> ". . . but, what gave rise
> To no little surprise,
> Nob dy seemed one penny the worse."

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a very different kind of document. Lord Salisbury said a few years ago it was only very rarely that nations concluded alliances which bound them in certain circumstances "to go out to war together, to bear the cost and danger of war together for each other." This is one of the rare occasions on which such an alliance has been formed.

If we are ever driven by force of events beyond our control to fight side by side with another nation in defence of our just rights and interests, there is no nation with whom we would more gladly be brothers in arms than the Japanese. There has long seemed to be some natural affinity between Britons and the inhabitants of the beautiful Land of the Chrysanthemum. The rapidity of their advance into the front rank of nations has won our admiration. The readiness with which they have adopted British institutions has flattered our pride. They are islanders as we are. They are, like us, dependent for safety upon their Fleet. They had our sympathy at the time of their abortive struggle with the huge inert mass of the Chinese Empire. We firmly declined to take part in the movement which aimed at and partially succeeded in depriving them of the fruits of their victory. We are always glad to welcome the genial, cheery Japanese in this country. When a detachment of sailors from one of the Mikado's battleships went about London a year or two ago, they were everywhere received with warm expressions of friendship. We liked the look of them. Their sturdiness and the simplicity of their natures made our hearts go out to them. Nor are Englishmen less courteously received and welcomed in Japan. In short, the way had been thoroughly prepared by the people of the two nations for the action which the two Governments have taken. This is the most satisfactory kind of alliance—one which depends not only upon community of interests, but also upon mutual liking and goodwill.

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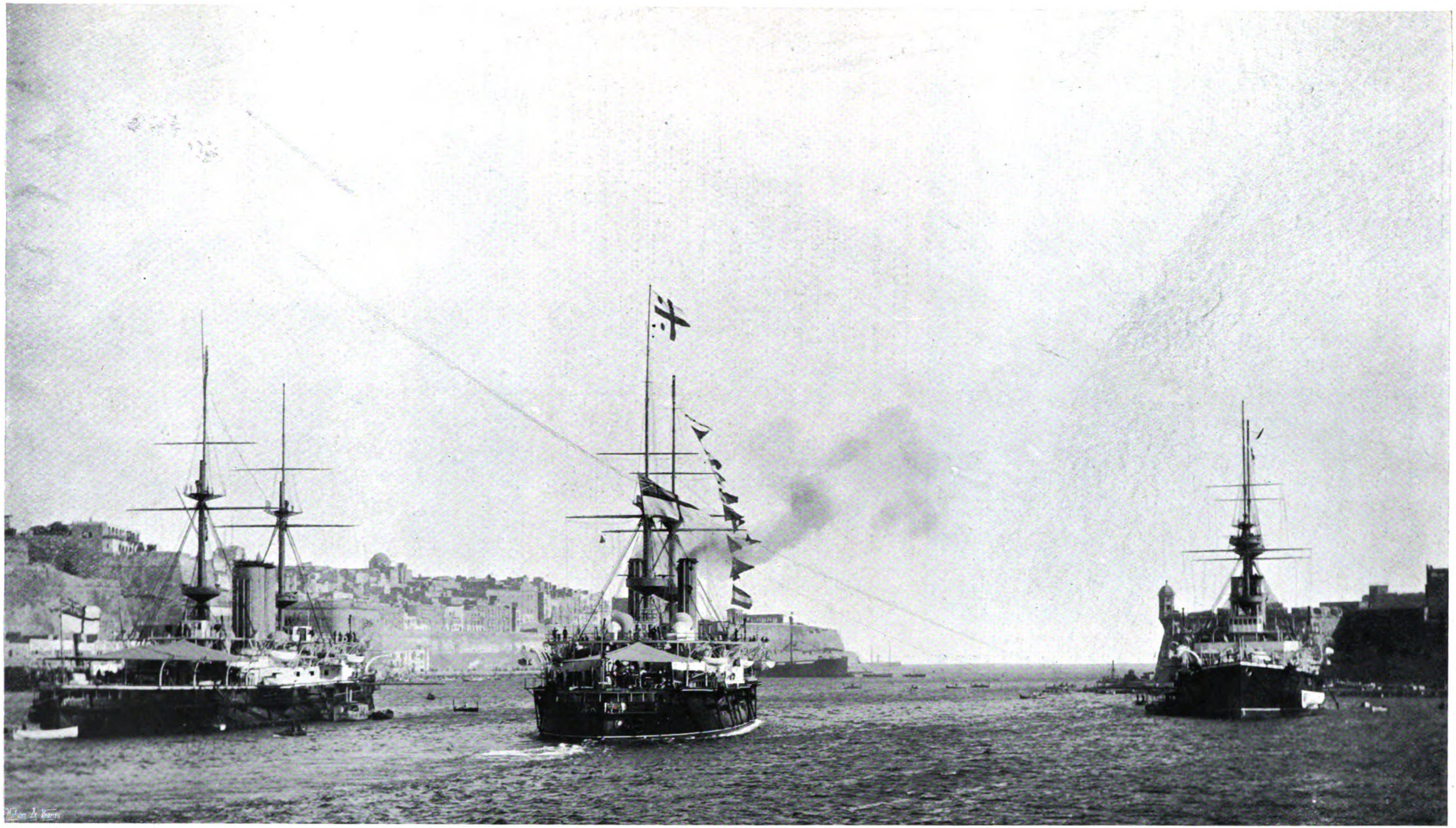
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD LEAVING MALTA.



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The "Canopus." *The "Ramillies."* *The "Royal Sovereign."*

THE REAR-ADMIRAL SIGNALLING "FAREWELL" TO THE FLEET.

On February 5 the "Ramillies" left Malta flying Lord Charles Beresford's flag, an unusually large silk flag which had been presented to this popular admiral by some of his admirers. His brother officers and friends gave him a hearty "send off" on his relinquishing the post of second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron.

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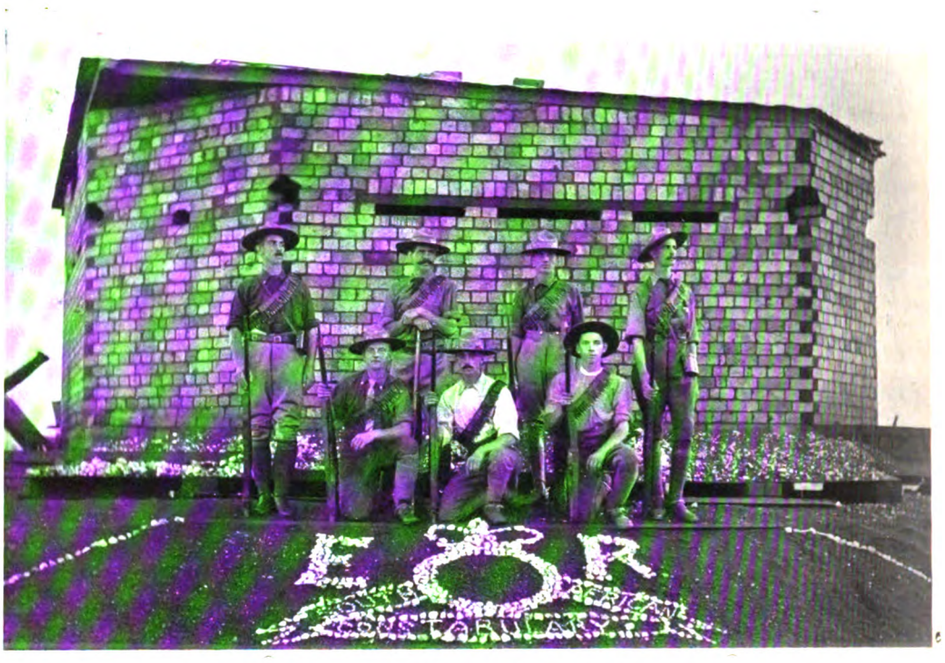
THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

IT is a curious thing that, after having heard so much about the South African Constabulary upon their formation as a corps, and during their enlistment, there has been such a paucity of information with regard to them from the seat of war. Occasionally one sees from a Reuter's telegram that a constabulary post has been attacked, or that a troop of constabulary has made a night raid, and occasionally in Lord Kitchener's despatches there is just a bare mention of their existence. Either there is something wrong somewhere, or an injustice has crept in, for from private information we know that a very important *rôle* is being carried out by this picked body of men. As a matter of fact, the South African Constabulary are possibly doing the most lasting work in the new colonies, if the least glorious. The *rôle* which they fill in Lord Kitchener's scheme is the occupation of defensive lines and the clearance of areas in the wake of the columns and infantry battalions told off to construct his blockhouse defences. The columns clear the country, and hold it while the infantry get to work and build, then they move on, and the South African Constabulary come up into their places and hold the area, clearing it thoroughly at their leisure. In this way great tracts of country—in the Transvaal in the vicinity of Johannesburg-Krugersdorp, and in the Orange River Colony, Bloemfontein-Jacobsdal—have been reclaimed. In fact, the force of South African Constabulary, now several thousands strong, is fairly equally divided between the two colonies. Its principal officers in the Transvaal are Colonels Pilkington and Edwards; in the Orange River Colony, Colonel Ridley, and Majors Pack-Beresford and Apthorp. These five names alone should be sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the corps. But there is a hitch somewhere. The corps appears to be nobody's child. The men complain that they do not get the same good rations as the British soldier, that the surplus of their South African pay is exhausted in supplying themselves with the creature comforts which the authorities deny them. Yet if one turns to the daily casualty lists, grim evidence will be found there that both officers and men are taking the same risks and paying the same penalties as the rest of the army of occupation. To me the whole thing seems inexplicable, as I have had a personal demonstration of the good work which has been done by Colonel Edwards in the Krugersdorp area, and by Major Pack-Beresford at Bloemfontein. Nothing could be more perfect than the line of defences which the Canadian Squadron of the South African Constabulary held between Krugersdorp and Zwartkopje along the Rustenburg Road. And as for the Bloemfontein troops, they have cleared and hold the country from Petrusburg on the south to a line Boshof-Bultfontein-Brandfort on the north, and a young officer who wrote to me the other day said that his troop was making on an average five night raids a week. The corps is also as complete in ceremonial organisation as it is excellent in fighting qualities—band, headquarters, barracks, hospitals and all. Yet we are allowed to hear nothing about them officially. Is it that the corps has fallen between two stools—the military administration of the two colonies on the one hand, and the civil administration on the other?



A CONSTABULARY POST.

The blockhouse and its garrison—Zuurfontein.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY BAND.

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

GERMAN INFANTRY.

FRENCH INFANTRY.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

IT is permissible, I hope, to feel sentiments other than those of patriotic disappointment at the success of De Wet's manœuvre to break through the cordon which had shut him in for the sixth—or is it the tenth?—time. Admiration is not exactly the sentiment in question, though the device had the first merit of a stratagem in war, being simple, efficient, and unexpected. But that is only what ought to be looked for from an intelligent enemy, and nobody can well believe by this time that Christian De Wet is a fool, whatever else he may be. The striking feature of the device, to me at least, is rather its extreme antiquity. After all, it is neither more nor less than the means taken by the Carthaginians to defeat the army of Regulus. They charged with a herd of elephants, and trampled down the Roman legions. But the thing has been done at later times. The Spanish Creoles repeatedly collected herds of cattle and drove them on the Buccaneers. In San Domingo they won a signal victory over some French "Brothers of the Coast" in just this way, and they broke through the centre of Morgan's army in the expedition to Panama in no other fashion. Of course when the enemy is on the look-out the plan will not answer. He frightens the cattle back, and then they turn on their own side. But when it is not foreseen it may answer capitally, and, as we see, it has done so in this case.

* * * *

There is, too, a moral in the story—or even more than one. In the first place, there is the military moral. If one commonplace is more firmly established than another in regard to the art of war, it is that lines are of next to no use. They can always be broken by a resolute opponent who throws his weight on them at a single point. We laughed at the Spaniards for endeavouring to confine the Cuban insurgents by "trochas." We told them at length that such defences would always be pierced somewhere, and we were right. But here we are doing the very same thing, and finding by our own experience that our doctrine was much more sound than our practice. Besides the military there is also the historical moral. We have a natural tendency, when we find the same course taken, or the same formation used, by two peoples separated by an interval of time, to suppose that the second has imitated the first. Yet we see here that this need not be the case. It may safely be asserted that De Wet has never in his life read Esquemeling's history of the Buccaneers or any book about the period. Still less is it likely that he has studied the history of the First Punic War. Yet we find that he has employed a resource familiar to the Spanish Creoles of the seventeenth century, which they may have taken from the ancient world, for they had learned men among them, but which was more probably inspired by circumstances.

* * * *

The formations and the manœuvres of war are, and always have been, dictated by the character of the weapon used and the lie of the country. A people who preferred the spear have always fought in a mass. The spear is only formidable when men stand close together and present a barrier of points either to repel or to make a charge. Therefore the Macedonians of the ancient world, the Switzers and Scotchmen of the Middle Ages, formed in close order. Neither the Switzer nor the Scotchman knew anything of the Macedonians, except the wild legends about Alexander the Great which were common in the Middle Ages. Yet the "ring" of the second and the "hedgehog" of the first were only rude phalanxes. The weapon, in fact, dictated the formation. So the peoples who used the bow, the javelin, or the sword, preferred the line and open order. They relied on winning by blows which could not be delivered unless the archer or swordsman had plenty of room for the play of his arm, to say nothing of the fact that the bowman, or javelin thrower, or slinger, who had to shoot over the heads of his friends, was greatly hampered, while the swordsman who had the back of a comrade in front was as good as out of action. So at sea the galleys which carried their power in their prows were of necessity formed in line abreast, while the sailing ship, which carried her power in her broadside, was equally of necessity compelled to adopt the line. Neither class of vessel could be used to any purpose except when in the order natural to the nature of its armament.

* * * *

The Return showing the aggregate Naval expenditure on sea-going forces, etc., may be a very useful document. From certain points of view it manifestly is, but as a guide to the amount which any given nation should spend on its Fleet it is of no value whatever. The size of the Navy of any State must be dictated by the importance of its oversea commerce, the number of enemies it may have to fight, and the length of the routes it has to guard. The importance of a mercantile marine does not depend only on its size. A country which has to import food and raw material may have a comparatively small tonnage of merchant ships, but it is none the less bound to keep its ports open, and to protect its vessels on their voyages. The sea routes are of equal length for the great and the small, and the same force will be required to keep them clear. If our merchant shipping were just half what it is, our Navy could not possibly be any less. If it were twice as large, no more war-ships might be required for its defence. What we have to consider is, in the first place, the nature and power of the attack to be expected, and then the force required to repel the assault. Twenty war-ships cruising on a route used by a thousand merchant vessels are neither more nor less formidable than the same number prowling for five hundred. It is, therefore, misleading in the last degree to take figures of this kind as a guide. To take an example, the aggregate merchant shipping of Russia, France, and Germany is between a third and a half of our own. Does it follow that our Navy must be three times as great as their Navies put together—without the least regard to cost, to power to man, or anything else? Is the United States to be content for ever with a Navy about a tenth the size of ours because its mercantile marine bears about that proportion to ours? The questions are absurd. The Return, in fact, apart from the instructive character of the statistics as showing the respective wealth of nations in shipping and oversea trade, can be of use only to those who are always wanting a larger Navy. To them it ought clearly to be welcome. Starting from the proposition that the outlay on the Navy and its size ought to be in proportion to our sea-going merchant fleet, they can easily arrive at an impressive result.

* * * *

We have about half the merchant shipping of the world, and on the hypothesis that naval should be in proportion to mercantile tonnage, our fleet ought to be equal to about all the others of all the Powers. But that is absurd. There is such a thing as beggaring yourself for fear of being ruined. It would please our unfriends very much if we launched on such a course. Is there any reason to believe that the danger at sea for us is likely ever to be more serious in future than it was formerly? For my part I should say distinctly not. With the sailing fleet the wind blew for the just and the unjust. To-day it blows principally for the man who has plenty of good coal. Now as regards

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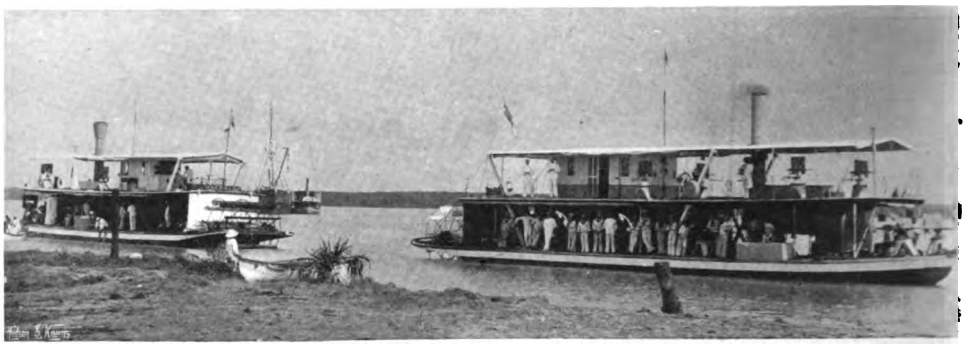
the power to obtain coal we are incomparably better off than anybody else. Our position therefore is far better. When near their own ports our enemies' ships will probably be more formidable than they used to be, because a steamer is a more supple instrument than a sailing ship. At a distance they will be less to be feared, because they will not dare to incur the hazard of running out of coal. Naval war, in fact, will be confined much nearer to the shore than it was. But this means that smaller areas will have to be watched. It does not follow that fewer war-ships will be needed, because the danger will be greater within the prescribed area, but we shall know much better where to look for the peril.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ZAMBESI.

THE RIVER-GUARD OF THE RICHEST PASTORAL REGION IN THE AFRICAN CONTINENT.

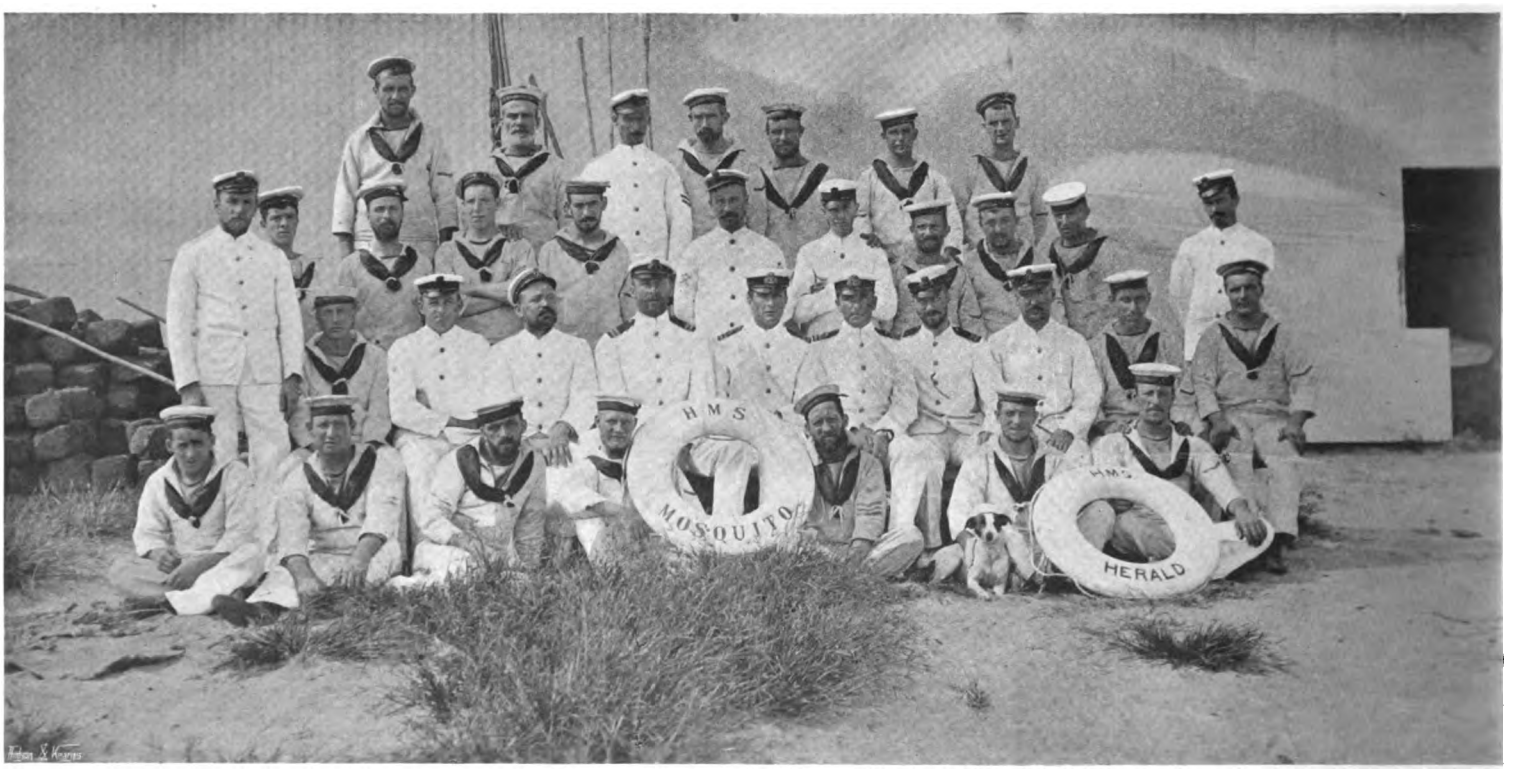
THE Zambesi—Vasco da Gama's "River of Good Signs"—is the largest of the African rivers flowing into the Indian Ocean, and ranks with the Congo and Nile as a means of communication with the interior of the continent. It rises in the Barotse country, running south and then east, with a course of from 1,400 to 1,600 miles, and on its way to the Indian Ocean drains more than half a million square miles of territory. Its banks were the scene of Livingstone's earlier wanderings, and he discovered the famous Victoria Falls, more sublime even than Niagara. It was long supposed, however, that the Zambesi could not be made available for commerce from the sea, because no channel of the delta was known through which ocean steamers might meet river craft, while the vile bar, shifting channel, shallow water rocks, shoals, and sand-banks rendered it a by-word among mariners. This unsatisfactory state of affairs was entirely altered, dating from 1889, when Mr. Rankin brought to notice the Chinde branch of the delta, through which he had discovered that navigable communication with the sea might be obtained. This discovery at once stimulated enterprise on the river, causing the latter to be regarded henceforth as one of the most important factors in the development of South Africa. The Zambesi is now a highway for the nations of the world, but for about two-thirds of its length from its source this magnificent river flows through British protected territory, entering the Portuguese possession near Zomba. The port of Chinde at the mouth, however, is the port of British Central Africa, for a small concession has been granted by the Portuguese Government. Of course, the Zambesi receives many tributaries, notably the Shiré, by which the British Lake Country and Equatorial Africa are approached from the south. Owing to many cataracts, narrows, and rapids, the navigation of the Zambesi is only clear for stretches of 100 to 200 miles. Small steamers may go from the mouth as far as the Kebrabasa Falls, while above that point the stream is navigable, with occasional interruptions, till the Victoria Falls are reached, 900 miles from the sea. Beyond this for 700 miles the river forms a partial waterway to the interior.



TO PROTECT BRITISH INTERESTS.

The "Herald" and "Mosquito"—stern-wheel gun-boats.

During Major Gibbons's ascent in his small steam-boat "Constance," in the year 1899, that intrepid explorer carefully mapped the river, which is incorrectly laid down in published maps, the rapids especially being very imperfectly shown. The country through which the Zambesi flows is healthy; from the confluence of the Kafue to Teté it is rich in pasture, and abounds in elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and wart-hogs. Despite the broken character of the navigation, steam-boats are rapidly superseding the small trading canoes. For some years past two British gun-boats—stern-wheelers—namely, the "Herald" and "Mosquito," have been permanently stationed on the river, for the purpose of protecting our interests. The name Zambesia is loosely applied to define the great tract of country on either side of the river. For example, Southern Zambesia embraces Rhodesia, and Northern Zambesia extends to Katanga, Lake Tanganyika, and the western shore of Lake Nyassa. The chief towns on the Zambesi are Chinde, at the mouth; Sena, 130 miles from the ocean; Teté, 190 miles farther up, and near the Kebrabasa Falls; and Zomba, 550 miles from the sea, the last-named being also the headquarters of the administration of the British Central Africa Protectorate. The principal occupation of the European settlers in these regions is planting, and many thriving plantations of coffee, sugar, cinchona, and tobacco have been established, though planters have suffered severely of late through lack of labour.



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AN OUTPOST ON THE ZAMBESI.

The officers and crews of the "Herald" and "Mosquito."

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BUGLER D. F. WILLIAMS OF TORONTO.

FARM COVE, SYDNEY HARBOUR.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

BY the time these notes are published something of the first effect of Lord Salisbury's great speech at the Junior Constitutional Club may have passed away. But by far the larger portion of that important utterance will be as forceful a century hence as it was on the evening on which it was made, if not only England, but the British Empire, "to itself do rest but true." It is given to Lord Salisbury to put what smaller statesmen would regard as issues too tremendous for simple discussion, before his countrymen in a few luminous words, which show all that there needs to be shown with almost irritating clearness. His remarks to the members of the Junior Constitutional Club were no exception to his usual rule of stripping a subject of all the frippery with which the average politician would seek to invest it, and laying bare the underlying principle in the consideration of which alone safe statesmanship is to be found. Three special points he made, first, that the war in South Africa is not the be-all and end-all of our Imperial existence, secondly, that our watchword must be Imperial security, and, thirdly, that, to use the French phrase, *l'Union fait la Force.* He rose to no pitch of passionate eloquence, he made no stirring appeal to any particular set of emotions, and much of what he said could only be rightly appreciated after being carefully studied in the printed report. But his propositions go straight to the point and stick there, and so much of pure unadulterated Imperialism of the very best sort has probably never been compressed into such a small space before.

On a lower plane, perhaps, but certainly with no less sincerity, the writer of these notes has consistently endeavoured, and will continue to endeavour, to keep Lord Salisbury's main argument constantly before him. Long before the South African War, NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED had sounded a clear note of Imperialism, and, indeed, may take credit to itself for having led the way by numerous popular descriptions, previously inaccessible, of Colonial armed forces, to a clearer appreciation of what the resources of the Empire in that direction were. Of the war itself, in its Imperial aspects, we have not failed to perceive the full significance, nor have we been behindhand in giving due prominence to it and its accompaniments. But this journal, like the Junior Constitutional Club, was not, to use Lord Salisbury's own words, "built up from South African Wars." It is, to quote the Prime Minister again, a "similar association" to that Club, and when the strain of the war shall have passed away its duties and responsibilities will have been by no means diminished. It is all very well to follow Ruskin's advice by taking "short views of life," but it is well, too, to be reminded that the most engrossing events are often but mere episodes, and that, while they may go far to shape our policy and direct our aims, the essence of our Imperial existence is the realisation of a full future, as well as of an anxious present and a strenuous past.

Turning to what Lord Salisbury said as to the desirableness of Imperial security and the power of union, it is perhaps excusable to refer to what was said in the instalment of these notes which appeared in the last week of the old year. The occasion seemed one at which it was peculiarly appropriate to remember that Great Britain, as a Mother Country, must henceforth endeavour to tread a new path of national conduct, "for the simple and sufficient reason that she has henceforth an entirely new set of critics." That seems a pretty "intelligent anticipation" of Lord Salisbury's words, "You must bear in mind that all the constituent parts of the Empire are looking upon the work you are carrying through; and it depends on whether the result is such as they can admire or whether it gives them no opportunity for the existence of that emotion—it must depend on that whether the result of these very trying three or four years that we have passed through will tend to strengthen the great Empire to which we belong, and to extend and increase the devotion which has grown with every year among the various Colonies of our Empire."

One final word as to the term "security," on which Lord Salisbury dwelt with force and such felicity of historical quotation. When in a modern comedy three errant husbands discuss the best excuse to offer their wives for a doubtful jaunt, one suggests telling the truth, and another cynically remarks "Yes, that is all right, but the question is 'What is the truth to be?'" A rather similar doubt might exist in some minds as to this word "security." Perhaps misconception would be usefully removed if we finally adopted the classical interpretation, and regarded a secure Empire as an Empire *sine curâ*, without any real care or apprehension as to its integral safety. Absolute safety, to the extent of utter freedom from any liability to attack, is not, of course, to be expected, but security in that classical sense is indeed a thing to be striven for. In pointing out that the nearest way to it lies in firm adherence to a sound and strong domestic policy, in other words, in a close consolidation of our Imperial interests and a vigorous discouragement of any tendency, however insignificant, to disruption, Lord Salisbury must have waked an echo in Colonial minds which will take some little time in reverberating throughout the length and breadth of Britain Beyond the Seas.

Those who imagine that in this matter of consolidating our Imperial interests we, like the Northern Farmer, "annot sa mooch to larn," are probably in a rather insignificant minority, for scarcely a week passes without our being rather rudely reminded of the inability we have hitherto displayed to manage our Imperial business properly. While it would be difficult to sustain against the War Office any specific charge of neglecting or insulting the Colonies in respect of the recent meat contracts, there is unquestionably a strong conviction prevalent that no sort of proper care was taken to ascertain Colonial capacity, or to encourage Colonial enterprise, in this extremely important direction. What has occurred may, perhaps, bring home to the great Government department concerned a solid fact, which it is unaccountably slow in recognising, namely, that the time has come for it not only to press along quicker in old grooves, but to take the initiative in some new ones, so far as the Colonies are concerned. The business firm that waits for suggestions from abroad before it opens up a fresh branch of foreign trade has not much chance in the commercial handicap, and, even if it were guided by purely commercial objects, the War Office would hardly escape censure for the manner in which it placed this heavy contract without making every effort to give preferential advantages to Australasia and Canada. As things are, the sole consolation to be extracted from an incident upon which at the time of writing sufficient light has hardly been let, is the reflection that considerably more caution is likely to be exercised in such matters for the future.

The same remark applies to the Colonial aspect of the Remount scandal, that soiled page of a sorry chapter of wasted opportunities and extravagant ineptitude. As Sir John Cockburn, Agent-General for South Australia, writing to the *Times*, observes, these painful revelations may to some extent be compensated if they lead to a clearer understanding and a better administration of our Colonial resources in the way of horseflesh. Those who know these things may be ready with various objections to this or that sample of Colonial horse from the military standpoint, but if we are to go scrupulously into the question of combined quality and cost, it is not difficult to see where a truthful estimate of our costly experiments in Hungarian and

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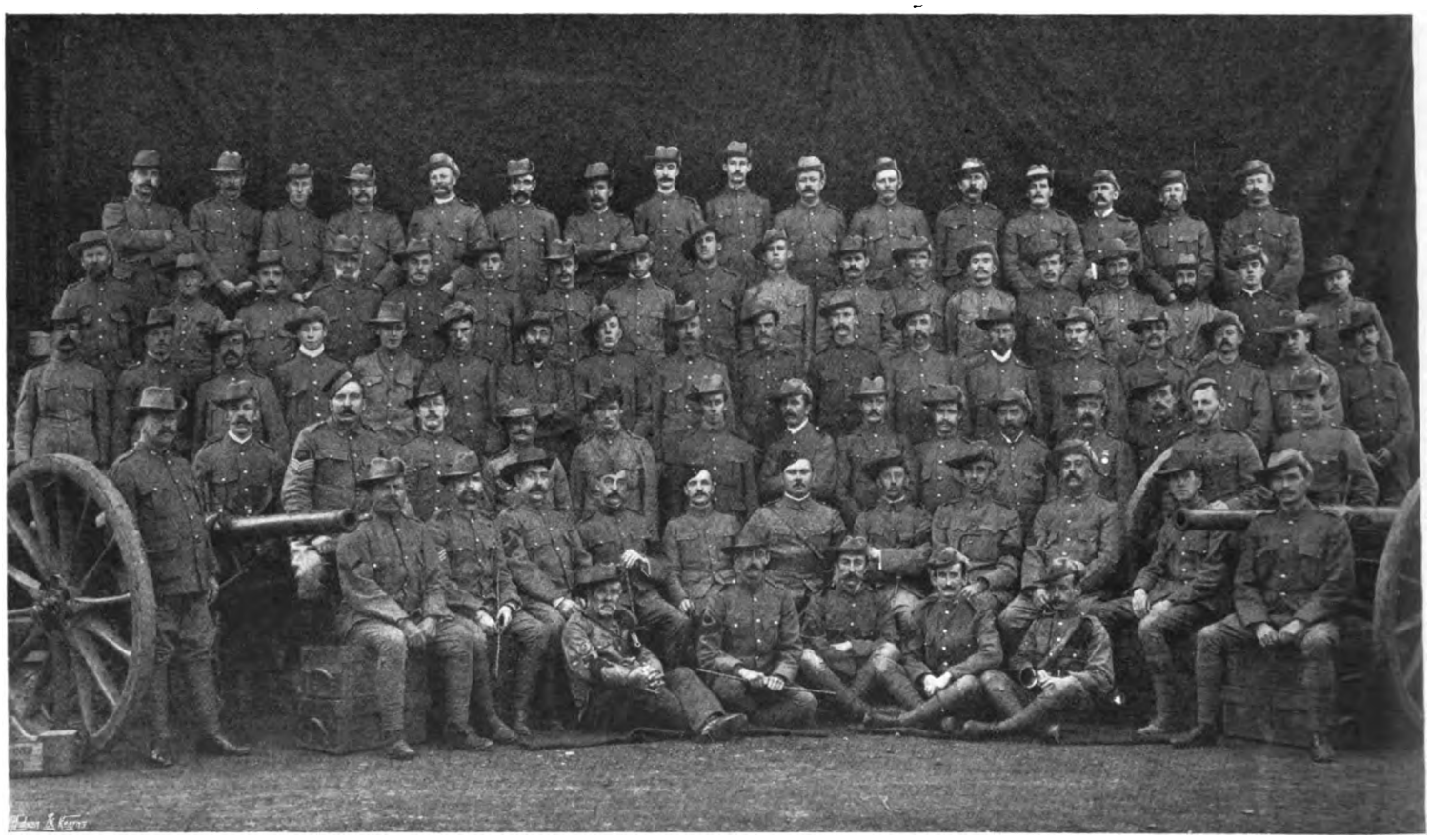
Argentine products will lead us. If one half of the sum which has been scandalously wasted in enriching foreign horse-breeders during the past two or three years had been applied to properly organising our great Australian resources in this respect, we might not only have been spared this frightful misuse of public money, but have been amply provided in the military factor in which we have most conspicuously been found wanting. It is to be hoped, as Sir John Cockburn says, with Colonial frankness, that "never again may we be driven to rely on the scourings of the earth for an Imperial necessity" while Australia offers unparalleled advantages for the establishment of depôts where a supply of remounts, adequate to all requirements and of splendid quality, could, at a trifling expense, be kept within sight and easy reach.

Here, again, it is for the Mother Country to take the initiative. We have accepted freely such benefits from Australia that, in any case, it would be our bounden duty to look about for some means of showing our sense of the services rendered. But here are the means ready to our hand, and the more acceptable in that adoption of them, while it may benefit Australia, must benefit ourselves. Surely the War Office can spare time from the organisation of paper Army Corps and the designing of new uniforms to its own rehabilitation in the matter of remounts, by taking steps in the direction which Sir John Cockburn usefully indicates.

A good and, we believe, unpublished story of Lord Strathcona has reached us with reference to the share he took in suppressing the Riel Rebellion in the Red River Settlements, now known as Manitoba, in 1869. The record of the operations carried out by Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley is pretty well known, but it is not so well known that Lord Strathcona, then plain Mr. Donald Alexander Smith, displayed as Special Commissioner not only immense energy and ability, but brilliant self-confidence in bestowing military commissions of his own creation! Finding the necessity for some proper chain of subordination, he nominated several civilians to important ranks, and so thoroughly impressed were these gentlemen of the validity of their impromptu commissions that one of them desired the Special Commissioner to affirm his nomination in the presence of another "suddenly raised" officer. The measure was justified by its success, and Lord Strathcona is rightly proud of having, as a "mere civilian," done what many a field-marshal would hesitate to do.

Readers of these notes will take particular interest in the bright picture which appears herewith of that gallant youngster, Bugler Douglas F. Williams, now on his way to South Africa with the new Canadian contingent. This is Williams's second campaign, and if he wins as much distinction in it as he did in his first, he will be a boy hero indeed. He was the youngest Canadian in the first contingent, and was specially commended by Colonel Pilcher, after the brisk affair at Sunnyside, for having carried despatches across the open veldt under a heavy fire. Subsequently he sounded the "charge" at Paardeberg on that eventful February 18, 1900, and marched with the Royal Canadian Regiment to Pretoria, being engaged in numerous actions, and never once falling out. He is a capital musician, as well as a first-rate soldier, and is a member of the famous "Queen's Own" Bugle Band of Toronto.

STRONG WITH IMPERIAL INSTINCTS.



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THE COLONY'S OWN DEFENDERS.

A half battery of the Cape Town Guard Artillery.

The group of men who are depicted in our picture represent a half battery of the Cape Town Guard Artillery. It will be remembered that in the early days of the present war, when the Boer States—as they then were—had presented their insolent ultimatum, and when there was a talk of driving the British into the sea, a Colonial Defence Force was raised in Cape Colony. Our picture gives portraits of a portion of it. The officers in the front sitting row, reading from left to right, are Paymaster Burnell, Lieutenant Dennis, Captain Kitchener Anderson, Lieutenant Jupp, and Lieutenant A. Reid, with Quartermaster-Sergeant W. B. Boys on his right. The three last named shared with thirteen others in the picture the honour of having served with the Cape Volunteer Artillery during the Gaika, Galeka, and Zulu Wars of 1877-81, and their response to the call of duty now speaks volumes for the *esprit de corps* of the Colonial Forces. The number of grey heads to be seen in this and most other pictures of the City and Town Guards proves that old as well as young are determined to do all they can to support the integrity of the Empire.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt. In the morning Anson discovers to his dismay that Tammers has left in the mail-steamer for England, and the captain of the French boat openly derides the idea of his returning to fight the duel on Friday morning. De Boivet, on hearing of Tammers' departure from Jersey, openly sneers and hints that Anson has been left in the lurch, and that Tammers will not return to fight. Colonel Agar appears to think much the same, but Anson sticks to believing he will appear in time for the duel on Friday.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARM OF THE LAW.

BUT in spite of myself I went off feeling ill at ease. Everyone took the same view of Tammers' unexplained departure from the island but myself, and I had very little to show for the faith that was in me. In vain I argued that I ought to be relieved at the turn the affair had taken, whereby a circumspect man like myself was set free from a heavy responsibility. But this failed to give me either comfort or satisfaction. I wanted Tammers to return.

In a few hours more the question would, however, be settled; for unless he came back by the steamer arriving the next—that was Thursday—morning, he could not find any other means of returning so as to be in time for his assignation at dawn on the Friday. Both English mail-boats are due at St. Helier's somewhere about eight a.m., and I longed for that hour to come and put an end to the present suspense.

It is my misfortune to see more than one side of any given question at the same time, and my divided thoughts and wishes wearied me. I was therefore glad when my solitude was broken in upon by Algar, who proposed a drive to Plémont in the cooler part of the afternoon.

"You'll like to see the place beforehand, eh?" he said with a furtive smile, not altogether hidden by his big moustache. On thinking the circumstances over, he had evidently seen no reason to change his opinion that Tammers had in good earnest decamped, and left me to bear the brunt of the sequel as regarded the Count and De Boivet.

"I think it might be as well," I replied seriously.

We talked of a great many subjects as we drove through the windings of St. Peter's Valley and along the highlands beyond towards our destination, and saw the lopped trees by the wayside, which had roused Tammers' disapproval. But by common consent Algar and I seemed to steer clear of that which certainly occupied my mind, until we stood on the beach below the wide circle of dark cliffs which shut in Plémont Bay. Then I could no longer refrain.

"I wish you would not look upon this duel as a farce," I said.

"I don't, by Jove! I think it a rattling good incident, and I admire your Tammers for sticking up to the Count as he did," replied Algar appeasingly. "Still, you could hardly expect a poor devil of a trader to rush into the arms of death for a quixotic idea."

"Tammers would," I persisted.

Algar was resolved to humour me.

"For your sake as well as his own, I hope not," he answered. "I am glad to think you are well out of it. Have you reflected that a reckless affair of this kind may destroy your future? And what in the world would your people think of it?"

But this was a side of the question I altogether refused to consider since I read the name of the "Good Luck" in the gaslight, and I steadily declined to consider it at Algar's invitation now.

"It won't bear thinking about!" went on Algar, drawing his own conclusions from my silence.

"We do a good many less sensible things that won't bear thinking about," I retorted.

"Here's the Devil's Hole," said Algar abruptly.

We stood side by side and looked down into the black rift in the cliff which goes by that name. Between its narrow precipices of dank, stained rock a strip of cold sand, on which the sun never shines, gleamed palely up at us. Outside all the world was clad in the island livery of blue and gold, sea and sky, sun and gorse.

Then something prompted me to say:

"I wonder what Miss Brabazon would think of Tammers' duel?"

"Eh? what?" said Algar, with a guilty look, and I am persuaded he was thinking of the girl when I spoke.

"I wonder what Miss Brabazon would say to this duel?"

"Who can answer for what any woman would say?" he answered, shortly. "They're given to be quixotic, and quixotism never pays. Tammers knows that, and has left you to find it out for yourself."

I murmured a dissent, but it is true that of the many things which go to make up our individualities, one of the most dangerous is the drop of splendid folly we call quixotism. For quixotism is never the friend of its possessor; it generally becomes the ally of his enemy. I have heard it defined as "the capacity for not doing the obvious thing."

But I was in no mood for reflection on abstract subjects, my mind clung obstinately to the concrete Tammers.

With the exception of ourselves the beach had up to this time been empty, but now I perceived a dapper little gentleman with a fair, pointed beard, who passed us, staring hard. Algar knew him and returned his salute, and presently we went up the narrow path to the hotel, where I persuaded Algar to dine. I wished to avoid the embarrassment of facing De Boivet again until I had some definite information concerning Tammers.

It was late by the time I returned to the Soleil Levant, and I had the satisfaction of gaining my room without hindrance.

I meant to be up early the next morning, as I proposed to go down to meet the Southampton steamer, but a sleepless night produced a morning nap, so that a line of smoke from one of the incoming mail-boats was to be seen over the black ridge of Noirmont as I hurriedly dressed. I stared out of the window and watched her into sight. There was the answer to the question at issue coming across St. Aubin's Bay at a rate of something like nineteen knots an hour. Carriages and people were rushing down the two eminently civilised piers, while I, an eminently civilised person, was anxiously waiting to see whether I should have the opportunity of assisting at the cold-blooded murder of a man!

A second plume of smoke showed behind Noirmont as the nearest boat rounded the castle breakwater. She swept down the fairway and into the harbour mouth, then turned to her left with a hovering swoop as a bird settles on its nest. The passenger boats in those waters are handled by masters who know their work.

This was the Weymouth boat after all; and the second

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one just behind her was that by which Tammers would come—if he came at all.

I turned to seize my hat—I might yet be in time to drive down to meet him. But a furious knocking at my door altered that plan.

In the corridor stood De Boivet gasping with rage and contempt.

"Monsieur, there is a traitor among us!"

I saw that, though he was too civil to say as much, he believed me to be that unpleasant character. I enquired what had happened.

"Someone has given the police notice! They are at this moment in the courtyard!"

"I know nothing about any appeal to the authorities," I said as quietly as De Boivet's condition permitted; "but I will go with you to the Count's rooms, where we can consult as to what had better be done more privately than here in an open passage, where any servant or guest in the building may overhear us."

De Boivet admitted the force of this precaution, and preceded me to the Count's apartment. As I followed him in the Count bowed. The yellow pallor of his face was wheeled with anger.

De Boivet explained that I had nothing to do with bringing the representatives of the law about our ears.

"Then it is Tammaire—the vile *bourgeois*, Tammaire, that has played us this infamous trick! I have said he would not return—is it not so, my good De Boivet? Without doubt he has done this thing! He saves himself in England, and from there discovers the whole affair to the *gendarmes* of Jersey!" cried the Count, and to add force to his denunciation he spat vindictively into the fireplace.

"You forget," I began, as soon as I could stem the torrent of his words, "that we are still in the middle of our difficulties. If M. le Comte will have the goodness to restrain himself, there may be some chance of averting this catastrophe."

The Count shot a glance towards me which, at any other time, would have made me conscious that sudden death was on my track, but just then in the strength of my excitement I felt equal to ignoring it.

De Boivet, who was at the window, turned to me.

"There are three *gendarmes* in the courtyard—how are we to know who sent them here?" he interposed, gloomily.

"No matter who sent them, I am in exactly the same position as yourselves," I replied. "But, gentlemen, it is plain we can gain nothing by recrimination. As a matter of fact, if we do not manage the affair with caution, we shall, all three of us, see the inside of the gaol before we are an hour older."

Julowski muttered something about being perfectly ready to go there, or to a worse place, provided the gods would permit him to avenge himself upon the carcase of the perfidious Tammers. The last word was clipped from his lips by the entrance of the dapper, fair-bearded gentleman I had seen the evening before on the beach at Plémont.

"I beg you to excuse my intrusion, gentlemen; I come in the name of the law," he said. "I am the centenier of this part of the town."

The Count bowed in return, and requested to be informed of the reason why the law should pay him a visit, while I stared down at the beflowered carpet at my feet and tried to invent plausibilities.

"Which of you gentlemen is Count Julowski?" demanded the centenier quietly, though it was a mere form, for he fixed his glance on Julowski; and indeed it was plain to the meanest intelligence that neither De Boivet nor myself could possibly have sustained the formidable reputation of the Count.

Julowski intimated that he bore the name in question.

"I regret then, M. le Comte, that it is my unpleasant duty to have you arrested."

"Arrested!" exclaimed the Count in well-simulated surprise. "May I ask for what crime?"

"For using threats towards an English gentleman named Tammers, who has in consequence been forced to seek safety in flight. The constables with me also hold a warrant for the arrest of M. Achille de Boivet."

"SO YOU'RE ASKING WHO'LL GO BAIL FOR THE COUNT AND M. DE BOIVET? WHY, I WILL!"

The owner of that distinguished appellation went up to the centenier and engaged him in a very animated conversation, while Julowski glared at me behind his back and hissed between his teeth the famous words that were so often on French lips at the fatal end of the Franco-German War:

"We are betrayed!"

I began to be very much afraid we were, but I discreetly shook my head.

"See, he says nothing of you!" added the Count.

So far the centenier certainly had not mentioned my name, which did not add to the probabilities in favour of my innocence in the eyes of the opposition.

"And what do you propose to do with us, monsieur?" De Boivet was saying excitedly. "This is an absurd mistake, but how can we prove it to be so?"

"You will be taken to the Town Hall and brought up before the Constable of St. Helier's at ten o'clock, when no doubt you will be admitted to bail," said the polished centenier.

"But pray who will consent to become bail for us, since we are strangers and have no acquaintances here?" groaned De Boivet in apparent despair.

"That is unfortunate," replied the centenier; "but perhaps this gentleman——" indicating me.

His speech was cut short by a loud voice in the doorway.

"So you're asking who'll go bail for the Count and M. de Boivet? Why, I will!"

We swung round like one man. Of course it was Tammers! Arrived at this most opportune of all moments—with a green carpet-bag in his hand.

He looked about him genially as he took up his position in the centre of the room. Tammers had, I suppose, the quality of leadership inherent in him. During the very limited period of our acquaintance he invariably occupied a prominent place in every scene in which he took part.

The centenier, who seemed at a loss to account for Tammers' behaviour, went outside to call up the constables.

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The Count took advantage of his absence to turn bitterly on Tammers.

"Snake!"

"It isn't the thing for us to speak to one another, you know," said Tammers, regarding him reproachfully. "But I'm no snake! Never was."

"Then what is the meaning of all this?" demanded the Count, completely overcome by his temper and flinging etiquette to the winds, as Tammers remarked to me later on with deep disapproval.

"I'm blowed if I know!" replied Tammers. "What's he been up to?" he asked of me, jerking his head in the direction of Julowski.

I crossed to his side and rapidly explained the situation.

"They think *I've* laid information? that I wanted to sneak out of the fight?" exclaimed Tammers in profound disgust.

As he spoke the centenier re-entered the room with a constable, and Tammers at once took the matter in hand.

"What's he been doing?" he asked confidentially, pointing towards the Count.

But the centenier tried to wave him aside.

"We've had too many delays already. Pardon, monsieur."

"The man who got the nut in his mouth, because he was too proud to wait for the crackers, broke his best back tooth," interrupted Tammers, with an air of offering benignant advice. "Don't be in a hurry, Bobby; I'm more important than I look, maybe."

The centenier now condescended to explain.

"What? Using threats towards an English gentleman named Tammers, and forcing him to seek safety in flight?" repeated Tammers. "Who has dared to say that? I'd like to meet that man! I never ran away!"

"I do not know what you may have done, sir, but I know what I have to do," said the centenier, out of patience at last.

Tammers drew himself up with an indescribable complacency.

"I happen to be that English gentleman. I'm Tammers!" he said simply. A Hohenzollern could hardly have equalled him at that moment.

Turning to the Count he added:

"This is a beastly unlucky mistake, you know, Count."

"You may be Mr. Tammers," observed the centenier, who did not seem at all convinced; "if you are you can appear at the Town Hall and give your evidence later. Meanwhile these gentlemen must come with me."

"Call the landlord and he'll tell you who I am," continued Tammers, "and here's Mr. Anson, a friend of mine, he'll tell you the same."

The landlord appeared and identified Tammers, but the centenier declared he must fulfil his duty, and presently the Count and De Boivet drove off in a carriage accompanied by a policeman on the box.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"ARTIST."—Your question as to whether the Highlanders wore their feather bonnets at the battle of the Alma has before now been the subject of much discussion. Kinglake, in describing the battle, gives a wonderfully vivid description of the Highlanders advancing, though perhaps it might be considered too picturesque to be quoted as evidence. The passage is as follows: "Above the crest or swell of the ground on the left rear of the 93rd yet another array of the tall, bending plumes began to rise in a long, ceaseless line stretching into the east; and presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it advanced upon the flank of the right Sonodal column, and caught the mass in its sin—caught it daring to march across the face of a Highland battalion—a battalion already near, and swiftly advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live." Colonel Cooper, who carried one of the colours of the 93rd at the Alma, when consulted, supported Kinglake's statement; and General Ewart, who was also with the regiment in the engagement, says in his "Story of a Soldier's Life": "A Russian general, who was taken prisoner, stated that their infantry would not stand firm after they caught sight of the bare legs and waving plumes of the Highlanders." Again, General Sir John Douglas, who commanded the 79th in the battle, and General F. W. Traill Burroughs, who was a lieutenant in the 93rd at the time, were both emphatic in saying that all the Highlanders engaged wore the feather bonnet. The fact has been disputed, but there can be no doubt, with such evidence as I have quoted, that Kinglake was quite right in his statement.

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"ARMADA."—The Spanish word Armada is equivalent to the English "Army," and is used in divers forms to signify both sea and land forces. It was first introduced in the corrupted form of "armado." Dromio of Syracuse, in "The Comedy of Errors," in describing the lady who laid claim to him, speaks of her nose as embellished with carbuncles, etc., "declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose." Occasionally the form "armata" is used, as in the "Philosophical Transactions" (1667), "the great defeat given by the Turkish armata . . . by the Venetians" or "armatho," as in the "English Mourning Garment," a rare tract (1603), reproduced in the Harleian Miscell., "the Spaniards having their armatho ready." The word also signifies a single large ship of war, as in Fuller's "Worthies" (1662), "he sunk and took nine Spanish ships, whereof one was an Armada of 600 Tunn." In the sense of "Army" we find it used in Morgan's "Algiers"—"the mighty Armadoes set on foot by Saracen Khalifas," and Lytton in "Athens" (1837), writes: "Nor was the Naval unworthy of the land armada." A diminutive form, "armadilla" or "armadillo," is sometimes met with, meaning either a squadron of six or eight ships, or a small vessel of war, *e.g.*, Dampier's "Voyages" (1729), "in company of eleven armadilloes, which are small vessels of war," while "Chambers's Cyclopædia" (supplement), defines armadilla as signifying in Spanish America a squadron.

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"TYKE."—I fear you have lost your bet. You are confusing the old 14th and 16th Foot. The 14th was raised as Colonel Sir Edward Hales's Regiment of Foot in 1685, and was known by its colonel's name until 1751, when it became the 14th Foot. In 1782 it became the 14th Bedfordshire. In 1809 its title was again altered to the 14th Buckinghamshire. In 1876 it received the additional title "Prince of Wales's Own." The regiment on the introduction of the territorial system in 1881, was renamed the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment). The 16th was raised by Colonel Archibald Douglas in 1688, and bore its colonel's name until 1751, when it became the 16th Foot. In 1782 it received the county title, 16th Buckinghamshire, which title in 1809 was altered to 16th Bedfordshire, and it has since 1881 been designated the Bedfordshire Regiment. The regiment that fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde was the 16th. There is only one officer of the name of Mundy whose name figures in the Blenheim Roll Call. He was Captain Robert Mundy, who belonged to Brigadier-General Meredyth's Regiment of Foot. This regiment afterwards became the 37th Foot, and when territorial titles were first bestowed on British regiments in 1782, it was styled the North Hampshire Regiment. It is now the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. The only record to be found of Captain Robert Mundy shows that he was appointed a captain in Colonel Richard Brewer's Regiment of Foot on February 1, 1697, and became a captain in Colonel Thomas Meredyth's Regiment on February 13, 1702. He afterwards became a major in Colonel Edmund Soame's Regiment of Foot in 1705, and left that regiment in 1708. After the last-named date his name does not figure in the Army List.

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"LAND SURVEYOR" enquires in what manner officers of the Royal Navy are selected for the surveying branch, and how trained for the work after selection. The first part of this query can be briefly answered, the second would involve an article. As a rule, Naval officers volunteer for the surveying service as subs. or junior lieutenants, and no officer can be obliged to make this branch of Naval work his speciality. The number of volunteers is never large, so that the Hydrographer is usually glad to appoint any intelligent officer who expresses his desire to serve in a surveying ship. The number of officers now engaged afloat in surveying is about fifty-five, these being distributed between eight small vessels, two of which are always engaged in home waters, the remainder abroad. Joining these ships without any practical knowledge of marine surveying, the novices are instructed in the work by the captain and his qualified assistants. The general system of a Naval education does, of course, furnish the groundwork, and the novices are tolerably familiar with the use of theodolite and sextant. All the rest has to be learnt practically in the course of the commission, and it usually takes fully one year before an officer can gain the position of 4th Class assistant surveyor, with extra pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a day. If endowed with capacity for this work, the assistant may reach the grade of 2nd Class, with 6s. extra pay, within a commission. As far as possible, the seamen and stokers are also encouraged to volunteer for surveying ships, but all are liable to be drafted to such vessels. The men receive no extra pay for the very arduous work involved in these surveys, but many of them like the freedom of the life and are found to volunteer again.

* * * *

R. H. WARD.—It is impossible to answer all your questions in the brief space of a note, and the best thing for me to do is to indicate the books from which you can most easily obtain all the information you require. To begin with, you will find more about the composition of the Army in "The Army Book for the British Empire," by Lieutenant-General Goodenough, R.A., and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Dalton, R.A. (Harrison and Sons, St. Martin's Lane), than in any other single volume. Here, too, you will find that a battalion consists of eight companies, and that the number of battalions to a regiment varies, though two is the number as a rule. The book will also give you information about pay, which you can supplement by referring to the pamphlet issued free at all post-offices on the "Advantages of the Army." Purchase was abolished in 1871, and flogging was abolished in time of peace in 1868, and was totally abolished in 1879. What is now known as "short service" was introduced by Mr. Cardwell in 1870, although it was primarily introduced in 1856, and had fallen into disuse. There is a lecture delivered in London and elsewhere, illustrated by magic lantern slides, which shows the life of a soldier admirably from his first entry into the Army. Other books which would be of use to you are: "The Queen's Service" (William Heinemann), by Horace Wyndham; "The Queen's Commission" (John Murray), by Captain G. J. Younghusband; "Mr. Thomas Atkins" (T. Fisher Unwin), by the Rev. E. J. Hardy; "Soldiers of the Queen" (Sands and Co.), by Horace Wyndham; and "Social Life in the British Army" (John Long), by "A British Officer." There are many other books I might recommend to you, but I think you will find in those I have mentioned ample material for a good lecture on the British Army. For figures, which, of course, vary considerably from time to time, you will find all you need in "Whitaker's Almanack," or "Hazell's Annual," if you cannot get hold of a copy of the Army Estimates.

THE EDITOR.

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A MANCHU DERELICT.

Photo. Copyright. *C. C Bulla.*

A RECENT RUSSIAN RECRUIT.

The Russian Army is not only vast, but curiously comprehensive, and it would take some time merely to enumerate the many and various nati nalities included in its capacious embrace. A quaint and instructive example of this at·ribute is afforded by the above picture, which shows a Chinese orphan who was picked up in the course of the recent Russian operations in Manchuria, and who has been brought away as a recruit in the Russian Artillery. Later on he is to be renamed, and received into the Orthodox Church, but for the present he is permitted to display his origin by retention of the Chinese pigtail.

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MOUNTED INFANTRY TRAINING.

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

RETURNING TO THE LED HORSES.

It went without saying that an early result of the lessons we have learnt in South Africa would be increased attention to mounted infantry training, and, equally of course, Aldershot, that great focus of home military life and thought, is keeping up its reputation for educational zeal and up-to-dateness in this significant direction. What is being done is clearly in advance of the progress, good as it was of its kind, which was made at the Camp year after year for a considerable period anterior to the outbreak of the war, and it is satisfactory to note that the instructors are men who have gained distinction as mounted infantrymen in South Africa. Such genuinely practical training cannot fail to have excellent results, for in such matters the tutorship of those who have just returned from a theatre of war is worth any number of text-books compiled by theorists or those with obsolete or limited experience.

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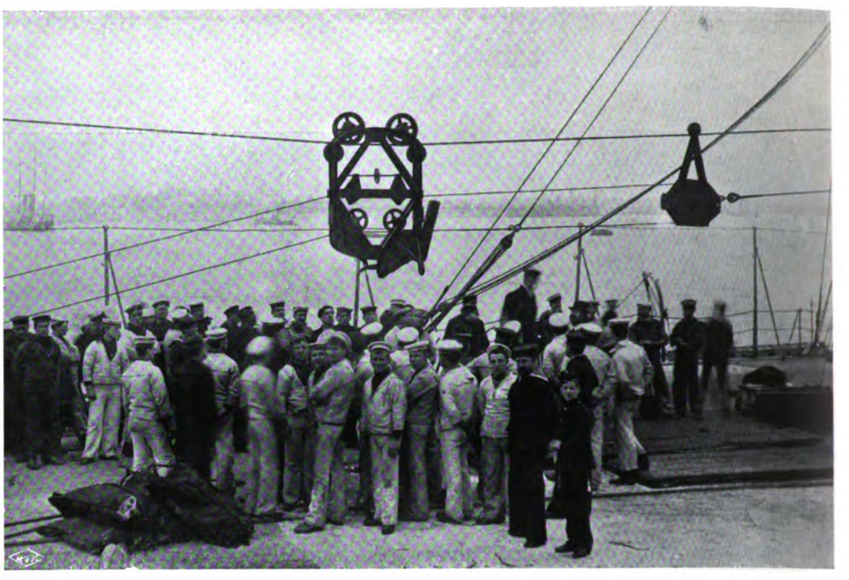
COALING AT SEA.

How War-ships may be Rendered Independent of Coaling Stations.



BENEATH THE AERIAL RAILWAY.

The terminus of the conveyer.

PEOPLE talk glibly about the great revolution which steam has effected in war on the water, but few among them realise the most important modification of all, viz., that steam war is localised by the coaling problem, and that the question of coal supply offers insuperable hindrances to operations which were everyday matters in sailing war. Before the days of the steam Navy only shortness of water drove ships into port. To have some convenient locality where ships could water was an important matter in the old blockading days. With the discovery of the distillation of salt water, however, this difficulty became minimised to such an extent that, for all practical purposes, the sailing war-vessel could be described as an independent factor. However, the latter state of affairs was short-lived, for following on its heels came the application of steam, with the result that a new commodity in the form of coal had to be considered as one of the most important articles of Naval stores.

For example, it may be remembered that after the United States Navy had smashed the Spanish squadrons in Cuban and Philippine waters, there followed an interregnum of peace in war. Accordingly, it was suggested that a strong American squadron should cross the Atlantic for the purpose of bombarding and occupying the arsenals on the Spanish coast itself. The "Yellow Press" arranged all the details of such an expedition to their own satisfaction, and great was the disappointment, therefore, when the American Admiralty vetoed the project as impracticable, for the simple reason that the voyage would be beyond the coal endurance of the ships, and that the nation possessed no coaling stations *en route*. Why not despatch a fleet of colliers to accompany the squadron, was the uninformed citizen's rejoinder? To which answer was made that the operation of coaling would have to be carried out at sea, and for that the colliers must have absolutely smooth water (such as is only to be found in land-locked harbours) and with no interruption from the enemy. And since neither smooth water nor non-interference on the part of the Spaniards could be guaranteed, the much-talked-of American expedition came to nothing. This rather humiliating experience, however, put our Transatlantic cousins on their mettle; they determined to acquire two things, viz., coaling stations, and movable coal depôts in the form of an apparatus that should render coaling at sea practicable. The last-named was no new idea; all kinds of schemes with this object in view had already been formulated, some of them nearly twenty years ago. Again, every scheme was practically the same, inasmuch that its fundamental principle was that of an aerial railway for passing coal-boxes from a collier to a war-ship. But hitherto these apparatuses had all failed, because no provision had been made for the relative motions of the two vessels, causing the railway to drop the bags into the water when they came close together, and the cables of which the railway was composed to snap when they drifted apart. In 1899, however, an American gentleman, Mr. Spencer Miller, appeared to have solved the problem by inventing a compensating device, whereby the suspended cables could be held under uniform tension in spite of the pitching and rolling and ever-varying distance between the two vessels. This apparatus was tried in the United States battle-ship "Massachusetts" in the course of that year, when the experiment proved eminently satisfactory. Since then, however, the apparatus has been greatly improved, and the patent purchased by the firm owning the well-known Temperley Trans-

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AUTOMATIC BAG-FILLING.

The newly-equipped "Ruby" coal hulk alongside the "Majestic."

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porter, which is a form of derrick for coaling ships, with increased simplicity and rapidity, either from colliers berthed alongside, or from wharves.

The new method of coaling ships at sea is now known as the Temperley-Miller Transporter, and the accompanying illustrations depict the experiments which are being carried out at Portsmouth, and which, should they prove satisfactory, will lead to the apparatus being adopted by the British Navy. The Temperley-Miller Transporter may be described as follows: The war-ship tows the collier, the distance between the two vessels being about 400-ft. The collier is fitted with a specially devised engine, consisting of two winding drums, and at the stern of the war-ship are fixed a pair of shears about 30-ft. in height. A steel cable leads from one drum to a sheave at the top of the foremast of the collier, and thence to a sheave at the shears of the war-ship; it then passes back to another sheave at the top of the collier's foremast, and thence to the other drum. This forms the aerial railway, which is always kept at tension by the compensating action of the two winding drums. When first invented a sea-anchor line from the war-ship to the collier was also necessary. But now the drums are so constructed that friction has been reduced to a minimum, and this adjunct is no longer required. The conveyer carriage running to and fro on the aerial railway transports two bags of coal, each containing 800-lb., in pannier fashion. The bags are loaded in the collier's hold, and elevated to a maintop on the mast. Two men are stationed on the maintop, whose duty it is to switch off the bags from the hoist and attach them to the aerial conveyer, this operation occupying only a few seconds. Then away flies the loaded conveyer over the billows till it reaches a simple mechanism just in front of the shears, which provides for the bags becoming unhooked, and either dropping into a canvas chute that conveys them on to deck, or dropping without a chute on to a portion of the quarter-deck, which is whitewashed so as to signify a danger zone. The empty bags are then hoisted up the shears till they automatically hook on to the conveyer, whereupon the whole runs back to the collier's maintop, and the operation is repeated. It is claimed for this ingenious transporter that the time taken by the conveyer in passing from ship to ship is only 20-sec., that coal can be transferred at the rate of twenty tons per hour, and that a speed of eight knots can be maintained whilst the operation is in progress. In the experiments in Portsmouth Harbour the other day the actual amount transferred by the apparatus was thirty-seven tons per hour. Another new refinement in coaling in the ordinary manner is the invention of automatic bag-filling apparatus, which has been fitted to the "Ruby" coal hulk. It is anticipated that this apparatus will fill bags with coal as quickly as four Temperley Transporters can hoist them out of the hold.

FROM THE COLLIER TO THE WAR-SHIP.

Switching the coal-bags on the conveyer in the maintop.

Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE DANGER ZONE.

The white-washed section of the quarter-deck notifies that here the coal-bags drop down from the conveyer.

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TURNING TRIALS OF SHIPS.

THE King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions direct that the turning powers of all His Majesty's ships are to be carefully ascertained and the results tabulated. They further call attention to the fact that these trials are of the utmost importance. As soon, therefore, as a new ship has completed her steam trials, the first favourable opportunity is taken to carry out her turning trials.

The *modus operandi* is simple. One or more mark buoys are dropped overboard, and moored at convenient distances apart. The officer conducting the trials takes up his position at the standard compass, and other observers are stationed at bow and stern with sextants or other instruments for measuring angles. The ship then steams at a suitable distance from the mark buoy and puts her helm over. At certain frequent intervals, by prearranged signal, the bearing of the buoy by standard compass and by the instruments at the bow and stern are simultaneously observed. Then, using the length of the ship as a base line, and the above observed angles being known, the exact position of the ship with regard to the buoy at these intervals is subsequently calculated and plotted on to a rough chart, from which accurate diagrams are finally traced. Now that steam tactics have become so essential and important a branch of Naval warfare, the value of these tables is obvious. They are of value to constructors in designing, to admirals in assembling and organising, and to commanders in manœuvring their ships.

In fleet work to-day, where intricate manœuvres are carried on at a high speed, with ships in very close formation, the amount of helm used by every ship is reduced to the standard of the least handy.

The maximum amount of helm given to modern ships is usually about 35-deg. each way, the actual amount used in practice at steam tactics being about 30-deg. Steam, electric, or hydraulic steering gear is now universally employed, the enormous pressure of the water on the rudder of steam-ships having rendered hand-steering gear, except as an alternative in cases of emergency, impracticable. An instance of this occurred in the steering trials of the "Minotaur," when it was found that it took seventy-eight men one and a-half minutes to put her helm over 23-deg. Her steam gear put the helm over 35-deg. in 16-sec. This, however, was before the introduction of balanced rudders, which have materially reduced the power required to work the helm. When the rudder of a ship is first put over the velocity she already possesses causes her to heel outwards to an appreciable extent, and also, as she swings, to move laterally through the water in her original direction. Her bow seems hardly to move, but the stern swerves suddenly to the right or left. After this the ship moves round on a spiral course till the new conditions are thoroughly established, when she will move in a practically circular path with a steady angle of heel. The pivot of a ship turning is usually a point about one-fourth of her length from the bow, but this varies with every ship and with the conditions of speed, helm, and weather.

A modern battle-ship at full speed with both engines going ahead and full helm will turn round in four or five times her own length. By reversing the inner screw this diameter can be gradually decreased till she loses headway entirely. She will then turn practically upon her heel. Merchant ships, which are not required to be so handy, have smaller rudders and turn in about seven or eight times their length. The area of the rudder varies considerably, but in modern war-ships appears to average about one-thirtieth of the area of the middle line plane. In merchant ships it is sometimes as low as one-hundredth.

THE LEADSMAN'S PART.

THE "IRRESISTIBLE" AT THE NORE.

Which ship has just completed her trials.

Photos. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

PRELIMINARIES OF THE TRIAL.

Putting over the mark buoys. The dockyard officials are congregated round the angle-measuring instrument, a gun director in this case, in the stern of the ship. The electric bell communicating with the standard compass can be seen lashed to the stand.

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FIRING A "FEU DE JOIE."

A MILITARY PATRIARCH.
General George Palmer Whish, who died recently, was born exactly two years before the battle of Waterloo. He entered the Army in 1829, and his military services included the Afghan Campaign of 1842 and the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49. His youngest son, Capt. G. Whish, of the Duke of Wellington's, has only just left England to join his regiment at the front.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE policy pursued by the British Government in relation to Chinese affairs has in past times aroused misgivings, but the agreement or treaty concluded with Japan removes any shadow of doubt as to our resolution to maintain the respective rights and to defend the interests of the new Allies in the Far East. Throughout the complications which arose out of the Boxer troubles the two Powers have been in uninterrupted communication, and have been actuated by views absolutely identical. They both recognise the integrity of China, and are resolved to uphold it. There is no suspicion of hostility to the legitimate interests of other Powers, and, indeed, the instrument of alliance may even be regarded as a self-denying ordinance. The alliance of the two sea Powers in that region of the globe will serve as a rallying point for all the forces that make for peace. It is recognised that Great Britain has her special interests in China, which are purely commercial, and are implied by the oft-repeated phrase of the "open door." Japan also has like interests in that country, but she is "peculiarly interested" in the integrity of Korea. We may, in fact, surmise that the menace to Korea was the root-spring of the new understanding.

OBVIOUSLY the Alliance is aimed at any coalition of hostile forces in the Far East. It will not be possible for France to lend a hand to Russia in any purpose of aggression in that region without provoking a war which would be of world-wide extent. Not until at least two Powers are engaged in hostile operations against one of the Allies will the treaty bring the other High Contracting Party to its assistance. This clause has been inserted to show the spirit of abstention in which the agreement is concluded, though it will not escape the enquirer that the presence of a strong and friendly neutral, maintaining in absolute completeness the obligations of neutrality, would be a most powerful factor in determining the inception and influencing the course of hostilities. In the face of such an understanding no Power is likely to incur the risk of war, and, therefore, the agreement may be regarded as a most powerful influence for peace. It should secure a friendly China, and there is no nation whom it can legitimately offend. Very judiciously the conditions are indicated in which precautionary measures may be taken, and the Treaty, regarded from any point of view, must be considered one of the most statesmanlike of recent years.

WHEN the excitement concerning the visit of Prince Henry is a thing of the past, the Americans, who are coming over here in thousands to the coronation of King Edward, will begin to think a little more of the manner in which they are to be represented. Some among them believe Captain Clark and General Wilson, great as is the esteem in which they are held at home, not to be of sufficiently high degree for the occasion, and expect the United States to suffer in consequence. Sturdy Americans say that these special representatives are themselves excellent men, and we must take them at the value set upon them at home. There is a tendency in some quarters to say that republics are given to making more of monarchies than monarchies are of republics. If a special embassy comes over to the coronation of King Edward, why should not a special embassy have gone over to the installation of Mr. Roosevelt "with a complete outfit of admirals and generals"? says one paper. If not, why not? More level-headed Americans will never ask us to send a special embassy at the election of each President. That is not international custom, but it is in accordance with long precedence that republics should be represented at the coronation of kings. Our kinsmen may feel quite sure that we shall give a most hearty welcome to the gallant officers they send, and shall do them all the honour in our power. Linked with Mr. Whitelaw Reid they will, in effect, do honour to the American nation.

MR. G. GIPPS, midshipman of the "Orlando," has proved himself an excellent chronicler of events in an account of "The Fighting in North China" (up to the fall of Tientsin City), which was printed at Shanghai, and has been published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It is a very modest recital of things, most of which the author saw, though he uses the words of another in describing the capture of the Taku Forts. The "Orlando" arrived at the mouth of the Peiho on May 29, 1900, and Mr. Gipps was one of those who were sent up to Tientsin. All will read with interest the account of the journey thither and of what happened at the place. It is well known that the fighting was very severe, and Captain Bayly, when he sent back to their ships a large portion of the defence force, paid a high and well-deserved tribute to the officers and men who had served through those trying six weeks, saying that no commanding officer could ever wish to be better supported. After reading Midshipman Gipps's stirring narrative we are better able to understand what the nature of that heroic service was. Unfortunately, little is said about Admiral Seymour's relief column, on the ground that its operations "have been so ably related by many others." I confess that I think there is much yet to say concerning the gallant service of the members of that column, and that Mr. Gipps's brochure would have been more complete if it had included an account of the operations of the force among its contents; but whatever is described here is well described, and the simple narrative is a most useful addition to the volumes dealing with events in China. Of course all who were at Tientsin and their friends will hasten to possess it.

THE recent visit of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand to St. Petersburg may be taken to indicate a certain drift in European politics which is significant. There can be little doubt that the agitation of the Pan-German League, which aspires to incorporate in the German Empire the greater part of the territories of the House of Hapsburg on this side of the Leitha, has raised some antagonism within the bonds of the Triple Alliance. No compact of the same nature between Austria-Hungary and Russia will be concluded for some time to come, if at all; but it is manifest that a degree of friendship with Russia would act in Austria as a counterpoise to the somewhat dangerous influence of the Pan-German spirit. The chief activity of the Pan-German League in Berlin is to meddle in Austrian affairs, with the ultimate view of bringing about the disruption of the Dual Monarchy, and the movement known as *Los von Rom*, which the League has fostered, is a distinctly treasonable agitation, better described as *Los von Oesterrich*. This is not the first occasion upon which religion has been used as a cloak to cover political ambitions. So long as the Emperor Francis Joseph

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is alive he will hold the affections of his people, but it is difficult to forecast what may follow. The situation in Austria is, in fact, a menace to the peace of Europe, and the progress of the treasonable propaganda and the movements that show the changing tendencies of political sympathy demand the closest attention from all thinking men.

ALTHOUGH the Uganda Railway has already attracted to itself some of the trade of German East Africa, a strong opinion prevails, notwithstanding much apathy on the part of the German people, that the Imperial Government is about to embark upon a strong railway policy. Up to the present time the main bulk of the Tanganyika trade has been in the hands of British traders, by the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers and Lake Nyassa. Undoubtedly the completion of the Uganda line will lead to the creation of a shipping industry upon Lake Victoria, and, inasmuch as the distance between the southern end of that great internal sea and the northern termination of Tanganyika is only some 200 miles, it may be assumed that a railway in German territory will connect the two points. Thus Tanganyika will be tapped at both extremities, but the really important point is that the Nyassa route should be developed as a purely British line of approach. The rapids of the Shiré are apparently an insuperable barrier to continuous navigation, but the British Foreign Office lately concluded an agreement for the construction of a light railway connecting the navigable portions of the river. This step has not been taken a moment too soon, for the Germans have already spent much money on the construction of fine trunk roads from the coast to the eastern side of Tanganyika, and, although they still use the Zambesi route, it is the intention of their Government to develop traffic between Kilwa and Withaven on the lake. It is regarded as certain that a railway will be constructed from Bagamoyo to Tabora, with branches thence to Lake Victoria and to a point on Lake Tanganyika, while on the western side the Congo Free State intends to construct a line from the highest navigable point on the Congo. Thus from every side the rich Tanganyika region is being penetrated, and, inasmuch as we touch it directly only at the southern end, it is a matter of great urgency that our means of communication to and on the lake should be increased.

SECRET SERVICE IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

A RIVER AFFECTED BY BOER GUN-RUNNERS.

WHEN the inner or diplomatic history of the South African War comes to be written, an interesting chapter will be that dealing with the relations between the British and Portuguese authorities in regard to Delagoa Bay. The result of the war has convinced the Portuguese that it is to their interest to work amicably with the British, and the atmosphere of Lorenzo Marques has been considerably clearer since certain notorious pro-Boer agents, masquerading as Portuguese *chargés d'affaires*, have been sent packing. During the early stages of the war it was the latter who did the packing—that is, it was they who looked to the safe consignment of pianos and other blamelessly described cases of merchandise, which really contained a fine variety of warlike stores, ranging from machine guns to small-arm ammunition. Verily, the trade in contraband of war *viâ* Delagoa Bay, the very existence of which is dependent on Transvaal trade, must have attained mammoth proportions, for how else are we to account for the apparently inexhaustible supply of ammunition which the enemy managed to scrape together? It will be hardly necessary to remind our readers that from the outbreak of hostilities we have kept a strong squadron enforcing a kind of peaceful blockade of Portuguese East African waters. Some may think that because the fighting has long since degenerated into "a sort of a war," therefore our ships have been withdrawn, or vigilance relaxed. As a matter of fact, the exact contrary is the case; for there is every reason to believe that gun and ammunition running is still being practised, and that on a fairly large scale, up some of the rivers which empty themselves into Delagoa Bay. This is an exciting sport, both for the runners and those whose duty it is to intercept the latter. We note with regret that in certain quarters all this kind of extraneous aid to the enemy has been petulantly denounced as unfair. English people have the least right of any to be sticklers on this score. It is no exaggeration to state that in every war that has been waged since mediæval times, Englishmen, when they have not happened to be belligerents, have contributed a goodly quota of daring spirits to run the blockade, man privateers of the "Alabama" or "Ban Righ" types, and fight as soldiers of fortune, as did Baker Pacha and Villebois de Mareuil.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

PREPARING A RECHERCHE REPAST.

Natives cutting up a hippopotamus.

A MAPUTA FERRY.

Natives crossing the stream.

To return to the subject of the accompanying illustrations, the leakage through Delagoa Bay is believed to exist mainly *viâ* the Maputa River. Few, if any, up-to-date gazetteers mention the latter, but good maps of the theatre of war show how splendidly it is situated for gun-running and kindred operations, inasmuch as it winds along the northern frontier of Zululand, passes through Swaziland, and has its source in almost the heart of the Transvaal. The Maputa is famous for its hippopotami. Shooting the pachyderms is rather tame sport, that is, shooting them from the bank, armed, say, with a battery of cordite Expresses, but the nigger who takes them on in their own element is a sportsman indeed, for his arms consist only of a spear; while, of the small flotilla of canoes which advance to the attack, some are pretty certain to be upset and their occupants bitten. However, natives much appreciate the flavour of hippopotamus flesh, and, in view of the succulent fare with which the slaughtered quarry furnishes them, they always consider the risks worth running. Doubtless, when the war really ends, and capitalists will take up and greatly develop Lorenzo Marques, so as to make it the chief port of call on the East Coast, many English sportsmen will have opportunities to explore the Maputa in quest of the big game with which its waters and banks are believed to abound. At present, the officers of the "Barracouta" and other men-of-war on the station are those best acquainted with its secrets, for reasons not unacquainted with sport of an even more exciting kind.

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THE LANCER'S VASE.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

THE BANGALORE CUP.

IT is much to be feared that things are not quite as they should be in Afghanistan, in spite of the sanguine anticipations which were so freely indulged in at the time of Habibullah's accession. It is too early as yet to speak with any assurance on the subject of the recent despatches from the Borderland, but, in spite of suggestive explanations, it is difficult to avoid some feeling of apprehension lest serious trouble may be brewing. It may be as well to state in a few plain words just what the trouble is. Between our frontier and that of Afghanistan lie certain independent tribes which are supposed to be within our sphere of influence, but which have always of late professed to regard the Ameer of Afghanistan as their spiritual head. The late Abdur Rahman encouraged this notion, and often caused us a great deal of inconvenience by the countenance he lent the mullahs and other pestilent fanatics who are forever stirring up religious agitations among the Mohmands and Swatis and Bajauris, and other of the unkempt and excitable tribesfolk of these parts. But Abdur Rahman was careful not to go beyond a certain point. He was very fond of receiving "deputations" from these border tribes, the spokesmen of which were careful to uphold him as a prophet of Islam, and hinted pretty openly that he might, if he chose, be as great as, if not greater than, the Sultan, whose position as Khalifa does not receive very complete recognition in Afghanistan. But Abdur Rahman was far too shrewd to be led away into allowing the Hadda Mullah and others of his kidney to go to their tribes firmly convinced that, if they rose against British rule, he would actively support them. He dabbled in the intrigues which led to the Chitral Expedition, but he appears to have managed his affairs in such a manner that his record is fairly clear as regards the Frontier Risings of 1897-98.

It is, however, a significant fact that the Hadda Mullah and the Mad Mullah, who were largely responsible for the early outbreaks, started from Cabul, where the former, at any rate, is a person of some consequence, having at one time been the tutor of the present Ameer. To us the Hadda Mullah is positively one of the very worst and most dangerous of our enemies, for his influence among the border tribes is enormous, and his hostility to us is uncompromisingly vicious and enduring. It was a little disturbing, then, to learn a short time back that, when the Hadda Mullah expressed his intention of coming to Cabul at the head of a "deputation" to congratulate Habibullah on his accession, the latter had sent this proclaimed enemy of ours an elephant on which to ride in state to the capital. Making all possible allowances, this was scarcely a friendly act, for the new Ameer is a very enlightened man, and must have known that we should resent his bestowing such signal honour upon this troublesome fanatic, who has already cost us so much in blood and treasure.

And now from Peshawar comes the additional news that the Hadda Mullah has duly swaggered into Cabul, and has Habibullah completely under his influence, and that he is to be the principal religious figure at the formal installation of the Ameer next month. Meanwhile there is—not unnaturally—unrest at Cabul, and mullahs and fakirs are reported to be stirring up agitation in Buner and the Malakand country. It is suggested that some of the unrest at Cabul may be due to recent disaffection in the Army, and some explain the favour shown to the Hadda Mullah on the ground that Habibullah fears a pretender, and wishes to propitiate the more fanatical among the "kittle cattle" he has as subjects. But both the suggestion and the explanation are a little thin, and neither touch the disquieting, if not very serious, rumours of propagandism among the Swatis and Bunerwals. In a few weeks the situation may have become a good deal clearer, and it is earnestly to be hoped that what will then be revealed will not be so unsatisfactory as present reasonable anticipations might indicate.

In Lord Dufferin, whose death the whole Empire has been lamenting, the Indian Army had a good friend who did much to strengthen it, and who was responsible for the introduction of that notable and important feature of our military supremacy in India, the Imperial Service Troops. The personal popularity enjoyed by Lord Dufferin throughout the Indian Army was extraordinarily great, but hardly surprising in view of the extent to which public confidence in him was enhanced by his gracious tact and charm of manner. He accompanied Lady Dufferin when she presented new colours to my old regiment at Lucknow, and I well remember the singular liking and respect which he inspired without any conscious effort.

I was speaking of this charm of manner to a fellow-traveller one day, and he interested me greatly by recounting a personal reminiscence of Lord Dufferin which I have never seen in print, and which has a pathetic attractiveness at the present moment. As a youngster he had been sent to Lord Dufferin with a message which required a reply, and was shown into a room to await the great man's convenience. After a little while Lord Dufferin came in and said, "I am afraid, my boy, I shall have to keep you some little time, so I have brought you a book to read." I wonder how many great men have exhibited thoughtfulness of that rare and delicate sort. It is not surprising that my friend cherished with affectionate pride the memory of that particular act of kindly consideration shown towards a mere boy by one who was already regarded as a pillar of the Empire.

There has been a good deal of bitterness among time-expired men in India, other than those who have accepted the bounty to serve on with the colours, by reason of the delay which has taken place in sending them home. The matter has been brought up in Parliament, and Lord George Hamilton has returned the soft answer which is officially supposed to turn away wrath. But, if one may judge by a letter from a private soldier which has recently appeared in the *Times of India*, the local feeling on the subject is not of the sort that is very readily assuaged by mere words. The writer of this letter, who has over eight years' service, nearly all of which has been spent abroad, is evidently pining to get home, and asks plaintively if "they" think he and his comrades are "lifetime soldiers." He adds "we shall do the recruiting harm when we do get home. We can only say—never go out to India. Why are so many men deserting in England when they get news to proceed to India? It is because they know the poor men in India cannot get away." This is not the spirit which we expect the true-hearted British soldier to exhibit, but some allowance must be made for that terrible home-sickness, and for the conviction which exists in this man's mind that he and his comrades who have not taken the bounty can well be spared. It must be mentioned, too, that all he wants is to be sent home, and he

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is quite willing to be called up again if his services should be wanted.

It is well to take heed of complaints like this, for they point a moral which I have urged aforetime in these notes, and indicate that the view of those who advocate a separate system of Indian service for British troops is not so unreasonable as is commonly supposed. But the real point at issue is one which is a little obscure, and upon which we may be quite sure neither the Indian Government nor the War Office will throw more light than they can help. The true reason why these men had been so long detained in India, from which they could otherwise well have been spared, is the fact that India has sent more British troops to South Africa than she can afford to send, and so is obliged to keep back men whom, as a matter of mere justice as well as in the interests of recruiting, she ought to have seized the first opportunity of sending home. It is all very well for the Secretary of State for India to harp upon the 17,000 men who have accepted the bounty, but the ultimate success of that expedient is not assured, and, in any case, it ought not to obscure the representations of a minority with what seems a genuine grievance.

At the heading of these notes appear pictures of two important pieces of silver plate, manufactured by Messrs. Barton, Son, and Co., the well-known jewellers and silversmiths of Bangalore. Both have a distinct Anglo-Indian military interest. The designs, it should be added, are original, and the work has been executed entirely by Indian workmen under European supervision. No. 1 is a solid silver challenge cup, or, to be more particular, a challenge vase, which has been presented by the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments of Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent, to the Poona assault-at-arms, for the best-mounted man-at-arms. The vase stands 28-in. high, exclusive of the plinth to which it is fitted. It is of an Italian shape, the most beautiful feature being the lip, which is supported by a model of a winged cherub. The handle is made by the fanciful coils of a serpent, and the size of the vase can better be imagined when it is stated that the serpent itself measures over 4-ft. in length. The lip, neck, body, and base of the vase are ornamented with floral and scroll design worked in high relief. The plinth bears an inscription plate, and ten small silver shields to take the names of winners each year. No. 2 represents the Bangalore Cup, 1901, which is shot for yearly at the Southern Indian Rifle Association Meeting, Bangalore. It stands 25-in. high, exclusive of the plinth, and is a handsome specimen of the silversmith's art. The base and bowl of the cup are ornamented with embossed floral and scroll work, highly burnished in parts. A solid silver winged figure, representing "Victory," surmounts the trophy. The cup, which is won outright yearly, is one of the most valuable and important shot for in India. It was won last year by the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

I have made several remarks, mostly of a highly complimentary sort, on Indian volunteering in these notes, and I would now draw the attention of readers interested in this development to a capital little publication, the *Indian Volunteer Record*, of which No. 12, Vol. IX., lies before me. One cannot fail to be impressed by the admirable tone which pervades this sensible journal, a tone which might, perhaps, be imported with advantage into home discussion of matters affecting our Citizen Army. Discussing the speech of General Leach, C.B., D.S.O., R.E., at a recent dinner given by the Calcutta Port Defence Volunteers, the editor accepts the criticism of the distinguished officer in question in an excellent spirit. He admits the justice of the contention that many Indian Volunteer officers are not up to the mark in the matter of ordinary military knowledge, but he makes a very strong point in remarking that, if the military accomplishments of these officers are limited, so has been their military recognition. He claims that Indian Volunteer officers do not have reasonable facilities given them for acquiring military proficiency, and urges the establishment of Schools of Instruction on the same lines as have proved successful at home. That seems a very proper spirit in which to argue the point, and one which it is to be hoped the Indian Government will appreciate.

WHAT IS HE SAYING?

AMONG the many and various modern developments of the soldier's duties, few are more important than those concerning the rapid communication of orders to the different units in the field. Where field wires have not been laid, and where there is no Marconi installation, the most usual methods employed are those of the flag, semaphore, and heliograph. The system of the latter, which is that of mirrors reflecting the sun's rays, has been familiar to most of us since the days of our early youth, when it was a favourite pastime to waken elderly relations from their slumbers during sunny weather by means of a piece of looking-glass. This exercise was, moreover, an early training in scouting, as it entailed the necessary retreat and immediate concealment of the small body which had tested the strength of the inactive and reposeful enemy. Needless to say, the preliminary observation had to be a careful one.

Although the heliograph is not used for the purpose of alarming the enemy, it is safe to suppose that its use may have been suggested by the memory of the distance to which the sun's rays were transmitted in the sunny days of youth, to some thoughtful mind who was puzzling out some ready means of communication by simple means.

A large proportion of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men in all corps now understand its use, and under ordinary circumstances all messages can be readily communicated at a sixty miles' interval. Much greater intervals have been used in exceptional cases. Of course, there must be either a great difference of altitude between sender and receiver, or—if on the same altitude—an uninterrupted view.

In India, where all large forces are composed of mixed bodies of His Majesty's British and Indian forces, and where a message is as frequently transmitted by a representative of one branch and received by one of the other, it is necessary that there should be a code and system of instruction common to both. Our illustration shows the comrades in arms of both parts of the Empire learning the art of sun-signalling together.

All signallers must now learn to read and transmit readily by the three systems of signalling. Verbal messages are only used in cases of great emergency when there is not time to write. By night the same code is used as in the day, but lamps, either electric, acetylene, limelight, or oil are used.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

HOW THEY LEARN TO KNOW.

Tommy Atkins and Jack Sepoy under instruction in signalling.

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FENCING OF JAPANESE IMPERIAL PALACE POLICE, TOKIO.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O.

SARUDA TONOSUKE.
A fencer's signature.

WE saw the part of the fencing called "Form" done both with the bamboo imitation and with real naked swords, which latter are of great antiquity, having been preserved for many generations in the Imperial Household. The "Form" commences by the combatants making one or two low bows to each other, bending nearly down to the ground, their weapons meanwhile, whether swords or spears, for we saw spear fencing also, lying upon the ground point to point.

The combatants then take up the weapons and stand in silence for a while in a stiff attitude, eyeing each other from a distance. Then with a sudden rush and a loud cry of "Ho!" or "Ha!" they spring towards each other, and one strikes a furious blow while the other assumes an attitude of defence. The blades, however, are not allowed to meet and the men after the blow remain some ten or fifteen seconds in the attitude of striking and parrying respectively.

After this they retreat from each other, stealthily retiring inch by inch till a considerable distance separates them, and then each again assumes a graceful attitude with his sword lifted. They remain thus for some time, then comes another rush, another cry, another blow, and another attitude; and so it goes on. This parade or form lasts for about ten minutes, and an example of one of the attitudes is shown in the picture of the two Negisis.

After the form comes the real fighting, and quite serious fighting it is. Were it not for the fact that the blades of the mock swords are made of four strips of bamboo lashed but lightly together, on the same principle as a spliced cane fishing-rod, and are therefore not solid, considerable injury would soon be done in this remarkably vigorous style of fencing. The point of the mock sword is enclosed in a parchment cover.

The first fight was between two expert swordsmen named Saruda and Muto, and although these experts both guarded splendidly, they dealt each other most tremendous blows, shouting short sharp cries and yells with each blow, or hurling sarcastic speeches at each other.

When hit the combatant struck, who has to acknowledge the blow, is supposed to do so by raising the point of his weapon in the air. But they became so excited that the intervention of the fencing master, who was referee, was often necessary to decide which had got home the stroke first. Grappling is not against the rules, therefore when one of them dropped his sword, he rushed upon his opponent and grappled with him violently to prevent himself from being struck. Then an amusing incident followed, for the other one dropped his sword also, and so they went on grappling. Eventually, once more separating, each contrived

MUTO HIDESIGNE.
A fencer's signature.

JAPANESE IMPERIAL PALACE POLICE.

In fencing costume, with the chief of the police in the centre.

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to get his rival's sword, and then they went at it again, with a will, as before. As match succeeded match a notice on the wall gave the names of the combatants. This notice in the case of Saruda and Muto is shown in the Japanese writings at the head of these articles.

After several matches with the swords there was a capital fencing match with lances between two excellent fencers named Iwasta and Sakui. They first went through a most elaborate and elegant series of "form" or parade movements with real spears, one of the spears being a foot or so shorter than the other. The shorter spear had a steel cross-bar just below the head, while the longer one had quite a straight spear head, just like a long Indian pig-sticking spear.

The grace and dignity of the men's movements and positions in this preliminary practice would be difficult to describe, and the whole thing was distinctly mediæval in its character.

HERR THEODOR STOEPEL.

The photographer.

When the fencers had changed their real spears for bamboo lances of the same length without iron heads, the lance fighting began.

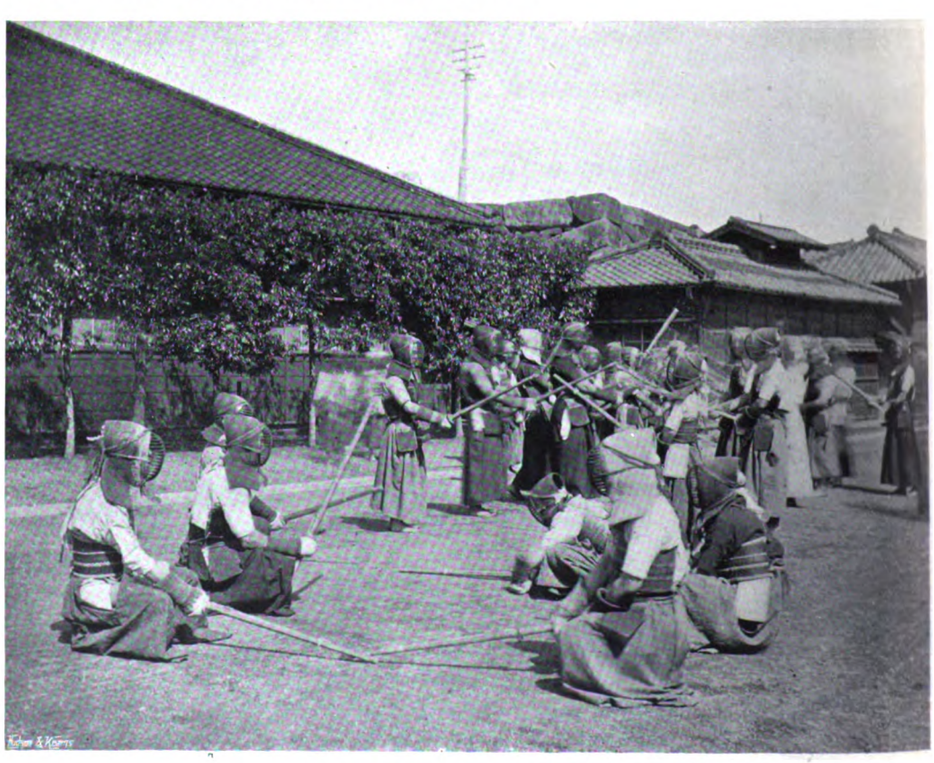
The shorter spear had a cross-bar lashed on just below the head, and it was soon apparent that the existence of this cross-bar quite made up to the owner of the shorter spear for the loss of a foot or so in the length of his weapon. For with this cross-bar he continually caught and held the shaft of his enemy's lance, and generally in consequence had the advantage of the combat. How the longer spear is held and twisted to one side by the cross-bar on the shorter one is shown in one of the illustrations.

In this exercise, as in the previous sword fencing, the men gave vent to most fiendish yells of "Ha!" "Ho!" or "Haie!" as they delivered each point, but so great was the skill of both that they seldom succeeded in getting the thrust home, and so in stabbing each other. I never saw such elegance and agility

BEFORE THE ATTACK.

Sword and sword in front. Lance and lance in centre. Bamboo fencing swords in rear.

combined, and would not have imagined it possible that two men fencing with single lances, and without the aid of a shield, could have displayed such skill in guarding, parrying, and protecting themselves. At the end of all the practices I was indeed able conscientiously to congratulate Oga Suwarra San, the head of the Imperial Palace Police, upon the extreme pitch of proficiency to which he had had his men raised in these warlike exercises. Oga Suwarra San may be noticed in his modern European police uniform in two of the pictures; for the Japanese police, as well as the soldiers in the Army, are all clad in serviceable and neat European uniforms. The other two persons in European clothes in the next picture are the writer of these lines and Baron Sannomiya, the Baron being the shorter of the two, although he is a man of rather over average height according to the ordinary Japanese standard. In this picture the two combatants in front are armed with swords, those in the centre with lances, while the couple in rear hold the two-handled fencing swords. All three couples are in the attitude assumed just at the commencement of a combat, and in another illustration is given the attitude on the ground when bowing before first engaging. Mr. Karl Theodor Stoepel, who took the photographs, is the only man who ever succeeded in reaching the summit of the 14,000-ft. high Mount Morrison or Ni-Itakayama in Formosa. The flag in Mr. Stoepel's hand is that planted by Lieutenant Saito of the Japanese army. When Mr. Stoepel planted his own flag 1,000-ft. higher he removed the emblem of his predecessor's prowess.



POSITION BEFORE ENGAGING.

One man in the act of bowing to his adversary; the others have just done so.

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AN AMERICAN MILITARY PLAY.

"THEY order these things better in France," said the author of "The Sentimental Journey" on the first page of his entertaining history. And I, borrowing Laurence Sterne's familiar phrase, said to myself, as I left the Adelphi Theatre the other evening, "They order these things better in America." By "these things" I meant melodrama, the drama of action as opposed to the drama of character; plays which rely for their effect not so much upon the gradual unfolding of individuality and the clash of opposing wills, as upon stirring episodes following one another in quick succession. A slender thread of story is quite sufficient to hold together a series of exciting incidents if the acting is brisk and business-like. "Secret Service" taught us that. "Held by the Enemy" had already given us a hint of it. "Arizona" clinches the matter, drives the nail fairly home. Melodrama of British manufacture has been declining for a long time past. We have had nothing really excellent in this line since the old Adelphi series, of which "The Bells of Haslemere" and "The Harbour Lights" were such capital examples. It is all very well to say "encourage home industries, give English playwrights a chance." At the present time there is no home industry in this direction for us to encourage. It is the English playwrights who do not give the playgoer a chance. But we need not complain while we have such an ingenious and entertaining piece as "Arizona" presented to us by a good all-round American company of players. The lover of melodrama will find at the Adelphi exactly the kind of thing he has long been looking for.

It is only fitting that, now it has taken back its old name, the theatre should revert to the form of entertainment with which that name is specially associated. Everyone who cares for traditions and memories of the past must be glad that the "New Century Theatre" is no more. To an American manager "the Adelphi" might mean nothing. "By any other name 'twould draw as well," he might say. But we English are like Mr. Hardcastle—we "love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine," and old names, too. Even apart from its theatrical associations, the Adelphi reminds us of the brothers after whom the region is called, the brothers Adam, whose dignified style of architecture we see in Adelphi Terrace and many another building of the late eighteenth century. Why should we exchange a name that really represents something to our minds for one that merely suggests a mushroom growth, an institution of but yesterday? It is as much a relief to go back to the familiar title of the theatre as it is to applaud once more the hero, to hiss as of old the villain, to weep furtive tears again over the woes of the heroine, instead of listening to the barrel-organ airs and the inane japes of musical comedy.

It is difficult to know which will most please the amateur of melodrama—the military scenes in "Arizona," or those which show the hero in the character of a "cow-puncher" on a Mexican ranch. It is after he has left the Army in undeserved disgrace that Lieutenant Denton takes to ranching. He has prevented the intended elopement of his colonel's wife with a rascally captain, but in doing so has contrived to draw suspicion upon himself. Of course, the rascally captain takes good care to make the case look black against him, and he has to send in his papers. His unfortunate position is complicated by the fact that he is himself in love with the sister of the woman for whose honour he has sacrificed his career. After he has been on the ranch for some time, the villain makes his appearance. He has an angry scene with Denton, who, carried away by righteous indignation, strikes him across the face. In the scuffle which naturally follows the captain is shot, and not unnaturally Denton is accused of shooting him. His fate trembles in the balance. The audience know he is innocent—is he not the hero? But how can his innocence be proved? His revolver has gone off accidentally in the affray, and sentence is on the point of being pronounced when it is providentially discovered that the bullet extracted from the dead man's body does not fit the revolver. Who, then, fired the fatal shot? Why, a Mexican vaquero, whose sweetheart has been wronged by Captain Hodgman. The vaquero confesses and escapes on a swift horse, and he and his young woman are united, and the hero is righted, and the colonel's wife makes a clean breast of it, and everything ends happily as melodrama should. And we go away cheerfully whistling Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and thinking that it is a long time since we have seen such a handsome pair as Mr. Vincent Serrano and Miss Olive May, who are hero and heroine, or such an amusing bluff old man as the ranch owner, or so picturesque and striking a performance as that of the Mexican vaquero.

MR. VINCENT SERRANO AS LIEUTENANT DENTON, THE HERO OF THE PLAY.

MISS OLIVE MAY AS BONITA CANBY.

MR. JOSEPH KILGOUR AS CAPTAIN HODGMAN, THE VILLAIN OF THE PLAY.

Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author, is well advised of the fact that, in a play of action, action is more important than words. His dialogue is all short and sharp and decisive, written as people in earnest talk, without high-falutin' or round-about ways of saying what they mean. The actors handle the piece in exactly the right style. They play it as if they meant it. The spectator believes in them. For the time being he is carried away, he surrenders his imagination to the author's intent, and follows every turn of the story with keen interest. The military setting is effective, and to an English audience specially interesting.

We cannot either write or act melodrama so well as this. Our dramatists and actors ought to study "Arizona," and see how the Americans do it. Nor should it be missed by anyone who cares about drama of this kind, ingeniously put together and admirably played.

H. H. F.

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A CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell & Son.*

THE FANCY DRESS BALL IN THE PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL.

A gay band of over 800 children invaded Portsmouth Town Hall last week at the invitation of the Mayoress. Miniature generals and admirals, with other officers of the Army and Navy, both ancient and modern, were in good number, as well as representative "Tommies," "Jacks," and "Joes." The picturesque side of the Services was also well illustrated by the girls. Some of the dresses displayed an unusual amount of inventiveness. Two pipers of the Gordon Highlanders added to the strength of the band and to the little ones' amusement and pleasure.

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THE GOVERNOR OF "GIB."

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O.

The "Rock," once a "Pillar of Hercules," is now a pillar of the British Empire, and so, indeed, is its gallant and splendidly distinguished Governor, of whom this is the most recent portrait. He is more comfortably situated here than he has been in some of the tight corners which he has experienced in the course of his varied and brilliant career, notably the long and anxious siege of Ladysmith, which he held with such heroic persistency. Twenty-three years ago he won the V.C. in Afghanistan as a major of the Gordons. Since then he has helped to add Upper Burma to the Empire, has been Commander-in-Chief in India, and has gained the complete confidence and respect of the British nation as a soldier and a man.

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The Engine-room Knot.

ONE of the questions which Lord Selborne left untouched in his interesting statement concerning the state of the Navy and the Naval Estimates was the question of the Naval engineers. Yet it is an urgent question, this, and one that is likely to give a great deal of trouble unless a statesmanlike and satisfactory solution is soon arrived at. The engineers as a body are discontented with their position, and yet it is very difficult to see how that position can be much improved as things stand at present. The demand that they shall receive executive rank and the powers of executive officers is a demand that cannot be granted without a complete departure from the present system, a departure against which there are many objections to be urged.

Nominally, the principal grievance of the engineers is that the man in charge of the running machinery of the ship has not sufficient authority to keep his men in order. It is pointed out, as an annoying absurdity, that a senior engineer, a man of mature age and wide experience, may be obliged to call upon a junior officer, a young fellow of half his years, to enforce discipline down below. It is urged that an engineer officer ought to be placed at least in the same position with regard to his men as an officer of Marines.

Really, the main difficulty is the social difficulty. The engineers feel that they are regarded as belonging to a lower class socially than the other officers; they believe that, if they were given rank as lieutenants and captains, this would no longer be the case. A few engineers, it is true, do belong to a social class below those classes from which Naval officers are as a rule drawn. In the gun-room and the ward-room most of the engineers are treated by the executive officers as being their equals in every way, though there are engineers who cannot be so treated. But really the feeling of social inferiority has its roots much more in the past than in the present. It dates back to the time when the Naval engineer was on a social level with the railway engine-driver of to-day. Of course, we have changed all that long ago, but the engineers consider that their position has never been properly settled. It is not nearly so much the lack of authority which makes Naval engineers grumble—they have in practice a great deal more actual authority than is theoretically provided for them by the King's Regulations—as the feeling that they are not, as a class, recognised as the social equals of other classes of Naval officers.

Now, clearly this cannot be altogether remedied by giving them titular rank. You may call an engineer "Admiral," if you will, but you cannot by so doing endow him with the manners of a gentleman; you cannot make him understand the thousand small points which mark the difference between men of breeding and education and men who have not enjoyed these advantages. Estimable as they may be in other ways, the latter class will never feel quite at home in the company of the former class. Surely, then, the best remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of things should be looked for in some plan for drawing all Naval engineer officers from the same social ranks as those which supply executive officers. And surely the best way of doing this would be to apply the same system to engineers as is applied in the selection and training of the other kind of Naval officers.

When the time came for the abolition of the navigating masters of ships in the Royal Navy, when it was seen that officers must be able to handle and direct as well as fight their ships, inducements were held out to young officers to become navigators, and a supply was at once created which enabled the authorities to replace the "masters" by competent lieutenants. We must follow the same plan now. Parents who wish to enter their sons as engineer officers should apply for nominations to the Admiralty. The boys nominated should enter the "Britannia" and follow much the same course of instruction as obtains at present. At the examinations so many boys on the list would be offered engineer commissions, just as so many military cadets on the Woolwich list are offered commissions in the Royal Engineers. Instead of going to sea, as midshipmen go to learn their duties, the engineers would go to an engineering college to be taught their business theoretically and practically. It would have to be a very thorough business, this, and the young men would have to put their hearts into it. Then, at the time when the executive officer leaves Greenwich and goes to sea as a sub-lieutenant, the engineer officer would go to sea with similar rank to take charge of engines. He would be paid on a higher scale than the deck-officer, partly on account of his exceptional ability (just as the Royal Engineer is paid better than the Artilleryman or the Linesman), partly in order to compensate him for his inability to reach the highest rank in the Service. When the engineer reached the rank of rear-admiral, he would be given some position on shore. There are many billets in dockyards and Naval establishments in which he would be most useful. Only in very rare cases would an engineer officer rise to active command of ships and fleets. There would be some few probably who would succeed in mastering the duties of a deck-officer as well as those of an engineer. But with the great majority it would be "engineers once, engineers always."

Such a plan as this, lifting the question out of its present sphere altogether and dealing with it in a broad spirit of progressive statesmanship, would settle very soon the difficulties which have gathered round this important subject of the Naval engineers and their position. In ten years' time we should be able to begin drafting our trained engineer officers into the Fleet. In twenty years' time we should have nearly all our ships run by them. The social difficulty would disappear altogether. The discipline difficulty would no longer exist either, for the men in the engine-room would have no hesitation in obeying an officer who was seen to be in exactly the same position as other officers. The change would be in every way beneficial, and, indeed, it is bound to come. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of many of those who study Naval matters most closely. It could be introduced conveniently as soon as the new Naval College on shore is ready to receive the "Britannia" cadets. Every advocate of "efficiency" must agree that the present condition of the engineer branch of the Navy is not satisfactory. It cannot last. It must be taken seriously in hand before long. Every Naval officer must have a knowledge of engineering, and every engineer officer must be an executive. A reform upon historical lines, such as we have sketched in outline, would not only add to the efficiency of the Service; it would show the world that the Admiralty is capable of dealing with Naval problems in a large-minded manner and with a determination to solve them upon the soundest possible lines, considering not only the Present, but the Future.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There is no foundation whatever for the announcement made by a contemporary that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is to be absorbed into the* KING. *The success which the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *has always enjoyed, its popularity with all who are interested in the Services, and its wide circulation, preclude any idea of absorption or amalgamation.*

The KING *is about to be made a journal analogous to that most successful paper* COUNTRY LIFE *so far as its high standard of production is concerned; its illustrations will be selected with no less care, and will be printed in the most artistic manner possible. It will also be enlarged and improved, and provided with many additional features of interest. The* KING *will be largely devoted to illustrating Royal functions and matters pertaining to the Court in the widest sense of the word; it will also deal exhaustively with all those subjects which are in any way connected with Urban life, and particularly it is intended that it shall form a pictorial record of movements in London from week to week.*

The first number of the new series of the KING *appears on March* 8.

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A FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

A RITE OF MILITARY MOURNING.

Sir Neville Chamberlain's Horse in the funeral procession.

Photos. Copyright. *Russell & Sons, Southsea.*

LEAVING THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL'S HOME.

The cortege setting out from Lordswood, near Southampton, where Sir Neville lived in retirement.

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THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

THE BOER PRISONER LOTTER.

Reading the sentence after the court-martial.
From a photo. supplied by Mr. W. P. Watkins, Bexhill-on-Sea.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

Lotter fainting on hearing his death warrant announced.
From a photo. supplied by Mr. W. P. Watkins. Bexhill-on-Sea.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE DIRECTOR OF TRANSPORTS, AND STAFF.

In the transport office at Pretoria.

"WELL, I have served with most of them—at least, those that have come to the front later in the war, so I ought to know," said my friend, who had been a Boer mercenary. "One man stands out pre-eminently, and that is Louis Botha. In my opinion he is head and shoulders above any of the others, be they of the old school or the new. Military instinct is born in a man; it may be cultivated, but it cannot be made. Louis Botha possesses the natural instinct to an extraordinary degree. He not only proved himself an able tactician in the ordering of his own undisciplined cohorts, but he possesses that genius which seems to compel his opponents to do exactly what he most desires. When he was at his zenith, before the strategy of Lord Roberts and England's boundless resources overthrew the burgher resistance, Botha invariably compelled his opponents in Natal to conform to his own movements rather than shape his operations to their plan of campaign—which is the true genius of generalship. Quick in his decisions, fearless to a fault, dogged and determined, with a wonderful eye for the advantages and disadvantages of natural features, Louis Botha, as a soldier, deserved to command troops of a better material than the *canaille* with which I have been associated for the last two years.

"De Wet? You in England are inclined to think too much of De Wet. You cannot put him in the same category with Louis Botha. The one is worthy of commanding an Army Corps in my own country (Germany), the other is only a dashing brigand and marauder. He is not the brain of the guerilla resistance, as you imagine; he is only the instrument in the hands of De Villiers and Steyn. They plan the itinerary, De Wet carries it out. In character and bearing he is coarse, morose, and uneducated. Nor would his capture bring about the results you hope. If De Wet was captured to-day there would be found half-a-dozen young men who have been serving under him who would make as clever and successful guerillas as he has been.

"Ben Viljoen, whom you have captured? Yes, that was a good capture. You have all been inclined to underrate Ben Viljoen as a leader. You have judged him harshly because, in the first place, he was a braggart opponent of everything English, and, in the second, because he fled from Elandslaagte. You may well acquit him of both charges. This two years of war has shown that there was some foundation for Boer bravado. That a man flees from the battlefield in his first fight is no criterion of his courage. An undisciplined man's conduct in his first battle is proof of nothing. Ben Viljoen wiped out that slur by his courage later in the war. If there had been more Boers like him, the campaign would have had even a more protracted issue. Ben Viljoen was one of the few leaders who could keep a commando in hand."

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ON THE LOOK-OUT.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

THE kind of criticism which Vice-Admiral O. Livonius, of the German Navy, has written on ours in the *Deutsche Revue* is intrinsically not worth much. Its principal interest, to judge from the analysis of his article given by the *Army and Navy Gazette*, lies in the evidence it affords, first, that there is a certain tendency to swelled head among German Naval officers, which is all in our favour, and then that they have after all a tolerably sound idea as to what constitutes efficiency in an armed force. We need not be surprised, and still less offended, at either. The Germans, though a very solid people, have a strongly emotional side, and are therefore liable to fall into exaggerations of praise of themselves, as well as other excesses of loquacity. Moreover, we have bragged pretty well in our time, and can do it still, as anyone who has kept his eyes at all about him and his ears open for the last three years must have discovered. The "Mafficking" outbreak was quite equal to anything our neighbours have ever done in the way of swagger. If we go back to former times, we shall find that—to take only the most conspicuous case—before the Spanish War, or War of Jenkins's Ear, in 1739, we blustered to an inordinate extent. It is a bad sign when men are found bursting out in this style, for loose, wild talk invariably indicates the existence of a great deal of gas in the talker, and a general experience teaches that the fate of gas is to be beaten out. So when we see signs of it in the Germans we can note them as good for ourselves and pass on. Yet they are a substantial people, who have a great idea of getting everything into order. They may be trusted to show their usual qualities in their Navy, and the most judicious calculation we have to make is that, if ever we have to fight them at sea, we shall find them the toughest opponents we have met since the wars with the Dutch in the seventeenth century.

* * * *

There is, however, one passage in the article of Admiral Livonius which has more value than the rest, to quote again from the summary. It is that in which he notes that we no longer have the superiority over foreigners in drills, gunnery, and training which we once possessed. The first reply suggested by this critical remark is, "How should we?" The superiority of which Admiral Livonius speaks was the result of the disorganisation of the French Navy by the Revolution and its consequent collapse, together with the complete decadence of the Spaniards. We never had the advantage to the same extent, or anything like it, over the Dutch, as is shown by the loss we suffered in the battle on the Dogger Bank and at Camperdown. Holland, having been outgrown by its neighbours, had by then become a small Power, and could keep only a handful of a Fleet. In the case of France we were not greatly better in the American War of the eighteenth century, but at other times we were much better. The French, in fact, generally neglected the military training of their crews. Even far into the last century this was the case. The Prince de Joinville has said in his memoirs that practice at the guns was hardly known in the first ship he served in. They have altered all that, and now practise a great deal. Since there are only twenty-four hours in the day for us all, anyone who will employ them in practice has as good a chance to be expert as we have. It is a fact we shall do well to keep in mind, We must not expect to win so easily, or with so small a sacrifice, as we did when the Revolutionary War began in 1792. We have many advantages, our geographical position and our command of coal being the chief of them. They are enough, when properly used, to give us victory, but in the shock of battle we shall probably find that we no longer fire much more rapidly and aim much straighter than our enemies. Therefore let us fill the twenty-four hours as fully as they can be filled without drilling men into stupidity by over-driving, knowing that we shall want all the skill we can possibly acquire.

* * * *

I have not had the advantage of seeing the full report of the speech delivered by Sir C. E. Howard Vincent to the Queen's Westminsters on the 15th of last month. The *Daily News* speaks of it as trenchant, being possibly prejudiced by agreement with its substance. But from the account given by that paper, Sir Howard appears to have handled several topics with spirit, and was no doubt interesting. He had something to say about the treatment of the Volunteers by the War Office, which is a fine subject for sarcastic handling. To some of us, however, it appears that the first thing to be said about the Volunteers is that their position is radically false, and that the War Office may be excused for being rather in the dark as to what line to take with them. What this country really wants is a far smaller body of well-practised men to stand guard at home against possible raids meant only to harass and destroy, and a larger body of thoroughly trained and well-appointed soldiers for service oversea. The Volunteers, looking at them as a whole, and apart from exceptional corps, are hardly fitted for the first duty, and they are not meant to serve the second. They are, in fact, neither one thing nor the other, and what they have the best cause to complain of is that they are not organised on a definite intelligible footing. The question we have to settle is how we are to provide not a stay-at-home Citizen Army, but a force always on foot and ready for service all over the world, including the tropics, on a much larger scale than our present standing Army.

* * * *

It is this pressing problem which no doubt accounts for the talk about conscription which offends both the *Daily News* and Sir Howard Vincent. Much folly is talked on the subject, ranging from confused official platitudes to the frothy rant of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Greater nonsense than talk about universal service of a year or two for the defence of the country as being needed by us it would be impossible to imagine. Our obligation is to provide a Colonial Army on a scale unknown to any other Power for constant service abroad. A mere defensive force would not avail us. Our need is in Africa and in Asia. Conscription is not used to supply garrisons for the tropics by any other nation. France and Germany form their colonial troops of volunteers, and can do so because they need very few. We need a great many, and will need more. How are they to be got? That is the real question. If they must be had, and cannot be obtained by free enlistment, what are we to do? If we fall back on conscription we shall soon find our Empire an acute burden, and it will be no trifling task to arrange for the maintenance of our garrisons in India, China, and Africa by the short service which is inevitable with a conscript Army.

* * * *

Our neighbours in France, who use so many fine words about their Army, are in no small difficulty as it is, though they have no India and South Africa to garrison. The simple fact is that to draw, as France does, one and a-half per cent.

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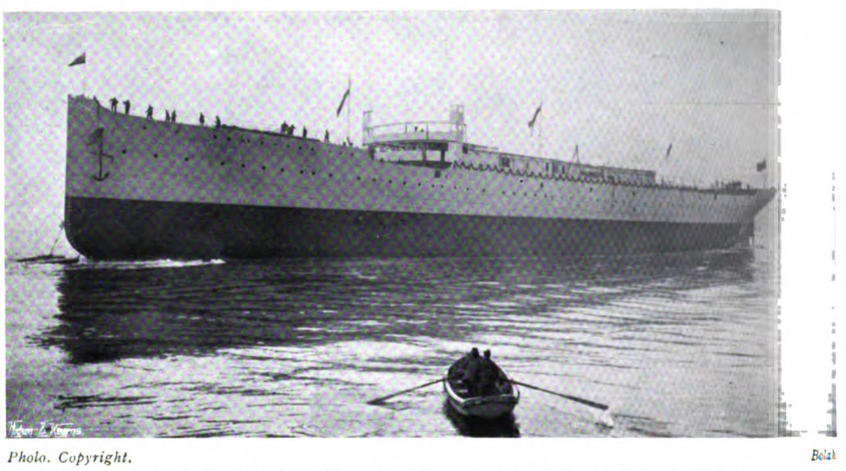
of the population for a military service of three years, even allowing for the one year's service of those who hold diplomas, is a frightful strain on a nation, and puts it at a terrible disadvantage in the industrial struggle. Yet how is the Army to be kept efficient if the service is reduced to two years, as a large party wish? That is the riddle the French have to solve. Germany does it because the framework of her Army is composed of re-engaged men—long-service soldiers, in fact—who are every whit as much "mercenaries" as our own, let the Germans cant as they please. She is poor, and has a growing population. Necessity drives numbers of Germans to the Army as it drives them to the sea. France has a population which grows very slowly, or not at all, and is rich. Nine hundred and ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a thousand hate military life, however much they also may cant about their Army. She cannot find the mercenaries, even though she give them fine names and as much good pay as she can afford. Her position is in truth very painful. She draws nearly half as large a proportion again of her population to the ranks as Germany—that is to say, fifteen per thousand as against the German eleven per thousand—and suffers accordingly in commerce and manufactures; but she cannot escape from this burden without reducing her Army either in numbers or, in what would be worse, efficiency, and practically renouncing all attempt to maintain equality with Germany. There is a vast amount of cant talked about universal military service. France alone has it, and is finding the weight too heavy. Germany comes next, but a good way behind. Austria, Italy, and Russia draw only six or eight per thousand of their population.

FROM THE BALTIC TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

RUSSIA'S Naval policy is of an enterprising character. The year 1900 and the beginning of 1901 were remarkable for the large number of vessels that took the water; in fact, the whole of the ship-building programme provided for by the Naval budget for the seven years 1898-1904 is now in hand and proceeding apace. In the budget for the present year large sums are included for the new port at Libau, and for the ports of Vladivostock and Port Arthur. A novel and extremely interesting addition to the Russian Navy was made on February 8 last, when a composite transport and steam training-ship, the "Okean," of about 12,000 tons and 18 knots speed, was launched at Kiel. This vessel, which was built at the Howaldt Works in the short space of eight months, is the largest that Kiel has yet produced. The following are her principal dimensions: Extreme length, 470-ft.; greatest width, 158-ft.; draught, 25½-ft.; and displacement, 5,600 tons; while the indicated horse-power of her engines amounts to 11,000. The "Okean" is equipped with no less than fifteen boilers, namely, six Belleville, six Niclausse, one Yarrow, and two Thornycroft, which are placed in two separate compartments. The reason for her possessing such a variety of boilers is for the purpose of instructing the Russian stokers in the use of each, and thus rendering them familiar with all the principal types. Again, her coal bunkers are constructed to carry 1,600 tons of coal.

The "Okean" is the first war-vessel which has ever been designed to serve the double purpose of transport and training-ship. In the first-named capacity she will ply between the Russian harbours on the North Sea and the Siberian ports, and thus help to defray the cost of building, which has been very heavy. When acting as a training-ship, mainly for the instruction of engineers and stokers of the Russian Navy, her crew will consist of 25 officers and engineer-instructors and 700 men.



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A NOVELTY IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

Launch of the "Okean"—Russian transport and steam training-ship combined.

The launch of the "Okean" was made the occasion for an international function. H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia, of "mailed-fist" fame, was the guest of honour, and the large and distinguished company included the Russian Ambassador and the future captain of the "Okean." The ceremony of christening the vessel was performed by the chaplain of the Russian fast cruiser "Askold." By the way, the circumstance may be noted how Russia has her war-ships constructed in a variety of foreign dockyards, namely, Cramp's yard at Philadelphia; La Seyne, France; the Vulcan yard, Stettin; the Germania yard, Kiel; and at Copenhagen.

The peculiar position and the extensive and exposed sea-board have necessitated a great expansion of Italian Naval power during the last three decades. The Italian Navy contains some of the largest ships afloat, but within the last few years lack of means has caused Italy to fall behind other nations in the matter of Naval expansion, so that she no longer holds the same relative position that she did. For purposes of local Naval administration and defence, the Italian littoral is divided into three prefectures, namely, Spezia, Naples, and Venice, and the vessels are apportioned between them and Taranto. Livorno, or as English people best know it, Leghorn, is another important Naval base, since it is the seat of the Royal Marine Academy, where the commissioned ranks undergo their education, and the home of the "Cantiere Orlando," where some of Italy's battle-ships have been built.

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ITALIAN NAVAL CADETS AT WORK.

Gun-drill at the Royal Marine Academy, Leghorn.

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NATAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is a refreshing quality of true statesmanship that so much of it is not for a day, or a week, or a year, but for all time. When Lord Salisbury rises in the House of Lords to clear away the mists which surround some tremendous issue of foreign policy, when Mr. Chamberlain goes down to the City to receive the seal of its approval of him as a Minister and a man, even when Lord Rosebery deals with contemporary situations of all sorts and sizes from a strangely complicated standpoint of critical aloofness—in each and all of these instances one sees the permanence of great political principles, as distinct from the quickly passing influence of the oratory which is inspired by party considerations or the excitement of a debate. It is very interesting, too, to note how, when really Imperial questions come to be discussed in such circumstances, the speakers, whatever their politics—unless indeed the latter be of the extreme Little Englander type—say much the same thing, even to the verge of platitude. Only the other day, for example, Lord Rosebery solemnly announced the fact that, in his belief, the true policy of Imperialism is one that relates not to territory alone, but to the race as well. What is there new in that? He went on to say that the Imperialism which, grasping after territory, ignores the conditions of an Imperial race is a blind, a futile, and a defeated Imperialism. It is possible that Lord Rosebery looks upon this as an important discovery, but it is a discovery which has been regarded by NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for some years past as a thoroughly established and pretty generally accepted proposition.

We have, as the Americans say, "no use for" party politics in this journal, but the public must be warned against the attempt to make the acceptance of commonplaces like this the hall-mark of Liberal, or of any other special brand of, Imperialism. If there has been anything at all distinctive about the Imperialism of the last five or six years, it has been the clear recognition of the fact that it is in community of blood and interests, and not in mere territorial expansion, that the future growth of the British Empire lies. The very day before Lord Rosebery was discoursing on "Liberal Imperialism"—let us earnestly hope that no one will ever talk seriously about "Conservative Imperialism"—Mr. Chamberlain was showing how the community of sentiment which animates the British race throughout the world has at last found material expression, and what a glorious ideal it is, that of holding for ourselves and transmitting to our descendants this great inheritance of a united Empire. "Shoulder to shoulder, all for each and each for all, we stand united before the world, and our children have shown that they are not unwilling to share with us the obligations as well as the privileges of Empire. We have taken a step towards consolidation, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. It has been the aspiration of our ancestors, it has been striven for by patriotic statesmen of all parties, and now is within measure of practical accomplishment." One does not, as a rule, notice any striking affinity between the public utterances of Mr. Chamberlain and those of Lord Rosebery, but it looks very much as if in the matter of Imperialism they had been drinking at the same fount of inspiration.

As a matter of party watchwords the term "Liberal Imperialist" may be all very well, but a protest may well be entered against the theory that Imperialism, such as the British Empire wants, and is in a fair way to have, should be swayed to any appreciable extent by party considerations. Years ago it was determined that our foreign policy should be largely continuous, and it is an interesting historical fact that Lord Rosebery was the first Foreign Secretary to accord free acceptance to this principle. If in the changes and chances of the early future Lord Rosebery should once again become, not Foreign Secretary, but Prime Minister, we might now, perhaps, be justified in expecting from him some continuity of Colonial policy also, so beautifully do his Imperialistic sentiments harmonise with those which Mr. Chamberlain has not only ventilated, but put into practice. In the meantime let us be contented with the last-stated fact. Let us be thankful that, outside the region of correct theories and admirable sentiments, we have got hold of an Imperialism which is practical, tangible, throbbing with vitality, and eager for "material expression." The ringing enthusiasm of a sitting of the Federal Australian Parliament, as both sides of the House, with splendid unanimity, condemn the campaign of Continental slander of the Empire's Army; the zeal of the Canadian backwoodsman to take his place in yet another contingent for the front; the light in the New Zealand trooper's eyes as he fires his last shot on a strange soil for Empire and King—there is more of the right sort of Imperialism in all these than in any copy-book maxims or fluent platform oratory. Just as in foreign politics we need not mind greatly how much we are hated, provided we are adequately feared, so the Motherland need not worry herself about the exact description of the class of Imperialism which binds her to her daughter states, so long as true community of sentiment is emphasised by deeds and practice on either side, as to which there can be no sort of uncertainty at home or abroad.

But "practical Imperialism," to be of any solid use, must be both continuous and comprehensive, and it is here that the greatest need for watchfulness on the part of the Mother Country lies. We must keep a keen eye upon not only our Colonial Office, but upon those other great departments of State which have, or are likely to have, relations with the Colonies of a much more intimate and significant sort than was possible before the war. There is no necessity here to continue harping upon the recent revelations in respect of remounts and meat contracts, but the public will do well to look to it that, in the measures taken to prevent the recurrence of such extravagances, something more than a mere kindly encouragement of Colonial enterprise should be demonstrated. In an Imperial partnership there must be no only reciprocity, but intelligent co-operation, and you cannot have proper co-operation without organised effort. If the Government would use some of its immense resources to establish the nuclei of proper systems of remount operations and of meat supply

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in the Colonies, the expansion of these systems could be left with perfect safety to the Colonies themselves. But the Colonies can hardly be expected to take the initiative when as yet they have no security that the War Office will treat them fairly in a great Imperial emergency.

Here is a direction in which much might be done, indeed ought to be done, outside the Colonial Office. The latter, however, would assuredly lend its aid in affording every sort of information and bringing the "high contracting parties" into good working contact. The Colonies are still apprehensive lest, under existing arrangements, an undue preference will be given to Argentine meat in the matter of the meat contract, and there is as yet nothing to make them suppose that in any further sudden call for remounts proper advantage will be taken of Colonial resources. But if the Imperial Government were to establish forthwith small agencies in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, for the purpose of organising remount and meat supply depôts which could be expanded if necessary, and which in any case would be of immense service as centres of information and collection, the Colonies would feel that something practical and businesslike was being done, and would probably carry out the work of expansion themselves as a mere matter of commercial and industrial policy.

Another direction in which practical Imperialism will have to be brought very carefully into play in the early future is that of the Naval defence of the great Colonies, as to which we have had something to say in previous instalments of these notes. In the "Statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty explanatory of the Navy Estimates 1902-1903," there appears a significant allusion to the future composition of the Australian Squadron, which Lord Selborne says is to be discussed with delegates from the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand during the course of this year. The subject is one on which complete unanimity is not in the least likely, and it is even possible that some rather sharp difference of opinion may be indicated, more especially as regards Australasian aspirations towards a Navy officered, manned, and controlled, as well as paid for, by the Commonwealth and New Zealand. In dealing with this question the Admiralty will have need of tact and of scrupulous regard for Colonial susceptibilities if anything like a permanently satisfactory conclusion is to be arrived at, and, in any case, the decision will be a momentous one. For the point at issue is, in reality, of far greater importance than that of the Colonial contingents, and the use of them as a starting-point of future Imperial military organisations. The latter must of necessity be for the most part latent sources of power to be called into action or expanded on emergency only. But any sort of system on which the Imperial Government and the Colonies agree to provide for the Naval defence of the latter must be largely apparent at the outset, and must continue so. No successive lines of unseen reserves will help a Colony threatened with a Naval raid, and, with growing wealth and the knowledge of the temptation which that wealth creates, Australia and New Zealand especially must not be rudely overborne if they ask practical Imperialists to allow them to "run" their Naval defence rather more on their own lines than they have had a chance of doing hitherto.

COLONIAL VIGNETTES.

UNTIL the Boer War the military forces of our Colonies had attracted but little attention of a public character, and this, though Canada had offered a contingent at the time of the Penjdeh crisis, and New South Wales despatched a force of Field Artillery and Infantry to the Soudan in 1884-85. However, the experiences of the past two years have clearly demonstrated that in the Colonial Military Forces the Empire has the seeds of a grand army. It is not even yet generally realised in the old country that our Colonial brethren have carried the profession of arms beyond the Volunteer and Militia stages, whereas the Permanent Force which exists in most Colonies are regular soldiers in every sense of the term. The officers of the latter take up arms as a profession, while the non-commissioned officers and men enlist for a term of years, usually from three to five, are paid, housed, clothed, and fed by the State, and are subject to military law during their engagement. In Australia, New South Wales and Victoria have schools of instruction in their capitals, and at Sydney there is a school of gunnery also. But Australia stands in great need of a first-class military college, like that at Kingston, Canada. One of the accompanying illustrations depicts a representative detachment of an Australian Permanent Force, namely, No. 2 Company, Victorian Regiment, Royal Australian Artillery, who, with the exception of a small body of Engineers, are the only regular soldiers in Victoria. During the recent visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, this regiment of garrison artillery acted as his bodyguard whilst in Victoria, and his Royal Highness expressed admiration at the fine physique of the men and their soldierly qualities generally. Every year members of the Permanent Force of Artillery of the Australasian Colonies are sent by their Government to England, to go through the "Long Course" at Shoeburyness. The above illustration shows the Honourable Sir Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson leaving the Town Hall, Port Elizabeth, at the conclusion of his visit to this, the second city of Cape Colony, and one which, thanks to the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, has earned the title of "the Liverpool of South Africa." Sir Walter has only held the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope since 1901, and this visit was included in his first official tour of inspection through the Colony.

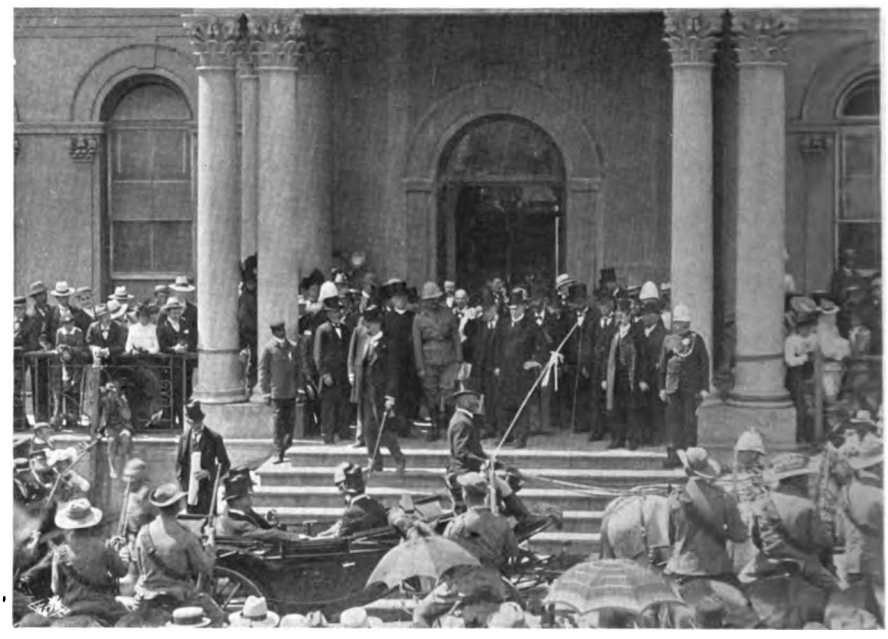

Photo. Copyright. *Goldsbrough*

A VISIT TO "THE LIVERPOOL OF SOUTH AFRICA."

The Governor of Cape Colony at the Town Hall, Port Elizabeth.

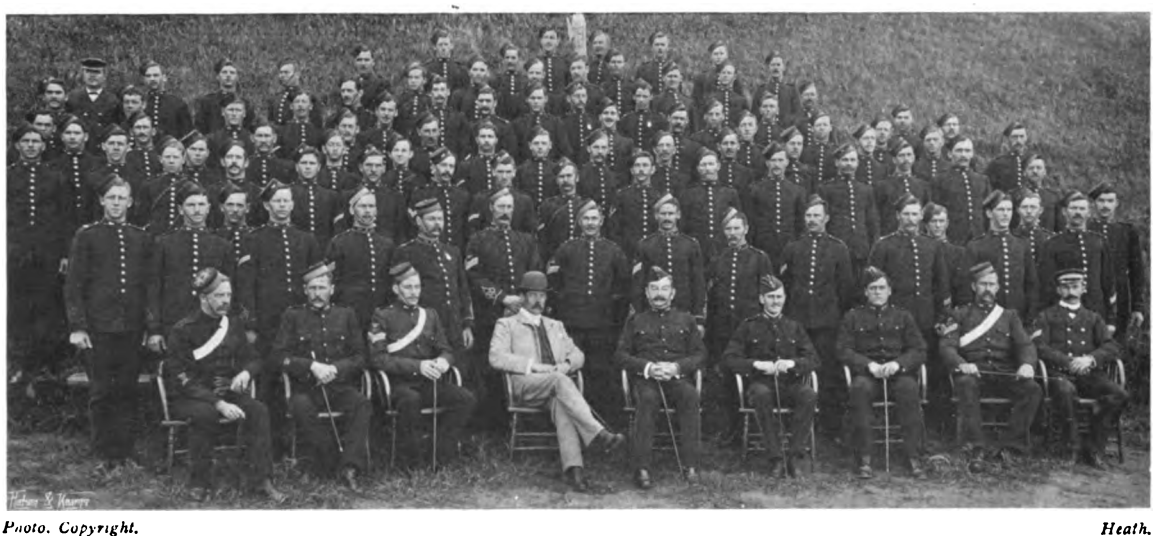

Photo. Copyright. *Heath.*

MEMBERS OF A FAMOUS PERMANENT FORCE.

No. 2 Company, Victorian Regiment of Royal Australian Artillery.

Reading from left to right the officers and non-commissioned officers seated in the front row are: Master Gunner Walsh, Brigade Sergt.-Maj. Coghill, Company Sergt.-Maj. Batterham, Capt. Harper Campbell, Maj. R. Walker, Lieut. B. L. Gipps, Lieut. Marsden and Q.M.S. Widdicombe.

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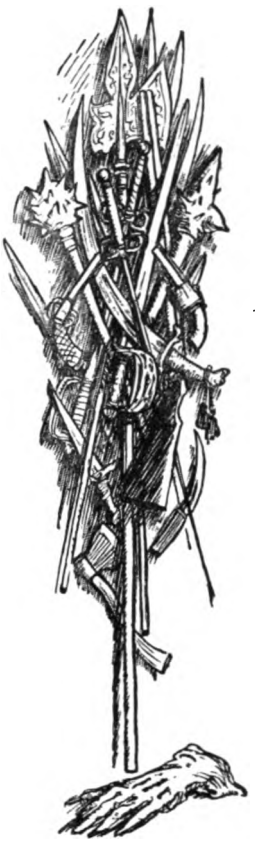
TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN.



SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt. In the morning Anson discovers to his dismay that Tammers has left in the mail-steamer for England, and the captain of the French boat openly derides the idea of his returning to fight the duel on Friday morning. De Boivet, on hearing of Tammers' departure from Jersey, openly sneers, and hints that Anson has been left in the lurch, and that Tammers will not return to fight. Major Algar appears to think much the same, but Anson sticks to believing he will appear in time for the duel on Friday. On Thursday morning the police arrive to arrest the Count and De Boivet, who accuse Anson of having given information to the authorities. They are just about to be taken away in arrest when Tammers appears, having just returned from England by the steamer, and endeavours to have them released.

CHAPTER X.

WE INTERVIEW THE EXECUTIVE.

TAMMERS lost no time in taking steps to have the Count and his second released from their unpleasant quarters. After a hurried consultation with the landlord he called me down, gave me a short five minutes for breakfast, and then hustled me also into a carriage before he acquainted me with our destination.

"I'm off to call on the Landrost of St. Helier's at his private residence before he starts for the Town Hall," he began as we settled in our places; "we must make him see sense. The landlord says he's a good sort. It won't do to have those two cut-throats brought up at the Town Hall. The case would be all over the place in the evening papers, and we'd have the whole population coming round to inspect Julowski. He couldn't budge without its being noticed, and how's our fight to come off then, I'd like you to tell me!"

I replied that in any case I fancied the duel would have to be postponed indefinitely.

"Why so?" asked Tammers; "that fight's been arranged and it's got to come off."

I suggested that it might be wiser to wait.

"I don't want to fight the fight of sit down—it doesn't answer. What I wish to know is—who laid this information against us?"

I shook my head. Algar and the captain were the only persons beside ourselves who knew anything about the arrangement. It could not by any possibility be Algar, I said.

"And it's not that captain," added Tammers with confidence.

"It may be one of the waiters at the hotel," I suggested.

But Tammers wouldn't hear of this. He said it would be as much as the man's place was worth.

"And they believed I'd done it!" he said indignantly. "Yet I told the Count I was there to back my opinions," he concluded, as if that should have decided the matter once for all.

"You went away without giving us any notice of your intention, and we had no idea what you meant to do; you must allow it looked queer."

Tammers considered me intently.

"Did you think I had bolted?" he asked.

I reflected for a moment or two. I had always retained a conviction that he would turn up all right.

"Well, no, I can't say I did," I answered.

"Thank you," said he earnestly. "I went away on important business," and he might have added some details but that we drew up at the Constable's house.

It stood on a poppy-clad hillside overlooking St. Aubin's Bay. We were at once admitted through a wide door into a sort of atrium, partially covered with glass, where a fountain played in the middle, and all about it were flaming blooms, with here and there a swollen cucumber under its woolly trail of leaves.

As we sat and waited for the appearance of the executive I thought over one or two things in connection with the duel. However good a shot Tammers might possibly be, he was unlikely to excel the Count, who was in any case bound to do as much damage as he could. Further, owing to extended practice, the chances should be greatly in the Count's favour. Yet Tammers seemed bent on risking his life. I failed to see my way satisfactorily through this tangle of hazards; nevertheless it began to dawn on me that perhaps Tammers knew his way about.

The Constable came out from a glass door, a portly, aristocratic-looking man, with his table-napkin still in his hand, as he had risen from breakfast, and enquired to what he owed the honour of our visit.

He waved us to a cushioned bench and seated himself upon a lounging chair.

"You owe it to Count Julowski," replied Tammers; "the man who has just been arrested at the Soleil Levant on the strength of a bit of paper signed by you, sir."

The Constable looked interested.

"Count Julowski, the duellist?" he said.

"He may be a duellist," said Tammers dispassionately. "Perhaps he is. But I'd be obliged if you'd let me know why he's been locked up. I've very special reasons for asking."

The Constable had been silently taking in the details of our appearance, and the self-evident fact that we were both English probably told in our favour.

"Count Julowski, according to information laid before me, has threatened the life of an Englishman at the *table-d'hôte*. This gentleman became so much alarmed—for the Count has the reputation of being a dangerous person—that he fled to England by the next steamer. It is a pity he did not in the first instance appeal to me. We could have promised him protection," concluded the Constable comfortably.

"Now I'd like to know who bamboozled your Government to that extent with such a story!" exclaimed Tammers.

The Constable uttered a word of astonishment.

"It's a hoax, sir!" continued Tammers. "A hoax, carried out on the old plan of 'give a dog a bad name and hang him.' The man who upset your Government at this hour of the morning should be punished."

"As a matter of fact, we received the information yesterday, and you will excuse my saying that we had the matter on excellent evidence," replied the Constable; "on the evidence, in fact, of one of our most respected English residents."

The truth struck me at once. It was the stout man, it was Pluvitt.

"I'm sorry to say your respected resident's got hold of the dirty end of the stick," said Tammers with emphasis. "Now what did he happen to say was the name of that man who ran away?"

"A Mister Tammers."

"Well, you can judge for yourself. I'm Tammers!"

The Constable started.

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"Indeed!" he ejaculated; and then his eyes went wandering down the vista of scarlet and yellow blossoms that fringed the verandah, as he considered this new light on the affair. "I understood Mr. Tammers left by the Southampton line yesterday morning."

"So he did," said Tammers, nodding. "He went away on business, and he came back by the Southampton line this morning. Your mail-boats here are a credit to you, sir!"

"But my dear Mr. Tammers, we must have you identified."

"So you can, sir. Everyone here knows I'm the man who owns that name. And now I'd be obliged to you if you'd unlock that Count before he blows up in a blue apoplexy or gets his nation to interpellate yours as to your hostile intentions."

"This gentleman is really Mr. Tammers," I said, speaking for the first time, in answer to a questioning glance from the Constable.

"Confront me with your respectable resident. That will be enough," put in Tammers cogently.

The Constable bit his moustache.

"Then am I to understand that you apprehend no violence from Count Julowski?" he asked.

"Violence? It isn't in the man to hurt me!"

"But I understand that you quarrelled at the *table-d'hôte* on Tuesday evening."

Tammers made an obvious effort of mind to recall this little disagreement before he answered:

"Well, I suppose we did. But now, would you call that a quarrel?" as if appealing to the Constable's better judgment.

Again the Constable bit his moustache.

"I was not present," he said; "but judging from the account of it given to me I fancy I should be justified in doing so. I believe the Count threatened to call you out, or words to that effect."

"Now, who in creation told you that?" asked Tammers.

"A Mister Samuel Pluvitt, who was there."

Tammers shook his head slily.

"Too late in the evening for him, you know," he said with significance.

"Are you aware that Count Julowski is a very dangerous man? His duel in Paris the other day——"

"I talked that over with him," interposed Tammers, in his frankest manner. "I tried to make him see it wasn't the right thing at all."

The Constable raised his brows and looked once more at me.

I corroborated Tammers' statement, which was true, though he had not succeeded in bringing the Count to share his views. The fault of his method, perhaps.

There was a pause, and then Tammers went on. He was summing up the case for the Count.

"I'm free to say that we did have words in the heat of the argument, but what's that among friends? I wouldn't have that foreign gentleman put to inconvenience on any account. Look here, sir, you wouldn't have him annoyed by being brought up with the drunks and disorderlies, I'm sure, sir! There's no harm in the man; he's as innocent as milk. He wouldn't injure me for worlds!"

"'THAT'S A BAD TURN PLUVITT'S DONE ME,' OBSERVED TAMMERS."

The Constable rose.

"Well, sir, on your representation I will arrange for the immediate release of Count Julowski and his friend; but I think you are acting rather rashly."

"That's square, and I'm much indebted to you," said Tammers as we took our leave.

We shook hands with the courteous Constable and walked slowly away down the hill. On getting out of the Constable's grounds we turned from the town and finally sat down on a bank and watched half-a-dozen fawn-coloured Jersey cows grazing in a lush meadow below, each tethered in its own patch and busily engaged in eating a well-marked circle round the retaining peg.

"That's a bad turn Pluvitt's done me," observed Tammers, musingly, as he sprawled on the grass.

"It might have been a good turn but for your own interference," I responded.

"The Count'll put his being run in down to my account; it's a heavy score by now, you bet."

"An untruth ——" I went on, following my own line of thought.

"Is a useful variation when it's told to a good end. When it isn't, it's a lie," pronounced Tammers, without hesitation.

I thought over this while the philosophic Tammers drew out a bundle of cigars, tied with the usual ribbon, and offered me one.

"I don't see the good end in this instance," I said presently.

"But you will—soon," said Tammers, puffing gently.

After which I became cheerfully convinced that Tammers had another card, and that a trump, up his sleeve.

(To be continued.)

THE fourth clause of the Royal Warrant of February 5, 1856, instituting the decoration of the Victoria Cross, runs thus: "It is ordained that anyone who after having received the Cross shall again perform an act of bravery which, if he had not received such Cross, would have entitled him to it, such further act shall be recorded by a bar attached to the riband by which the Cross is suspended, and for every additional act of bravery an additional bar may be added." This clause, however, has never as yet been put into operation, though of course any day some present recipient of the Cross may perform some act of valour worthy of the Cross, and have conferred on him the proud honour of being gazetted to a bar. It is very often assumed that such a case has occurred, and in a work on the Victoria Cross which was published some years ago, two cases are quoted, viz., those of Troop Sergeant-Major Berryman, 17th Lancers, and Lieutenant W. N. W. Hewett, R.N., both Russian War recipients of the Cross "for valour." This, however, is an entire mistake. Both these heroes were gazetted to the Cross in the *Gazette* of February 24, 1857, and though in each case for more than one act of valour, to the Cross only and without a bar. In the *Gazette* three specified acts of bravery are recorded on the part of Berryman, and two on the part of Hewett. Both these gallant heroes have answered the last bugle call, but before their deaths Berryman had attained to the rank of Major, and Hewett to that of Vice-Admiral and K.C.B. The reason the erroneous idea that a bar has ever been conferred has arisen, is probably because before the present war the campaign was generally concluded before the Cross was awarded, and in a very considerable number of cases the *Gazette* recorded two, or even three as in Berryman's case, specific acts of valour on the part of the recipient.

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AFTER SWAMP DEER, OR GOND.

By MURPHY.

IT has been stated that the name "swamp deer" is a misnomer, the swamp deer, or "gond," not inhabiting swamps. In Central India this may be the case, but further up country it is not so, for gond are found invariably in the near vicinity of swamps at any time of the day, except for a few hours during the great heat, when they take themselves into the swamps and rest beneath the generous shade of the "narkool" grass.

Two of us were fortunate enough to have rather a successful day in the swamps around S—— in Oudh. A long line of elephants is perhaps essential after tiger, and some think it is necessary also after gond. But the day in question showed us that a short, a very short line, I may say, has its advantages. The long line, once its direction has been decided on, is cumbersome to wheel in any direction at the best of times, and valuable time is wasted in the operation; whereas with a short line, say four elephants, the beat can jink and change front as required, and the turning movements take no time to speak of. Of course the long line has its advantages, but for compactness and easy handling the short line is preferable in my humble opinion.

We start two guns with four elephants—two howdahs and two pads—after breakfast to some swamps about four miles from S——, well known as the habitat of gond. We drive to the scene of operations and there mount our elephants. Line is formed north-east, G—— on the right near the high bank, pad elephants in the middle, self on the left. We jump a small stag and two hinds on the left soon after starting the beat; these we let go, the stag not being up to sample. Presently the grass is seen to wave to G——'s left front. It is extraordinary how difficult it is to follow a wave made in high grass, say fifty or sixty yards ahead of one. We of the "left" could "bet sixpence" that the animal that moved the slender feathery heads in front of G—— is coming down the line; but no, it goes away at an angle of 45-deg. with the right of the line, and thus is getting further and further away from the left. A wave from the left brings the right and centre round, and we again soon have the unknown object fair in front of us. Stealthily the line goes on, then there is a rush on the left, and we catch sight of a good pair of antlers as the stag suddenly comes to a stand, irresolute as to his line of retreat. This pause costs the noble beast his life; his neck is visible, a ·400 magnum bullet is despatched, and he drops. We find a fine stag *in extremis* as we come up, his horns fairly thick in the beam with twelve points. The Mussulman mahout is too late to perform the last rites in accordance with his creed. As we have a good deal of ground yet to go over, we cover this stag over well, tie knots in the grass to all four points of the compass around the spot, and proceed on our way. A long beat of nearly a mile brings us only a few brace of swamp partridge. This game bird is distinctly larger than the black partridge, and about the size of the chukhor of the hills, getting up with about the same amount of fuss as his friend from France, but not giving one so great a variety of shots. Generally he gets up and goes straight in the direction his head happens to be pointing at the time he is disturbed. When brought to bag his plumage is greatly to be admired, and when put into the "camp stew" he is very delicate eating.

G—— waves us round half-right towards some high narkool grass, where the water is fairly deep, and now that "Sol" is doing his best, the shady spot is a pretty sure find. We are all expectant of something good out of this patch, but the result of the beat is only a small stag, which offers a splendid sporting shot again and again, but is let live, that his antlers may increase and be worth the bagging in some season in the future.

After this beat there is a long stretch of grass, which is the grazing ground during the night and very early morning. We skirt this only, and get a couple of hares. But look ahead; there is the tell-tale narkool grass with an open piece of water on its right. Are there any duck or teal? Out come a pair of Zeiss's best, and they tell us that there are some 200 web-footed fliers on the oily surface of the jheel. We split the line, the two howdahs go on ahead, skirting widely to right and left of the jheel, the pads remain behind and give us a little law to get into position, and then we give the signal. On come the two pad elephants and put up the duck; here they come nicely—four barrels, three are down; back they circle and give us a long chance, two more fall, and away they go to some other favourite midday haunt.

The line closes on its centre on the far side of the jheel and wheels about to the left, and thus brings our faces towards home. We meet a grass-cutter, who volunteers the information that under that big tree there are five big stags. Perhaps there are three, more likely two. Anyhow, we make in that direction. We have not gone 50-yds. when there is a great commotion behind us. A wily old stag has lain low and let the line pass over him, and then up he has jumped and gone off without giving a chance. He tops a slight rise at 150-yds., and we see that he is "one of the best." Elephants about, and we go in pursuit; but no good, he has given us the slip, like all good old stags know the way only too well.

Again we face towards the famous tree and move slowly forward; arrived about 200-yds. from it, there is a welcome splash, splash of something heavy in front. We advance cautiously, and presently a splendid stag bolts from in front of the left howdah, making parallel to the line towards the right howdah. He's stopped! I see him; there he is, the "old hand"; thinks to hide, but his neck and shoulders are visible. The messenger of death is despatched, and the joyful "smack" of a palpable hit is heard. There is no movement; he must have dropped. We make towards him, and there he lies, a grand beast, with a grander head, fifteen points, with thick beam and a graceful spread. I am overjoyed; I have got a beauty this time. Where is he hit? It must be through the shoulder or in the neck; his shoulder was aimed at, as near as possible. The bullet has gone high right and cut his wind-pipe. What a near thing to a clean miss! But no matter, the stag is in hand; but still, perhaps the monarch deserved a better shot whereby to meet his death. One does not, however, lay much stress on the position of the shot that brings to bag one's best swamp deer. The stag lies in 2-ft. of water; down slip our orderlies, and he is soon on the pad. A snap-shot is taken with a pocket Kodak to hand the event down to history, and we are forward once more.

We have not gone far before lunch is thought a good notion. We dismount near the famous tree of the grass-cutter mentioned (he spoke fairly truly, after all; we had seen two good stages instead of five, the number he quoted—quite near enough to the truth). After a few hours in the hot sun one relishes a tasty meal put up by dainty fingers, who, as we sit at our repast, are awaiting our return to camp, although they know it cannot be till dusk.

The next beat is through dry grass, and nothing of an exciting nature is expected. A sounder of pig scurries away, but we are flying higher to-day, and therefore do not slay, much to the chagrin of our Gurkha orderlies, who dearly love smoked ham.

We have not gone far in the next beat when a good stag breaks in front of the centre of the line, and makes straight for a bit of open about 80-yds. ahead, on the far side of which is narkool and deep water. Crack goes G——'s ·303 on the right, and bang goes the ·400 almost simultaneously, the stag gives a lurch, one of us evidently hit him, probably G——, who is one of the best game shots in India; the stag, however, holds on; a second barrel from the ·400 is put in just before he reaches the narkool, effect not seen, probably a miss. We approach the open and find blood; he is hit, but where? We follow the blood into the narkool. G—— hurries on ahead to do stop at the far end, or at a convenient break in the high waving, wand-like narkool. The left howdah and two pads form line, and beat towards G——, but the stag has been too quick for us, and has gone out at the far end of the swamp before G—— can get there. Here we find blood again, and follow, follow, follow for a long distance, the stag seemingly not far in front. On and on we go, but get on no better terms. Finally, at dusk, we have reached the spot where the stag of the morning was left hidden. One more cast round for the wounded beast, and then we must be off home to camp. Our last cast is blank, number three stag is not found, so we must go pad number one, and make tracks, and so a most enjoyable day after gond, with a short line of elephants, ends.

Men are sent out next day to look for number three stag with no result, and again they go out, and have nothing to report but a blank. On the third day of the search, vultures are seen hovering about the vicinity where we had to give up the chase after our wounded stag. We hunt about, and at last find—alas!—only the cleaned carcase of our trophy; but where's his head, with that good pair of antlers that we both had considered worthy the bagging? Nowhere to be found. We find suspicious tracks of grass-cutters, and go straight for their village, two miles off, and make enquiries, offer rewards, entreat, and eventually scold roundly. But to no purpose, the antlers are not forthcoming, and we never get our trophy in spite of all our efforts. Of the two stags bagged on this day, one has eleven points on each horn, the horns being symmetrical; the other has seven points on the right horn, and it has also seven and a "pimple," which is considered large enough to count as a "point," making a total of fifteen points.

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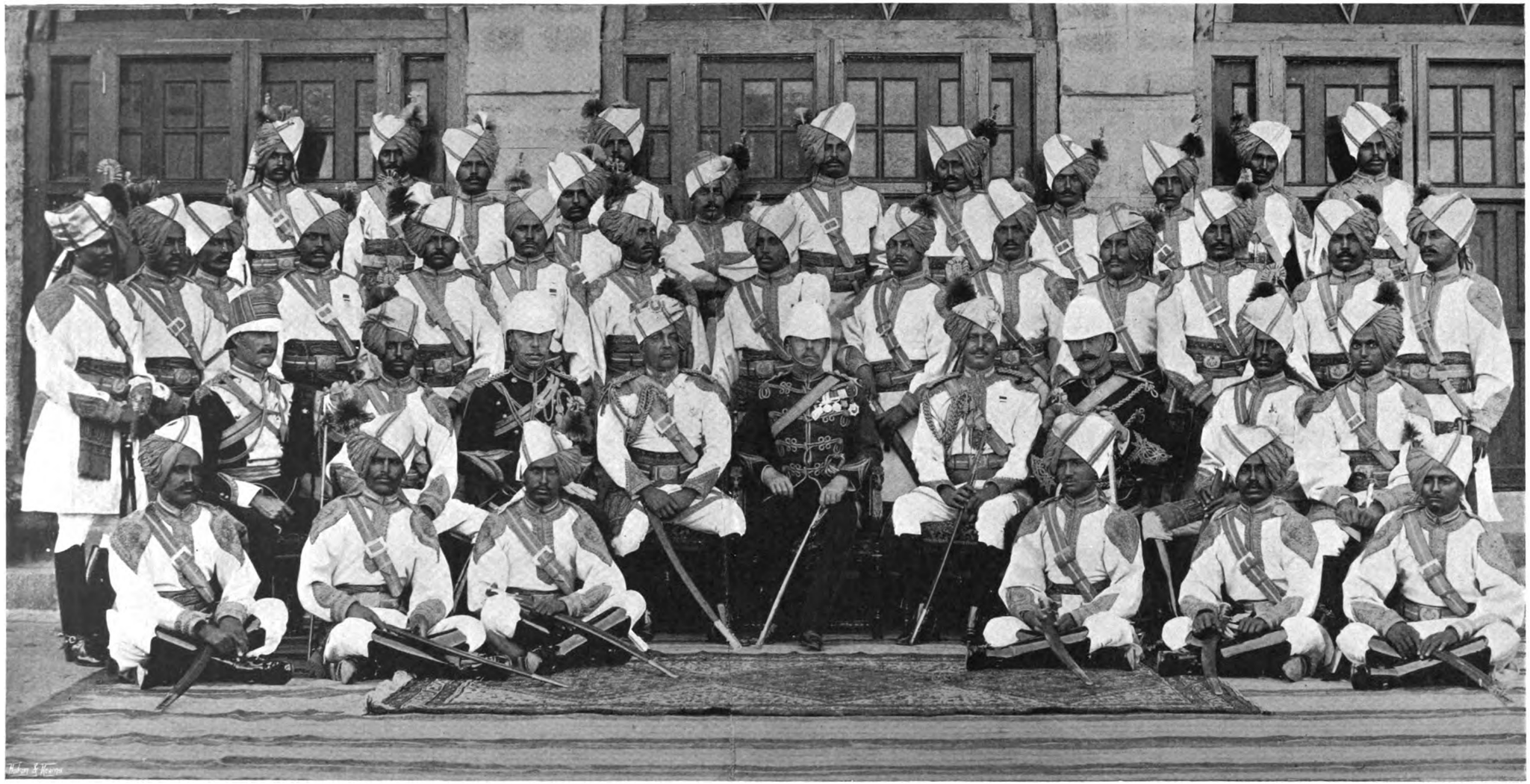
A GROUP OF GALLANT MARWARIS.



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OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE REGIMENT OF JODHPUR LANCERS.

Marwar is one of the largest states in India. Its area is greater than that of Ireland. Its distinguished ruler is known as the Maharaja of Jodhpur. Most of the Indian officers shown above come of the same good blood as their ruler—the blood of Sur Singh, Gaj Singh, and Jeswant Singh, who has left, perhaps, the most lasting and honoured name in history of any of the Rahtor Rajputs of Marwar. This regiment was quartered in reserve at Rawal Pindi during the Frontier War of 1897-98, and gained universal applause for its smartness on and off parade, its good horsemanship and good conduct. General Moorsom, a good judge of men and horses, was especially pleased with it. The European officer in the centre is Colonel Sir Howard Mellis of the Bombay Army, the late Inspector-General of Imperial Service Troops, a position now held by Colonel Beatson, C.B. The men in the ranks come from the same caste as their officers. The Jodhpur Lancers may truly be said to be a regiment of gentlemen, for every Rajput of the Suriya Vansa is a gentleman.

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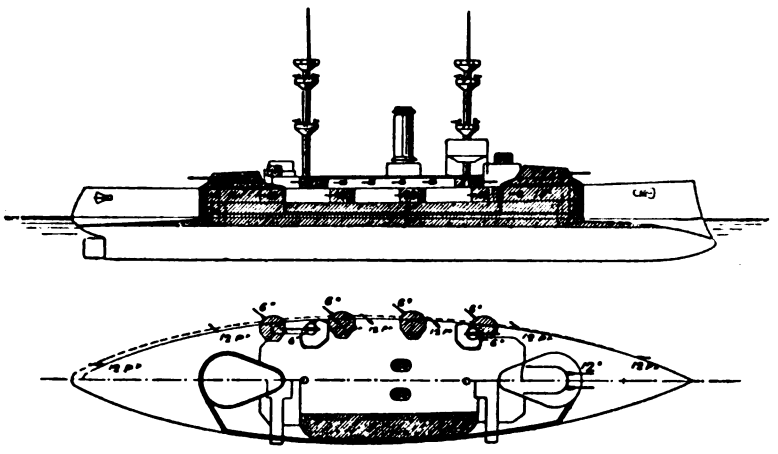
ENGLISH AND FRENCH BATTLE-SHIPS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

OUR Naval strength in the Mediterranean, as compared with that of France, has during the past year been the subject of much hostile criticism by certain writers in the Press, and as statements have been freely made that the newest battle-ships in the French Mediterranean Active Squadron are in many ways superior to those composing our own fleet on that station, it may be of interest if we try to briefly describe the salient points of difference between them, as we think it can be shown that, taking them all round, the balance is rather in favour of our vessels and not of the French, as these critics maintain. It must be understood, however, that we



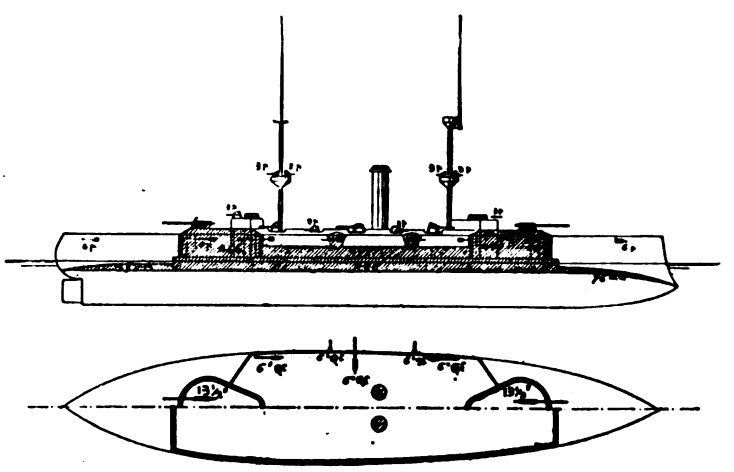
THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "MAJESTIC."

are only dealing with ships already completed and in commission, as the three French battle-ships of the new programme are more powerful vessels than any they have yet constructed, although they will not be superior to our three new ships of the "King Edward VII." class.

It is an undoubted fact that up to the close of the Great War in 1815 French Naval architecture was far superior to our own; all our best ships were either taken from the French or else built on their models, while the School of Naval Architecture, founded at Paris during the reign of Louis XIV., soon acquired a European reputation, and was long the only establishment of the kind in existence. With the advent of steam, however, a change occurred, and when, forty years ago, ironclads began to supersede the old wooden ships, there is no doubt that our steam line-of-battle-ships and frigates of that period were quite unsurpassed in the beauty of their hulls, their size, and their sailing and steaming qualities, and probably for the first time in history were far superior to the French, especially the line-of-battle-ships, which carried their lower-deck guns nearly twice as high out of the water as the French ships, and were altogether finer and handsomer models. We hope to show in the present article that our completed battle-ships of to-day are ship for ship better all-round vessels than the French designers have as yet turned out.

Every war-ship is a compromise, whether battle-ship or cruiser, and our present ships are the result of a steady process of evolution, which has been going on ever since we launched our first ironclad, the "Warrior," which was simply an armoured frigate. Then began the great struggle between guns and armour, and for thirty years we experimented with every conceivable type of ship; but it was not until 1889, when Lord George Hamilton carried his Naval Defence Act, that a satisfactory type of battle-ship was at last designed, which went far towards giving us an efficient fighting machine in which both powerful offensive and defensive qualities were happily combined. It is from that year that the rise of our battle-fleet of to-day is dated, for the Act in question provided for the construction, among other vessels, of the eight battle-ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class, all with one exception identical in displacement, speed, armour protection, and armament; the "Hood," the one exception referred to, differing from her seven sisters in carrying her four heavy 13·5-in. guns in two closed turrets instead of in barbettes as the others do. The "Royal Sovereign" has served as the model which has been followed in the construction of all our battle-ships since, and although there have been great improvements in armour, armament, and other points, yet the "Londons" and "Duncans" now building are only improved "Royal Sovereigns," for the general principles involved in the design of that ship and her class have been carefully adhered to in all the succeeding ships. The result is that we are the one Naval Power whose large modern Fleet is, for practical purposes, a homogeneous one; and how satisfactory the general design of our ships is considered to be is shown by the fact that it has now been adopted by the United States, Japan, Russia, Italy, and Austria. Differences in details of course there are, but the broad fact remains, and it is a feather in the cap of Sir W. White and his staff at the Constructor's Department that we have led the way, and that so many Naval Powers are following in our footsteps, and no longer in those of the French.

The principal characteristics of the "Royal Sovereign" and her successors are a high freeboard; the efficient protection of the water-line and the hull for some two-thirds the length of the ship; the substitution of barbettes for turrets for the heavy guns, with adequate protection for the barbettes and their bases; protection for the guns of the secondary battery; a good speed; and a large coal supply. To ensure all these objects it was necessary to considerably increase the size of the ships, so we find that the displacement of the "Royal Sovereign" and her sisters was increased to 14,150 tons, or more than 2,000 tons in excess of their two immediate predecessors, the "Nile" and "Trafalgar," and nearly 4,000 tons in excess of the ships built before the two last-named vessels. When the designs of the new ships became known they were received in the Service with a genuine feeling of relief, for there was grave dissatisfaction with and distrust of the types of ships, with the exception of the "Nile" and "Trafalgar," which had been built during the previous ten years, owing to their long unarmoured ends, bad distribution of such armour as there was, and their low freeboards, for experience showed that low freeboard ships were unable to steam at any speed against even a moderate head sea, and in bad weather could not fight their foremost barbette guns. All these defects were in a great measure remedied in the design of the "Royal Sovereign" and her sisters. With a total length of 380-ft., they have a steel-faced belt of 18-in. compound armour 250-ft. long, extending from 5-ft. 6-in. below the load water-lines to 3-ft. above, terminated by 16-in. transverse bulkheads. At each end of the citadel thus formed, rising from the armoured deck, which is 3-in. thick, are the two barbettes for the heavy guns, protected by 17-in. armour. Superimposed upon the thick belt is another belt of 5½-in. hard steel armour, which rises to the height of the main deck, thus further protecting some 9½-ft. of the side, shut in by transverse bulkheads of the same thickness, while the four 6-in. quick-firing guns on the main deck are mounted in 6-in. armoured casemates (*see* profile plan). The armament consists of four 13·5-in. 67-ton guns, mounted in pairs, two in each barbette, which fire a projectile of 1,250-lb. As these guns are some 23-ft. above the water, they can be fought in any weather, while they have an arc of training from right ahead or astern, as the case may be, to some 30-deg. before or abaft the beam, according as they are in the after or fore barbette. The secondary armament consists of ten 6-in. quick-firing guns, four in casemates, protected by 6-in. face-hardened steel armour, on the main deck, the remaining six in sponsons on the upper deck, protected only by shields, while they carry in addition, for further defence against torpedo-boats, sixteen 6-pounder and twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns, with seven torpedo tubes, two of which are submerged. They have a speed of seventeen knots, and can carry, if need be, 1,800 tons of coal. The advance made in these ships over all previous types was enormous, for not only was a large proportion of the water-line protected, but never before had



THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

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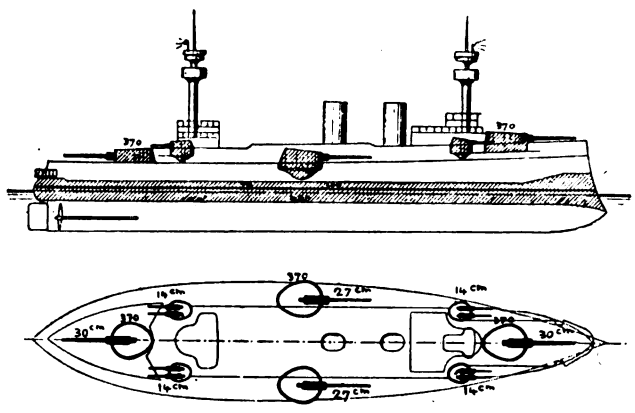


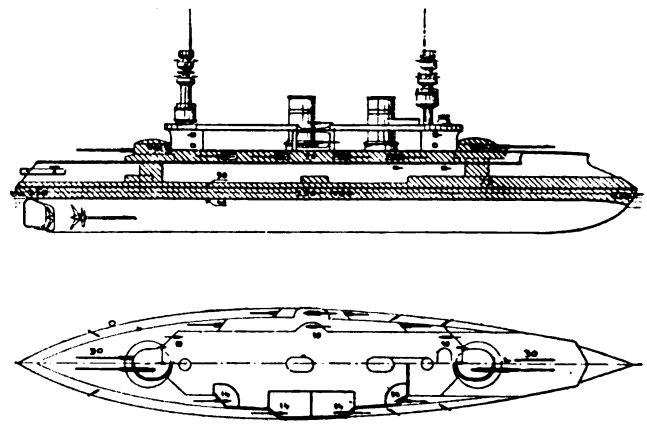
THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "JAUREGUIBERRY."

such perfect protection been afforded the gun mountings, the hydraulic machinery for working them, and the ammunition hoists, etc., the thickness of the transverse bulkheads and the armour on the barbettes effectually precluding any chance of damage being done if subjected to a raking fire, or from the bursting of shells below the barbettes, the weak points, as we shall show presently, of the French ships.

The great defect in these ships lies principally in the fact that the barbette guns are unprotected by hoods, that six of the 6-in. guns are protected only by shields and not by casemates, and that about a third of the length of the ship, counting the exposed ends before and abaft the belt, is also unprotected. With regard to this last defect, it must be said that the chances of a ship being actually struck on the water-line in action are small; at the battle of Santiago not a single one of the Spanish ships was so struck, and when two years ago the "Majestic" fired at the "Belleisle," only one projectile from her heavy guns struck at the water-line, and even if the "Royal Sovereign" and her sisters were badly injured about the water-line where it is unprotected, the space so affected is, comparatively speaking, so limited that it is not believed the fighting efficiency of the ships would be materially affected.

In 1893 the nine ships of the "Majestic" class followed the "Royal Sovereigns"; identical in design, they embodied many improvements. For the 18-in. belt of compound armour, with the narrow 5-in. belt above, we have a broad belt of 9-in. armour of Harvey steel, extending from 6-ft. below the water-line up to the main deck, giving a breadth of uniform armour protection of some 16-ft. along nearly two-thirds of the ship's length. At each end of the belt the armour, increased to a thickness of 14-in., is curved round to form transverse bulkheads, thus completing the citadel, at each end of which are the barbettes, for the heavy guns, also protected by 14-in. Harvey steel armour. As a further protection to these ships at the water-line, an important modification was made in the armour deck, which instead of being flat was made to curve downwards from amidships on each broadside until it met the lower edge of the armour belt, while its thickness was increased to 4-in., the height of the curve being 9-ft.; as the space between the armoured deck and ship's side is moreover filled with coal, it is impossible for any projectile to reach the vital parts of the ship, which are all under the armoured deck. For the somewhat cumbrous 13·5-in. guns, wire 12-in. guns firing an 850-lb. projectile with a much increased velocity have been substituted, the guns being protected by 10-in. nickel-steel hoods, which are made with sloping sides and roof, so that they offer no surface to a direct hit from a projectile. Moreover, the whole of the 6-in. quick-firing guns forming the secondary armament are in casemates, protected by face-hardened steel armour. It is not necessary for our purpose to go into any further details of the improvements effected in the battle-ships now building. At the present moment our Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons are practically composed of the "Royal Sovereigns" and "Majestics," with, in the Mediterranean, two of the latest improved ships of the latter class, viz., the "Formidable" and "Implacable," to which a third, the "Irresistible," is to be added, as she is to be commissioned immediately for service on that station. And we will now consider the French ships which are opposed to them.

Here we have a somewhat complex task, for the French Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons are composed at the present time of five different types of ship. In one point, however, the French Naval authorities have been steadily consistent; from the "Gloire" onwards they have given all their ships a complete all-round water-line armoured belt, this belt in many of their ships being of great thickness. Every battle-ship, as we have before stated, is a compromise, and to retain this all-round belt the French constructors have had to sacrifice efficient protection of other parts of the ship, the protection of which we, on the other hand, have always considered of paramount importance. Such protection is that which is afforded to the guns, and herein lies the most essential point of difference between the French battle-ships and our own. While their constructors have clung to the complete belt, and have left the bases of the turrets and barbettes of their heavy guns practically unprotected, we, as we have shown, have preferred to run the risk of possible damage along a comparatively speaking small extent of unprotected water-line, while securing practically absolute immunity for our guns, as long as the ship is afloat. The French Active Mediterranean Squadron at present consists of six battle-ships, the three latest of which are the "Charlemagne," "Gaulois," and "Saint Louis," all three being sisters. They have a complete water-line belt 15·8-in. thick, tapering to 5-in. at the bow and stern, above this again being a narrow belt of 3-in. armour; between the top of this belt and the upper deck the side is quite unprotected, while on the upper deck, amidships, is a long central casemate, in which the secondary battery of 5·5-in. quick-firing guns are carried, which is protected by 3-in. ordinary steel armour, to which, owing to its thinness, no special face-hardening process could be applied, such as is done to 6-in. plates and upwards.* The turrets for the heavy guns (four 11·8-in. guns) are also protected by 15·8-in. armour, but there are no armoured transverse bulkheads, so although there are armoured communication tubes between the turrets and armoured deck on the top of the belt, for a depth of several feet there is no armoured support or protection for the turrets at all (*see* plan). The result is that one or two shells filled with high explosives bursting under the turrets would in all probability render them useless, while the 3-in. armour on the casemate for the secondary armament would be easily penetrated by the projectiles from our 6-in. guns, the 5·5-in. guns on the other hand being incapable of penetrating the 6-in. casemates in which the 6-in. guns of our ships are sheltered. The other three ships of the squadron, the "Bouvet," "Jauréguiberry," and "Charles Martel," are of an earlier type; there are five of the class altogether, the other two being in the Channel, but they in one respect are practically at a worse disadvantage to our ships than the "Charlemagne" and her sisters. They have heavy water-line belts with a maximum thickness of 17-in., but owing to an error in the design, with the one exception of the "Jauréguiberry," at load draught this belt is only a few inches out of the water; while the extent to which the bases of their fore and after turrets are left unprotected is even greater than it is in the "Charlemagne" class, but while the "Charlemagne" and her sisters can in action bring all four heavy guns to bear on one broadside, like our ships, the "Bouvet" and her sisters can only bring three, which must place them at an enormous disadvantage. The reason for this is to be found in the faulty disposition of their four heavy guns, a disposition which the French themselves now admit to be open to the gravest objections. Instead of having four heavy guns mounted in pairs, either in barbettes, one forward and one aft, as in our ships, or in turrets, as in the "Charlemagne," the "Bouvet" and



THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "CHARLEMAGNE."

her sisters have only one heavy gun mounted in the fore and after turrets, the other two being mounted one on each broadside amidships. The object of the arrangement was to give a heavy end-on fire, either ahead or astern, by being able to bring either the foremost or after turret gun, with the two midship guns, which theoretically are supposed to be able to fire right ahead or right astern along the ship's side, which is thrown in for the purpose, to bear on an enemy at the same time, when either chasing or being pursued. As a matter of fact these midship guns cannot be fired right ahead or astern without blowing the ship's side in, and although a little damage more or less to the upper works would not matter in action, in practice the three

* This statement only applies to a few years back, when the armour for these French ships was made. It has now been found possible to face-harden thinner plates than the 6-in., which was formerly the limit to which this process could be successfully applied.

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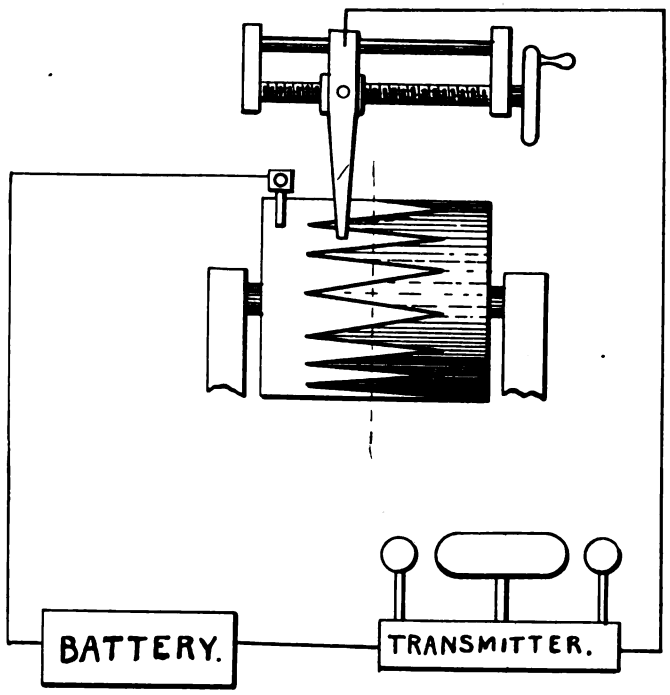
guns could only be brought to bear if the desired target was absolutely in direct line either ahead or astern, half a degree one way or the other being sufficient to throw one of the guns on the beam out. The idea of a heavy end-on fire sounded well in theory, but, practically, guns mounted in couples either in barbettes or turrets, as on our system, are far better adapted for end-on fire, when required in chasing, than the system the French adopted in their ships. In an action fought broadside to broadside, as actions between battle-ships will most probably be in the future, as they have been in the past, the loss of one heavy gun, when only four are carried, would probably prove fatal to a ship. It is unnecessary to refer to any of the older French ships, as they are hopelessly overmatched by ours. We think we have said quite enough to show that with all their defects, ship for ship, our vessels are not only not inferior to the French ships they might have at present or in the near future to meet, but in more than one important point are distinctly superior. We might add, too, that although much has been done in the way of cutting them down, all the French ships are hampered with enormous superstructures, which must be a grave source of weakness in action, and make them far larger targets than our ships are. Moreover, by this time next year the "Royal Sovereigns" will all have been relieved by perfectly new ships, whereas some three or four years at least must elapse before the French can replace their "Bouvets" and other old ships by more modern ones, as they have at the present moment only two new battle-ships approaching completion.

STEERING TORPEDOES BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

UNTIL some two or three years ago all the attempts made by inventors to keep a torpedo completely under control from the time it left the ship until it reached its destination, involved the presence of some mechanical or electrical connection between the torpedo and the ship from which it was sent out. With the introduction of wireless telegraphy, however, it became possible to do away with this material connection, and we naturally find that several inventors have devised arrangements whereby the steering mechanism of a torpedo may be controlled by electric waves sent out from the ship. The problem is a fairly simple one to solve theoretically. In the case of a torpedo controlled electrically by wires to the ship, current can be supplied from the ship to drive a small motor in the torpedo in one direction or the other, and by suitable arrangements the rotation of that motor may be made to turn the rudder to port or to starboard. When electric waves are used in place of wires carrying current, the source of current for the motor must be in the torpedo itself, and may suitably take the form of storage cells; and the function of the electric waves is to set a mechanism in action which will close the circuit containing the motor and these cells, and thus allow current to pass to the motor. The mechanism used for this purpose is called a coherer. A common form is shown in our first illustration. It consists of a glass tube sealed at both ends, with a metal wire passing through each end, and the space inside the tube between the inner ends of these wires loosely packed with metallic filings.

The peculiar property of the coherer is that, if the terminals of a battery be connected to the wires projecting from its ends, the metallic filings offer too great a resistance to allow a current to pass; but as soon as electric waves from some outside source fall on the tube, this resistance is enormously decreased and a current passes at once. This current, when once set up, will continue to pass even after the electric waves have ceased to fall on the coherer, but it has been found that a tap on the outside of the tube is sufficient to restore the filings to their original state of high resistance, and the current at once stops. In practice, therefore, an arrangement to tap the coherer is always provided, so that it may cease to conduct current the moment electric waves cease to fall on it.



SKETCH OF APPARATUS TO CONTROL TORPEDO.

ORDINARY FORM OF COHERER.

Suppose, then, that we put in circuit with our coherer a small battery and an electro-magnet, and let us fix opposite the poles of this magnet a piece of iron, called the armature, so arranged that when it is attracted to the poles of the magnet it completes the circuit containing the storage cells and the motor. If electric waves now fall on the coherer, it at once allows current to pass from the small battery which excites the electro-magnet, and the armature is therefore attracted to the poles and current thereby supplied to the motor. We have thus succeeded in driving our motor in one direction, but we have not yet made it a reversible process. A very neat method of achieving this object is disclosed in a recent patent, which has a special interest inasmuch as one of the patentees was the late Professor Fitzgerald of Dublin, by whose death physical and electrical science have suffered a grievous loss. In his apparatus, the motor circuit is in duplicate, each circuit being closed by the attraction of a separate electro-magnet on its armature. By means of a special form of revolving drum, driven by clockwork, one or other of these electro-magnets is excited by the attraction of the electro-magnet in the coherer circuit on its armature. In the apparatus on board ship for transmitting the electric waves, there is a similar drum, driven at exactly the same rate, and the arrangement is such that when a key marked "port" is pressed down, only that circuit on the torpedo which causes the motor to turn the helm to port is completed, while if the key marked "starboard" is pressed, the other motor circuit is completed and rotation takes place in the opposite direction. The whole arrangement is exceedingly well conceived, though perhaps the adjustment of the two drums, one in the ship and one in the torpedo, to run in perfect synchronism, might prove a difficulty in actual working.

Other inventors have devised mechanisms so closely akin to that of Professor Fitzgerald in principle, that we need not describe them at length here. In other patents, again, we find a slightly different principle, namely, to keep the helm normally turned to port or to starboard and to turn it in the other direction by means of electric waves. With this arrangement, the helm is kept constantly moving from side to side; if the torpedo has to go straight, the interval during which the helm is to port is the same as that during which it is to starboard, and motion to either side is effected by making the interval for that side greater than for the other. Obviously the constant motion of the helm, even when the torpedo has to follow a straight course, is an objection to this system, while, on the other hand, it has a slight advantage in the simplification of the apparatus in the torpedo. Our illustration shows a method, described in one patent, for regulating the length of intervals during which the electric waves are "on" or "off." A wheel, driven by clockwork (not shown), is built up of two parts, one a conductor of electricity, the other a non-conductor, the dividing line between the two parts being zigzag in shape as shown. The non-conducting part of the wheel is shaded in the sketch. One terminal of the circuit containing the battery and transmitting apparatus is connected to a brush which rests permanently on the edge of the circumference of the

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conducting half of the wheel. The other end is connected to a brush resting on the circumference, and capable of being moved laterally across the circumference by being mounted on a screw, turned by the little wheel shown at the side. Thus the moment the movable brush passes on to the non-conducting part, the waves are stopped. If this brush rest on the vertical dotted line shown, then the intervals during which waves are sent out is the same as that during which the circuit is broken, and the torpedo will not be deviated to one side more than to the other. But if the brush be moved to the left of this line, the "on" intervals will be longer than the "off" intervals, and the torpedo will turn to one side. Similarly, if the brush be moved to the right of the line, the "off" intervals will be the longer, and the torpedo will turn to the other side.

The sceptic will naturally say, "No matter how perfect your apparatus be, it will prove useless if your enemy also possesses an apparatus for sending out electric waves; for these will be responded to by your coherer, and all your signals upset. In this way the course of the torpedo might be entirely changed." This is, no doubt, very true, and the steering of torpedoes by electric waves, and even wireless telegraphy itself, cannot be a complete success until a satisfactory method of isolating signals, so that they will only be received by the one instrument for which they are intended, has been devised. There is no reason, however, to doubt that this will soon be done. Indeed, Mr. Marconi says he has now succeeded in completely isolating his messages, but his method of doing so is not yet made public. Professor Slaby, of Berlin, is also said to have succeeded in doing this, so that we are evidently on the point of overcoming the difficulty. If it be further objected that the vertical wire, sticking up from the torpedo to receive the electric waves and convey them to the coherer, would be readily seen by the enemy, the reply must be that the height of this wire must be kept as low as possible. Any torpedo which is to be steered must have floats and discs above water to give the alignment, and the wire must not project much beyond the height of these discs. Of course, the distance to which a signal can be sent depends upon the height of this wire, but for the comparatively short distance which a torpedo would have to travel a high mast should not be necessary.

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"A. Q. C."—According to the Army Act the following offences are always punishable by death: Mutiny and sedition, violence to a superior officer in the execution of his office, disobeying with wilful defiance a lawful command given personally by a superior, murder, and treason. On active service the death penalty may be inflicted for the following offences: Shamefully abandoning a post, casting away arms, cowardice, treacherously corresponding with, aiding, or harbouring an enemy, knowingly committing an act calculated to imperil the success of a force, leaving a commanding officer, breaking into places for plunder, forcing a safeguard, leaving a post without orders, striking or forcing a sentinel, doing violence to persons bringing or appropriating supplies for a force, doing violence to the persons or property of inhabitants, intentionally causing false alarms, treacherously making known a watchword or giving the wrong one, sleeping or being drunk on duty, and deserting, or attempting or persuading others to desert when on or under orders for active service. With regard to the offence "disobedience," there must be an actual intentional non-compliance with a lawful command before such a charge can be brought against a man; words implying any intention to disobey may be insubordinate, but do not constitute disobedience. "Lawful command" means any command given by a superior officer relating to military duty or custom not obviously against the laws of the land. Thus a servant who refused to bring his master's horse for parade would be guilty of disobedience, but it would not be disobedience to refuse to bring his polo pony, though it might be a punishable offence.

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"CANADIAN."—I am glad to hear that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED reaches you in Halifax, and am very pleased to receive a query from a Colonial reader. The present 100th Regiment, or, as it is now styled, the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), was raised in Canada during the early part of 1858, as the result of a patriotic movement in that colony to assist the Mother Country, which was then engaged in suppressing the Sepoy revolt in India. But this was by no means the first regiment to bear the number 100. There had been five regiments previously bearing that number. First on the list was the 100th (Highland) Regiment, raised in 1761, a small corps of Highlanders which served in Martinique in 1761-62, and was disbanded at the peace of 1763. Next came the 100th Foot of 1780-84, raised in England for service in India by Colonel Francis Humberstone Mackenzie. It was present in the Naval action in Porto Praya Bay, Cape Verde, in 1781, and afterwards served against Hyder Ali in the Carnatic until 1784, during which time it lost 39 officers and 1,200 men killed in action or from disease. It was disbanded in 1785. The 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders was raised in 1794 by the Marquis Huntley, and became the 100th Foot. In 1799 it was renumbered as the 92nd. The fourth regiment to bear the number 100 was raised in 1805 in Ireland by Mr. Frederick John Falkiner, and became the 100th (County of Dublin) Regiment. It did good service on the Canadian Frontier during the American War of 1812-14. When the 95th Regiment was taken out of the Line as the Rifle Brigade, the 100th became the 99th (Prince Regent's County of Dublin) Regiment. It was disbanded at Chatham in 1818. From 1816 to 1818 the number 100 was borne by a corps which was raised in 1798 as the New South Wales corps, became the 101st in 1808, and the 100th when the 95th became the Rifle Brigade.

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"WOOLWICH."—The Royal Dockyard at Woolwich was closed on October 1, 1869. The Secretary of State for War is now advertising for contractors to fill up the inner basin of the old dockyard. The "Harry Grace de Dieu" was built there in 1512, and came to an untimely end when she was burnt at Woolwich forty years later. The actual arsenal was not formed until 1720, or over two centuries after the dockyard, and was followed twenty-five years later by the Royal Military Academy, which last was nearly destroyed by fire in 1873. The Arsenal itself has been three times the scene of great fires, in 1802, 1805, and 1813, when we could ill afford in our contests with France to lose its valuable stores. An enormous quantity of stores was burned in the great fire of 1802. The old system of telegraphy by semaphores existed up to about 1847, and the first apparatus was invented by M. Chappe, a Frenchman, in 1792, and two were erected at the Admiralty in 1796. The first real semaphore, as we understand the system, was erected at the Admiralty in 1816, and for years was connected by a series of stations with Portsmouth and Plymouth. The one to Plymouth was given up on account of the expense, but, as stated above, the one to Portsmouth continued up to about 1847, involving about twenty stations, each in charge of a lieutenant. The Greenwich time used to be signalled down to Portsmouth by dropping an arm of the semaphore in 15-sec., which, all things considered, was a very smart piece of work.

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J. RUTHVEN.—It is impossible to say yet whether "South Africa, 1899-1901," will figure on the colours of the regiments which have been engaged in the campaign. Nor is it possible to say which regiments would be given the honour, if it were ordered to be added to the list of honours on colours. The honour that figures most frequently on the colours of regiments is "Peninsula," which is borne by no fewer than 80 regiments. The next most common honour is "Sebastopol," which is inscribed on the colours of 63 regiments; "Vittoria" is borne by 46; "Waterloo" by 38; "Salamanca" by 37; "Nivelle" and "Orthes" by 36 each; "Pyrenees" by 34; "Alma" by 34; "Egypt" by 32; "Inkerman" by 32; "Nive" by 31; "Toulouse" by 27; "Corunna" by 26; "Dettingen" by 23; "Malplaquet," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Scinde," and "Talavera" each 22; and "Blenheim" by 20. Other honours are borne on the colours of fewer than 20 regiments. Certain honours figure on the colour of only one regiment. Thus the old 65th alone has "Arabia"; the 34th is the only regiment with "Arroyos dos Molinos"; the 64th alone bears "Bushire"; the 41st "Detroit"; the 15th Hussars "Emsdorf"; the 22nd Foot "Hyderabad" and "Meanee"; the 8th Hussars "Leswarrei"; the 32nd "Lucknow"; the 73rd "Mangalore"; the Royal Scots "Maheidpore" and "Nagpore"; the 54th "Marabout"; the 41st "Miami"; the 56th "Moro"; the 53rd "Nieuport"; the 39th "Plassey"; the 64th "Reshire"; the 15th Hussars "Sahagan" and "Villers-en-Couche"; the 64th Foot "Surinam"; and the 5th Foot "Wilhelmstahl." Many honours might be found that are only borne by two or three regiments.

* * * *

"ROYAL HORSE GUARDS."—At the engagement of Villers-en-Couche, on April 24, 1794, two squadrons of the 15th Hussars, under Major W. Aylett, charged a square formed of six battalions of French infantry and utterly routed them. The 15th were supported by two squadrons of the Leopold Regiment of Austrian Hussars. The ultimate effect of the charge was that the French retired with a loss of 4,000 men and 35 guns. The 15th lost 31, and the Austrians 20, killed, wounded, and missing. Again on July 23, 1812, at Garcia Hernandez, five British squadrons, of the King's German Legion, charged two squares of the French and captured a general and some 1,000 prisoners.

* * * *

"DRAKE'S KNIGHTHOOD."—The pictorial presentments of the knighting of Drake, depicting, as they almost invariably do, Elizabeth herself bestowing the accolade, are incorrect. When Drake sailed into Plymouth Sound laden "with untold plunder," he found himself in a parlous situation—hanging or knighthood depended practically upon the spin of a coin. The King of Spain, furious at the losses inflicted on his subjects, had denounced him in the strongest terms as a pirate, and demanded not only restitution of the spoil, but the condign punishment of the marauder; and Elizabeth herself, whether alarmed at Philip's warlike preparations, or following her favourite custom of temporising, assured him, in reply, that Drake was but a private adventurer, and that she was displeased with him, "for that by way of Peru and Spain she had heard of the robberies he had committed." Drake, informed of this, warped out of Plymouth Harbour and anchored behind an island in the Sound, prepared to "cut and run" if things came to the worst. However, when the Queen's message arrived it was in the form of a summons to Court, coupled with a hint that he would do well to bring with him some of the curiosities he had collected. Drake, astutely, gave a large interpretation to this, and started off with several horseloads of gold and silver and all his most valuable jewels. The Queen, dazzled by the display, resolved to stand by him, and told the Spanish Minister that after careful and personal enquiry she could not ascertain that Drake had either injured any Spanish subject or violated Spanish territory; but that she had ordered the treasure to be secured and registered, so that restitution might be made if justice demanded. Eventually, in spite of further remonstrances and even threats of war, Elizabeth sealed her approval by visiting Drake's ship, the "Golden Hind," then lying at Deptford, and conferring on him the honour of knighthood, saying that as the King of Spain had demanded his head, she had now a gilded sword wherewith to strike it off. She ordered, therefore, the culprit to kneel before her, but instead of administering the accolade herself, deputed the task to the Sieur de Marchaumont, a special envoy sent over from France with reference to the projected marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Alençon, so that "the master thief of the unknown world" was dubbed knight by a Frenchman and not by his Royal mistress, but the grim hint of a possible alliance between England and France had the desired effect upon the aggressiveness of Spain. THE EDITOR.

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ROUGH WEATHER AFLOAT.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

CLEAR WEATHER ALOFT.

IF one should look round the world for events and scan history for its living memories, one could find no incident so well worthy of first note on this page as the Ladysmith celebration. We commemorate the event in our English way by a dinner, and it is well that it should be so, for thus do we bring the active workers into close communion together. And what a celebration it is! Never within the memory of the generation had the people of this Empire been so much stirred as by the knowledge that Ladysmith was free. They had lived in dread to hear again the Khartoum cry, "Too late," with disastrous consequences that none could foresee. Boundless gratitude is due to the men who had resisted and won. For 118 days, beleaguered by overwhelming force, enduring two assaults and subjected to incessant bombardment, worn down by pestilence and famine, they withstood all the might of the Boers. And, if their record was great, that of the relievers was not less so. Where despondency was deepest they had fought onward to success. At Colenso 1,200 of them had fallen, at Spion Kop 1,700, at Vaalkrantz 400, and in the final days 1,600. The Dublin Fusiliers had only five officers and 40 per cent. of their men left standing. The Inniskillings, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and the Royal Lancasters had suffered almost as heavily, and with them many a gallant corps. There was in the ragged, bootless, emaciated garrison, just as in the men who made them free, the stuff of which heroes are fashioned. They were glorious heroes, every man, and thus let the men of the Empire give them a hearty cheer, expressive of undying memories.

THE Powers of Europe have now had ample opportunity of surveying the Anglo-Japanese Alliance from every point of view. They unanimously recognise it to be an arrangement of far-reaching importance, and of singular pacific value. The "satisfaction" felt in Russia does not astonish the student of Muscovite diplomatic manners, and finds its illustration in certain of the fables of Æsop. It is not possible to take any account of the railings of the French Nationalists, who find any brickbat handy to hurl at the head of their own Government but the sounder leaders of French opinion, recognising the Convention to be aimed at Russian aggression, accept it as likely to save France from being dragged at the heels of her ally into a dangerous Far Eastern adventure. In Germany, though there is some feeling against an alliance which takes no account of German opinion, the cooler political thinkers regard it as a valuable guarantee for the independence of Manchuria and Korea, and of Chinese markets generally. A similar view prevails in Austria and Italy, and also in the United States, except in the minds of such "American stalwarts," so called, as Representative Wheeler of Kentucky. Our excellent Allies, the Japanese, are naturally gratified at being thus lifted into the first place in the comity of nations—a position they have earned their right to hold. Knowing well that it will be easy for them now to keep Korea within their influence, they welcome the Convention as an assurance that Manchuria, to which they attach as much importance, will be freed from the crushing influence of Russian control. In so far as China is concerned, it would appear that the new agreement should have the ultimate effect of creating a triple alliance in the Far East.

OUR American friends have now had an opportunity of giving a suitable welcome to their illustrious visitor from Germany, and have felt vastly flattered at the amusing efforts made on the banks of the Spree to prove that Germans are, and always have been, the best friends of Americans. After treating them with a churlishness and coldness that have made a mark upon international politics, the Germans entered upon a semi-dextrous Press campaign of fine Bismarckian flavour to prove that we were the secret enemies and they the honest friends. As all the world knows, the campaign was sadly bungled, and not only failed in the promised fruition, but brought its own confutation. The social historian of the future may reveal the identity of the successor of Bismarck's faithful "Buschlein," who, in the secrecy of his cabinet, pulled with uncommon ability the strings of the responsive German Press, ever ready to rise to the inspirations either of official confidence or the ripplings of the stream of Pactolus. The arch Press-plotter, Bismarck himself, would never have allowed Busch to blunder into such terrible pitfalls as entrapped his dextrous but not too perspicacious successor. The best friends do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, and that is why we are not, like the Germans, ransacking the past to discover proofs of our fidelity. We congratulate the Americans and their Imperial guest. Prince Henry is a good officer, like his brother the Emperor, and must have been made uncomfortable by the flunkeydom of his countrymen.

THE Colonial Club dinner to Sir Harry Rawson, at the Hotel Cecil this week, serves to remind us that the gallant officer is not the first seaman to be Governor of New South Wales. Captain Phillip, who went out to Botany Bay in command of the famous expedition, and finally selected the position where the opulent city of Sydney now stands, was the very pattern of a pioneer, and his memory is treasured with gratitude for the patience, foresight, and endurance with which the new colony was brought through its earliest troubles. The appointment of Naval and Military officers like Sir Harry Rawson and Sir George Clarke to Australian Governments derives greater significance when we remember that the Admiralty is about to discuss the composition of the Australian Squadron with representatives of the Commonwealth and New Zealand, and that the War Office is taking into consideration the very important question of the creation of a Colonial Army. The organisation of our Colonial forces, and the grouping of strength for the work of Imperial defence, have, in fact, become one of the greatest questions of the day. Sir Harry Rawson is the right man for the post for which he has been selected. In all ways a typical Englishman, he possesses a ripe knowledge of the world which makes him at home with all classes of men, and he has displayed on many occasions a coolness and calmness of judgment which are the first qualifications in statesmen. He promises well indeed among our pro-Consuls, and the Colonial Club worthily honours him.

OUTSIDE all party politics are these pages, and yet, inasmuch as the affairs of Ireland are much in men's minds, and these are Imperial pages, it is but fitting that an echo should be found here of some things Lord Rosebery has lately said. He declared that we must go on doing all that is right for Ireland faithfully, mercifully, and generously, without looking for Irish gratitude, and without any hope of satisfying the sentiment of Irish Members. He divided the Irish leaders from the Irish people, remembering the splendid service the latter have rendered in the war, of which the Ladysmith campaign was but one illustration, but he would hear nothing of cleavage at the heart of the Empire. Here it is that all Imperialists may join with him most heartily. However urgent or just may be Irish demands, neither their urgency nor their justice can equal those which are at the Empire's heart. We have to remember, as Lord Rosebery said, that this is the heart of a widely-scattered Empire, and that we cannot dare, we cannot afford—it is our very vitals—to think of a hostile Parliament, which, for example, in the case of the present war, might have turned the balance between success and defeat. He might have gone further and proclaimed that, in an Empire where all is visibly working for closer union, to dream of reviving an obsolete tendency of policy like this would be retrograde. The Federal

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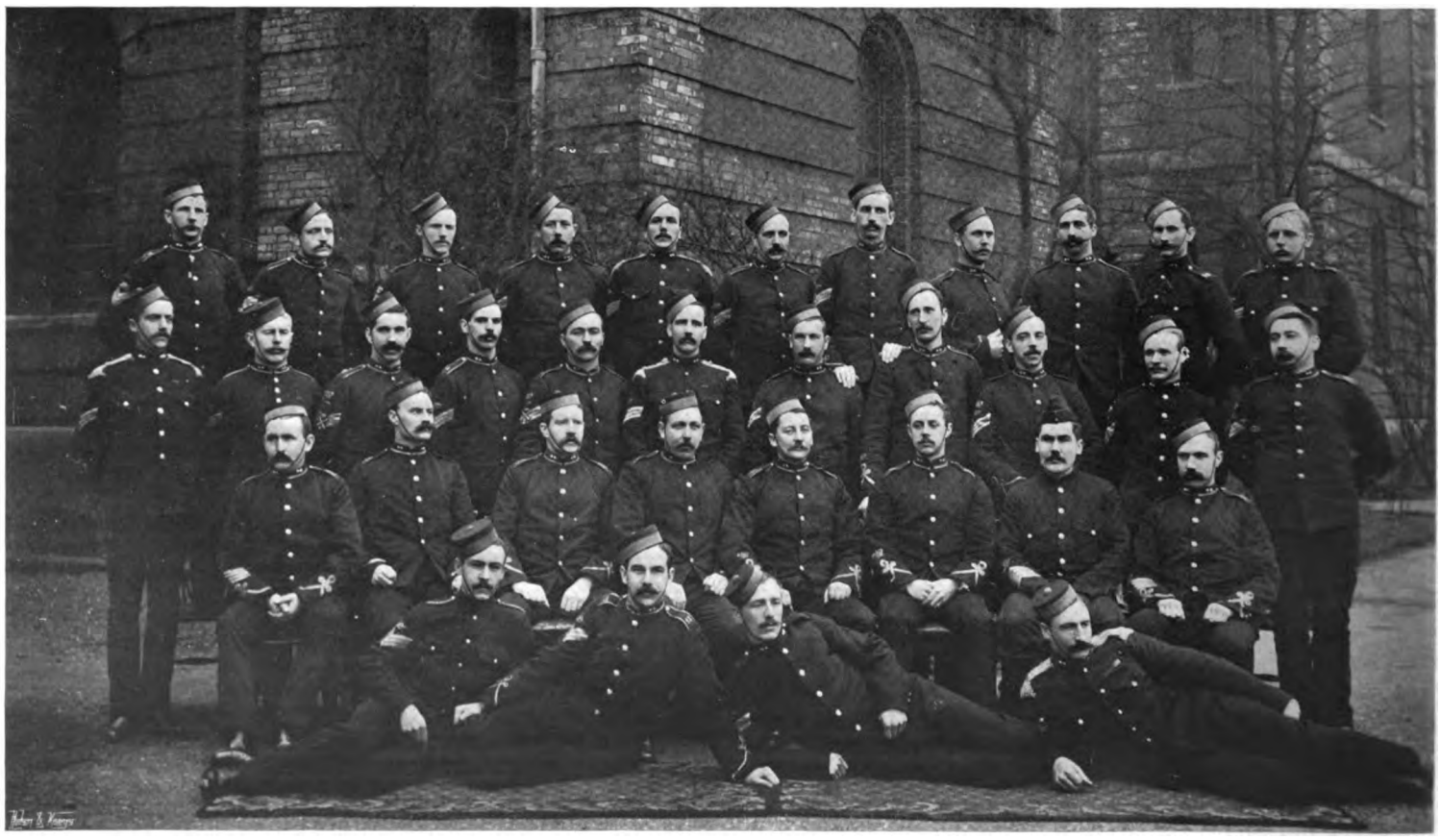
Parliament of Australia is a pattern for many. A separate Parliament for Ireland would be a reproach and danger for all.

THE policy of the Government in regard to Uganda, lately outlined in the instructions of Colonel J. H. Sadler, the new Commissioner and Consul-General, is sound and careful. It may be said to be indicated in the phrase "Hasten slowly." The railway and its connecting lake steamers are to throw open the country to commerce, and, within the limits of mining and land regulations, *bonâ-fide* applicants are to be welcomed. But there is to be no attempt to urge forward upon the road of civilisation the savages of the interior. These are to be encouraged to envy the better state of the settled regions, where the growth of vegetables, cereals, fruits, and rubber, the protection of forests, the domestication of animals, and the search for minerals, are employing the natives directly under our influence. All are to be made to understand that disorder will not be tolerated, and that the military reorganisation of the Protectorate has been completed. The King's African Rifles have taken their place among the forces of the Empire, a Native battalion and an Indian battalion are within the Protectorate, and can be reinforced at a few hours' notice, while a reserve of 600 Natives of the British Central Africa Protectorate, who have distinguished themselves in Ashanti, are ready at Zomba. The Pax Britannica, in fact, has been established, and there will be no repetition of the troubles which, at a critical time, proved so serious an obstacle to the advance of the Macdonald expedition to the Sobat.

IT has been announced that the young Turks, Armenians, and other Ottoman malcontents who lately were in conclave at Paris do not entertain any hope that the Sultan will, without moral or material coercion, grant the demands they have put forward. His Majesty's nephews, Princes Sabah-ed-din and Latf-ulla, who were the moving spirits, were gratified at the spirit that animated the congress, but they are likely to be disappointed in their hope that the Powers will intervene. This is not to say that their requests are not reasonable and temperate, nor that the granting of them would not raise Turkey in the scale of nations. But, in the present state of diplomatic affairs, it is to be feared that resolutions made in Paris, by persons more or less irresponsible, aiming at reforms in Constantinople, must, in the nature of the case, be of somewhat academic character, however passionate their utterance. Friendly remonstrances have never had much effect upon Abdul Hamid, and he is not prone to hear with favour the distant thunderings of those whom he already regards as discredited. As to material intervention, there is no likelihood that the Powers will stir the hornet's nest by despatching armies to Turkey, where the inflammable elements are already sufficiently active. Reform, if reform must come, will come in course of time from conditions that exist acutely, not from the incidental demands of the fugitive and exiled.

ABOUT THE ARTILLERY COLLEGE.

THE Artillery College, Woolwich, formerly called the Department of Artillery Studies, was first established to enable officers of Artillery to acquire technical knowledge special to artillery service and manufacture. Now the Royal Navy, the Indian and Colonial Governments, and other departments avail themselves of its resources in some branches of special instruction for their officers and others, while all arms of the Service send artificers for training. The principal classes are the senior class, that for fire-masters or assistant-inspectors at outstations, for the long course, for position finders, for gunnery lieutenants, R.N., for inspectors of ordnance machinery, for ordnance store officers, for master gunners, and for armourers, R.N. Further, about 250 artificers, viz., wheelers and carriage smiths, for all arms, and machinery gunners are constantly under instruction in the workshops. The accompanying illustration depicts the Master Gunners' Class, 1901-1902, together with the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the college's instructional staff. The position of master gunner is a most important one, for he often has sole charge of outlying forts, and it is therefore eagerly aspired to by non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery as being the goal of their ambition. Only the most promising or thoroughly intelligent men, however, are selected to undergo the course, which usually commences on or about May 1, and lasts till the following February. Then those of its members who have duly qualified return to their units to await their promotion to the coveted rank of master gunner. The personnel of every class is representative both of the Imperial forces and of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, inasmuch as its members hail from all parts of our Home and Colonial Empire, and represent all branches of the artillery arm. It may be added that the warrant officers of the master gunners' instructional staff are the only warrant officers in the Service who, in full dress, wear cocked hats; but possibly the new dress regulations will deprive them of this distinction. The senior class is open to officers of all arms, Royal Engineers excepted, and the course lasts for two years. As a rule, eight vacancies are filled by competition annually, and an officer who graduates at the college has the letters *p.a.c.* recorded after his name in the Army List. The headquarters of the college are situated in the Red Barracks, Woolwich.



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REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT.

The Master Gunners' class, course 1901-1902.

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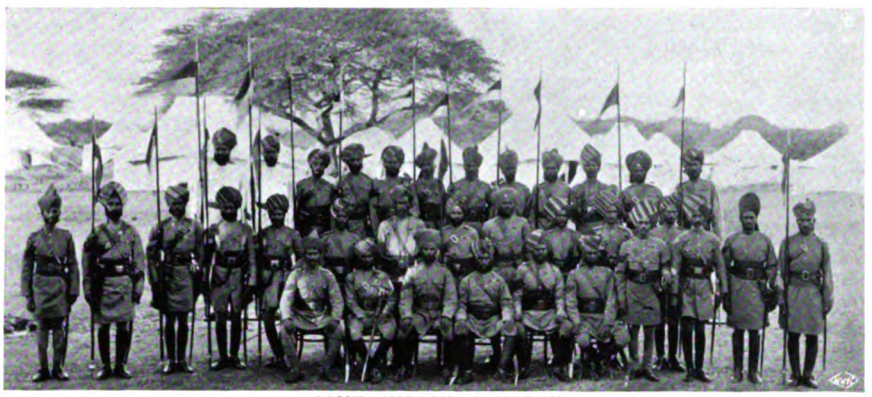
A SIKH.



SOME INDIAN CAVALRY.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

A SIKH.

THERE is very little doubt that the Anglo-Japanese alliance will be a source of lasting satisfaction to the dwellers in our Indian Empire. Until a few years ago it can hardly be said that Anglo-Indians took that added interest in the affairs of the Far East which might seem to have been justified by their proximity to the parts in question. It is true that in 1860 the Indian Army took a conspicuous share in the China War, and that India has for a good many years supplied Hong Kong with Sikh police, and later with the recently disbanded Hong Kong Regiment. But the Far East generally was regarded as largely outside the sphere of Indian influence, and beyond a few officers who had travelled in China or Japan for purposes of collecting intelligence, or on leave, there was a pretty general dearth of knowledge of and interest in these countries among Anglo-Indian soldiers and civilians. The China-Japan War went far to diminish this indifference by awakening a warm admiration for Japanese military methods, and the recent operations in China, which were left so completely and so worthily to Indian management, have naturally drawn India and the Far East yet more closely together.

It is pleasant to be able to add that a very genuine feeling of mutual respect and goodwill appears to have been engendered during the operations in China among the Indian and Japanese troops. Speaking for ourselves, one point about the Japanese Army appears to have struck our Indian soldiery with peculiar force, and that was the excellence of their "bandobast." This delightful expression is difficult of accurate translation, but our word "arrangements" comes pretty close to its real meaning, while it is understood that the Native trooper who used it in this particular case intended to convey his special admiration of the Japanese system of transport and supply. Apart from their hearty respect for the British soldier as a fighting man, there is no doubt that our Native troops regard with immense satisfaction and pride the excellence of our own Military "bandobast," of which they see a good deal better sample than is sometimes visible in campaigns controlled from home. That the Japanese Army impressed them by its similar superiority in this respect is a healthy sign that, if ever again Indian and Japanese troops fight side by side, they will start work with a very friendly feeling on the part of the former towards the latter. As for results—well, the European Power which rushes lightly into a conflict with India and Japan on land, not to speak of Great Britain and Japan on the sea, will probably secure results which will keep it in a tranquil and thoughtful mood for a considerable time to come.

Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier continue to be topics of careful and, here and there, rather anxious discussion among those who "know these things." A recent semi-inspired article in a Russian paper indicated pretty clearly that Russia does not by any means regard Afghanistan as outside her sphere of influence, and that, if the anticipated political trouble ensues, she proposes to take a hand in the subsequent proceedings. According to the *Novosti*, the Ameer must either enjoy an authority powerful enough to allow him to guarantee his independence between the two great neighbouring Empires, or else he must become the vassal of one of them. That is an assumption which rests on a very rotten basis. The only probable alternative to a strong Ameer that we should be likely to tolerate would be the partition of Afghanistan, which not a few eminent authorities have been looking forward to for some time past as the natural consequence of Abdur Rahman's decease. To us a vassal Ameer would probably be much more trouble than he was worth, and an Afghanistan which was entirely subject to Russia would be a perpetual menace. Partition would be uncomfortable enough, but a fair line might be drawn, and with a fresh frontier force of Afghans, officered by British officers, we might make ourselves well-nigh as secure from further Russian advance as we are now. But, perhaps, after all, Habibullah may rise to the occasion, and prove himself as capable and strong a buffer as his lamented father, a solution of the problem which Russia as well as England has reason to regard as, taken all round, the most satisfactory one possible.

The Indian Military authorities are never tired of making sure of their armour, and are now engaged in putting the efficiency of the Attock defences beyond question. All the cis-Indus batteries have recently been tested with satisfactory results, and by March 10 the arming of the trans-Indus batteries also will have been completed, and will be subjected forthwith to exhaustive experiments. Attock Fort is to be lit with electricity, and the garrison enlarged to include three batteries of field artillery. This is very much as it should be, for it is impossible to exaggerate the importance with which these defences might be invested at comparatively short notice, and such precautions as those which have been, and are being, taken are not of the sort that can be safely undertaken in a hurry.

Again I have to congratulate the Indian Volunteers on the exhibition of vigorous enthusiasm and sound common-sense in carrying out their training. By a recent mail I have received an account of some field manœuvres carried out by the Southern Mahratta Rifles as part of their inspection, which seem to me to be just the sort of exercise which Indian Volunteers ought to practise carrying out. Instead of trying to fit in a mere handful of men with one of those absurd "General Ideas" which render so much of our home military training of Volunteers unspeakably tiresome and foolish, these Indian citizen soldiers were set a scheme which was full of realism. The idea was that in an outlying district containing a small European community a native rising had broken out, and the local Volunteer officer, after assembling the Europeans in the railway administrative offices, had telegraphed to a neighbouring station for assistance. Everything was carried out in harmony with this idea. The offices were duly held by a company of Volunteers, while another half company and some cadets represented the local insurgents, and in the nick of time a relief column dashed up in the armoured train,

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without which, of course, no "manœuvres" anywhere near a railway will be complete, until a new campaign has brought some fresh accessory into favour. Mistakes were made, but they were plainly pointed out by the inspecting officer, and served to accentuate the genuine soundness and practical good sense which characterised the whole proceedings.

The question who is to succeed Sir Power Palmer as Commander-in-Chief in India is rendered peculiarly interesting by the report, firstly, that Lord Milner has urged the protracted retention of Lord Kitchener in South Africa, and, secondly, that the authorities have decided to send out Sir William Nicholson to India as Commander-in-Chief. Without discussing the exact probabilities of the case, I have no hesitation in saying that in India Sir William Nicholson would be by far the more popular selection. There is some apprehension lest Lord Kitchener's very drastic methods will not work quite so satisfactorily in India as they have done in Egypt and South Africa, if only for the reason that the Indian Army is really in a splendidly efficient state, and does not want reforming at all, but merely strong and judicious control. For ability, tact, and experience, such as Sir William Nicholson possesses in a very marked degree, there is ample scope, and for many reasons an exceptional knowledge of India itself and its peoples is a most desirable, if not essential, attribute just now in an Indian Commander-in-Chief. Lord Kitchener has shown himself endowed with extraordinary influence over the native races of Africa, but there is a distinction between the latter and the native portion of our Indian Army, which he might possibly fail to recognise as completely as it needs to be recognised by those in the highest military authority. Sir William Nicholson, on the other hand, knows India intimately, and is extremely popular there. Indeed, for the greater part of Sir William Lockhart's Chiefship he was, owing to the latter's constant ill-health, virtually Commander-in-Chief, and carried on the work admirably. Lord Kitchener as Chief would be appreciated and respected, but Sir William Nicholson would be much more warmly welcomed.

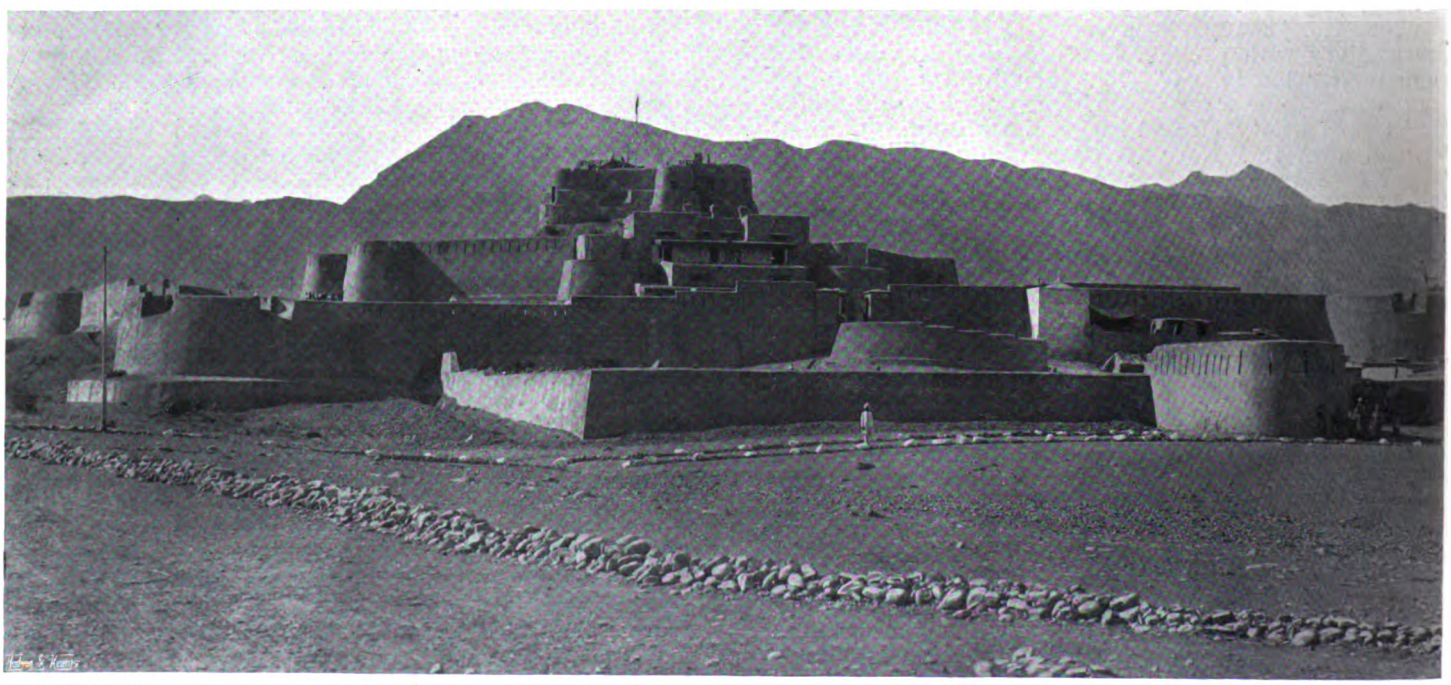
THE MOUTH OF THE KHYBER.

JAMRUD has been the scene of the latest reported raid on the North-West Frontier. Many a badmash has passed under the shadow of the old fort walls on his way to "make a bit" at Peshawar in the horse-stealing or other branch of the thieves' profession. The Khyberees are possibly the most expert thieves in the world. They add boldness and daring to their skill. In 1875 they carried away the bandmaster of the 72nd Highlanders, who was temporarily suffering from the effects of too generous a dinner. They took him clean away into the Pass, so silently that, although there was a double line of sentries to pass through, his loss was not discovered till next morning. The Khyberees claimed and obtained a ransom from the Government. The amount was to have been recovered from the "Catch 'em alive oh!" chief, to whom a monthly blackmail was paid as an insurance against robberies in the Peshawar cantonment. The ransom was not, however, refunded to the English Government, as on the outbreak of hostilities in 1878 Jamrud was made a frontier post, and became a place of considerable importance. The fort was greatly strengthened, and was made capable of accommodating a garrison of about 350 men. It is now a typical mud fort of the kind that we find useful as a post and point of rallying when engaged with frontier tribes. It consists of three tiers. Artillery can be used for the defence of the first and second, while the third tier or keep is designed principally as a place of observation. The ground is comparatively flat towards Peshawar, and the top of the keep is used as a signal station with that cantonment, the view being uninterrupted. Jamrud is 1,670-ft. above sea level.

Hari Singh, Runjeet Singh's commander, had a post here in 1836, and here in 1837 he was killed by Dost Mahomed's Afghans, who unsuccessfully attacked him. He has left his name to a village which surrounded one of his towers (Hari Singh Ka Boorj), familiar to all old Peshawaris. Round this village was one of the favourite hawking grounds of the officers of the Peshawar garrison, the sport of hawking being still a favourite one in the Northern Punjab.

In 1897 Jamrud again became a place of importance as the first headquarters of the Khyber Brigade, mobilised as part of Sir William Lockhart's force. Many officers carried away from it lively, if not pleasant, memories of the very fine breed of sandflies, fleas, and unnameable insects which thrive there exceedingly. It is now garrisoned by the Khyber Rifles, an irregular local corps. This corps was raised by the lamented Sir Robert Warburton, who thoroughly understood Khyberees and their ways. He had Afghan blood in his veins, his mother having been a Princess of Cabul, married during, or shortly after, the first Afghan Campaign to his father, who was a distinguished officer of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal Artillery. The Khyber Rifles had good reason for thinking themselves unsupported by the Indian Government during the troubles of 1897. Their loyalty was severely tried. The fathers and brothers of the men had joined one or other of the various tribes which had taken up arms against England. In the name of their religion they were urged to join against England, and almost in spite of their nature, they remained faithful—greatly through their love for Warburton.

When, in the midst of their difficulties, they were left to fight their battles alone, and not supported, as they should undoubtedly have been, they lost heart. Some of them joined their brothers against us—they had no other course—and some hid themselves as long as they were able. Every soldier in India was indignant at the action of the Indian Government in not efficiently supporting this gallant irregular corps. They had resisted temptation as long as was humanly possible, and only yielded when to hold out was impossible. Happily all is now right. Mistakes have been satisfactorily explained to the men who were left in the lurch, and they are back again in the enjoyment of the pay and confidence of the British Raj.



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AN HISTORIC FORT.

The old Sikh Fort at Jamrud.

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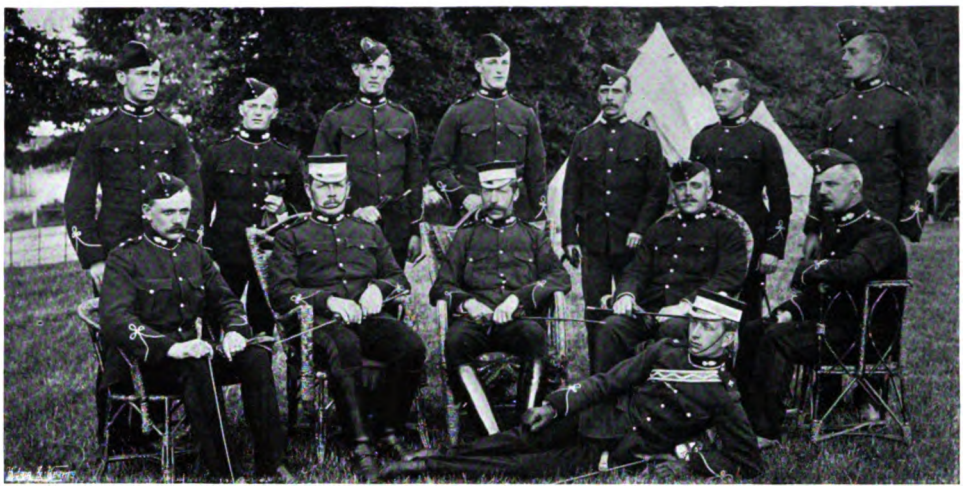
THE HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

1ST HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

Reading from left to right the names are: Second Lieut. R. H. P. Bevis, Second Lieut. G. H. T. Tucker, Second Lieut. C. T. Bevis, Lieut. A. V. White, Capt. T. W. Mead, Quartermaster H. Barber, Capt. F. Pink. Capt. W. B. Mason, Maj. C. W. Bevis, Col. F. N. Maude, Lieut. M. S. Rogers, Capt. H. J. Martin, and Lieut. J. Homan.



2ND HAMPSHIRE ARTILLERY.

Reading from left to right the names are: Lieut. W. Dupree, Capt. S. J. Blake, Capt. A. E. Jolliffe, Quartermaster and Lieut. E. W. Smith, Capt. G. Aylward, Second Lieut. E. Flowers, Capt. A. E. Cogswell, Capt. Terry, Second Lieut. H. W. Jolliffe, Capt. A. A. Bailey, Capt. A. C. Chew (Adjt. R.A.), Col. C. L. Reynolds, Maj. J. T. Thackara, Maj. F. Alexander, Lieut. F. C. Gant, Second Lieut. F. O. Field, and Second Lieut. W. H. Barrell.

Photos. Copyright. *Russell & Sons, Southsea.*

3RD VOLUNTEER BATTALION, HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

Reading from left to right the names are: Maj. G. E. Curtis, Lieut. C. G. Young, Second Lieut. H. R. O'Neil, Second Lieut. Scott, Lieut. J. R. Wyatt, Lieut. Garstang, Lieut. R. J. E. Baker, Second Lieut. R. W. Martell, Second Lieut. A. E. Stallard, Lieut. A. E. Dixon, Second Lieut. H. T. Clover, Lieut. T. B. Bradshaw, Second Lieut. P. H. Childs, Second Lieut. A. L. Kent, Capt. E. H. Cooper, Capt. A. J. C. Macharness, Capt. W. White, Capt. and Quartermaster S. Hudson, Capt. J. E. Rake, Lieut. H. A. F. Smith, Maj. S. C. Peters, Rev. R. A. R. White, M.A., Capt. G. B. Addison, Lieut.-Col. G. E. Kent, Col. A. R. Holbrook, Maj. F. Stubbington, Capt. W. L. Roche (Adjt.), Capt. G. Churcher, Capt. A. Wyatt, Capt. J. Malpas, Capt. A. W. White, and Capt. A. B. Perkins.

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A MILITIA BATTALION IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE 5TH BATTALION, MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

[FROM A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.]

OF all branches of His Majesty's Forces the public know least about the Militia. Indeed, it surprises the average Englishman to be told that there is scarcely one line battalion now serving at the front which has not been obliged to call upon its Militia battalions for recruits. By the same token Militia officers will be found successfully filling staff billets with every fighting column and in every garrison throughout South Africa. For instance, one disembarks at Cape Town and reports to the brigade-major of Greenpoint Camp, a captain in the 3rd Gordons. Again, one journeys, let us say, to the railhead, Pieterberg, and is interviewed by the D.A.A.G.I. Pretoria and the North, a captain in the 6th Manchesters. These are, however, points which the public at home do not realise, and in consequence, though Yeomanry and Volunteer Companies have embarked for South Africa amid scenes of enthusiasm with brass bands blaring, battalion after battalion of Militia has gone to the front without ovation or advertisement.

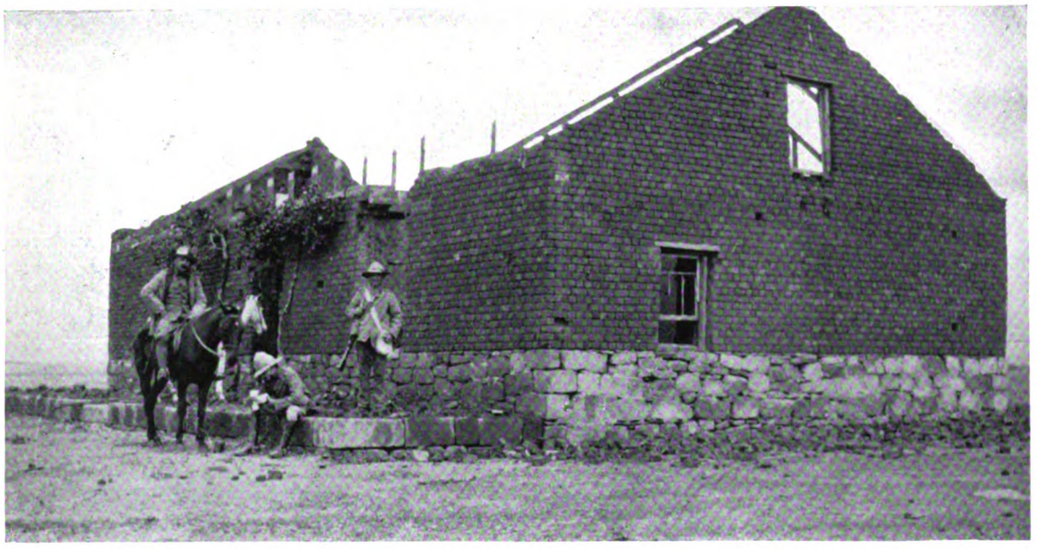
The 5th Battalion of the Manchester Regiment is in a position to claim that it was the first Militia battalion to volunteer for foreign service. The battalion was called up for training in June, 1899, when the Boer War was only looming in the distance as a possible outcome of the strained diplomatic relations existing between London and Pretoria. The commanding officer, then Lieutenant-Colonel Beaufin Irving, called upon the men to volunteer for service as a regiment in any part of the world. The men's answer was unanimous. Unfortunately, however, when the Boer War broke out in October of the same year, the ranks of the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment had to be filled and a draft of Militia Reserve men followed the old 63rd to Ladysmith and performed their part in the gallant defence of that town. Again, the 96th, the 2nd Battalion of the regiment, had but recently returned from a long tour of duty abroad, and when General Rundle took them out with the Eighth Division, some 200 Militia Reserve men helped to replete the empty ranks. These men marched and countermarched all through 1900 with "Rundle's Greyhounds" or the "Starving Eighth."

Thus, shorn of its backbone, and with its ranks full of recruits, the chances of the battalion in 1900 seeing active service seemed remote. For six months the 5th Manchesters were embodied at Aldershot, during which time they had the honour of being the first Militia battalion to form a mounted infantry company. So well did the newly-horsed Militiamen of the 5th and 6th Manchesters carry out mounted infantry work that they were sent to the front under Captain F. Jackson (5th Battalion), of North Pole fame. The company has now been over a year on trek in the Orange River Colony, and has continually gained the praise of all column commanders under whom it has served.

To the disappointment of all ranks the battalion was disembodied in October, 1901, having then sent no less than seven captains, five subalterns, and over 400 men to the seat of war. The bad luck that had followed the battalion since the commencement of the war deserted it, however,

AN ALARM.

A patrol taking cover.



A VISIT TO A FARM.

This place had lately been harbouring Boers.

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"C" COMPANY LINES INSIDE STATION KOP FORT.

These huts were built by men of the battalion.

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directly when Colonel H. Crosbie, late of the 81st, was specially given command by the War Office authorities. The new colonel volunteered, in the name of the battalion, for South Africa, and the 5th was at once re-embodied and its services accepted. Early in July of last year, the regiment disembarked at Cape Town nearly 800 strong, and with a full complement of company officers. Either the reputation of its new commanding officer, or the good name the battalion had earned for itself under General Olivant at Aldershot, stood the regiment in good stead, for instead of being sent to guard Boer prisoners or garrison a coast town, orders were received to proceed at once to Winburg, in the north of the Orange River Colony.

At this time De Wet was carrying out his second invasion of Cape Colony, and the troops' trains carrying the battalion north passed through the country which Wessels, Kritzinger, Sheepers, and others were actively harassing. Though the line was destroyed just in front, and a train following was derailed and burnt, the 5th Manchesters went through in six days to Winburg without coming in touch with the enemy.

The occupation of the forts and blockhouses in the neighbourhood of Winburg, however, appeared to be the signal for an attempt on the part of the Boers to break through. Sniping at night, and attempts to rush some of the blockhouses commenced as soon as the men had taken up their allotted positions; indeed, one man was killed and two wounded before the regiment had been forty-eight hours in its new quarters. It did not take the Manchester lad, however raw he looked, long to discover that to meet the Boer on equal terms he must always take cover. The patrols and sentries quickly learnt the value of every stone and every hollow in the ground. In patrolling, particularly, the lesson was quickly learnt. In one of the Winburg forts Captain Oram took over a 12-pounder Naval gun, which had served through the siege of Ladysmith. A Militia gun-team was quickly formed, and, with the help of an instructing gunner, magnificent practice at long ranges is made when Brother Boer attempts to raid cattle near the fort. In fact, the range has been found to such a nicety that no Boers can come within 8,000-yds. of the fort by daylight with any degree of safety. One of the neighbouring farms which had been harbouring Boers is shown in the illustration. Inside the forts the men have built themselves capital stone huts, which keep out the heat of the sun.

Colonel Barker, R.A., the commandant of Winburg, utilises the services of several of the officers on his mobile column. The time is now being looked forward to when the battalion will hand over its stationary duties at Winburg and trek out across the veldt on a more extended line of outposts in the Woornberg and other Boer fastnesses far away from railways or blockhouse lines.

In the present phase of the war the lot of an infantry battalion in South Africa is, so to speak, to "stand and be shot at." From the Guards' battalions down to the Volunteer Companies, all infantry are manning blockhouses and forts. Those battalions earn the best name and do the best work who are never caught napping, and whose sentries, instead of being surprised by the wiley Boer on a dark night, or during a thunderstorm, are, on the contrary, lying in wait for the would-be stalker.

Colonel Barker, R.A., commandant of Winburg, paid the 5th Manchesters a great compliment recently, when he said he never felt anxious about the safety of the town, although he took out with him on column all the mounted men and all the guns.

A GOOD POSITION.

Watching a Boer observation patrol from detached kop.

BOERS REPORTED IN NEIGHBOURING FARMHOUSES.

Firing the Naval gun at 9,000-yds. range.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER M. H. CONNERY.

Acting supply officer to the Winburg Column.

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FOR ALL TASTES AND PURSES.

By F. Harcourt Kitchin.

VARIETIES in life assurance are quite of modern origin. Not very long ago people had little choice put before them, and life offices offered their wares on the take it or leave it principle. Now there are so many offices competing for business of good character, that the end is adjusted to suit the means in almost bewildering variety. In this article I shall explain a few methods of assurance which are especially useful for men and women whose means are limited and who wish to get as much as possible in return for their outlay. It must be remembered that you cannot increase the length of a blanket by cutting a piece off one end and sewing it on at the other. In life assurance one either gets the benefit at the beginning or at the end. If the immediate assurance is at a maximum, there obviously cannot be further increases by way of "bonuses." On the other hand, if a man has confidence in his good health and is content to wait a while, the amount of his assurance will increase the more the longer he lives. A married man with a young family generally likes to protect his wife and children against his death by means of as large a sum assured as his income will run to; a man who merely has regard to his own old age will generally prefer the more expensive endowment assurance or some other kind of investment assurance in which he himself will benefit when he reaches a specified age. Both these classes are nowadays catered for.

Minimum Premiums.

Life policies used to be divided into two classes—with profit and without profit. The premiums in the first class were naturally higher than those in the other. About ten years ago a third division was introduced, and people were allowed to insure with profits and to discount their probable profits in advance. They paid a minimum fixed premium—smaller than the without-profit premium—and the difference between this minimum premium and the ordinary with-profit premium was treated as a debt which the bonuses were expected to wipe out. The system has become very popular, but it has some serious disadvantages. The contract is not fixed. If the office which issues such a policy does not earn enough to pay off the nominal debt, that debt must either be liquidated some day in cash or the sum assured must be reduced. The Clerical, Medical, and General Company, to which I have already referred in these articles, was the pioneer of the discounted bonus or prime cost system, and this office has always managed to earn enough profits to meet the liabilities of the prime cost policy-holders. But its imitators have not all been so fortunate.

There is one office which in my opinion has considerably improved on the prime cost system. The Hand-in-Hand Insurance Society—one of the oldest and strongest institutions of its kind in the country—has a very good plan of discounting half the probable bonuses and of issuing an absolutely fixed minimum contract. Thus a man aged 35, who can assure his life with profits for £3 1s. 10d. per £100 per annum, and under the discounted bonus system for £2 3s. 1d. per £100 per annum, can if he pleases pay the mean between these two rates of premium, and in return receive a fixed policy for £100 *plus* half the profits which the ordinary with-profit policy-holders would get. Endowment assurances, payable at the end of a fixed term or on previous death, are also to be obtained in the same manner. The Hand-in-Hand office has been in existence for more than 200 years, and during that time has accumulated a surplus reserve of about a million and a-half sterling, which, in the case of a proprietary company would have been paid away in dividends. The interest on this large unappropriated sum of money goes to swell the profits of the life and fire policy-holders. The profits of this office are, therefore, larger and more certain than those of almost any other life assurance company in the world. The Hand-and-Hand issues also what are called "convertible term insurances." These are most useful to married professional men who wish to protect a young family by means of the largest possible amount of assurance. They are life policies, without profits, for terms of 10, 15, or 20 years, but which may be converted at any time—except within the last five years—into whole life or endowment assurance without any further medical examination. The premiums will seem almost incredibly small to those who are not familiar with mortality tables. A convertible term policy for 20 years would cost a man of 35 only £1 11s. 9d. per £100 per annum.

Providing for Children.

The education of children has received a good deal of attention lately by life offices, and many schemes have been introduced by which professional men may save money for the purpose. Some kind of assurance is always more effective than ordinary savings, because it cannot be trenched upon so easily, and is a perennial stimulus to thrift. A life premium must be paid by a certain date, but contributions to a private savings fund may be postponed indefinitely. Speaking for myself, whenever I have a little money to spare I take out a new policy of some kind or other and then I am obliged to save that amount *every year*. It is magnificent discipline, as well as being of the greatest pecuniary value. Sons are most expensive from the ages of 16 to 21 inclusive; after the last age they should be, partially at least, self-supporting. By beginning early it is possible to assure for, say, £100 a year being paid from 16 to 21, and this without any trouble or medical examination of any kind. The earlier one begins the cheaper is any child's endowment of the sort. If the child should die before one or more of the sums—endowments they are called—become payable, all premiums are returned. The National Mutual Life Assurance Society encourages this kind of business. The same society also issues deferred policies upon children's lives to take effect after the age of 21. The premiums are payable only up to the age of 21, and are returnable if the child dies first. A son or daughter under this system gets a paid-up policy at 21 years of age, and the policy may be payable at death or on reaching a specified age. For a daughter such a policy would form a dowry, which might be settled on their future children.

Investment Policies.

The investment element in life assurance has been developed very much of late in all sorts of useful directions. One of the objections which has been repeatedly urged against ordinary whole life assurance is that a widow, on receiving the proceeds of a policy upon her husband's life, is in danger of frittering the money away upon undesirable investments. There is certainly grave risk of this in many cases. Women do not, as a rule, know anything about investments. In order to meet the difficulty some life offices are willing to arrange for investment policies, under which a definite rate of interest will be paid on the insurance money during a period of years after the death of the policy-holder. The office, of course, retains the money during this period. The National Mutual office guarantees five per cent. per annum for twenty years after death, and will then pay the original sum assured, together with any bonuses. The premiums are, of course, rather larger than those ordinarily charged. The Hand-in-Hand will spread an ordinary insurance over a term of years, and pay it by equal annual instalments of principal and interest at three per cent. The English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association has a similar scheme permitting of a great many options. Under all these schemes the insurance money can always be drawn at any time after the death of the policy-holder, and the amount which will then be payable in cash will always be considerably more than the nominal amount of the life policy.

The Scottish Metropolitan Life Assurance Company is very fond of these investment assurances, and offers many varieties. The idea in each case is that the policy-holder should know exactly what he is buying and how much he is going to get for his money. In addition to a five per cent. debenture policy, similar to that which I have described above in the case of the National Mutual, the Scottish Metropolitan issues "double endowment assurances" on lives which, by reason of their occupation, are usually charged an extra rate of premium. The lives of Naval and Military officers and of those who live in foreign parts (except the West Coast of Africa) are insured under this scheme. The insurance is for a fixed term of years; if you live out the term you get double as much as if you died in the course of it. This gives a premium on living which will attract many people. The premiums charged compare favourably with the premiums on ordinary with-profit endowment assurances, and policy-holders get the advantage of knowing exactly where they are. For all practical purposes the assurance is a non-profit one until the limit of age is reached, and then a deferred bonus, equal in amount to the sum assured, becomes payable. At the age of 30 a payment of £41 15s. 10d. per annum will secure £1,000 at death if it occurs before the age of 60, or £2,000 on the age of 60 being reached. The same company also grants endowment assurances which carry a guaranteed bonus of £2 per cent. per annum. Suppose the age was 30 at entry and the term of the assurance was 30 years, the premium would be £35 18s. 4d. per annum. If death occurred during the 30 years £1,000 would be payable. If the age of 60 was reached a cash payment would be made of £1,600, or an annuity for life of £140 3s. 10d. would be granted. I am writing of a male life. There are also other options, all of which are useful in particular cases. It will be seen that there are no lack of means by which life assurance may be used as an investment, and it has this advantage over most other investments in that it is perfectly secure. There is no risk whatever of disappointment provided that the policy-holder understands clearly at the outset what he is buying.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 266.] SATURDAY, MARCH 8th 1902

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ADMIRAL SIR COMPTON E. DOMVILE, K.C.B.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Admiral Sir Compton Domvile, who is to succeed Admiral Sir John Fisher as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, has already served as second in command of the squadron of which he is now to have supreme control, besides filling a variety of other and highly important posts. He has been both Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee and Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes, and twice, as Admiral Superintendent of Reserves, he has commanded a fleet in the Naval Manœuvres with conspicuous success. He has lately served as President of the Committee appointed to investigate the Naval boiler question.

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"Argumentum ad hominem."

THERE is a certain likeness between the present state of our Army system and the parable of the man who made a great feast. When the day of the feast came, the invited guests with one consent made excuses for not attending. This one had married a wife, that one had bought a yoke of oxen, and so on. What did the giver of the feast then do? He sent out his servants to bring in everyone they could find. "Go ye into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." And so his festive board was soon surrounded.

Our War Office is in the same sort of position as was this unfortunate host when he began to receive the polite notes from his friends, explaining why it was impossible for them to keep their engagements. The War Office has made out an elaborate system of Army Corps on the most approved German model. It knows exactly how many men such a system requires. But, unfortunately, it does not know how it is going to get the requisite numbers. The feast is prepared, but those who are invited do not show any eagerness to avail themselves of the invitation; in fact, they regard it as being on a level with the invitation which the Spider gave the Fly. Here are the Army Corps all waiting to be filled up by shilling-a-day soldiers. But the shilling-a-day soldiers do not come forward.

What does the latest Report on Recruiting tell us? "It is regretted that recruiting for the Infantry of the Line continues to be unsatisfactory." There were fewer recruits in 1901 than in 1900, and fewer in 1900 than in 1899. "This continuous decrease," says the Inspector-General, "in view of the large number of new battalions added to the Army in recent years, is a matter for grave consideration." In fact, while we have on paper a larger Army than we ever had before, in reality its numbers are constantly and steadily diminishing. What is the cause of this decrease? Almost entirely, it would appear, the rate of pay for Infantry of the Line. There is no difficulty in obtaining recruits for the Cavalry and the Artillery. The Report calls these the "more showy" branches of the Service. But their attraction lies not so much in their showiness as in the fact that they are better paid. No doubt this view of the case appeared to the Inspector-General, but he could hardly put it into an official report. He does, however, in a roundabout way express his conviction that the War Office is actually bidding against itself. He points out that the war has caused "various expedients" to be adopted. The chief of these expedients is, of course, the enlistment of large numbers of Imperial Yeomanry at five shillings a day. "All such measures," continues the Inspector-General, "require most careful consideration, otherwise those adopted may serve merely, so to speak, *to cause the recruiting market to compete against itself.*" Is it likely that men will come forward to serve at a shilling a day when they see a possibility of earning five times that sum? Is it probable that the Infantry of the Line, who have borne and are still bearing the burden and heat of the day in South Africa, will be content with their rate of pay when they see others drawing so much more? In any case infantry pay is below the normal standard of day labourers' wages. It was difficult enough to keep the ranks filled before the war. Now we know, in addition to what we knew before, that directly men are urgently wanted recruits will be able to enlist at five shillings a day. Is it wonderful that possible recruits should prefer to bide their time until this urgent call comes?

The position, then, is this. Either the rate of pay for the infantry soldier must be raised, or else we must adopt some plan of universal military service. We must either provide a more attractive feast, or we must "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." It is this latter course which is favoured by the National Service League, formed last week at a meeting held in Apsley House, with the Duke of Wellington for chairman. The meeting was attended by a number of people interested in the problems of Imperial Defence, and it resulted in the passing of the following resolutions:

1. That it is desirable that drill should be a compulsory subject in the education of all schools.
2. That it is desirable that either Military or Naval service for national defence should be made compulsory by law.
3. That a league to be called the National Service League shall be established to promote these objects and to secure them public consideration.
4. That membership of the League should be conditional upon the payment of a *minimum* payment of one shilling.
5. That the following be named as a provisional committee, with power to add to their number: The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Clinton Dawkins, C.B., Lord Newton, Mr. Yerburgh, M.P., Lord Hardinge, Major Seely, M.P., and Mr. Henry Birchenough, with Mr. G. F. Shee, 20, Cowley Street, Westminster, as secretary.

Since the League proposes Naval service as an alternative to Military service, it would have been well to ask some distinguished Naval officer to serve upon the committee. Sir Vesey Hamilton or Sir John Hopkins would, no doubt, have consented to take part in the movement, or, failing men of more weight and experience, the League might have enlisted the help of such a capable exponent of Naval policy as Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs. However, this may come later. We have to consider now what has been, not what might have been, done. The formation of the League seems to us to be an excellent thing, a step in the right direction. The only word of warning we should like to offer is this: "Do not," we would say to the distinguished members of the committee, "do not let the public imagine that all our military difficulties can be solved by compulsory home service. We do not want a large Army to defend our shores. That is the Navy's business. If the Navy cannot do it, it is quite certain that no Army can, however immense, however well-trained it may be. What we do want, and what compulsory service might give us, is an inexhaustible reserve of trained men, who could be called upon at need to serve the Empire in any part of the world." The Recruiting Report shows (in a manner all the more striking for the baldness of its matter-of-fact recital) to what shifts we have been put in our endeavour to provide a sufficient force for South Africa. If compulsory service is to do us any good, we must look to it as a means of avoiding all these shifts and "various expedients." We must not suppose that we want it for the purpose of raising a huge Army for home defence. We must not imagine that we should be able to send our compulsory soldiers out of the country without their own consent. If, however, we can by conscription train Englishmen to the use of arms, and if we can, when we need their services, rely upon their patriotic readiness to serve in sufficient numbers wherever the Empire is in difficulties, then compulsory service will do a very great deal for us, both individually and as a nation. If the National Service League intends to work upon such lines as these, we give it hearty welcome and wish it all success.

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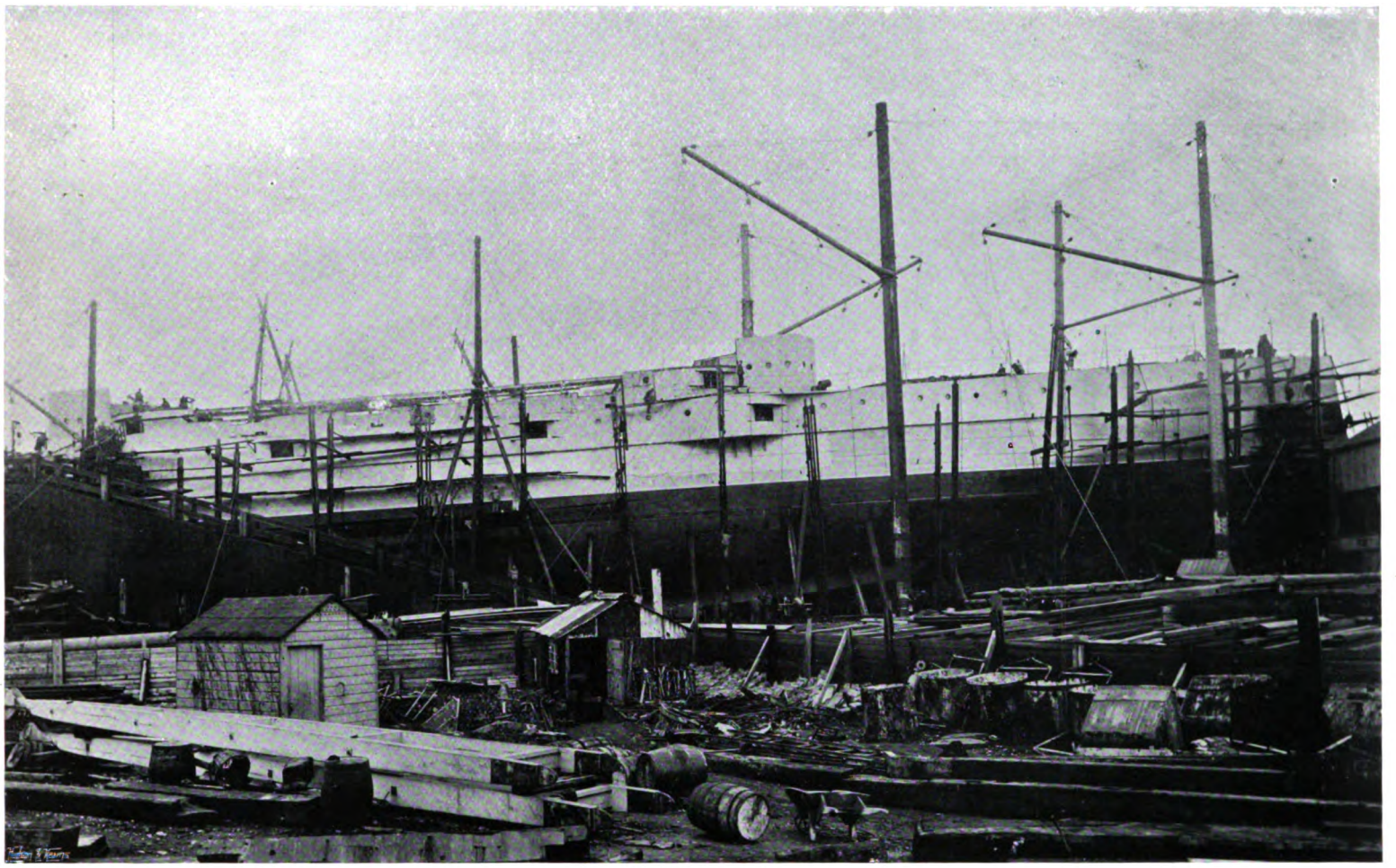
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE "QUEEN."



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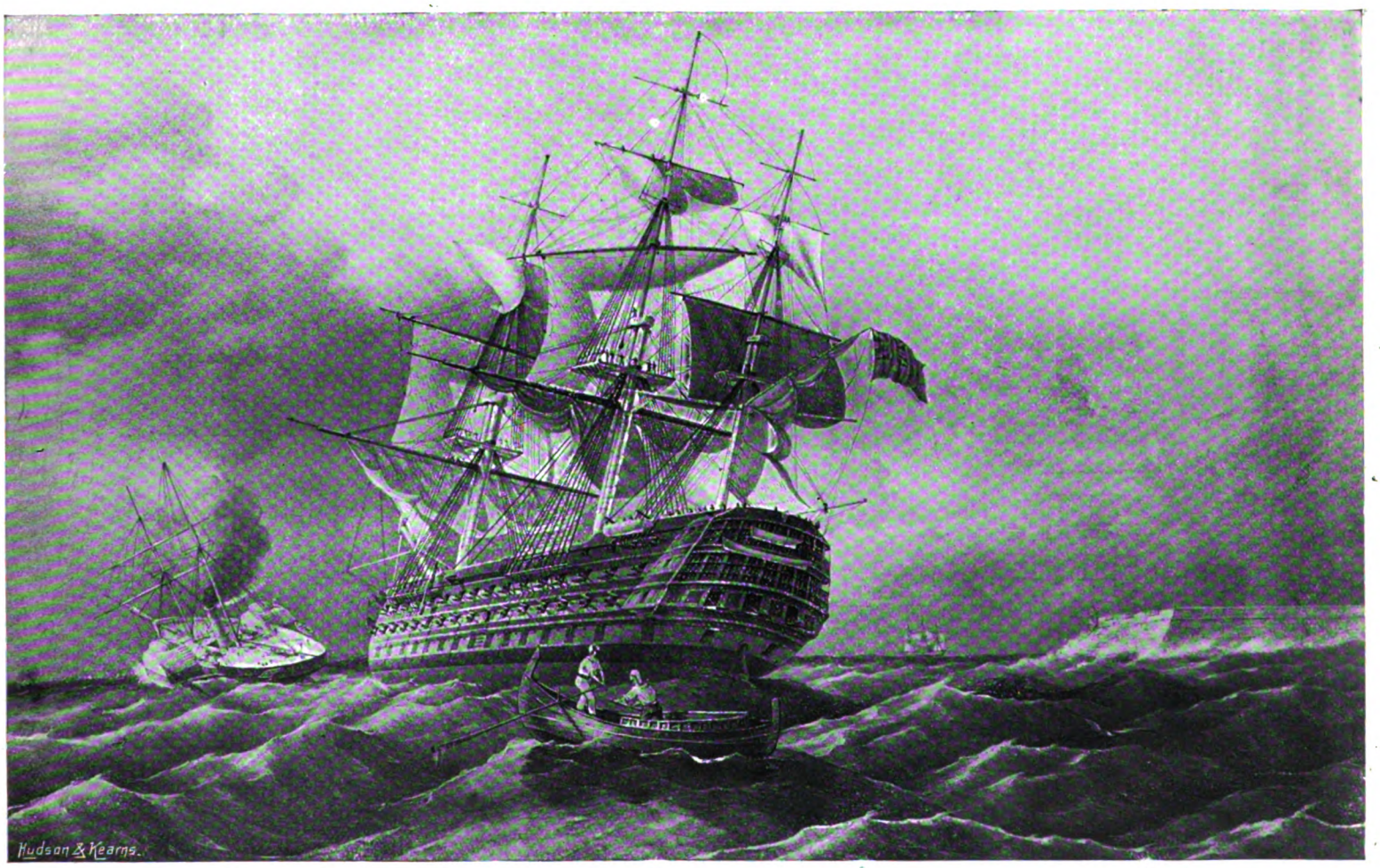
THE "QUEEN" OF KING EDWARD VII.'S NAVY

The new battle-ship ready for launching by Queen Alexandra on March 8, 1902.



From a Lithograph. *After Lieut G. P. Monds, R.N.*

THE "QUEEN" OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S NAVY.

The old battle-ship being towed out of Malta Harbour, January 16, 1844.

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THE ARMY ASSOCIATION CUP

THE 3RD COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Faulkner, goal; E. Betmead and W. Betmead, backs; Picking, Ravenscroft, and Canterbury, halves; Ostwald, Joyce, Jones, Watson and Latham, forwards.

THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

Warburton, goal; Booth and Ainscow, backs; Ward, Bottrill, and Rodgers, halves; Moores, Burke, Jones, Bestwick, and Taylor, forwards.

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A NARROW SHAVE FOR THE COLDSTREAMS.

Faulkner saves a goal.

Gribb, Southsea.

HOW THE LANCASHIRES GOT THEIR GOAL.

A brilliant piece of play by Jones.

THE SEMI-FINAL PLAYED AT GUILDFORD LAST WEEK

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THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AT A REVIEW.

A DUTCH SENTRY.

NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

THERE would be worse ways of arranging a history of the Royal Navy—at least since the sixteenth century—than to write it around a critical and chronological account of the successive "Instructions for the better ordering of His Majesty's Fleet in sailing," and the "better ordering" thereof in fighting. The tale told in this way would include not of course the administration, or inner and, so to speak, domestic life of the Navy, but it would give us its discipline and its tactics, which are the most essential parts of a fighting force. It would be very necessary to avoid pedantry, and there are two manifestations of that vice which would present peculiar temptations to an historian. I mean that he might easily be led to think that the first use of a technical term marked the first introduction of the formation it defines, and then also he would be liable to begin his story with the first code published by the State—that is to say, the "Fighting Instructions of the Duke of York" published in April, 1665; or if he were liberal-minded within the limits of his pedantry, then with the orders of Blake, Monk (or as pedantry spells his name, Monck), Disbrowe, and Penn (or pedantically Pen), the admirals and generals of the Fleet of the Commonwealth of England, issued just after the close of the First Dutch War in 1653. This, however, would not be enough.

* * * *

To begin at the beginning one ought perhaps to go back to the ancient world—to the Greek, the Roman, and the Carthaginian. It is a very superficial view to suppose that there was a complete break between the classic, or ancient, world and later. There was not, and at sea there was less interruption than on shore. The Eastern Empire preserved the tradition unbroken, and handed it on to the men of the Italian Republics—the Venetians and Genoese—who were largely employed by the Kings of Castile, Portugal, France, and, to a less extent, England. Edward III. had a Genoese officer in his service. The Kings of France of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had a dockyard at Rouen and a squadron organised and officered by Genoese. The history of the Byzantine Fleet has still to be written by somebody who combines a knowledge of Greek and sea affairs. If Mr. Torr ever continues his excellent history of Ancient Ships, he will unquestionably have much to say on the subject. But for the sailing ship it is enough to begin with the sixteenth century, and then we soon meet with the order which received its final technical name in the seventeenth century. The line ahead and line abreast were perfectly well known to the Spanish writer Alonso de Chaves, who wrote in the first half of the century under the now disused names of the "hilo" or string, or "ala," that is to say wing. When the Marques of Santa Cruz defeated the French and Portuguese at the Azores in 1582, he formed his fleet in "una frente," that is, a front. The full phrase was "una frente de escuadron," which is a "line entire" in military terminology. We were less precise, but quite clear enough. Take, for instance, the orders of Lisle to the fleet of Henry VIII. in 1545: "Item when we shall a convenient time to fight with the enemy, our vanward shall make with their vanward, if they have any, and if they be in one company (*i.e.*, if they are in a continuous line instead of in squadrons with an interval between) our vanward (taking advantage of the wind) shall set upon their foremost rank, bringing them out of order, and our vice-admiral shall board their vice-admiral, and every captain shall choose his equal, as near as may be." Lisle pretty obviously understood that there was "an order" to be upset, and as a ship could only fight with bow or broadside for boarding or guns, and as all his vessels were to come into action, it follows of physical necessity that they were to be either in line ahead or line abreast.

* * * *

Ninety years later the Earl of Lindsey, or perhaps we ought to give the credit to his vice-admiral, Sir William Monson, gave fighting Instructions to the Ship Money Fleet of 1635. They are a little more precise than Lisle's, but not very much. "If we happen to descry any fleet at sea, which we may probably know or conjecture designs to oppose, encounter, or affront us, I shall first strive to get the wind (if I be to leeward), and so shall the whole fleet in due order do the like, and when we come to join battle no ship shall presume to assault the admiral, but only myself, my vice-admiral, or rear-admiral, if we be able to reach them, and the other ships are to match themselves according as they can." Now this, apart from the foppery about matching the flags, is nothing but the old eighteenth century ideal, van to van, centre to centre, and rear to rear, and every man to take his bird. Of course if anybody likes to say that because the technical term "line" is not used, then Lindsey and his captains cannot have had any such formation in their minds, I can only take my hat off respectfully to his whole-hearted devotion to words. To me it seems that a rose by any other name will not only smell as sweet, but remain exactly the same vegetable. The due order commanded to be observed by the Earl was, and could only be, a line.

* * * *

The orders of 1653 take us a little further forward in the development of the terminology. The Earl of Lindsey was content to speak of "due order" and take it for granted that everybody would know what was meant. In the course of the fierce war of 1652-53 it was found that many of the captains of the hired merchant ships, and perhaps other trading skippers who were turned, with no goodwill of their own, into fighting men, had failed at a pinch. There had been bitter complaints after the fight off Dungeness, and even as late as June, 1653, there were instances of failure in the Blue Division. So the war being over, and the admirals and generals at sea being more at leisure than they had been, they took the opportunity to draw up a code of tactics in plain phrases which it was hoped would be intelligible to all men. Nothing is easier than to understand this action on their part. What it is impossible for me at least to believe is that, after fighting seven battles with good success in eighteen months without order, they should suddenly wake up to the necessity of order, and should invent a formation hitherto unheard of. They assuredly did no such thing. Their orders are only Lord Lindsey's writ large.

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Whereas he was content to direct his vice and rear admirals and his captains to keep due order, they state specifically that the second and third in command are to "come up with the admiral on each wing, the vice-admiral on the right and the rear-admiral on the left, giving a competent distance for the admiral's squadron if the wind will permit and there be sea room." They order each captain to keep in a line with the chief of his own squadron, and if (which God forbid!) he falls out disabled, then with the commander-in-chief. So much for the line abreast. The line ahead is provided for in Article 7, which prescribes how, when the squadrons are not in a line, the ships to windward are to come down and put themselves in the wake or grayne of the

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admiral. The wake, I presume, needs no explanation. Grayne, or grain, seems to have fallen out of use, and is wanting in the only recent dictionary of sea terms I have consulted. It meant the line from the bow forward, corresponding to one drawn from the stern aft. The old sea term of abuse, "a bad grain," which answered, according to Admiral Smyth, to the modern "sea lawyer," obviously meant the sort of man who would not keep his proper place. So "cross-grained" meant and means a character not cut in the natural lie of the wood. These orders of 1653 simply prescribe the formation to be adopted for bringing ships into action. It was left for the Duke of York in 1665 to begin the construction of the orders which put on the neck of the Navy the yoke of a hard and fast set of instructions for fighting battles, which went near to reduce its operations to futility till the common-sense of the Service, aided by exhortation from without and experience in war, produced a happy release.

ON THE BALUCHISTAN BORDER.

THE term Baluchistan means a good deal in a geographical sense, but its historical significance is, if not still greater, at any rate more interesting, from the British standpoint. Little more than five-and-twenty years ago the Baluchis were a collection of unruly clans, some of whom were supposed to owe a sort of feudal obedience to the Khan of Kalat, but, as a matter of fact, were in pretty constant conflict either with him, or with one another, or both. Ever since 1876, when the Khan of Kalat made a treaty with the British Government, the confederacy has been rather a loose one, so far as the Khan is concerned, but the political state of affairs is none the less generally satisfactory. We owe this largely to the extraordinary influence and administrative ability of the late Sir Robert Sandeman, who introduced into this region a personal element, combined with a wise system of "masterly interference" with local developments, which have altogether altered the conditions of life through an immense tract of country with a population of at least 750,000. Of British Baluchistan, which consists of the assigned districts of Sibi, Pishin, and Thal Chotiali, our control is of course absolute, but far beyond those limits the influence which is a direct inheritance of Sir Robert Sandeman's policy extends, and the Baluch chiefs invariably prove amenable to the light but firm control which skilled and carefully-selected British political agents exercise over them.

A PASS IN BALUCHISTAN.

An ugly gateway for an invader to negotiate.

The Baluchis have freely entered our military service, and numerous pictures of the Baluch battalions have from time to time appeared in these pages. The Baluch makes a first-rate soldier, and has done excellent work for us not only in India, but in such far-off and very different regions as Uganda and China.

An important feature of our paternal attitude towards Baluchistan is the fact that not only does the Governor-General's Agent arbitrate in all local disputes, but the Khan of Kalat cannot enter into any relations with foreign Powers, and, in addition to our occupation of the Bolan Pass, we have a treaty right to occupy any other position in the state of Kalat. Baluchistan, as a term of political geography, includes the province of Mekran, which is continuous with Persia, and even here the Government of India has a paramount influence. Some stirring details were received not long since from India with reference to a brisk bout of fighting in Mekran, in which British Indian troops had taken a gallant part. A Persian robber chieftain had crossed the frontier and established himself in a Mekran fort, where he was ineffectually besieged for some weeks by a considerable local force. The British Political Agent, however, arrived on the scene with a specially-strengthened escort, and the robber's coign of evil vantage was speedily cleared out, the robber chief himself being killed in the process.

We occupy with a strong British garrison the fortress of Quetta, which commands the Bolan Pass, and is now a frontier station of first-class importance for commercial as well as military reasons. For some years ago a trade route was opened from Quetta to the Persian province of Seistan, *viâ* Nushki, and along this there is a steady and increasing stream of traffic. Quetta itself used to be looked upon as an anything but healthy station, but of late years there appears to be a distinct improvement in its record of salubrity, and now it is by no means unpopular with the large number of officers of all arms of the Service whom duty plants there, often for a protracted period.

THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

An Afghan fruit market at Quetta, Baluchistan.

These three bright little pictures afford an instructive glimpse of frontier life and scenery as presented on the Baluchistan border in three very different, and all more or less picturesque, aspects. In the first we have one of those forbidding passes which are a useful reminder of the interesting fact that, taken at its best, an invasion of India is not an enterprise to be undertaken lightly or without serious preparation. When it is remembered that this pleasing little gateway, which affords a good many obvious advantages to a defending force, is surrounded by hundreds of square miles of treeless and waterless country, it will be rightly regarded as constituting in itself as effective a bulwark as many a continental fortress bristling with guns and strongly held by troops.

Another picture shows a station on the railway which runs through the Bolan Pass to Chaman, and which may be a very serious factor indeed in any situation such as may possibly be created by coming events at Cabul. A further little snap-shot gives us a capital idea of the fruit market at Quetta, where there is a brisk trade in the dried apricots and other products of the more fertile Afghan valleys. There is a great future before Quetta, and one which is likely to receive careful development in the hands of the present school of Indian statesmanship.

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ON THE BOLAN PASS RAILWAY.

A station, showing Frontier Police patrolling

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A RIFLE RANGE AT SYDNEY.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

IT is impossible not to be impressed with the business-like earnestness of the Government of Federal Australia in all that relates to its Imperial responsibilities. A very recent utterance of Mr. Barton, the Federal Premier, is worth quoting as a splendid example of that breadth of view, combined with penetrating and practical good sense, which is highly characteristic of the higher levels of Colonial statesmanship. In the Motherland such utterances are comparatively rare, for a variety of reasons into which it would be unprofitable to enter closely here, but which are all more or less intimately connected with the exigencies of Party Government. Returning to Mr. Barton, we learn that he has definitely outlined the future defence policy of his Government by laying down as a postulate, "The difficulties of the Empire are the difficulties of Australia." He proceeded to point out that the latter must be prepared—and one is inclined to emphasise that last word—"to take a share in all matters affecting the integrity of the Empire, if necessary sending men and ships abroad to help in its wars. The Government," he observed in conclusion, "are determined to secure efficiency in defence, and will be unsparing of expenditure with that object." In any case that would be a remarkable definition of policy, but coming, as it does, on top of a succession of magnificent contributions in aid of the maintenance of the Imperial Idea in South Africa, it has a solidity and force which will not fail to be appreciated far and wide outside Federal Australian or even British Imperial limits.

There is an individual point in this pronouncement to which particular attention should be drawn in view of certain remarks in previous instalments of these notes with reference to the question of Australian naval defence. Two days before the above declaration was made, Mr. Barton had stated that the financial provisions of the Constitution prevented the effective establishment of an Australian Navy. He had added that the Ministers were of opinion that for some years to come the greatest safety would lie in some modification of the existing agreement with the Imperial Government with reference to the Australian Squadron. Such a statement would seem to discount rather seriously the suggestions we have made as to Australian aspirations in the direction of a local Naval service. But, in his definition of Australia's policy in the matter of Imperial difficulties, Mr. Barton foreshadows the liability of the Antipodes to send not only men but ships abroad to help in the Empire's wars. We are not concerned to discuss this seeming paradox at all closely, for the simple reason that its solution cannot in any case be determined until the Australian delegates have threshed out the matter with the Admiralty, as indicated by Lord Selborne in his Memorandum on the Navy Estimates. But the probability is that it will then be found as easy to reconcile Mr. Barton's apparently conflicting statements as it will be to justify this journal's previous and very well-founded observations. There is no question that the feeling in Australia in favour of local control of local naval defence runs high, and to this feeling the Admiralty will be wise to defer within reasonable limits. On the other hand, it would be possible for Australia both to have ships of her own which she could officer and man herself, and could lend to the Empire on emergency, without making any pretence of maintaining "an effective Navy." In some such sound and practical compromise as this we may hope to see the final and amicable settlement of what is one of the very gravest and most far-reaching of Imperial questions.

While Federal Australia in no uncertain voice has been reasserting its right to share in the difficulties as well as the privileges of Empire, the British Empire League of Canada has been holding an enthusiastic annual meeting at which similar sentiments were supplemented by some very impressive and practical resolutions. Among the latter was one endorsing the proposal for an inter-Colonial conference next June. This resolution, which accords singularly well with the views enunciated in these notes, was moved by Mr. Tarte in a patriotic speech claiming for the French Canadians that under the British flag they enjoy the greatest measure of liberty. It is a drawback to the otherwise splendid telegraphic service of foreign correspondence in the *Times*, from which the above-mentioned information is gleaned, that it presupposes an encyclopædic intelligence on the part of readers with reference to the smallest details of foreign and colonial life, and accordingly fails, not infrequently, to accomplish its full object. The real significance of Mr. Tarte's resolution quoted above lies in the fact that not only is he Minister of Public Works in the Dominion Government but that he is peculiarly well qualified to speak for the French Canadians, as he has been editor of *Le Canadien* for more than a quarter of a century. That such a public man should seize such an opportunity of voicing Imperial interests is a bit of history of which it is desirable that very careful and appreciative notice should be taken in this country.

About the time this appears in print Colonel Hayes Sadler, the newly-appointed Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate, will have been joined at Aden by Brigadier-General W. H. Manning, Inspector-General of the King's African Rifles, who is going on an official tour in the Uganda, East Africa, and British Central Africa Protectorates. The work which devolves upon these two distinguished and able officers marks a new epoch in the history of these parts, the salient points of which were recently summarised by Lord Lansdowne in his official instructions to Colonel Hayes Sadler on his appointment. With the commercial expansion of the Uganda Protectorate we are not so closely concerned in this journal as we are in the military developments connected with it, although we have habitually taken a healthy interest in the Uganda Railway. We have the greater satisfaction, then, in remarking that in its military administration the Foreign Office, which has a happy knack of doing such things with great thoroughness, if sometimes with a rather lordly disregard of expense, has attained results which will bear favourable comparison with any achieved under similar conditions by the War and Colonial Offices. Colonel Hayes Sadler takes over his province with the knowledge that the military position is now fully secured in the event of any troubles arising which may call for a display of strength, and Brigadier-General

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Manning has a force to inspect which in Uganda alone can make a very effective demonstration. The King's African Rifles have taken their place amongst the troops of the Empire; a native battalion of nine companies, with an establishment of 25 British officers, and an Indian battalion of 400 men with 7 officers, are quartered in the Uganda Protectorate, and can be reinforced at a few hours' notice from the neighbouring Protectorate; while a reserve battalion of 600 of those natives of the British Central African Protectorate who have specially distinguished themselves in Ashanti is held in readiness at Zomba for despatch to any point within the Protectorates at which its services may be required.

The expedition recently despatched by Sir F. Lugard to Bornu to enquire into the circumstances in which Fad-el-Allah was killed, and to establish peace and order in the country, seems likely to have very important results. For some time past Bornu, a sultanate on the western borders of Lake Chad, which was previously the most flourishing State of Central Africa, and is apparently capable of enormous commercial development, has been in a state of anarchy, which has culminated in the death of Fad-el-Allah at the hands of the French, into whose territory he is said to have made raids, besides being guilty, as it is alleged, of the murder of two Frenchmen. It is earnestly to be hoped, and pretty confidently expected, that Colonel Morland's expedition will do all that is necessary towards the restoration of order and the rehabilitation of trade, and the fact that such an expedition is possible is in itself instructive. There is no question that our policy of forming local military forces, wherever possible, in preference to locking up large garrisons of Imperial troops, has nowhere proved more effective than in West Africa, and especially perhaps in Nigeria, where we now possess a very considerable reserve of local armed strength. Such resources are necessary in the first instance for the maintenance of our supremacy with the natives, but they are also a useful check upon our Continental neighbours in adjoining possessions and spheres of influence, the frontiers of which are now more scrupulously observed than they were in the days when Waima incidents were unpleasant and sometimes tragical possibilities.

According to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Major-General G. A. French, who has recently handed over the command of the forces of New South Wales to Brigadier-General Finn, is to leave Australia on March 5, carrying with him, as is clearly evident, the good wishes of a very large circle of friends in both New South Wales and Queensland. General French was in command of the forces of the latter State from 1883 to 1891, and has commanded those of New South Wales since 1896, so has thirteen years' Australian experience, in the course of which some very important developments have taken place. To several of these he has personally contributed, more especially as regards improvement in armament and coast defence, and there is no question that Australia loses in him an officer not only of wide knowledge and professional ability, but of single-minded appreciation of, and devotion to, colonial interests. Among General French's special "hobbies" as regards the military future of Australia is the establishment of a better system of scientific military education. "The Commonwealth," he says, "must have a military college; it cannot do without it, and it would be ridiculous to try." General French speaks with a reserve of knowledge which few besides himself and General Hutton possess, and it will be interesting to note whether the latter, now Federal Commandant, will lend his support to the same progressive views.

CANADA AND THE WAR.

CANADA'S latest contribution to the fighting force in South Africa, which left Halifax, Nova Scotia, in two contingents, in command of Major Merritt and Colonel T. D. B. Evans, C.B., respectively, and is composed of over 900 Mounted infantry of all ranks, will shortly be at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief. Every part of the Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver, is represented in the ranks, and the men are represented to be "exceedingly fit" and well qualified for the work they will be called upon to discharge.

Since the outbreak of hostilities Canada has sent to the front several contingents, the first an infantry regiment, in command of Colonel Otter (afterwards created a C.B.), consisting of eight companies, 978 non-commissioned officers and men, and 41 officers. This regiment rendered invaluable service during its stay in the field, and the honours of Paardeberg are intimately associated with it. Between 200 and 300 men of this command visited England on their return to Canada, and were inspected by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and by the Prince of Wales (now King) in Albany Barracks. The second contingent consisted of Mounted Rifles and a brigade division of Field Artillery. The strength of the Mounted Rifles corps on its departure was 38 officers and 704 non-commissioned officers and men, and of Field Artillery, 19 officers and 520 non-commissioned officers and men. The third contingent consisted of Strathcona's Horse, a corps raised, equipped in every detail, and landed at Cape Town free of cost to the Imperial authorities, at the exclusive expense of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, High Commissioner for Canada in England. Some time ago Canada furnished over 1,200 men for service in General Baden-Powell's South African Police, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, who had command of Strathcona's Horse, and who had seen a great variety of service in the Canadian North-West Mounted Police. With the exception of the Police, the other contingents have, in accordance with the terms of enlistment, returned home. Between those killed in action and those who died from the effects of wounds and disease, many brave Canadians sleep their last sleep beneath the South African sod.

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COLONEL T. H. D. EVANS, C.B.

Commanding Canadian contingent.

Colonel Evans, who is in command of the new contingent of Mounted Infantry, and whose portrait is published herewith is one of the ablest of Canada's "home-made" officers. He is a native of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, where he was born in 1860. He commenced his military career in the 43rd Carleton Rifles, a Canadian Volunteer Militia regiment, and one of the "smartest" in the Service. He subsequently received an appointment in the Permanent Corps and on his being appointed to the command of the Canadian Dragoons he came to England and took a cavalry course at Aldershot. For about eighteen months he was in command of the Yukon Field Force, and when it was decided to send a second contingent to South Africa he was appointed Major (second in command) of the 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles, and subsequently to the command of the 2nd Battalion. He served with marked distinction while his corps was on active service. After his return home he was given the command of the Mounted Rifles for service in Manitoba and the North-West Territories; and when it was resolved to send out another Mounted Rifle Corps to the front, the command was given to Colonel Evans, with the sanction of the War Office. Colonel Evans is one of the most popular officers in the Canadian Service. He served in the North-West (Canada) Rebellion of 1885, for which he has a medal and clasp; he has also the South African medal and clasp. His services were recognised by his being created a Companion of the Bath, an honour also conferred upon Colonel Otter, commanding the Canadian Infantry in South Africa; Lieutenant-Colonel Drury, commanding Canadian Artillery; and Lieutenant-Colonel Lessard, commanding Royal Canadian Dragoons, formerly 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles. Colonel Evans is an honorary A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt. In the morning Anson discovers to his dismay that Tammers has left in the mail-steamer for England, and the captain of the French boat openly derides the idea of his returning to fight the duel on Friday morning. De Boivet, on hearing of Tammers' departure from Jersey, openly sneers, and hints that Anson has been left in the lurch, and that Tammers will not return to fight. Major Algar appears to think much the same, but Anson sticks to believing he will appear in time for the duel on Friday. On Thursday morning the police arrive to arrest the Count and De Boivet, who accuse Anson of having given information to the authorities. They are just about to be taken away in arrest when Tammers appears, having just returned from England by the steamer, and endeavours to have them released. Finding this impossible, he drives to the Constable of St. Helier's, and in an interview convinces him that no quarrel exists, whereupon the Count and De Boivet are released.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ACE OF TRUMPS.

AT *déjeuner* Tammers and I indulged in an early lunch, when I introduced him to Algar, much to the satisfaction of the latter.

At the farther end of the table the Count and De Boivet had taken up their position. I could see that they seemed to have very little to say for themselves, but, as we rose to adjourn for a smoke in Tammers' room, De Boivet intercepted me at the door.

"Will you do us the kindness, monsieur, to convey to M. Tammaire our obligations to him for his prompt assistance?" he said. "And I would beg you and your principal to accept the most profound apologies from M. le Comte and myself."

I replied suitably to this.

"The one or two trifling details which still remain to be settled between us can be arranged at your leisure," he added. "Plémont has, I fear, become impossible, since you were seen there and believed to be reconnoitring the spot with a view to the meeting. A fresh choice must be made, therefore. Ah, I see that all eyes are upon us, and should the good M. Pluvitt arrive he may have another annoying nightmare, which would be disastrous. Will monsieur be so good as to suggest when and where we can make our final plans?"

"In the course of an hour or so I will drop in to the smoking-room and invite you to come for a bathe," I proposed. "Nothing could suit our purpose more admirably."

De Boivet agreed to this, and I went on my way. At the door of Tammers' room I met Algar.

"He's very chirpy for a *moriturus*, eh?" whispered the Colonel, with much edification. "Didn't think they made anything half so strong-grained in that class of goods, eh?"

"On the contrary, he's a type," I answered.

"You don't notice those qualities in the ruck," objected Algar, stopping with his grasp on the door-handle.

"Of course not. They show in him because he's got them concentrated. That's the way with typical men."

"I daresay it is," he replied, and opened the door.

Tammers welcomed us cordially. He had cigars and drinks laid out in profusion on the table in honour of Algar, with whom I saw he was much impressed. He invited us to help ourselves, but he neither smoked nor drank himself that day.

I at once gave him De Boivet's message. Tammers listened, and then turned to Algar.

"Colonel," he said, "I'd be glad to have your opinion as a military man. I say a man is a gentleman who scorns to take an advantage."

"I hope that's the British view of it," replied Algar, gravely.

It struck me as being not the least remarkable of Tammers' achievements that he should have brought Algar to discuss this precise matter with him in a serious vein.

"They think differently on the Continent," proceeded Tammers; "therefore, you know——"

I should have liked to hear Tammers talk this point over with Algar, but I had not time to let them go farther into the definition of a gentleman or a cad, which latter, Algar remarked, might be anything from a German military duellist to the man who wore trousers of a truculent pattern.

"Wait a minute, Tammers," I interposed; "how about time, place, and weapons?"

Tammers looked up at me under his brows.

"Time—as arranged. Place—what's wrong with Plémont?"

"The centenier has a notion we may have pitched upon Plémont because I was seen there with the Colonel yesterday."

Tammers reflected upon this.

"Perhaps it's all the better," he said. "We'll do it under their noses. We'll fight in the little bay on the other side of Fort Regent, between the unfinished breakwater there and the bathing-place, as soon as it's light enough to see. The tide will be far out, so that we won't have any disturbance from bathers."

"And the weapons?" I went on. I was very curious to know which Tammers was going to choose. "Pistols, I suppose, though the Count is a remarkable shot," and I told him of Julowski's doings at the Morris-tube range.

"He's first-class with the bodkins, we know that," he remarked. "And he can shoot a bit, from what you tell me. Well, so can I—I'm not going to deny it."

"Which is it to be, then—swords or pistols?" I asked again, as Tammers hesitated, with a quick glance at Algar.

"Neither!" said Tammers, definitely. "I'm going to take that fellow on with assegais!"

I heard a sound of suppressed enjoyment in Algar's direction, but I was too much taken aback to speak.

"Yes, assegais," he reiterated. "I've got a couple in my carpet bag."

I observed that solved the difficulty of obtaining any assegais on short notice, still——"

"Shooting's so deuced noisy," explained Tammers; "we'd have every centenier in St. Hellier's after us in ten minutes. And I gave the Count my opinion about swords at dinner on Tuesday night. I can't go back on that now, you know."

"Are you a good—er—performer with the assegai?" I ventured.

"I'm out of practice," he answered, sadly, "but I used to be quite in the first flight in Maskeowe's country."

"You will surprise the Count, I expect. He can hardly be a proficient with the assegai also."

Tammers gazed at me pensively.

"He can't object, though. He said it was a man's own

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fault if he did not learn how to defend himself with every sort of weapon made."

"Yes," I said, "I remember he said that."

"And," continued Tammers, persuasively, "it will even up his averages a bit."

I remarked that it would in any case be an unusual encounter.

Tammers agreed.

"It will create a precedent," he acknowledged. "Duel *à la* Tammers, you know. It's all fair. I hope, Colonel, you think it's all on deck, considering——"

"Certainly," returned Algar, warmly, "certainly; you must meet him on his own system."

"But not with his own weapons, as Anson suggested to me." I saw now in what manner he had interpreted my speech on that point. "They haven't," he went on, "a system in Jersey, so I'm driven to take him on any system which comes handiest, and that's the Continental. And it ought to suit his prejudices, for it's the one he is used to. You can tell him that if he says anything. See?"

HERBERT COLE 1901.

"'ASSEGAIS!' HE EXCLAIMED."

Algar sprang up.

"Allow me to shake hands with you, Mr. Tammers!" he exclaimed.

Tammers was delighted.

"I'm more obliged to you for this, Colonel, than I can put my tongue to," he said. "It's something to be backed by an opinion like yours."

"My dear fellow, it's superb! 'Create a precedent!' There's been nothing like it since the beginning of the world!"

As I stepped upstairs to seek a bathing-towel, I also came to the conclusion—King Solomon's declaration notwithstanding—that the sight of a thin German Count with a bilious face and a bullet-headed Englishman in their shirt-sleeves, at five o'clock in the morning, armed with assegais and trying to shed each other's blood, would, to a certain degree at least, be new.

Looking into the smoking-room I perceived De Boivet.

"Inclined for a bathe?" I asked, cheerfully. "That's right. Come along!"

One or two men present glanced at us with a little surprise, but De Boivet responded with alacrity:

"I will but attire myself with a towel round the throat *à l'anglaise*," he said, as he joined me. "In the pursuit of honour one must brave all things, though I need not point out that in consideration of this most important affair we must deny ourselves the pleasure of sporting in the sea," he continued, as if reassuring me on the subject. "We will withdraw to the little promenade below West Mount, and there find a retired place for our interview."

He thereupon led the way behind the railway station and along the sea wall until we found an empty bench under a sharply-rising hill, where an oblong spread of turf lay between us and the sea.

"The intentions of M. Tammaire have, I presume, undergone no alteration? He is still desirous of meeting M. le Comte?" De Boivet asked.

"Naturally," I replied; "and that being so, he wishes to keep to the hour originally arranged—to-morrow at daybreak."

"Good."

"And as there are now reasons why Plémont should not be chosen, he proposes that the affair should take place between the breakwater on the south side of Fort Regent and Grève-de-Lecq. As the tide will be far out, we need fear no interruption from bathers; it is also the last spot to be suspected by the police, and our principals will have plenty of elbow room."

"That is well," said De Boivet. "And the weapons?"

"Mr. Tammers has chosen assegais," I answered slowly, to allow him to take in the idea fully.

"Assegais!" he exclaimed.

"Assegais," I repeated. "Assegais are weapons—a kind of spear—used by the Zulus in South Africa," I added by way of explanation. "My principal has a couple of them in his carpet bag."

De Boivet gasped.

"But it is impossible!"

"Mr. Tammers assures me that a man can do a lot of harm with an assegai," I urged.

"But a duel, see you, a duel with assegais!" went on the Frenchman. "Who has even so much as seen such a weapon?" Then recollecting himself, he added majestically, "But you will comprehend, monsieur, that it is absurd!"

"Not at all. Mr. Tammers has put himself to the trouble and expense of going to England for the assegais. He does not regard it as absurd, and he is very anxious to fight."

The Count's little second rose to the occasion.

"Ah, you Englishmen! You are ever full of resource. Certainly I understand. M. Tammaire proposes assegais. I will consult with my principal. *Au revoir*, monsieur."

"If you will permit me, I will go with you, as I am walking your way," I said, rising also; but I found my companion somewhat inclined to be abstracted.

I guessed he didn't half relish breaking Tammers' choice to the Count, and as we parted in the courtyard I heard him murmur to himself with a despairing gesticulation, "Assegais!"

(To be continued.)

THE gold medal of the Royal United Service Institution is annually awarded to the writer of the best essay on a naval or military subject selected by the council of the institution. The essays submitted are judged by three officers of high rank in the Army or Navy who are usually highly competent to act as referees. To gain this medal is regarded as a great distinction, and the winners very often are selected in later years for posts in the intelligence departments A money prize of £40 goes with the medal, this award being paid out of some funds bequeathed to the institution by the late Colonel Trench Gascoigne. The subjects for the essays are naval and military alternately, but any member of the institution, whether soldier or sailor, volunteer or militiaman, is entitled to compete. The prize essay and also some of the most meritorious are printed in the monthly journal of the institution, which is on sale to the general public. Every officer holding a commission in the land or sea forces is eligible for membership of the institution, which now boasts over 5,000 members. The premises are in Whitehall, adjoining the ancient Banqueting Hall, and they are very commodious and well furnished. The rooms include a technical library of over 30,000 volumes, among which are many rare works scarcely to be found elsewhere. There is also a lecture theatre in the building, in which papers on naval and military subjects are frequently read by members. Applications for membership should be made to the secretary of the institution. The entrance fee is one guinea, and the annual subscription the same. On payment of £15 officers can become life members of this useful society.

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CHALK STREAM FISHING.

By LAL BALOO.

IN the same category with "Fishing Stories" are "Travellers' Tales," "Woodcock Anecdotes," and "Narratives of Tiger Shooting." To lie amusingly requires a genius that I unfortunately do not possess, and I must, therefore, warn my readers not to expect in this article any account of personal encounters with speckled leviathans of the deep, the trout in the stream I am about to describe rarely if ever exceeding a pound and a-half in weight.

In July last I found myself domiciled within 100 miles of the headquarters of one of our Army Corps, and within three miles of a river of the capabilities of which, as a trout stream, I was profoundly ignorant.

My good fortune commenced almost at once in making the acquaintance of the vicar of a parish on this river, who is the better a Christian for being in addition a very perfect gentleman, a sportsman, and a man of the world. A friend of his owned fishing rights for about two miles on one bank of the river, and, on being applied to, gave me permission to fish at any time.

The vicar wrote, "Come over and lunch with me to-morrow, and I will show you the water. The fish are very shy, so you mustn't expect much sport."

A good way of carrying rod and landing-net on a bicycle is, I find, in a Kashmir rifle cover slung over the shoulder, and, thus accoutred, I was accosted *en route* next day by a very smart young gentleman who, after enquiry as to whose water I was going to fish, gave me some useful local information.

It amounted briefly to this: That it was perfectly useless to fish on such a bright day. That I might equally well fish in my drawing-room. That the only chance was to wait till dark. Divesting it of its polish, it was to the effect that I was a lunatic, and had better return home.

I fished for about two hours that afternoon between three and five o'clock, about the worst time of the day, and secured a brace of trout, losing two or three more.

About half a mile from the lower end of the water I encountered a mill. One of the roads to success in chalk-stream fishing lies through friendship with the miller. We became great friends. At this, our first interview, he informed me, "It baint no manner of use your fishing above the mill, the water is too slack and the gentlemen never fishes there, though there be plenty of trout too." That was good hearing, and I recognised at once that it was above the mill where I should obtain the best sport; and so it proved. A week elapsed before I could spare time for another expedition. On a very hot day, I think the hottest of the year, I commenced operations at the mill. I longed for a topee, and in default kept a dripping wet handkerchief on my head under my straw hat. A fish was rising in the stream of the mill pool, close to a stump, his every movement discernible from the high bank. I was fortunate in putting a 00 red quill over him at the first attempt; he swallowed it greedily, made a fruitless attempt to go the far side of the stump, and came back into the pool, where he was soon netted. A fish for the very first cast, a nice little fellow of ¾-lb.

Above the mill dam in the still water a bigger trout was doing a sort of "sentry go" for about twenty yards along the far side, which was fringed with bushes, picking up flies as he progressed. Kneeling under the willows, after one or two attempts I put the red quill on his track when he turned at the end of his beat. The water was so dead that the fly was almost stationary; the fish took a fly within three inches, and then caught sight of the red quill, swam slowly to it, almost touched it with his nose, paused—I would have bet ten to one against his taking it, and lost. One could see the pale-coloured inside of his mouth as it opened and very slowly closed on the fly. I imagined I could see an expression of surprise and indignation as he dashed off when he felt the line tighten. It was no easy job to land him, the willows being so low overhead as to prevent my keeping the point of the rod properly up. My readers will say, "Well, this capture was owing not to a skilful fisherman, but to a fool of a fish," but it was in reality the outcome of the miller's information: "The water is too slack and the gentlemen never fishes there"; and doubtless no invitation had ere this been offered to the fish in question.

He weighed 1½-lb., and I may confess I caught none larger in this river. Leaving these two fish on the cold flagged floor of the wheel-house, I proceeded up stream and discovered a few more uneducated fish, who were readily deceived by the red quill. About 4 p.m. I passed by the mill on my way to tea at the vicarage and saw a fisherman at work down below. I watched him casting a long line as straight as a telegraph wire, and admired his skill, which I considered greatly superior to any I possessed. "Had good sport?" "No, none at all; it is absolutely useless fishing this time of year; haven't risen a fish." I then discovered that his wheel line was too heavy, his cast not sufficiently fine, and his fly about two sizes too large. However, he knew the river and I did not. It is always a mistake to offer advice unasked, and I held my tongue. I had secured four brace, weighing 7-lb. During that month and August I fished the river twenty-one days, never had a blank day, and accounted for seventy brace of trout.

I had so many enquiries as to the flies I used, how I caught fish, whether I fished after dark (which I call poaching!), that possibly a few hints on the art of dry-fly fishing may be acceptable to some of my readers who have little experience in this branch.

The miller told the vicar that the colonel (myself) put some charm out of a bottle on his fly to make the fish take it. "I seed him doing it!" I need not explain that the charm was odourless paraffin!

MAXIMS FOR DRY-FLY FISHING.

Make friends of the millers.

The easiest fish to catch is the one in the most difficult position. (This sounds paradoxical, but a fish under a tree is an uneducated fish. Don't value your fly if you get it over such a fish; he is almost certain to swallow it. When shooting, every cartridge you fire costs over 1d. What matter if you lose a few flies which cost 1½d. apiece?)

If you are unable to rise a fish after a few successful casts, leave him. If you change your fly constantly, and keep at him, you may catch him at last; during this time you would probably have caught three others.

Grease your line thoroughly with mutton fat before leaving home, to make it float; soak your cast; paint your fly with paraffin before commencing operations.

Use turned-up eyed 00 hooks, and always try your fly to see it is secure after tying on.

Use fine drawn gut, a fine wheel line, and light rod. Many will tell you that a fine wheel line is a mistake, and difficult to cast with; a heavy line hits the water, a light one drops like gossamer.

In the stream I have described, with very rare exceptions, I took every fish with red quill or hare's ear, which I consider the best all-round flies.

Exercise great caution in approaching a rising fish; crawl on all fours. Messrs. Cording supply waterproof knee-caps, which are almost essential. Half the battle is to realise what is a likely rise. A fish under the far bank is more easily caught than one under the near bank or in mid stream. A fish which makes no stir in the water, but merely ejects one small bubble, is the one you will be almost certain to hook. A cruising fish is very difficult to catch, one tailing or bulging almost impossible.

The lightest rod possible is desirable; it is not a question of strength. Something akin to writer's cramp attacks many who use anything but a very light rod; mine, a split cane by Crookes of New York, weighs 5-oz.

When a hooked fish goes into the weeds, lower the point of your rod till it is in line with the fish, take the line in your hand near the reel, and niggle at him gently. At first it will feel as if it were fast in a rock; after niggling for, perhaps, a minute or more, you will feel an answering tug; the tugs will then get livelier and lighter, and finally fish and weeds will come away. This method is not always successful, but is the best chance.

A bright, hot, calm day is often the best for dry-fly fishing.

From about 10.30 till 3.30 is the time when fish rise best. The evening rise is generally, in my experience, disappointing. Everywhere the fish are rising madly, the water alive with them, but frequently at the fisherman's curse (a small midge), and they pass one's fly with contempt.

When you rise a fish, don't *strike* him (many will disagree with me on this point); what is requisite is to tighten your line on him as quickly as possible, but without any sort of snatch or strike. With the fine gut I recommend, should you strike, you will break five times out of six.

To express a tithe of the art is not within the scope of this article. Many of my readers will say, "We knew all this before, and a great deal more too." This is, however, written for beginners only.

Sport and soldiering remain to us. Soldiering is not what it was, and when sport is a thing of the past, it will be, as Lindsay Gordon puts it:

> "Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race;
> Farewell to the Norman blood."

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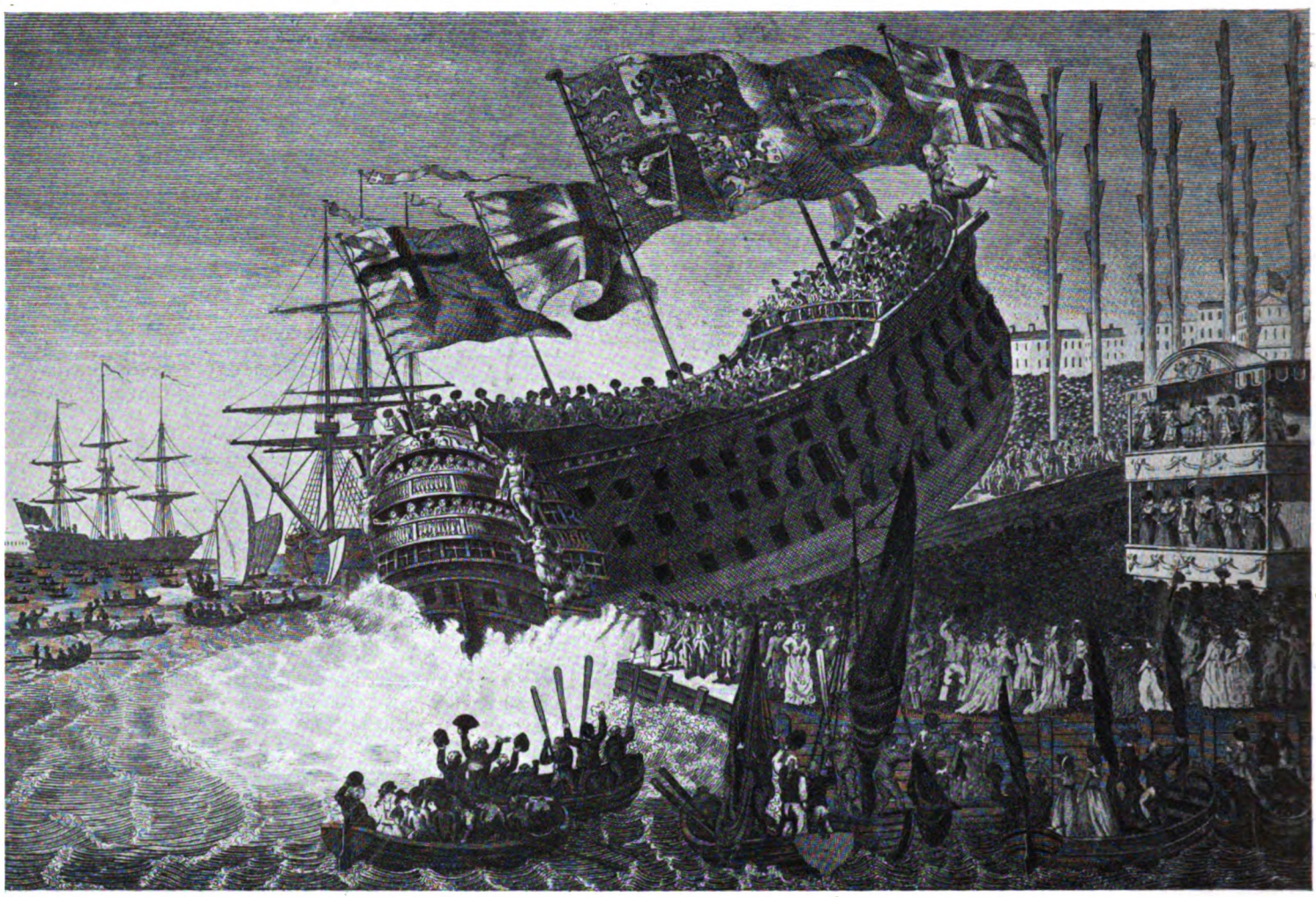
FAMOUS MEN-OF-WAR LAUNCHED BY ROYALTY.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "PRINCE OF WALES" BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES AT PORTSMOUTH, 1794.

Engraved by Barlow, after Christall.

IN the same spirit in which King Edward, as one of his first acts after his accession, placed his own name at the head of the Navy List, His Majesty is signalising his taking up of his full duties of State after the year of Royal mourning by presiding in person at two great Naval functions—the laying of the foundation-stone of the "Britannia" Training College, and the yet greater ceremony of the launch of the splendid battle-ship "Queen" at Devonport. It is not, for one thing, of course, any new experience personally to His Majesty or to Queen Alexandra. Chatham is not likely to ever forget April 7, 1875, when her present Majesty launched the "Alexandra" amid a brilliancy of display and ceremonial unknown at any Royal dockyard for many a long year. Chatham, in this same month of March, 1902, is to be again favoured with another red-letter day of the same kind—which it proposes to make as much of in the way of gala rejoicings as it did of the previous occasion — when the Princess of Wales will attend to name the new battle-ship "Prince of Wales."

King Edward, though, in attending the launch of the "Queen" at Devonport to-day, is but following in the footsteps of his Royal predecessors during the past four hundred years—or of many of them, at any rate. The practice may be said to have come in on that memorable day when Henry VIII. launched the "Great Harry" amid scenes of gorgeous splendour, the first recorded Royal launch of an English man-of-war. The King's presence at the launch of the "Great Harry" is, in fact, the great Royal precedent.

Woolwich Dockyard, the "Mother dock" of England, was the scene, and the day of the "hallowing," as the term then was for what we now call naming or christening, was June 13, 1514. King Henry, we are told, presided on the occasion, wearing his robes of State, with vest and breeches of cloth-of-gold and scarlet stockings. Round his neck he had a gold chain and gold whistle, the badge of an Admiral of England: "A chayne of golde of threefolde, with a whistell and a pece of a Unycornes horne at it inclosed in golde," as one of the foreign Ambassadors who was present wrote home. Bluff King Hal wore his admiral's chain and whistle in token of his rank as the head of the Sea-Service of England, exactly as to-day at Devonport King Edward will be wearing his Admiral of the Fleet's uniform. At many another launch in later days also did King Henry preside, as we are told, and "give the name." Edward VI. followed his father's example, as far as he could in his short reign. Wrote King Edward himself in his Diary (still in existence), under date July 4, 1551: "I was banketted by the Lord Clinton at Detford, where I saw the 'Primrose' and the 'Marie Willoughby' launched." Lord Clinton was Lord High Admiral of England, and the two ships named were the first two men-of-war launched under Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth in turn presided at a man-of-war launch in the first year after her accession. "The iii day of July," relates Machyn in his Diary for 1559, "the Queene's grace toke her barge at Grenwyche unto Wolwyche to her new shype, and ther yt was namyd 'Elisabeth Jonas'; and after her Grace had a goodly bankett, and ther was grett shutyng of gunes and casting of fyre abowt made for plesur." The "Elisabeth Jonas," which another diarist of the reign tells us "was so named by her Grace in remembrance of her owne deliverance from the furye of her enemyes, from which in one respect she was no lesse myraculously preserved than was the prophet Jonas

THE LAUNCH OF THE "NELSON" AT WOOLWICH, JULY 4, 1814.

Etched by G. Cooke and engraved by W. B. Cooke, from a drawing by L. Clennell.

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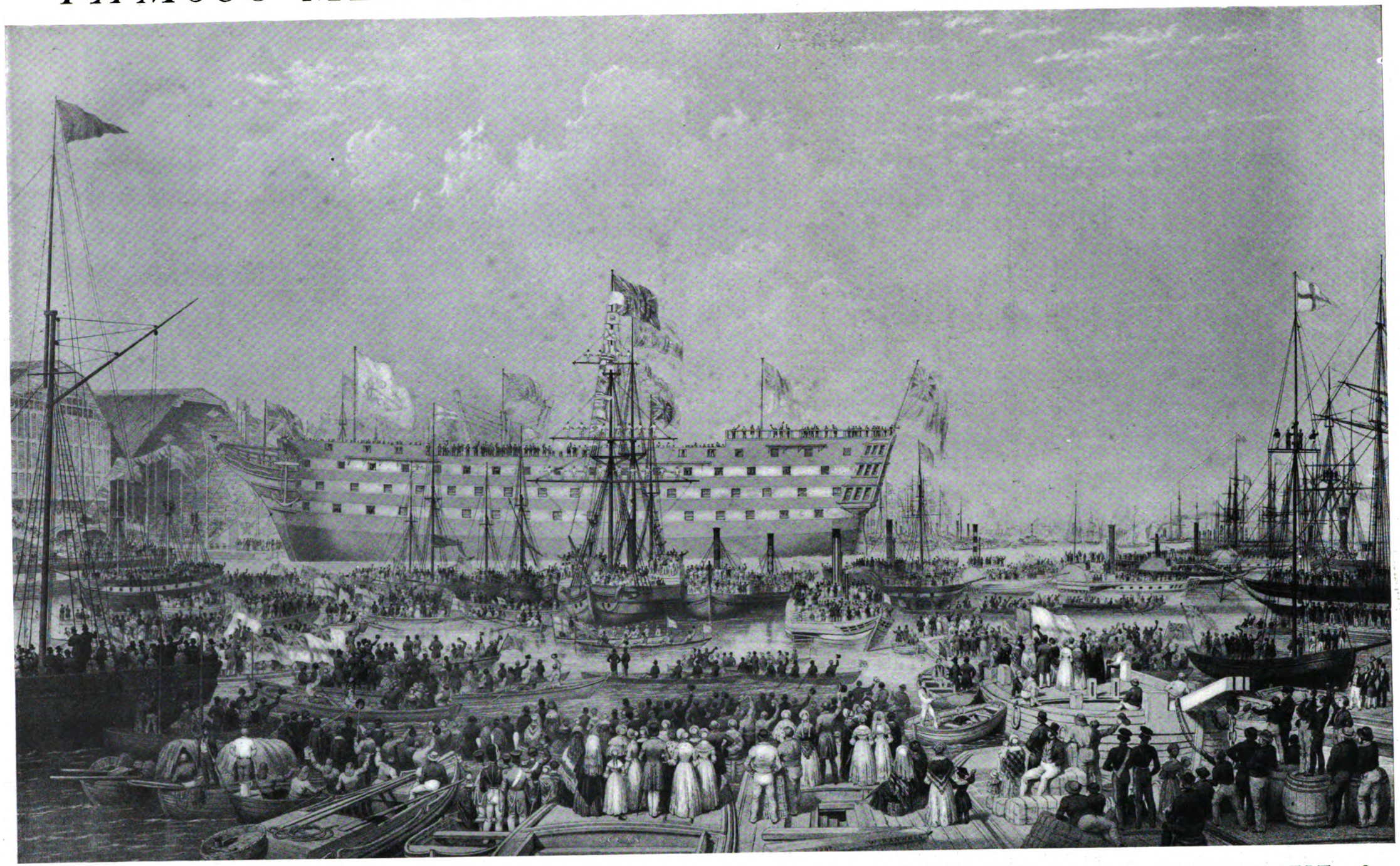
FAMOUS MEN-OF-WAR LAUNCHED BY ROYALTY.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "TRAFALGAR" AT WOOLWICH, IN THE PRESENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, 1841.

Engraved by T. Picken, after W. Ranwell.

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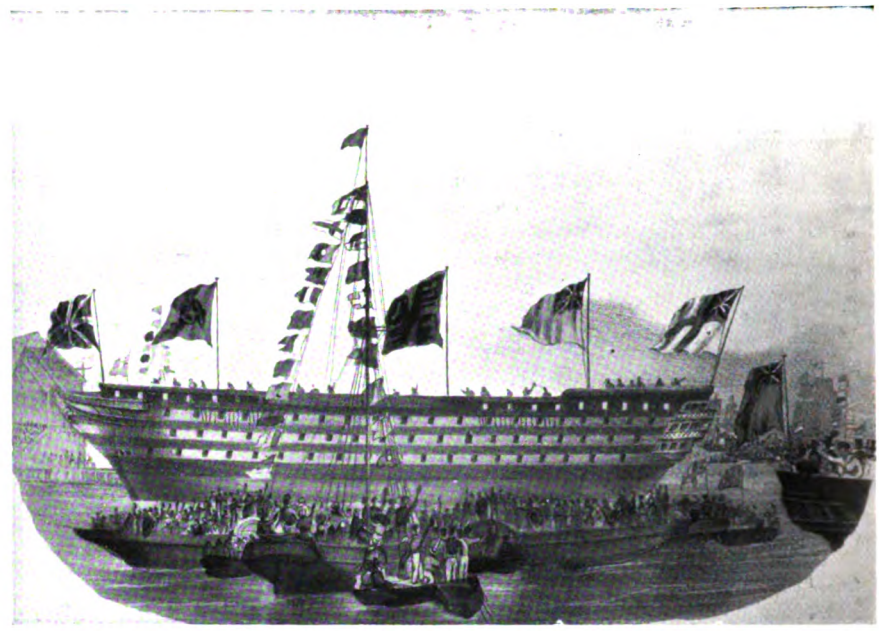
from the belly of the whale," would seem, however, to have been the only man-of-war at whose launch Queen Elizabeth attended.

James I. was present when the "Prince," was launched, on Monday, September 24, 1610, with the Queen, Henry Prince of Wales, Prince Charles, and a splendid retinue, among whom was Lord Howard of Effingham, who had commanded in chief against the Spanish Armada. Charles I., to begin with, attended the launch of the "Charles Royal," named after himself. Pett, the builder of the ship, says of the occasion in his autobiography, under date January 30, 1633: "The new ship at Woolwich was launched, His Majesty being present and stood in my lodgings. It was fair weather, and a good tide, so the ship was put into the water without straining the tackle, which much pleased His Majesty." King Charles was also present at the launch of the famous "Sovereign of the Seas" at Woolwich, on September 25, 1637, being accompanied by Queen Henrietta Maria and "all the Lords and Ladies their attendants." Even in the grim days of the Puritan *régime*, indeed, the old-time usage of the highest personages of the State being present at certain special men-of-war launches was kept up. Relates Evelyn in his Diary for March 15, 1652: "I saw the 'Diamond' and 'Ruby' launch'd in the Dock at Deptford, carrying 48 brasse cannon each. Cromwell and his Grandees present with greate acclamations."

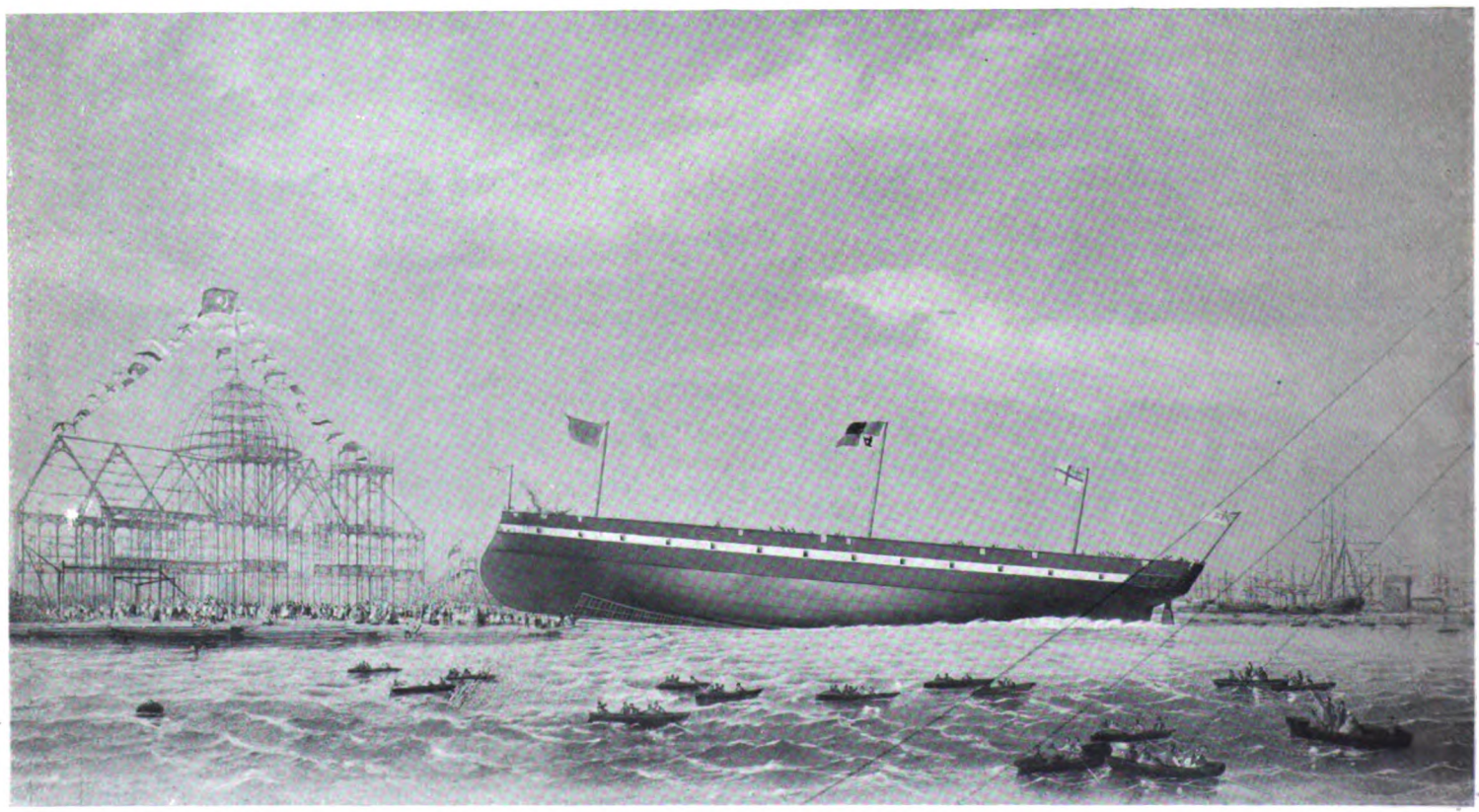


THE LAUNCH OF THE "ROYAL ALBERT" AT WOOLWICH, MAY 13, 1854.

This magnificent ship of 131 guns was christened by Queen Victoria in the presence of 60,000 people.

Charles II. was always going to launches of men-of-war, as the pages of Evelyn and Pepys testify. Queen Katherine, too, at Portsmouth on April 14, 1670, named and launched a Royal yacht for Her Majesty's special use, the "Sodalis." James II., in his short reign, had no opportunity of presiding at a man-of-war launch. William III. did not trouble himself about British Naval ceremonies. Queen Anne, for her part, took next to no interest in the Navy, and is not known ever to have been at a launch. George I. was present at one launch, but only at one, that of the "Royal George"; and then he did not stay to see the finish. The King rode to Woolwich, saw the preparations for the launch begun, and then, finding it would take about an hour before the ship went off, His Majesty turned his horse, galloped over to Greenwich Hospital and attacked the sumptuous banquet which the Lords of the Admiralty had had prepared for themselves in the Painted Hall. George II. is never known to have entered a dockyard, except when he passed through on his way to or from his beloved Hanover. George III. was present at two launches—that of the "Grafton," 74, at Deptford, in 1772, a very grand affair indeed, and that of the "Prince of Wales," 98, in June, 1794. On the occasion of the launch of the "Prince of Wales," King George happened to be at Portsmouth to see the return of the Channel Fleet after the battle of the First of June, and the "Prince of Wales" happening to be sent afloat just at that time, His Majesty and Queen Charlotte took the opportunity of attending the launch in State. George IV., for his part, did not attend any launches either as Prince Regent or as King, although as Prince of Wales he had been present at the launch of the "St. George" at Portsmouth in 1785. William IV. was present at that of the still existing "Royal Adelaide," which was christened by Queen Adelaide personally, and the old "Thunderer," which, under the name of the "Nettle," was broken up a few weeks ago.

The first launch of Queen Victoria's reign at which the Queen was present in person was that of the "Trafalgar," of 120 guns, in 1841. Her late Majesty was also present at the launch of the first "Victoria" in 1859. The first man-of-war that Queen Victoria actually baptised with her own hand was the famous "Royal Albert," a magnificent three-decker, launched in 1854. The "Royal Albert," it should be noted also, was the first man-of-war ever christened in Great Britain by a reigning Sovereign. Finally, that memorable day, February 26, 1891, when Queen Victoria personally named the present "Royal Sovereign" and "Royal Arthur," is still a living memory to all of us.



THE LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD STEAM FRIGATE "RESISTANCE" FROM MESSRS. WESTWOOD AND COMPANY'S YARD, ISLE OF DOGS, APRIL 11, 1861.

Engraved by J. S. Kell, after Josiah Taylor.

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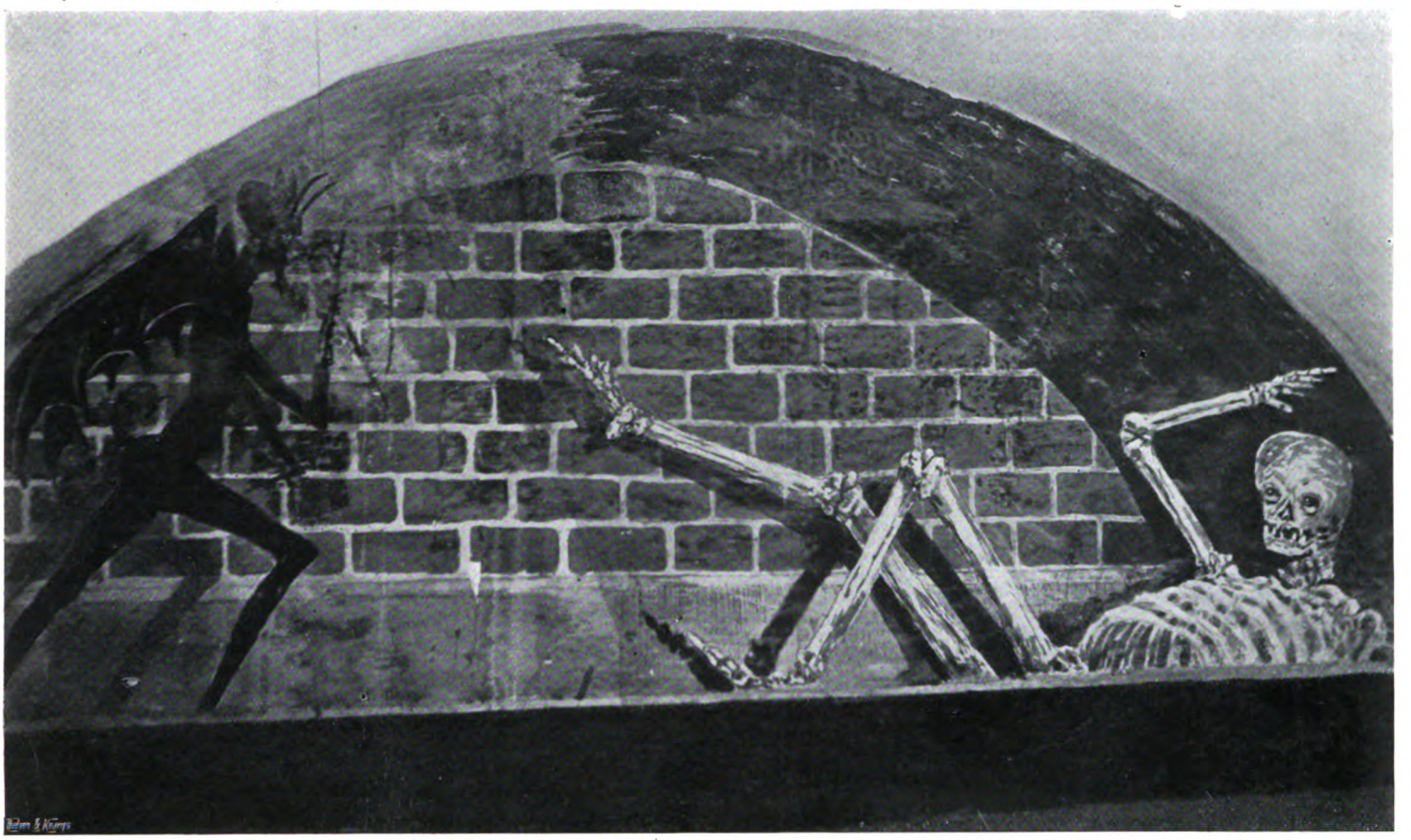
ON THE MAINGUARD AT MALTA.

By FORBES CARTER.



CALCULATED TO UNNERVE EVILDOERS.

The skeleton on a wall of the small room.

OF all the quaint and varied sights shown to the passing stranger and the P. and O. passenger bent on "doing" Malta, perhaps there is none more attractive to the travelling Briton than the officer's quarters in the Mainguard of the citadel of Valetta. It is an unimposing edifice, this old guard-room standing on the very spot where once the ancient Knights of Malta kept their watch. Facing it across the wide space of asphalt known as St. George's Square is the Governor's palace, and on either side it is joined by the Garrison Library and a Maltese club. It is a low building, with a wide portico, supported by pillars and surmounted by a clock and the Royal Arms. Beneath the clock is a Latin inscription carved in the stone, "The love of the Maltese and the voice of Europe confirm these Islands to Great and Invincible Britain." Behind the pillars are the sergeant of the guard and his men, waiting and watchful, and in front for ever paces the red-coated sentry. A narrow staircase on the right leads to the second storey, occupied by the officer on duty, consisting of the well-known long narrow guard-room, opening on to a verandah over the portico, and some smaller rooms leading off it.

Into possession of this building comes every day at ten o'clock a subaltern of British infantry, accompanied by a sergeant and fifteen men to relieve the guard of the past twenty-four hours. They change the guard with customary ceremonies, giving over and receiving all Government property, fixed and portable, about the place, pass on the standing orders and pay the usual compliments, and when the old guard marches off the new one soon settles down to its twenty-four hours' spell of duty. The subaltern betakes himself up his little staircase and makes himself as comfortable as may be. He finds a scanty allowance of furniture in the big room, and less still in the smaller ones. His servant is there to attend to his wants, and see that he gets his meals sent in to him, for he has to provide himself with food. He is not lonely, for he has many visitors, on duty and otherwise, and in the afternoon his friends frequently remember him, for tea in the Mainguard is a very popular institution, especiallly when the band is playing in the square, or any other function taking place. When His Excellency the Governor is in residence at the palace opposite, he very often asks the officer on duty to dine with him, he being allowed one hour's absence in the evening to go out and have his dinner somewhere near at hand. His duties are not very heavy, but they require attention. For instance, the guard must turn out and present arms whenever the Governor passes in or out of his palace or His Grace the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Malta drives along. The sentry has to be always on the look-out for them, for it takes him all his time to pass the word so that the guard may present arms before the smartly trotting horses are out of sight. As soon as he catches a glimpse of them in the distance he breaks off his measured tramp, and, rushing to the portico, shouts, "Guard, turn out!" at the same time pulling a bell which rings into the rooms upstairs. Down comes the subaltern, dragging at his gloves and belts as he comes, the men turn out, the bugle sounds, but with all their smartness they are lucky if they are formed up and at the "present" before the back of the exalted carriage is disappearing in the distance.

Photos. Copyright. *Forbes Carter*

"GUARD, TURN OUT!"

A picture at the top of the staircase.

They must be always on the *qui vive* for fires and riots, both of which are unusual, and for more common incidents of garrison life, such as the passing of bodies of troops, for which they turn out and present arms, and the sudden appearance twice in the twenty-four hours of the field officer of the day, who comes trotting on his rounds, to

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see "All's well," turns out the guard, hears the subaltern's report and his "All present, sir," and rides away.

But it is not the duty or routine of this Mainguard that makes it peculiar, for in that it is the same as, or very similar to, all other guards studded over the Empire "on which the sun never sets." In this plain old building there is something quite unusual in barrack-rooms, and very interesting to such as love the British Army and treasure its records.

For nearly a century British regiments have done sentry-go in front of the old portico, and British subalterns have watched the hours away in the room above, in stock and shako, in kilt and rifle-green, in a long procession, from the coatee of the twenties to the latest smart serge of 1901. And long ago some officer, finding the time hang heavy on his hands, and having in him besides a turn for sketching, bethought him to draw upon the bare yellow-washed wall of his ungarnished room a picture in colours.

Man is an imitative animal, and the next officer, yawning between his rapid excursions down his little staircase, probably thought he could do as well, or better, and he too left his handiwork upon the walls; and as years rolled by there grew up a custom, now firmly established, for every regiment serving in Malta and doing Mainguard duty to leave behind a remembrance of itself in the shape of a sketch on the walls, in pencil, chalk, or paint. Thus now, instead of plain unlovely walls exists this quaint irregular patchwork of pictures, well known throughout the Services and to those who use this highway to the East. Some of them are comic, some graceful, some highly finished, others left half done, almost all are clever, and many very interesting, from the tales and legends attached to them.

It would be impossible to describe them all, but some of them cannot be passed without comment. The first that greets you as you mount the stairs is a very striking life-sized figure of the officer of the guard in the act of rushing down the staircase in response to the sentry's shout of "Guard, turn out!" This picture was done in 1881 by a talented young officer of the Royal Sussex Regiment, who afterwards exhibited in the Royal Academy; the figure wears the uniform of that regiment, and, seen from the narrow doorway, looks really like an officer coming down. On the left-hand side, between the door and the verandah, in the big sitting-room, is a long narrow picture inscribed "The Nile, 1884-85." It shows a boat, loaded up with boxes and baggage, and containing two dishevelled men and a dog. The boat is being towed up a rocky rapid stream by five patched and tattered soldiers, representing different branches of the Service; the man at the helm, steering with a well-worn broom, is of course Lord Wolseley, and the whole is a clever allegorical reminiscence of those hard-fought early Egyptian campaigns, and the struggle to get up the Nile, when Highlanders were known to patch their kilts with old biscuit tins, and officers were glad to drink cocoa made strong, to cover the taste of dead camel in the water.

Near the window hangs an overcoat upon a peg, so well done as to produce the illusion that it is a real one, though the paint is getting rubbed and worn, it has hung there for so many years. At the fireplace is another sketch, evidently by the same hand—a bracket, with a cap and tumblers on it, calculated to deceive the unwary. A head of Gladstone, in pencil, done by Harry Furniss; a small sketch, doubtless from personal experience, of the Archbishop's carriage disappearing down the street, while the breathless guard presents arms to empty space; an excellent full-length portrait of a general of past days, whereby hangs a tale, all appear on one wall; and opposite is an oval picture of the head and shoulders of a sentry of the 98th wearing the old-fashioned shako, carries us back to pre-Crimean days. But the most remarkable feature of the collection is without doubt in the smaller front room, the work of some genius with a taste for making one's flesh creep. Low down on the wall of this little room are two wonderfully realistic and gruesome representations of human skeletons, full sized and grimly hideous, one lying stark and still, the other rising up in fear of the demon who approaches him. The shroud, the bricks, the correct articulation, and the fact of the drawing being done in a curious vault-like recess in the wall, all contribute to a very weird and bizarre effect. In this room also is a picture of what is somewhat irreverently styled a "pickled monk."

ONE OF THE WALLS AND PART OF THE DOORWAY.

The work of many hands.

Under one of the churches in Malta there used at one time to be shown a number of embalmed monks, dried up and shrivelled, dressed in the habit of their order as they lived, each in his own recess, grim and gaunt, waiting through the ages the last trumpet call. This ghastly exhibition was closed to the public many years ago, but not before the artist in horrors had transferred a very truthful counterfeit to the Mainguard walls. In this room is shown an accurate presentment of a window open, and through it peers a small but malevolent devil, the peculiarity of this picture being that under certain circumstances of the light it becomes so realistic as to be absolutely alarming!

As well as all these works of fancy, the regiments have also left their crests and badges, more or less ornately executed, with the date of their turn of service. On one of the doors is the white goat of the Welsh Fusiliers, and near it the latest contribution, the St. George and the Dragon of the Northumberland Fusiliers Militia, called to Malta in 1900 because of the Boer War, and with the West Kent and the North Lancashire the first Militia to serve in Malta since the Russian War. The Staffordshire knot of there giments of that county is there, as well as the Cross and Thistle of the Camerons, the Irish Rifles' Harp and Crown, and many another honoured badge and motto. Every care is taken to preserve the pictures, but time and the climate are telling on some. So well aware are the authorities of the value of this fresco collection, that one of the statements signed by the officer of the guard on giving up his twenty-four hours' watch and ward is, that he leaves the drawings on the walls in the same condition that he found them, and it would go hard with any rash person who tried to interfere with these precious relics.

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SPECIMENS BY EVERY REGIMENT.

Another part of the walls.

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Photo. Copyright. PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS AT EASTNEY. *Stobce.*

A DRUMMER-BOY.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

THE great event of this week is the visit which their Majesties are paying to the West of England. They are going upon important business of the State, the Queen to launch the new battle-ship at Devonport which is to bear her Royal title, and the King to lay the foundation-stone of that new college for Naval cadets which is to take the place of the famous old "Britannia," within whose wooden walls nearly all our Naval officers have been educated. That in itself is a notable thing, and it is not unlikely that the building of the college may mark something of a fresh departure in the system of training officers for the sea. The battle-ship "Queen" is honoured indeed in the fact that Her Majesty presides on the occasion of the launch. The mind goes back to the year 1876, when, on April 7, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, went to Chatham on a like occasion. The ship then launched was the "Alexandra," named after her, which until lately flew the Vice-Admiral's flag in the Reserve Squadron. It was a memorable day in the history of Chatham Dockyard, and great were the preparations made, for more than fifty years had elapsed since the last Royal visit, and 70,000 people sought means to witness the event. The Princess of Wales was then very dear to the people, but now, as Queen, she is enshrined in their affections, and they are proud to see her launching so noble a ship for the State. The Devonshire men, ever patriotic, especially in what concerns the sea, will once again do credit to themselves and give an enthusiastic welcome to the King and Queen.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has acted with discretion and dignity during the visit of Prince Henry which do credit to his qualities as a ruler. He is above all things else a downright and honest man, fearless in denouncing what he disapproves, having little tolerance for shams and make-believes, and not at all moved by the recent campaign against England. Mr. Hay's protest against Russian action in the Far East is proof that the American Government pursues a policy identical with our own. Mr. Roosevelt is something of a fighting President also, possessed with a character of strenuous zeal. There is no faltering in his policy, in which two strong elements may be noted. He has denounced in former times in strong terms those who advocated withdrawal from the Philippines, for he has a large conception of the "white man's burden," and little patience with those who stagger beneath the load. His other sturdy belief is in the value of force, and particularly of Naval force. Some time before he went to the White House he urged that those who had built up the Navy for the future greatness of the country should not be misjudged, and he asked his hearers to seek out and remember those Senators and Congressmen who had opposed the building of new ships, who had thrown obstacles in the way of procuring armour, and who objected to any adequate maintenance for the Naval Department. The men who did these things, he said, were all working to bring disaster upon the country. The great bulk of the American people are with Mr. Roosevelt in these two cardinal points of policy, and we cannot as Englishmen but commend them, since they have taken the course which we have followed with so much advantage.

ANOTHER strenuous ruler brought a good deal before the public mind in relation to recent events is the German Emperor, whose views upon Imperial questions have a curious identity, as it is interesting to note, with those of Mr. Roosevelt. He has once again been presenting to the Reichstag a visible representation of the fleets of certain of the Powers. Through many agencies he is helping and supporting the work of the German Navy League, which has now 626,000 members, and branches all over the Empire. Thus it is that public opinion is fostered and developed, and in this way does the German Emperor work his will in creating his Fleet. He has conquered extraordinary obstacles, and where he encountered hostility ten years ago, he finds that men have come round to the views he has consistently maintained. He has declared that the future of his Empire lies upon the water, and we may see at the present time how strenuously he is working to the end that it may there be made secure. Just twenty-one years have elapsed since the Kaiser married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, whom, on a memorable occasion, he spoke of as the link that bound him to her native province, "the jewel that sparkles at my side, Her Majesty the Empress—type of the virtues of a German princess." The Emperor lives a two-fold life. While he is the ruler of a great state, and the vigorous ruler of vast Naval and military forces, his attachment to his wife and children is deep and tender, and the homage he pays to Her Majesty is touched with the true charm of chivalry and romance.

A MONARCH less happy in his Royal state is the young King of Spain. It was foreseen, as the time approached for him to assume the reins of power, that the Socialist and Anarchist elements of the country would seek occasion to foment rebellion. There are dangerous elements at work, and in the conflicting claims of Carlists and Revolutionists many dangers lurk. Fortunately the Government acted with some promptitude in the case of the revolutionary riots at Barcelona, but the danger is scarcely over, and the well-wishers of Spain earnestly hope that the young King will show strong qualities as a ruler, and win to him the sympathies of the people. As to the Queen Regent, she has conducted affairs with a dignity, loyalty, and zeal which have won the hearts of Spaniards. While she can exercise sway all will be well, and if the young King should rise to the occasion there should be no fear of permanent ill. The world must look with kindly eyes upon a monarch whose boyhood has been so strange. Born after his father's death, in May, 1886, he was cut off from many of the enjoyments of childhood, but it was his good fortune to have in his mother, a daughter of the House of Austria, one who watched his adolescence with never-failing care. The boy has been educated for his high state with scrupulous exactitude, though one fears that in his training there may have been wanting something of the vigour that is found in the upbringing of English boys. He will be crowned in the same year as King Edward, and thus there is an added association which will cause us to watch with the greater interest his future career.

A NOTABLE occasion was the presentation of South African War medals to the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney, by Colonel Guise Tucker. Nearly 1,700 men were on parade, and the brigade formed a square, with those who were to receive the medal in the centre. These were Brevet-Colonel J. B. Leefe, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Aston, Quartermaster-Sergeant Dyson, Colour-Sergeant Carter,

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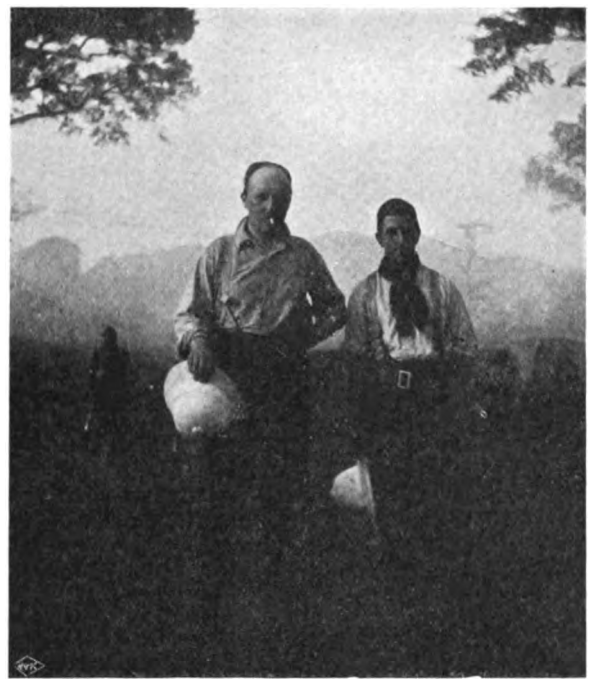
Sergeants Gasson and Cullimore, Bombardiers Burroughs and Trayfoot, and Gunners Ashard, Broadbent, Bulbeck, Burgess, Haustead, Spencer, and Thomas. Colonel Tucker said with feeling that it was an honour to be deputed to perform such a duty, and one of the recipients had gratified him by saying that he considered it a greater privilege to receive the medal from his commanding officer than from anyone else. No Army in the world has ever been called upon for greater or more continuous exertions than our own in South Africa, and Colonel Tucker suitably congratulated the recipients of the medal, and many others in various parts of the world who had received the same honour, feeling certain that they would hand the medals down to their children's children as heirlooms of which they would be very proud. The Royal Marines have, indeed, a glorious record of service in the war, and have fought and bled for their country as the gallant corps has ever been ready to do.

FEW people who have not investigated the figures know how extraordinary has been the output of men of English blood in this war in South Africa. It is quite certain that foreigners, who have been so ready with sneers at our "Army of mercenaries," will yet come to realise that the British Army is a most formidable force to be reckoned with. No Power in the world could have accomplished what we have achieved without any sense of exhaustion. Up to the end of last year we had put in the field in South Africa nearly 400,000 men. Of these, about 60,000 had been raised in South Africa, and 20,000 were from other Colonies. There were 26,500 Militia, nearly 28,000 Imperial Yeomanry, about 17,500 Volunteers, and over 8,000 South African Constabulary from home and Canada. The slain numbered 5,231, and the wounded 20,937, while 13,733 died of wounds or disease, or by accident. The strength actually in South Africa when this year opened was about 237,800, including 141,700 Regulars, 19,750 Militia, 13,650 Imperial Yeomanry, and 5,400 Volunteers, while the rest had been raised in South Africa. These are figures that may well astonish while they gratify. This vast force is necessarily widely disseminated throughout the great field of operations, but that we are able to maintain something like 250,000 men at 6,000 miles from our own shores is an achievement foreigners must envy. When the allied forces were landed in the Crimea, and marched on the Alma, they numbered less than 63,000 men; they were some 70,000 or a little more when the siege of Sebastopol begun. Let those who depreciate our Army take unassailable facts to heart, and let them not forget the stupendous character of the business of transporting these men to South Africa, and keeping them supplied with horses, transport, and everything necessary for their service in the field.

BRITAIN IN WEST AFRICA.

FOR a long time past West Africa has been a source of trouble to this country. It has been found necessary to send expedition after expedition. Benin, Kumasi, the Aros, tell the tale of successive punitive forces which have been sent on behalf of Great Britain, and which have well done their work. It would be idle to talk now of the causes which led this country to establish "factories," as they used to be called in those days, on the West Coast of Africa. The Dutch were doing the same. They were our great rivals, and for a long time it was a question as to whether the Dutch or ourselves were to hold what was then known as the Gold Coast. France and Germany have since appeared upon the scene; and with these Powers we are happily engaged in peaceful negotiations to decide what are precisely the limits of our respective territories. It is obvious that in a land where little is known of, and where the natives have small regard for the mere decision of, boundaries between European States, unless those boundaries are enforced with the strong arm, it is most important that those boundaries should be precise. England and Germany at any rate have had no misunderstanding upon this cardinal point. They have sent their men to the spot, so that, as far as they are concerned, there shall be no doubt whatever, and the boundary shall be traced as speedily as possible.



A GREAT BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
Capt. W. Johnston and Lieut. Turner of the "Sappers."

Our picture shows Captain W. Johnston, R.E., and Lieutenant Turner, R.E., of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission. Captain Johnston is the taller and broader man; he is the leader of the Commission. These internal delimitations, however, can be carried out only on the basis that there is a force to back them. Natives—especially in West Africa—are but little inclined to bow to a sentimental worship, but they will make no difficulty about worshipping a force which demonstrates itself in the form of exceptionally strong fighting capacity. Hence the organisation of the West African Frontier Force. Our friends at the front do not tell us, but it has leaked out somehow to men in this country, that there was a certain amount of anxiety on the part of the British leaders as to the manner in which the force would behave itself. It was composed of men from races which had not hitherto fought under European guidance. Would it prove worthy of its training? The answer was quickly forthcoming. The men fought as men of similar races will always fight when led by British officers, and the problem of Nigeria was solved. Our pictures show the raw material of these Hausa regiments, and the finished soldier beside his Maxim gun.

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THE FINISHED ARTICLE.
A Hausa detachment with Maxim gun.

"Navy & Army."
CAN THEY HIT THE TARGET?
A squad of Hausa recruits.

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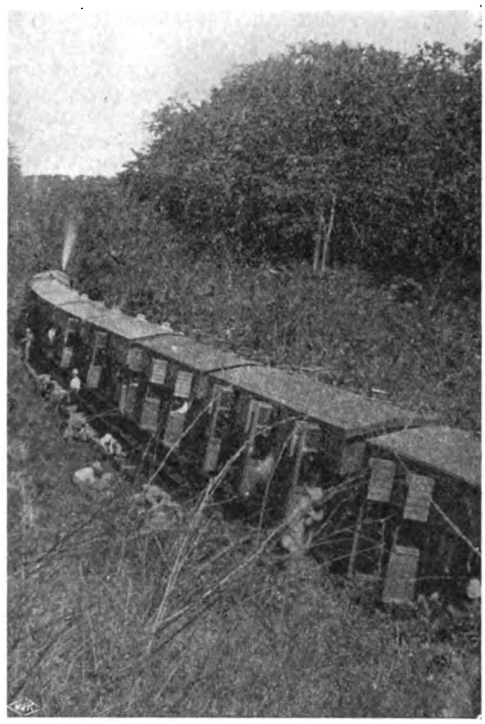
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

MULE POWER.



THE BUFFS GATHERING WATER-CRESS ALONGSIDE THE RAILROAD IN BURMA.

STEAM POWER

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

THE death and funeral of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain must have awakened many memories of stirring and strenuous times in latter-day Indian history. The deceased Field-Marshal himself could in his lifetime claim a warlike precedence over any of the great soldiers who a fortnight ago were grouped in mourning round his grave, for he was one of the very few living men who fought in our struggles with the Afghans in 1838-1842. But in worthy keeping with his noble record are the splendid services of the fine veterans who bore his honoured remains to their last resting-place. Of these, General Sir Alexander Taylor, G.C.B., fought in the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-46, as well as in the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49, in which Generals Sir Henry Norman and Sir John Watson, V.C., took part. Lord Roberts and Sir H. Prendergast were unavoidably absent, but Sir Evelyn Wood was present, and he, too, left his mark upon India as a fighting soldier, for it was as a leader of Irregular Horse that he won his V.C. in the Sironj jungles in 1858. Another pall-bearer was General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who represented the King, and who in his young days was as brilliant and dashing a *beau sabreur* as Neville Chamberlain himself. A goodly company, indeed, of gallant knights, most of whose fighting was among surroundings now seldom met with, but who, in any circumstances, must have distinguished themselves. For one and all are types of the real soldier to whom distinction of some sort usually comes, because the thought of it is habitually subordinated to higher considerations. India has never been the home of soldiers who have fought more for their own honour and glory than for the maintenance of British prestige, and the presence of inferior races has further contributed to the exhibition of qualities of personal courage and devotion which no single instance in the most up-to-date sort of warfare can surpass.

I might illustrate this proposition over and over again from the life of Neville Chamberlain himself, but his story must now be familiar to most of the readers of these notes. Let me take, then, another instance which is best recorded in the words of Sir Charles Napier, himself one of the finest specimens of the genuine fighting soldier it is possible to find anywhere. "In the pass of Kohat a Sepoy picquet descending a precipitous mountain under fire and the rolling of large stones, had some men killed and wounded. Four of the latter, dreadfully hurt, crept under some rocks for shelter. They were not missed until the picquet reached the bottom, but were then discovered, by our glasses, high up and helpless. Fortunately the enemy did not see them, and some Sepoys volunteered a rescue, headed by Norman of the 31st Native Infantry and Ensign Murray of the 70th Native Infantry. These brave men—would that the names of all were known to me for record!—ascended the rocks in defiance of the enemy and brought the wounded men down." This "Norman of the 31st Native Infantry" was the present General Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who might, if he had cared to accept the office, have been Viceroy of India, and upon whom it is well nigh certain that the Field-Marshal's baton will now in due course be bestowed.

Of course, in dwelling on such past deeds of derring-do there is no sort of desire on my part to depreciate latter day samples of personal gallantry, as exhibited in quite different and often quite as trying, circumstances. On the contrary, while I think we sometimes forget what glorious work was done by these fine old Indian fighting men, I daresay that here and there a slight disposition not to take conditions fairly into account is noticeable. For instance, an old comrade in arms wrote the other day of Sir Neville Chamberlain that in his many campaigns against the tribes he had hundreds at his back where we now send thousands into the field, "armed, too, with magazine rifles instead of the muzzle-loading gas-pipes of those days." That is very true, but armament, at any rate, is relative to its surroundings, and, if anything, the contemporary sepoy, magazine rifle and all is at a disadvantage in dealing with the up-to-date tribesman compared with the frontier soldier of fifty years back. Nowadays it sometimes even happens that our men who, as in the case of certain regiments on the Waziristan border, still retain the Martini, find themselves opposed to tribesmen who have stolen or otherwise acquired Lee-Metfords! In any case, an Afridi or a Mahsud with a modern rifle and a capital notion of its effective use is a much more formidable enemy than was commonly encountered in the old days of rough-and-tumble frontier fighting.

In his book on the Indian Borderland Sir Thomas Holdich gives some memories of the Tirah Campaign, which show modern frontier warfare in a very unpleasant light, and include a vivid description of the uncomfortable operation known as "sniping." Creeping, crawling, hiding behind grey boulders and stones only big enough to conceal an ordinary partridge, the Afridis would, in the gathering darkness, wriggle themselves into a good position, and then at nightfall a dozen or so of the crack shots, "men trained in our own ranks," would carefully estimate the range of our camp, and loose off volley after volley into a space in which, as it covered several acres, many a bullet was sure to find a deadly billet. "Once more—the general's tent this time! We all know him—this for our evening salaam; and the sandbags, artfully piled in front of the general's door, are pitted with marks as of small-pox. By this time a few men and a few mules are stretched on the ground, and the men are still guessing (if they have sense left in them) from what direction the bullets came. One officer has left the dinner-table with his arm smashed; another, still sitting at the camp mess-table, has quietly dropped his head on his plate, and his knife and fork gently slide out of fingers that will never grasp them again. And so it would go on till the black shadows of night shrouded the camp in darkness, unless maybe the orange star of a casual lamp again gave those hidden marksmen a target for night practice." Not so stirring, all this, perhaps, as some of Neville Chamberlain's grand charges at the head of his men, but quite as trying to the nerves as the fury and rush of the hottest hand-to-hand cavalry combat.

In the first abstract of the Army Estimates a rather singular error occurred with reference to the repayments of the Government of India included in the estimates as "appropriations in aid." These were originally stated by the War Office to amount to £939,688, but in a few days it was found necessary to correct these figures to £1,729,688. Mr. Arthur Roberts tells a funny story of a carriage manufacturer to whom he went for a brougham and who, after

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taking him all through a vast establishment, said regretfully, "I know I have just the sort of brougham which would suit you, but I must have *mislaid* it!" As Mr. Roberts says, there is a touch of magnificence about a man who can mislay a brougham, and, similarly, one cannot but be impressed by a department which, in totting up its credits, forgets to include a little item of over three-quarters of a million sterling.

An order requesting officers commanding British corps at a leading Indian military centre to submit the names of candidates for a course of training in telegraphy reminds me that Lord Roberts himself is a trained telegraphist. He was much impressed with the trouble caused in one of our frontier wars—the Umbeyla Campaign, I think it was—because the regular telegraphists attached to the force had been incapacitated by sickness, and with characteristic energy he set himself to learn sufficient of telegraphy to be independent, if necessary, of expert aid. A useful reminder this of the value of general knowledge to officers, especially to those connected with the Quartermaster-General's Department, as Lord Roberts in his earlier days habitually was. To drive home the moral I might qucte an incident narrated to me by an officer of the Grenadier Guards, which happened during the journey of his battalion by rail across a portion of the desert in the Soudan. The train stopped suddenly in the night, and declined to move, in spite of all the Egyptian in charge could do. It happened, however, that Lieutenant, now Captain, Sir F. Hervey-Bathurst, of the Grenadiers, was an amateur engine-driver of some experience, and he soon put matters right, with the result that a long and tedious delay, many miles from anywhere, was avoided. The incident is not Indian, I allow, but it arises fairly, I think, out of the statement concerning Lord Roberts's telegraphic proficiency, and, anyhow, is instructive.

Apropos of telegraphy, again, I see announced an early reduction of the telegraphic rate to India, which will shortly be 2s. 6d. a word, as compared with the present rate, which is about 1s. a word higher. I do not suppose that many of my readers will be tempted by this concession to indulge in lengthy wires between "the Shiny" and home, but even to Army folk the boon will be a not inconsiderable one. The present rate presses hardly indeed upon the poor subaltern or captain who is compelled for domestic or other private reasons to make use of the cable to the serious derangement of his exchequer. I remember that once, when I was at home on leave, urgent private affairs rendered it most desirable that I should obtain an extension, and I accordingly interviewed the D.A.G. at the Horse Guards on the subject. He said that he could not himself extend my leave, but I might wire out to India and say I had his permission to do so. I wired, and the telegram with the reply cost me within a shilling or two of £7—nearly my month's pay as a subaltern at home. The reply was "Impossible!" I have spent a good deal of money very foolishly at one time or another, but I always look upon that £7 as about the most thoroughly unsatisfactory disbursement I ever made in my life.

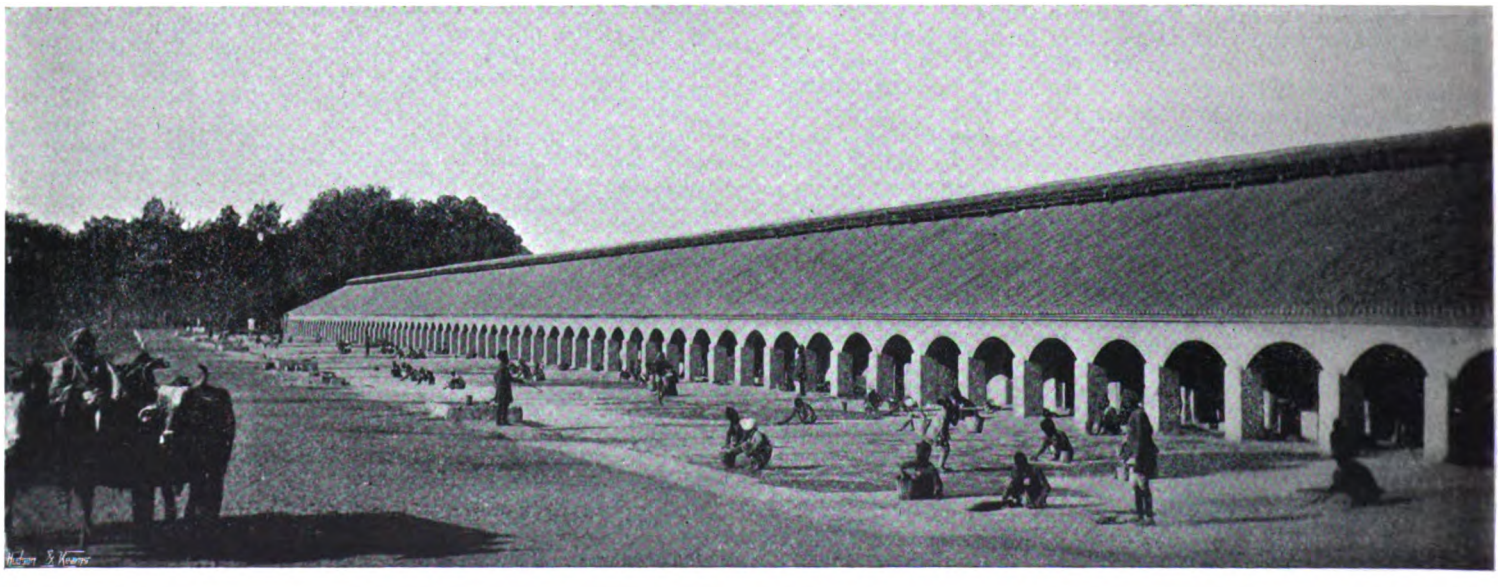
INDIAN REMOUNTS.

IT is a far cry from Saharunpore to London, but the subject of remounts is attracting a great deal of attention in both places. The difference is, however, that this forms the main business of Saharunpore all the year round, while in London the interest is only ephemeral. At Saharunpore the young remount enjoys perhaps the happiest years of his life. He has been driven down in a mob from the bush of his native Australia to the port of embarkation, and thence he has had a probably very unpleasant voyage to Calcutta. Although he is as well looked after as circumstances will allow on board ship, he lands looking more like a cross between a bear and a sheep than a horse. If the weather has been rough he is frequently covered with unsightly wounds. It is as good as a play to see the youngsters taken out of the ship at Calcutta, and to watch their delight as they feel the ground under them again. Up go the heels with pure joy, down go the heads, and round and round go the colts and fillies, as if they had been trained in a circus. One by one they quietly yield to the seductive nose-bag, and are led away in head-stalls by the syces. There is an important depôt at Calcutta where the training of the war-horse begins. He is gentled and handled here and made accustomed to the restraint of head and heel ropes. He soon loses his bear's coat, and altogether begins to look more like a gentleman. His scars heal up, and with careful attention he looks in about three weeks quite a different animal from the wild thing that came out of the ship. Now that his education has so far advanced, he is sent off to Saharunpore, or some of the other depôts., viz, Hosur, Ahmednagar, Hapur, and Kurnal—all selected, and countries where the grass and water are good. Nearly all the Government remounts now come from Australia, though a few Arabs and country breeds are still purchased. The Government has given up breeding, finding it too expensive. The "stud-breds," as the Government-bred horses were called, were of a very good stamp, and were supposed, having been bred in the country, to be better able to stand the climate, than the Australian. Experience has, however, proved that the Australian is, taking price into consideration, the most suitable horse for the mounted services.

At the depôt the horses are classified in Horse Artillery, Field Artillery, Light and Medium Cavalry, a portion being set aside for officers' chargers, as mounted officers have the privilege of selecting horses from the depôt and paying for them by instalments, returning them to the ranks at a reduction, according to their length of service, or selling them privately if they are over age for the ranks.

The class now imported is very much superior to that of twenty years ago. A bad buck-jumper is rare, and nearly all show some signs of blood, many being thorough-bred. The unsightly "brummy" is almost a thing of the past. The depreciation of the rupee has apparently increased the price.

The picture shows some syces at Saharunpore (the headquarters of the Indian Director of Army Remounts) cleaning up everything while the horses are at exercise. The man in authority, who is emphasising his orders with the movement of his stick, is the jemadar or head-syce. It is needless to say that all work is carried out with method at Saharunpore, where everything is frequently inspected personally by the Director. The Government of India, as well as the officers and men of the mounted branches, have every reason to be satisfied with the class of animal that is turned out by the depôt, where the horse has been gradually acclimatised and taught to eat the Indian grass and grain.



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"SUB CHIZ SAF KERO!'

Cleaning up at the Government stables, Saharunpore.

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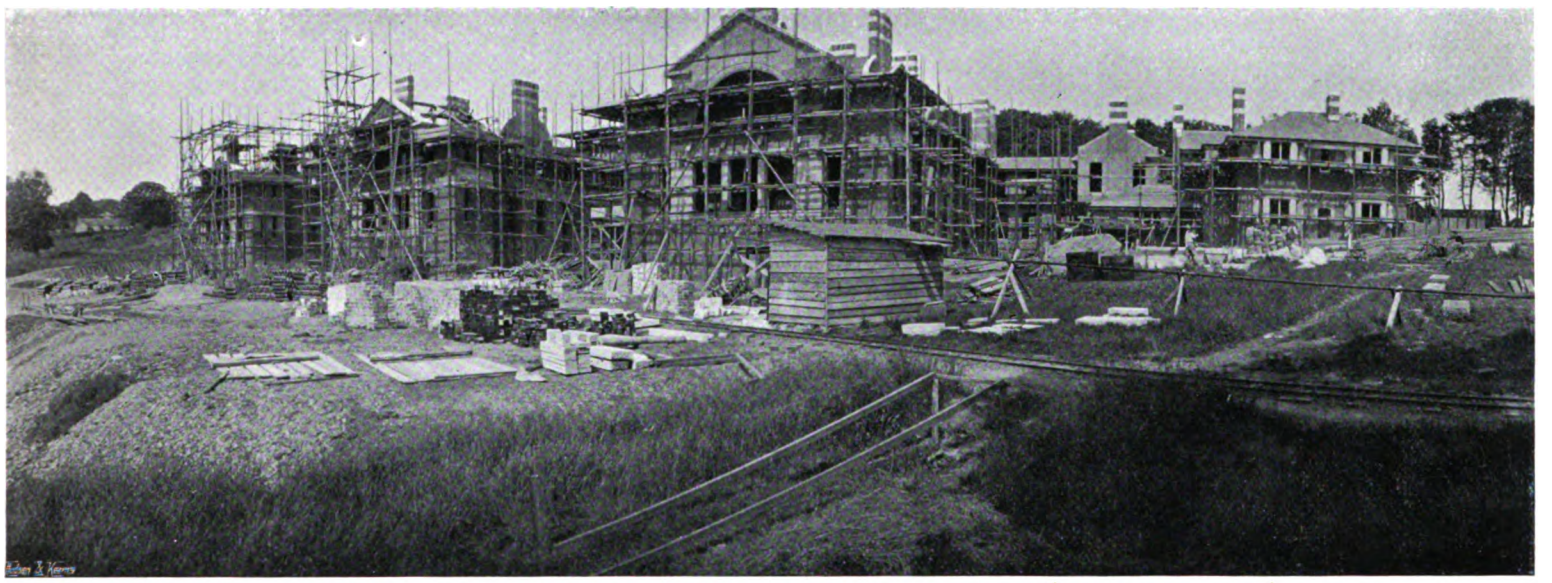
THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT DARTMOUTH.

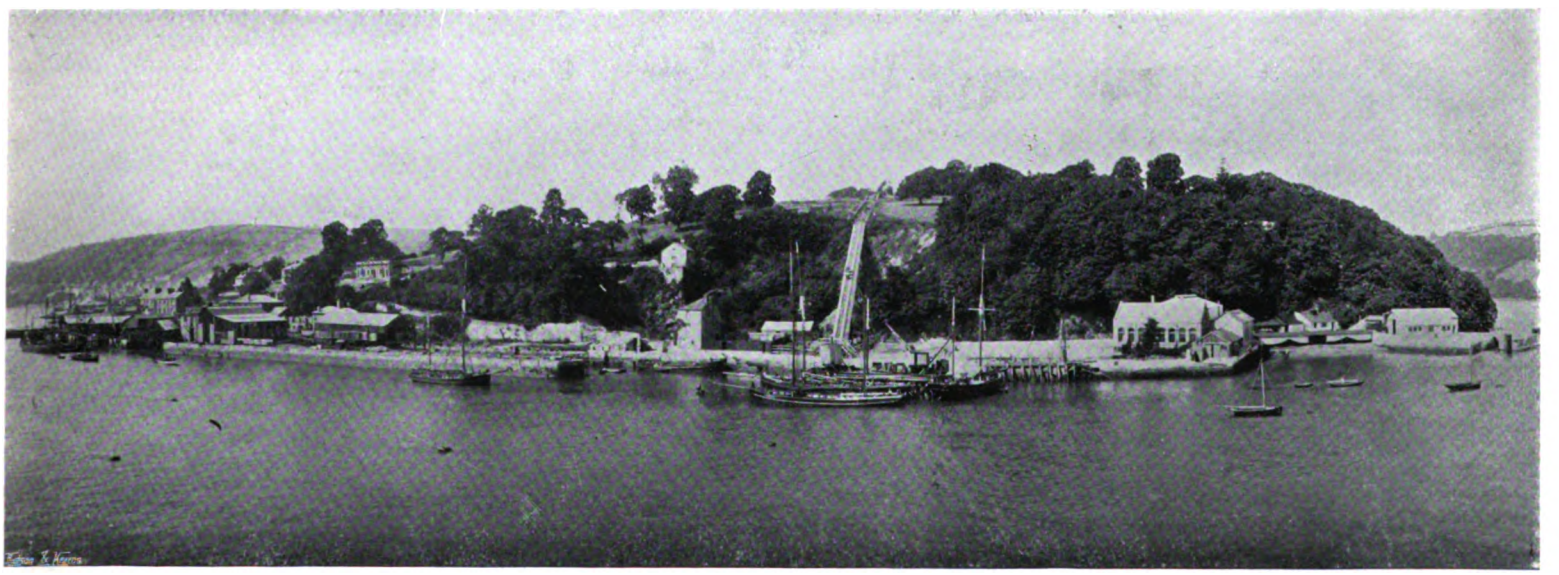
THE SITE OF THE NEW COLLEGE.

Here the King laid the foundation-stone of the new "Britannia."



THE SICK QUARTERS—NEARLY COMPLETED.

Three blocks, and the medical officer's house on the right of the picture.



THE SITE OF THE COLLEGE, AS SEEN FROM THE OLD "BRITANNIA."

The inclined plane for sending material up the hill to the works.

From Photos. taken by Mr. E. I. Hill, of Messrs. Higgs and Hill, the contractors for the college.

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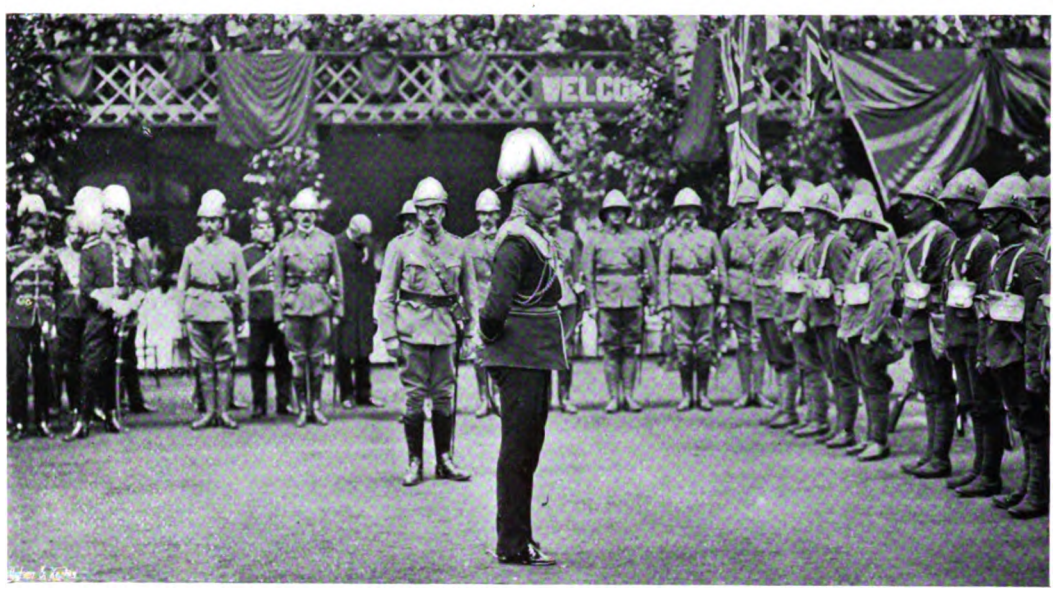
HOME-COMING OF IRISH MILITIA.

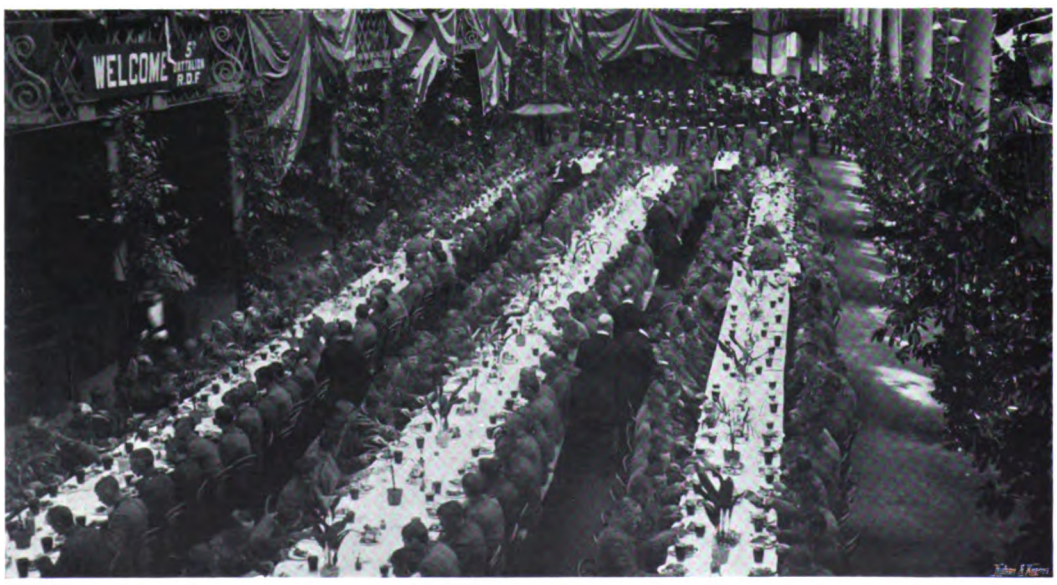


A ROYAL WORD OF WELCOME.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught addresses the corps after inspection.

JUST OFF THE TRAIN.

Arrival of the battalion at Ballsbridge.



Photos. Copyright. *Chancellor.*

A PEACE PARADE.

The Dublins are banqueted by their fellow-countrymen.

IT would have been strange indeed if the men of the 5th (Militia) Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers had failed to receive a right hearty welcome on their return to Ireland the other day, after a considerable spell of active service in South Africa. Had their fellow-countrymen been as phlegmatic as the Englishmen of continental caricatures, they might well have been galvanised into some sort of enthusiasm by the return of the Militia battalion of a very famous corps from a campaign in which, for close on two years, that battalion had itself been piling up an excellent record of good service.

But an Irish Militia regiment coming home from the war to "Ould Oireland" herself! Hurroo! The very thought of it is symptomatic of sheer wildness of welcome, with an undercurrent of that passionate earnestness of feeling which is inseparable from the Irish character, and which helps to make Irishmen the splendid, devoted fighting men they are. A crowning touch was lent to the occasion by the presence of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, the King's brother. The accumulation of intensely gratifying accompaniments is positively ecstatic! Happy indeed the Irish committee that has to arrange an Irish welcome in such inspiring circumstances.

The occasion was risen to—there is no doubt of that. Arriving in the morning from Queenstown at the Kingsbridge terminus, Dublin, the battalion continued its journey by rail to Ballsbridge, where arrangements had been made for its reception in the premises of the Royal Dublin Society. A large and distinguished gathering were here collected, and in due course H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught appeared, escorted by a troop of the 21st Lancers, and accompanied by Prince Arthur of Connaught, in the uniform of the 7th Hussars. H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught was also present with the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught. The truly Irish atmosphere of the proceedings was heightened by the inclusion in them of such distinguished Irish officers as Major-General Sir G. de Coursy Morton, commanding the Dublin District—who aforetime commanded the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers—and Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, commanding the Cork District.

After inspecting the battalion, the Duke of Connaught addressed the officers and men in an admirable and soldierly little speech. He recalled the good work they had done on many occasions in positions of great importance and great trust at De Aar and Fourteen Streams, and added, "during the whole of this time I have heard nothing but praise of the good conduct of the men of this battalion."

Then there was a presentation of war medals by the Duke to the officers and men, each medal having three clasps—for the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony, and a banquet followed, after which the battalion marched through streets lined with enthusiastic crowds to Marshalsea Barracks, where it was disbanded.

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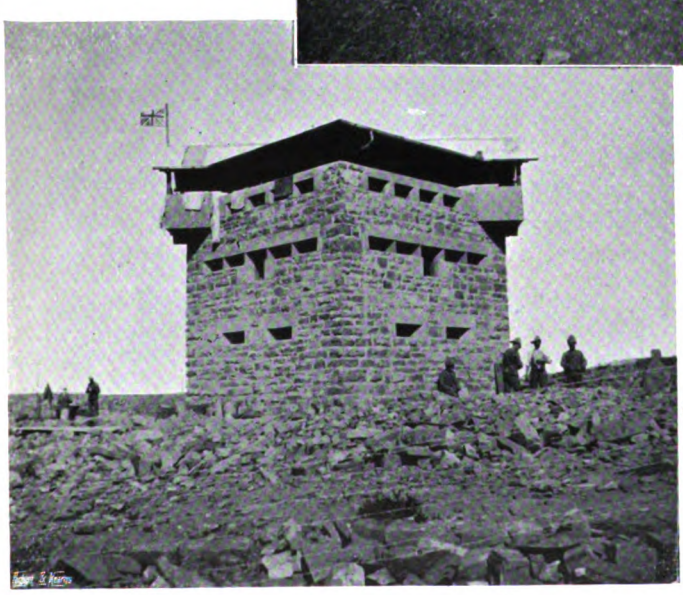
THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[By a War Correspondent.]

THERE are moments in a soldier's life which are worth living, yet they are generally moments which will not bear much repetition. For instance, there will not be a man amongst the Royal Canadian Rifles who took part in that last night of sapping up to the trenches at Paardeberg who will regret that he was there. But there will be few among those who survived who will hanker after the mental strain and excitement of lying out in the dark in full fire of the Boer rifles. So with night marches and surprises. They furnish the very essence of excitement; but there is a limit to the amount which the nervous system can sustain.

Come with me. It is just past midnight and the season is the Transvaal winter. We are twenty mounted men, who are to be guided to a farm at which a Boer leader is due to sleep to-night. Led by two Kaffirs, we wind along at the foot of a rugged range of ironstone. It is a desperate venture, as we have to avoid a picquet on this very hill. The leading Kaffir holds up his hand, dismounts, and climbs silently up the cliffside. We wait. You cannot have silence with twenty bitted horses. Each cough, each stamp of the foot strikes your straining ear with exaggerated force. The hushed noises of the troop seem a veritable babel. The Kaffir returns. Reappears suddenly in your midst. All is well; the picquet has bedded down. It is only two men. Leave five men with the horses. Now for the venture on foot. What a noise your men make! Rifles are awkward things to carry in the dark. They ring against the boulders. Surely we are making enough noise to wake the dead, let alone the sleeping. How dark it is. Then the awful thought presents itself, Are these Kaffirs to be trusted? A great black patch looms up in front of us. The Kaffir gesticulates. Halt the men, motion them round the building. Give them five minutes to take post. You and your sergeant stand opposite the door with your weapons in your hands. The tension is such that the handle of your Mauser pistol appears to palpitate. How slowly the time goes as you count the sixty seconds to the minute! It is too dark to see a watch. Sixty—the last sixty! A pause, and you nerve yourself. Then knock loudly on the door. It is fast. You hear scuffling inside. Then there is a shot. They are there! "Come, sergeant, force the door." It will not give. They are fighting at the back—they are trying to break out. "Through the window, sergeant!" A crash, and the sash gives way. A light is deliberately shown. Women scream and cower against the walls. The room is full of smoke. A rifle flashes in your face. The sergeant drops in a heap. Your Mauser sparkles four times, and all is over. "Five prisoners — one a commandant. Two wounded." Back to the led horses. Four random shots from the Boer picquet, and you have survived another night raid. How many more will you survive!



But it is not always so. Nineteen times out of twenty you will draw blank. Yet you have all the sensation of initial suspense, all the pent-up agony of doubt and uncertainty. Then the twentieth time you may be lucky and draw a trump card. There remains yet another issue—the unsuccessful night raid. The fear of it is ever with you. An untrustworthy guide, an alert picquet, or a stroke of ill-luck, and if only a dozen to twenty loaded rifles are waiting for you, the element of surprise may be eliminated from your undertaking. The shock of that first discharge. What a rush the racing lead makes in the air and darkness above you; how the little pellets hiss in the underwood, or crackle against the bedrock of the hillside! Back to the horses! You implore your men not to return the fire, as you break and struggle to reach the dip where the horses have been left. Someone is hit—you cannot mistake the smack and thud of flesh and bone resisting lead. Then another. This last complains in a bitter shriek.

The first signs of dawn are in the east. You must not stay to mind your wounded, your duty is to extricate such as remain unhurt. "Thank God, the horses!" Mount. Make for the open. Already the little fire jets behind you are increasing in number. The enemy can hear the scuffling as the horses are mounted. "Quick, men, we must be away from this before it is light." Lean low in the saddle, and do your best. Heaven help the hindermost, for in that last gallop he will need all the help that he can get! It is all over, and we are away; but it is only a sorry little troop of ten men that rides back into camp with the early sun. Ten men where there went forth a score; but you are lucky if you get off at that price. Lucky if you do not have to wait for a stretcher before you can get back to camp.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

In the above illustrations (A) and (D) are specimens of the blockhouses now scattered up and down the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. (B) and (C)—Figures of animals made by the Indian troops from clay. When dry they are painted in bright colours. There are dozens of these quaint figures on the veldt near De Aar.

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A "BOOK OF THE RIFLE" AND SOME OTHERS.

At a time in which so much is said about the value of marksmanship, and when we hear so much of rifle clubs in every part of the land, it is not surprising that a notable book upon the rifle should appear. It bears the appropriate title of "The Book of the Rifle," and is by the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, V.D., Major, 1st Bucks V.R.C. (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), and contains everything that the rifle owner ought to know. Few people understand the individuality of the weapon. They do not realise, for example, what a very flexible thing its barrel is, nor how much care is necessary to keep the arm in perfect order. The skilled workman, with a few taps of the hammer applied at exactly the right spot, may cure the barrel of its disorders, but that only is possible to the expert. Even the heat of a lighted candle placed three or four inches below the barrel will produce an irregularity in the shape of the bore, and it is possible to bend the barrel appreciably by exerting very little pressure. These points are mentioned merely to suggest how very delicate are the mechanism and constitution of a perfect weapon, and to indicate how necessary it is that the possessor of the arm should be well acquainted with its peculiarities as well as with its use.

Major Fremantle's book is the book for the purpose, and is dedicated to the memory of two well-known friends who studied rifle matters together for thirty years, and rendered very good service indeed in the improvement of small arms—Sir Henry Halford and Mr. William Ellis Metford. Progress in the construction of rifled firearms is well described. The battle of the spirals, and the famous experiments of Sir Joseph Whitworth, leading up to Mr. Metford's triumph of an increasing spiral, have their place in an excellent chapter. The principle of breech-loading, treated next, is very nearly as old as the existence of firearms, and its introduction in a practical form was therefore extraordinarily belated. Mr. W. W. Greener, in his copious work on "The Gun and its Development," has traced the whole progress, and Major Fremantle follows the same lines, his illustrations being extremely good, and his account of foreign rifles beyond reproach. Since he wrote, the Cordite Committee has recommended a new form of that explosive, and it may be hoped that the metallic fouling, which arises from the great heat engendered, will in a short time be reduced. This is a question to which Major Fremantle devotes a good deal of attention. He looks for automatic loading as a probable development of the future.

Another point to which he devotes much attention is that of calibre, pointing out, what not many will question, that the development of destructive weapons, if it lead to their more terrible effect, must be in the long run for the cause of humanity. The whole tendency of the present day is, indeed, to adopt any practical expedient which will give a continuous rapid fire, because there are moments which have to be seized, and which may last much longer than the time it takes to empty a magazine once, when it is essential to bring to bear upon the enemy the hottest fire that it is possible to deliver. One significant point made by Major Fremantle is that the soldier should, if possible, be taught only one method of loading or firing the rifle. If this be done, an almost mechanical exactitude of manipulation and obedience to command can be more easily acquired than if there be an attempt to teach two systems. The man must not be taught sometimes to load a single cartridge, and sometimes to fill the magazine and load from it. If, as seems certain, in the battles of the future, from 90 to 95 per cent. of the firing must be independent, can it be worth while to teach two systems of fire, or, at least, would it not be better to concentrate attention on the one which is indispensable?

There is a very admirable chapter upon sporting rifles, which are very well described, and there are useful remarks upon miniature ammunition. The importance of having the best is insisted upon, for it is certainly true that small rifles usually found at gallery ranges, at fairs, and at exhibitions are often beneath contempt. Very good shooting can certainly be made with the Morris tube. The chapter upon firing positions is all that it should be, and is admirably illustrated. For sporting purposes the writer prefers the sitting position to the kneeling, as generally more convenient, and he thinks it deserves more cultivation than it receives. There are disadvantages in the prone position, and the standing position is, of course, difficult, requiring a great deal of practice. The subject of sighting occupies several very good chapters, and the author is inclined to credit the British soldier, or at least a proportion of the *genus*, with sufficient intelligence to be entrusted with telescopic sights. In these days of long-range fire, accuracy in distant shooting is obviously most important, and the question deserves consideration.

It is not possible to follow Major Fremantle in the vast variety of subjects dealt with in his encyclopædic book. Such questions as estimating distance, range-finding instruments, the effects of temperature, atmospheric pressure, and winds and currents, angles of elevation, trajectories, friction, spin, drift, and the characteristics of flight, accessories, in the way of sight-protectors, ventometers, orthoptics, blow tubes, etc., are treated. Then there is an excellent essay upon target-shooting, the skill that begets confidence, and individual skill as the basis of good collective fire. Enough has been said to show that the book is extremely full, and we may add that it is throughout distinguished by the utmost completeness and by a lucidity and excellence of treatment that are all that could be desired. The volume, moreover, is very well illustrated, and "The Book of the Rifle" is a title that aptly describes it.

Many as have been the books published and that are promised about China, there certainly was room for the letters and journal which Major-General G. Allgood, C.B., has reprinted under the title of "The China War, 1860" (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). As a lieutenant, the author was D.A.Q.M.G. of the first division of the China Field Force, under Sir John Michel, and proceeded from Allahabad, under the impression that the war would soon be over, since a stroke was to be made at the heart of the empire. It was perhaps not fully realised how many strokes that substantial organ of the Celestial constitution can resist. The letters were written to his mother and sister, as well as to General Eyre and other officers, and most of them are characterised by engaging frankness and a genial disposition to criticise. The young officer was flattered that Sir Robert Napier had written to Lord Clive to ask if he might be changed to Napier's division. Napier was "a most able officer, a most gentlemanly, nice person"; but there was a suspicion that Lord Clive might not sanction the arrangement, for he was "so crotchetty." The particular arrangement was not made, but Lieutenant Allgood did not suffer on that ground. He found at Hong Kong a universal opinion prevailing—which we may say prevailed there quite lately also—that, if we accepted an apology for the insult, we should have to do next year what we were then taking so much trouble to accomplish. The young officer landed at Peitang, which he found to be the key of the Taku Forts, and only wondered that the door had been left unlocked. It was an evil-smelling place, and he thought his chief had committed a fault in sending the troops into it, for the means of getting out were not what would have been wished, and the town was dirty beyond expression. The advance to Peking is well described, and it is interesting to find it recorded that great apprehension prevailed lest the Emperor should fly. In that case it was supposed that the Tartar dynasty would terminate, and that our position and policy would be difficult. In any case it was necessary to "drub a peace into them, or leave our mark on Peking and retire." The journal that follows is a military document of particular interest, and throws light upon transport, food, forage, and many other matters. The maps are extremely good, and we cannot speak too highly of the photographic illustrations. Some few of them, showing the interior of the Taku Forts and the walls of Peking, will not be unfamiliar to the readers of this paper. They were taken more than forty years ago, evidently by a most expert photographer, and it would have been interesting to learn something about the origin of them. The panoramic pictures of Talien Bay and of Hong Kong and Kowloon, showing the camp of the expeditionary force, are really splendid, besides being extremely interesting, and the book is a very acceptable addition to Chinese literature.

Mr. Fred T. Jane's Naval War Game has become so popular that he has just brought out, through the Naval Syndicate, a volume published by Messrs. Sampson Low (12s. 6d.) entitled "Hints on Playing the Jane Naval War Game (Naval Kriegspiel), together with all the New Rules and Official Changes." Questions are constantly put as to the methods of play, and the book is practically intended to be an answer to them. Mr. Jane remarks that no matter how much may be supplied in the way of printed directions, there are always apt to be points in moving and umpiring that tend to be a little obscure on paper, but are at once picked up in actual practice with accomplished players. He does his best to explain difficult points, and to clear up obscurities, and he does it very successfully.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XIII.—No. 267.] SATURDAY, MARCH 15th 1902

LORD KITCHENER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B., CHIEF OF THE STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

There are few more distinguished, few more accomplished, few more popular officers than this gallant Scotsman, who is now in his second term of service in South Africa. Before the present war broke out he had come to the front, both as a Gordon Highlander and as a Staff Officer, in the Afghan War, the first Boer War, in the Soudan, in Burma, in Chitral, and on the Indian Frontier, and his record in South Africa since he assisted in the defence of Ladysmith is a stirring and varied one. He was for a time Military Secretary at Headquarters, but is much more in his element in his more recent appointment at the front.

From a Photo. by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Filling Up the Ranks.

WE need offer no excuse for returning this week to the question of finding the men for our Army. It is at the moment by far the most important question before the country. Half-a-dozen years ago its importance had slipped out of sight. Those who understood the principles of National Defence knew that the Navy could be, and must be, relied upon to guard our shores. The possibility of our being forced to send a huge Army abroad, apart from the large force we have to keep in India, was not faced. Now we have been compelled to face it, and the problem of keeping up a military organisation capable of defending the interests of the Empire at any point, is seen to be far more serious than we thought it then. It is futile to say that, when the South African War is over, our difficulties will be over too, and that we shall go back to the position in which we stood before that war broke out. We cannot go back to the same position, and, if we could, it would be a tremendous risk to take, far too great a risk for any British statesman to propose or any British elector to contemplate. What happened in South Africa may happen elsewhere. We may even find ourselves with two such situations to face. We cannot rely upon haphazard any longer. When a householder has had his nerves shaken by an alarm of burglars, he sees to his bolts and bars, and gives notice to the police to keep an extra careful watch upon suspicious characters. We do not want a repetition of the disturbing weeks through which we passed at the end of 1899. But even worse shocks are in store for us if we do not bestir ourselves and take needful precautions.

Fortunately we are now bestirring ourselves to some purpose. On the very day which saw our article of last week printed, Mr. Brodrick announced in the House of Commons that the War Office had decided to take the step which we so strongly advocated. Henceforward the soldier's pay is to be calculated on a higher and fairer scale. He is to have his shilling a day clear, and after two years' service, if he likes to sign on for another seven years, he will draw 1s. 4d. daily, with an extra 2d. added to that, provided he can pass a certain shooting test. This does not, of course, do away with the great obstacle which the War Office has set in its own path by paying untrained emergency men 5s. a day. The young man who thinks about enlisting, will still feel that he would perhaps do better to wait until an emergency arrives and then draw five times as large a wage as he can in ordinary times. But it is without doubt an additional inducement to recruits to tell them that they will get their pay without irritating stoppages which have been the rule hitherto; and that, if they behave well and are inclined to stay with the colours, they will after a couple of years receive an increase of half as much again.

The War Office formula is "lodging, clothing, food, and 1s. a day pocket money." If the feeding arrangements are improved, and if the soldier is really clothed by the State, the recruit will not have to complain, as he does now, that he was induced to enlist by false representations. The present system does not give him enough food to support life. He has to eke out his rations with what he buys out of his own pocket. Nor does the present system really provide him with all the clothing he needs. It gives him an outfit to start with, but the War Office seems to have forgotten that clothes wear out. The "shilling a day clear" must not stand by itself as the only improvement in the soldier's lot. It must be accompanied by those other improvements, if it is to have the effect that we all hope for, in attracting to the Army enough men to fill up the skeleton Army Corps provided by last year's scheme.

There is, however, a certain air of unreality about any discussion of Imperial Defence measures which does not take into account the probability that we may before long hit upon some workable plan for an Imperial Army, recruited in every part of the Empire, with depôts all over the world. It is pretty well understood that when the Prime Ministers of the Colonies meet in London at Coronation time, with the Secretary for the Colonies to preside over their deliberations, this question will be put forward and as far as possible threshed out. The subject of Colonial contributions to the up-keep of the Navy is also to be debated. But, as we have said before, it seems to us that we in Great Britain might well continue to make ourselves responsible for Naval expenditure, if part of the burden of maintaining the Army were taken off our shoulders. There are many difficulties in the way of supporting the Navy by voluntary contributions. The chief of these is that each Colony which contributed would be inclined to ask for some local connection with the Navy. This it would be impossible to grant. A Fleet composed of units, each bound, even in peace-time, to some particular locality, would be useless. It would, on the other hand, be quite possible to organise an Imperial Army and to give every component part of it a distinctly local connection. This is the point upon which we must keep our eyes fixed when we are considering how our military forces can best be kept up to the necessary standards of numbers and of efficiency. We should like to see it kept in view more carefully, both by the War Office and by such bodies as the National Service League, which, by the way, has now added an admiral, Sir Nathaniel Bowden-Smith, to its executive committee. It is only combined effort on the part of Colonies and Mother Country—a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether—that can put us into a position to grapple with the problem of safeguarding our combined interests in every quarter of the globe.

UNDER the Militia Act of 1882 the Militia cannot be required to serve out of the United Kingdom without their own consent. The Reserve Forces and Militia Act of 1898 makes it lawful for the King to accept such voluntary offers of service abroad from the Militia.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell, Southsea.*

KING EDWARD SPEAKING TO THE ENGINEER STUDENTS.

This function took place at Keyham Yard immediately after the distribution of the China medals.

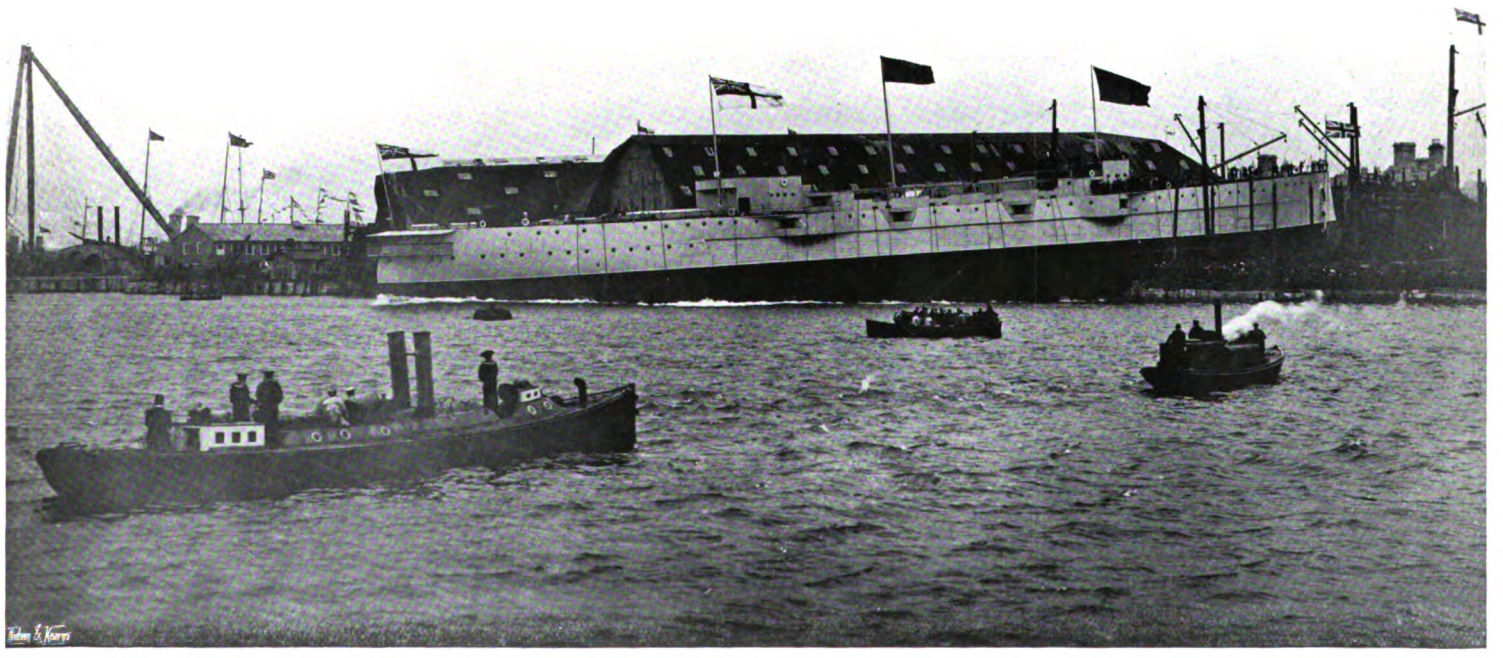

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett, Stonehouse.*

THE LAUNCH OF THE "QUEEN."

The "Queen" leaving the stocks at Devonport.

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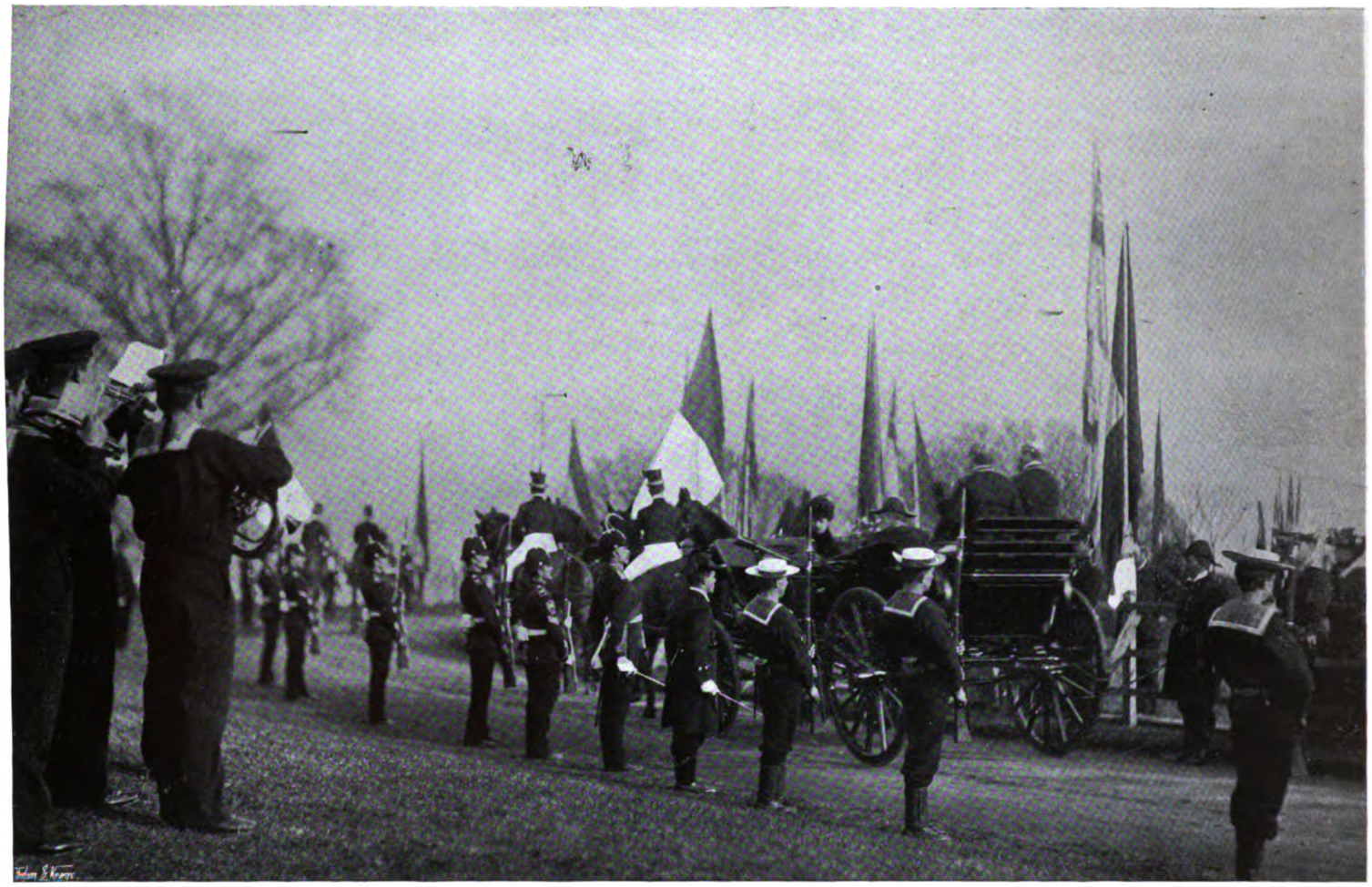
THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST.



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WELCOMED BY BRITISH AND GERMAN CADETS.

The King and Queen arriving in the grounds of the new Royal Naval College at Dartmouth.

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY HIS MAJESTY
EDWARD VII KING OF GREAT BRITAIN &
IRELAND & OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS
BEYOND THE SEAS EMPEROR OF INDIA
ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF MARCH 1902

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett, Stonehouse.*

THE KEEL-PLATE OF THE NEW "BRITANNIA."

The foundation-stone "well and truly laid" by King Edward VII.

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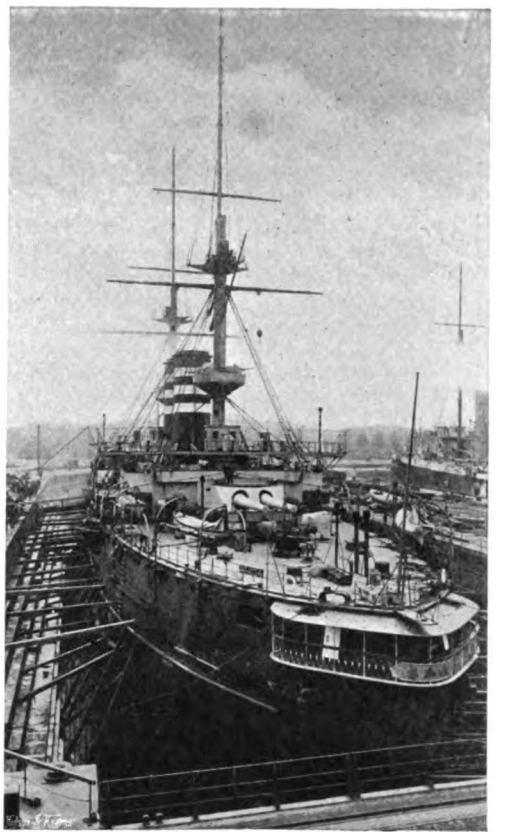
OUR NEW ALLIES.
Japanese seamen on board the "Asahi."



THE "MIKASA."
The most powerful war-ship in the world.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

IF we could get at the history of the formation of the "Instructions for the Better Ordering of His Majesty's Fleet in Fighting," issued by the Lord High Admiral, James, Duke of York, in 1665, a good deal which is at present obscure might be explained. As a matter of fact—as far at least as I am aware—we know very little about their immediate origin, and are left to make out what we can by deduction. It is obvious that they were founded on the earlier orders of 1653. The first and twelfth articles of the earlier code are taken over bodily, and parts of others are incorporated here and there. We should expect this to have been the case, since Penn, who was one of the Commonwealth admirals and generals at sea, was serving with the Duke of York in the Second Dutch War as a species of Captain of the Fleet. Looking at their arrangement, or perhaps we may say want of arrangement, one is inclined to guess that they were thrown together out of the suggestions of the Duke's various advisers, each being put in as it was made, with little or no regard to consistency. The result is a highly curious little conglomerate of drill book, book of tactics, and signal book. The grammar is nowise above reproach, for the relatives and antecedents by no means always correspond, and the student is driven occasionally to distinguish between what the writers said and what they must have meant.

* * * *

Still, they do give us a perfectly clear idea of the general principles on which the Royal Navy was expected to fight battles for a long time. In the Dutch War of 1665-67 they had comparatively little influence, or, at any rate, little that was bad. They had not yet gained the traditional authority they acquired in later generations, and we may take it that the men who made them were not awed by the work of their own hands. Besides, the leaders of the Navy in those days—Lawson, Byng, and, above all, Monk—were survivors of a great and spirited generation. Rupert, if he had no very considerable skill, had fire, and was by nature a leader of charges, while the Duke of York, during his brief period of command at sea, allowed himself to be guided by his professional advisers. It was later on that the stupefying influence of the Instructions came to be felt. To me it seems that one of the earlier articles—the third—stands as a kind of monument and reminder of a fine energetic, officer-like spirit, which was lost for a time in succeeding generations. It is from every point of view curious, and is well worth quoting. This is how it runs: "In case the enemy have the wind of the admiral and fleet, and they have sea room enough, then they are to keep the wind as close as they can lie, until such time as they see an opportunity, by gaining their wakes, to divide the enemy's fleet; and if the van of His Majesty's fleet find that they have the wake of any considerable part of them, they are to tack and stand in, and strive to divide the enemy's body; and that squadron that shall pass first, being got to windward, is to bear down on those ships to leeward of them; and the middle squadron is to keep her wind, and to observe the motion of the enemy's van, which the last squadron is to second; and both of these squadrons are to do their utmost to assist or relieve the first squadron that divided the enemy's fleet."

* * * *

The wording of this article is obviously faulty. The first and second "they" refer grammatically to the enemy, but the context shows that they mean "the admiral and fleet." Again, the words "the last squadron," towards the end, is an awkward way of saying the rear of the line to leeward. But the meaning is clear enough. The van of a British fleet which is to leeward is to cut through the enemy between his van and centre, and is then to fall on the hostile centre from windward, while the centre and rear of the British fleet are to support the attack from leeward. Supposing this manœuvre to have been executed fully, the centre of the opposing line, where the admiral is, will have been put between two fires. Here we have a very distinct proof that the Naval officers of the seventeenth century saw fully the advantage of concentrating a superior force on a part of the enemy's formation. The curious things are—first, that it stands entirely alone, and that it recommends the most difficult and the least practicable of all ways of applying this essentially intelligent method of attack. One would think that when their minds were turning in this direction they would have worked out other ways of doing the same thing. There is no sign that they did. Again, it must have been as obvious to them as it is to us that it was far easier to divide the enemy from windward than from leeward. The loss of a topmast, the cutting of the mainyard at the slings—any considerable damage, in short, to sails and rigging—would stop the way of a ship to windward. If the enemy closes his line, and there is a collision, the vessel to leeward would be forced back, and then the tacking vessels would mask one another, and part of their own centre. The difficulties of the manœuvre were, indeed, so glaring that it was never tried. The French claim that D'Aché was going to do something of the kind in one of his actions with Pocock in the East Indies, and Jervis did actually execute an approach to it at St. Vincent. But D'Aché did not carry out his plan if he really formed it, and the circumstances were peculiar at St. Vincent. Observe, too, that the article presupposes that our van shall go through in a body, which could only be the case if there were a vast gap in the enemy's lines.

* * * *

Apart from this article the Instructions are devoted to enforcing that mechanical and formal system of fighting which elevated the preservation of the line into an end in itself. Article IV. says that if the enemy have the wind and

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come to fight us, we are to put ourselves in a line and wait for him. In other words, we are to leave him free to concentrate if he pleases, and are only to be passive. VII. enjoins that if we have the wind, and the enemy come to fight, our van is to meet his van, and our rear his, and both are to take care that he does not tack and weather either end of our line. VIII. will have it that when the enemy lies passive, and waits for our attack, we are to fall on him so that "the headmost squadron of His Majesty's Fleet shall steer for the headmost of the enemy's ships." This is the formula van to van, centre to centre, and rear to rear in other words. Then, after an excursus into signals, the interval to be allowed between ships in a line, and the distance at which it is wise to open fire, we come back to tactics with Instructions XVI. and XVII., which were probably the most mischievous directions ever issued by any Naval or Military authority. XVI. tells the Naval officer that "in all cases of fight with the enemy, the commanders of His Majesty's ships are to keep the fleet in one line, and (as much as may be) to preserve that order of battle which they have been directed to keep before the time of fight." Then XVII. enforces this order by saying that "none of the ships of His Majesty's Fleet shall pursue any small number of the enemy's ships, before the main body of their fleet shall be disabled or run." The best feature of it all is the direction not to open fire at long ranges, for it shows that we meant business.

It would be quite easy to work out an ideal battle from all this, and illustrate it by a round dozen of examples, beginning with Bantry Bay and going down to Graves's action in the "Chesapeake." In substance, the Fighting Instructions said "It is always an advantage to be to windward. Therefore, get the weather-gage, and having got it, keep abreast of the enemy's van and rear, so that he shall not weather you. If he retires in detachments—if, that is to say, his third, seventh, eleventh, and seventeenth ships bear up, and run to leeward, the British ships engaged with them must not follow, because their main body has not been disabled or put to the run. So if the rest of the enemy suddenly let all draw, and running down to leeward form a new line on the other tack, we may say you have made them run, but take care to form another line before renewing the action—if half-a-dozen of your ships are not signalling that they are out of control because their standing and running rigging is all cut to pieces, and if, when you come round on the new tack, and the strain of supporting the masts falls on the rigging hitherto exposed to the enemy's fire, you do not find that your topmasts go bodily over your side at the first puff of wind." Of course, this is what always did happen, as the French fired high, and therefore the end of so many of our sea battles was lame and impotent. Yet four good generations had to pass before the British Naval officer rose in rebellion and began to ask "Why all these wooden rules were to be continued to be accepted as gospel."

ONE OF THE OLD NAVY.

THE number of old officers in the Navy—of those who not only remember, but were trained to, masts and sails—is becoming fewer and fewer, and the recent death of Captain Mainprise removes one more link between the Navy of the present and the past. It is thirty-three years since he retired from the appointment of Master Attendant at Portsmouth Dockyard, rather more than a year before his time expired. He was then a cripple, and no one could have expected that he would recover, or that he would live for so many years, and would reach an old age which was remarkably active until the end came suddenly at the age of eighty-four. But a survey of Captain Mainprise's career aptly illustrates the progress of the Navy during the last seventy years. He first saw service in the "Wolf" corvette in the East Indies. On one occasion there was no wind, and the boats were sent to meet some pirate vessels, who, however, were much too strong for the British force. Mr. Mainprise was in one of the boats, and no one had been left on board the "Wolf" save the men who used to be called "idlers." Luckily, when the boats were getting all the worst of the action, a breeze sprang up, and the "idlers" knew enough to trim the sails of the "Wolf," and to put her into a position to bring her guns to bear. Piracy has taken different forms nowadays. It does not boldly flaunt itself in vessels specially built for the purpose of carrying it on, even in Indian and Chinese waters; but the episode of the "Wolf" serves to emphasise the difference between the "then" and the "now." Later on the "Wolf" took part in the blockade of Quedah, some fifty miles to the north of Penang, in regard to a quarrel in which Siam was concerned, which has long since been forgotten. The blockading vessels—of course they were sailing-ships—had to lie a long way off shore, and to seek shelter when really bad weather came on. After all, they were only tiny craft, and there was no fear of any hostile squadron. But the types of ships employed even on the Mediterranean station find an illustration in the fact that Mr. Mainprise was transferred from the "Portland" frigate to the "Hind" cutter, "in order to learn cutter sailing," as he gave as an excuse for his application for the change. The "Hind" had certainly fought at Navarino; but she was a tiny vessel, and was nearly lost in making Plymouth Sound. Mr. Mainprise's next ship was the "Talbot," one of the "jackass" frigaets of twenty-six guns. The late officer stood about 5-ft. 9-in., but he never was able to stand upright between decks. The "Talbot" joined the squadron just before the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, and took part in the action; but on the previous night Mr. Mainprise had sounded under the batteries in order to find how closely our ships could enter. This was in 1840, and fourteen years later he did the same thing at Sebastopol, sounding right up under Fort Constantine, and being more than once challenged by the Russian guard-boats. It is safe to say that in these days of steam launches and torpedo-boats and destroyers such a thing would be absolutely impossible; but this does not detract from the merit of the service under the conditions of the time at which it was rendered. While in the "Talbot," and before the bombardment of Acre, moreover Mr. Mainprise had rendered good service to the Austrian Lloyd's by getting off one of their ships in the Sea of Marmora, and hauling her up at Constantinople. The bombardment of Sebastopol was the last fighting he saw. He was then master of the "Britannia" and the rank of Master of the Fleet was conferred upon him by the Commander-in-Chief on the station, only to be refused by the Admiralty. It was a snub to Admiral Dundas and not to Mr. Mainprise, and when Sir Edmund Lyons—afterwards the first Lord Lyons—succeeded to the chief command, he was anxious to retain Mainprise with him. It was not to be, however, and Master Attendantships, first at Malta, and then at Portsmouth, marked the concluding years of the service of this officer. His C.B. came in 1867, really, of course, as a reward for his services before Fort Constantine, and he possessed, in addition, the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour, the Medjidie, as well as the medal for the Syrian Campaign and the Turkish medal, and the Crimean medal with Sebastopol clasp and the Turkish medal. It seems a singular fact to record of an officer so lately departed that, although fully qualified according to the requirements of his time, he never served in a steamer; but his opinion had the greatest influence with successive Commanders-in-chief, and with the Boards of Admiralty. It was owing to his opinion as to the weather that, at a certain review at Spithead, the ships were not allowed to get under way, and he possessed in an eminent degree the respect of his contemporaries in the Service, which has changed so much since he entered it seventy-two years ago.

A VENERABLE SALT.

Captain William Thomas Mainprise, R.N., C.B.

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A HURRIED MEAL IN CAMP.

DRYING CLOTHES AFTER A WET MARCH.

BRITAIN BEYOND THE SEAS.

A Weekly Study of Colonial Naval and Military Interests.

By IMPERIALIST.

THE splendid gallantry displayed by Colonel Garratt's New Zealanders in the fight near Bothasberg, when the Boers made such a determined attempt to break north through the line held by Colonel Byng's and Colonel Rimington's columns, must rank as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war. The repulse of the enemy at a loss of two officers and eighteen men killed, and five officers and thirty-three men wounded, was a performance which clearly called for a very remarkable exhibition of the highest qualities of soldierliness, for in such engagements there are absent nearly all the circumstances which are apt to elicit special acts of gallantry, or feats of extraordinarily sustained endurance, from any particular body of troops. The Boer commando might well have had high hopes of bursting through the blockhouse line with such pressure as they were able to exercise at this particular point, and their surprise at the reception which they encountered must have been unbounded. Such tenacity as the New Zealanders showed, such grim resolution in keeping back the erupting enemy, must have had a most serious effect upon those repulsed, and may well have hastened the rapidly-approaching end. As an object-lesson of British fighting quality the incident is a notable addition to the accumulated pile of evidence which goes to show how grandly the oldest and best traits of the national character, as preserved in these magnificent offshoots from the parent stock, are adapted to meet the requirements of a species of warfare of which there are no classical equivalents. In such a conflict the finest trained troops of the world would deserve commendation for keeping their heads, and, at the same time, making such a gallant show of personal valour. In a word, the occasion was a great one, and the New Zealanders rose to it in a fashion which should long live in the storied annals of the Empire.

While Australasia was thus brilliantly distinguishing itself, Canada was appropriately reminiscent of a similar display of colonial gallantry in preparing for the commemoration of the anniversary of Paardeberg. The behaviour of the Canadians on that eventful morning needs no recapitulation here, but it is distinctly well that such historical episodes should be most carefully observed in recurring years, and it may be hoped that many generations will have come and gone before Paardeberg Day ceases to have an honoured place in the military calendar of the Dominion. A day later and we come to the relief of Ladysmith, in which the Natal Carbineers, Imperial Light Horse, South African Light Horse, and other local troops were, as relievers or relieved, right honourably associated. Assuredly the Colonies have already done their noble best to help the Empire to wipe out those bitter memories which the last week of February has had for us since Majuba wrote its blotted page in our military and colonial history.

The association of the Colonies with the war is a subject which the writer of these notes is constantly making heroic efforts to subordinate to other and more immediate developments, but with, generally speaking, faint success. Like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's "Memorial," the war keeps cropping up, in all sorts of connections, too, in which one might well have expected to be able to suppress it. There is the matter, for instance, of the forthcoming appointment of a successor to Major-General O'Grady Haly in the command of the Canadian Militia, which, it was stated a short time back, was to be given to Lord Dundonald, late of the 2nd Life Guards. Of course, there is much to be said on the personal and professional aspects of that reported appointment. The former services of the Cochranes might be expatiated on, and the fact that the twelfth Earl is a gallant and distinguished upholder of a name hitherto more closely associated with our Naval than with our Military annals, might be readily demonstrated. On the other hand, it would not be difficult to argue that it might be preferable to place the development of the Canadian Militia in other hands than those of a cavalry officer, however distinguished, to whom the more pressing and ever-present requirements of an infantry organisation might not appeal with sufficient force.

But such considerations probably weighed but very little with the Canadians themselves in their frank and warm expression of satisfaction when the suggestion of Lord Dundonald's appointment was cabled to them. What they looked chiefly to was the fact that the gallant cavalry brigadier, who led the way into exhausted Ladysmith, had come to the front in a war in which they themselves had been deeply and personally interested. The added circumstance that Dundonald's grand effort was made chiefly with the assistance of Colonial troops may well have accentuated the general approval; but the main point is that Canada wants someone to command her Militia who has come to the front in the war. To Canada, as to other Colonies who have taken part in it, the war has a realism which is not attached to bygone operations in Egypt, the Soudan, or even India, and with which the mimic warfare of the Aldershot field-day is no longer invested for practical soldiers who have seen the "lessons" of that sort of warfare evaporate in the hail of bullets pouring from trenches lined by a few Boer marksmen. It may be narrow-mindedness, it may be short-sightedness, on their part, but who is to blame these Colonists for saying to us, "You have welcomed us as fellow-fighters, and we have shown our willingness to fight with you for the Empire. If you want us to fight in the same way again, send us the teachers whom with our own eyes we have seen to be experts, whom we know to be the sort of men that men like ourselves can follow"? It is hard to meet demands like this with counter argument, nor is it necessary, nor even desirable to do so. At the time of writing it does not seem absolutely settled who is to follow the present temporary commandant of the Dominion Militia, but it is safe to say that, if an officer who has not served in the war is not appointed, the selection will fail to receive anything like the warm approval with which the report of Lord Dundonald's succession was everywhere greeted.

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It is extremely satisfactory that the War Office should have realised on what thin ice they were treading in not paying sufficient attention to the distribution of important contracts, wherever possible, among the great Colonies. The telegram sent the other day to the Premier of New South Wales, inviting tenders for the supply of a pleasant little "chunk" of 2,000,000-lb. of corned beef and mutton, is a notable turning point in the latter-day history of such contracts, and we may be pretty certain of the result. It is consoling, too, to reflect that in another year several existing contracts, in which Colonial interests are but very half-heartedly safeguarded by such clauses as that in the colossal arrangement made with Mr. Bergl, will be subjected to brisker, because fairer, Colonial competition. Anyhow, the agitation on the subject which has arisen should leave little if any trace of bitterness, for the revelations made, and the consequent explosions, have cleared the air in a marked degree, and have, at any rate, shown the Colonies very plainly that public feeling in the Motherland is all in their favour. And public feeling in such matters has a way of proving superior even to departmental *vis inertiæ*, a proposition of which this happy afterthought in asking Australasia to tender for these 2,000,000-lb. of meat seems a pretty convincing demonstration.

The dinner given by the Colonial Club to bid farewell to Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, the newly-appointed Governor of New South Wales, and welcome home Earl Beauchamp, the late Governor, was something very much more than a politely convivial function, and was in every way in happy accord with the lofty reputation which the club enjoys in connection with such significant gatherings. The send-off to Sir Harry Rawson was all that could be desired in point of cordiality, and was pleasantly accentuated by the bluff personality of the honoured guest. A note of gravity was struck by the presence, as chairman, of General Sir Henry Norman, who had himself won great and varied distinction in the sister Service before becoming a Colonial Governor, and whose hearty "God-speed" to the fine sailor who, after forty-five years' sea-service, was going out to administer a great and growing State, could not but awaken some more serious reflections.

A not less notable feature of a notable evening was the speech of Lord Beauchamp, in response to Sir Henry Norman's kindly allusions to the uprightness, sincerity, and desire for their welfare which he had shown towards the people of New South Wales. Apart from his warm acknowledgment of the loyalty and hospitality of the New South Wales Colonists, Lord Beauchamp said much which was admirably to the point with reference to the Colonial agriculturist as a splendid specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race. In these days, with aristocracy and commerce now sharply defined, now queerly confused at home, it is pleasant, in the clearer classification of colonial life, to note the still strong significance of that good old phrase "the man on the land," to whom, as regards New South Wales, the late Governor did full justice in a few simple, convincing words. With the same pluck and endurance which they had shown in facing the awful droughts, which are the curse of Australian farming, the "men on the land" had faced, as members of the various Australian contingents, the wear and tear of the South African Campaign. There is much of self-repeating history packed up in this illustration. If our coasts have given us sailors, it is our land that has given us the best of our soldiers, among whom the English archers of old days, the youngsters fresh from the plough who fought at Waterloo, the Imperial Yeomen and Militia who have served in the war, have all in turn been bright examples. May the Colonies, like ourselves, be long before they cease to recognise the priceless value—as citizens, as fighters, as sturdy upholders of all that pertains to the good name and fame of the British race—of "the men on the land."

THE IRISH HORSE.

HERE'S a picture to go to the heart of Irishmen now that we are so near St. Patrick's Day—a Royal Prince with an Irish title reviewing on Irish ground a select body of men from all classes of the Green Island, who are ready and anxious to support the dignity of the Crown and of Ould Oireland.

The Irishman is always a soldier at heart, and the true Irishman is now a British soldier heart and soul. At times he gets "blue-mowldy" for want of a "bating." The right sort prefers to fight his country's battles instead of wasting his breath and his supporters' money in idle and unreal vapourings in the House of Commons.

Many of the troopers in the ranks are young men of means and position, who would not, in the ordinary course of events, have undertaken a military career. They are of the sort that are never behind when the country needs their services. They prefer the risks and hardships of a trooper's life to any inglorious ease when men are wanted. Among them are many who have served in the Irish Hunts Yeomanry, and from them they hear the record of their gallant leader. He, on the fatal day of Lindley, although three times badly wounded, showed them an example of the steadfastness of an Irish soldier. Making nothing of his wounds, he heartened and encouraged the men under him, and only consented to surrender when to hold out would have been suicidal. All that a soldier could do was done by him, and there is not a trooper who served under him who will go forth again under his command without faith in his leader.

The February Army List shows only four officers on the strength of the 29th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry. It further specifies that this battalion (Irish Horse) is composed of the 131st, 132nd, and 134th Companies. It is satisfactory to know that the regiment is up to full strength, both of officers and men. It now consists of six complete squadrons of 120 rifles, or 720 rifles in all, exclusive of a machine-gun detachment.

In the picture Lord Longford, the commandant, is on the right of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the godson of that distinguished Irishman whose services will never be forgotten by his country.

Photo. Copyright. **Charleton.**

"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

The Irish Horse marching past H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

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TAMMERS' DUEL.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

"STAND TO YOUR WORK AND BE WISE—CERTAIN OF SWORD AND OF PEN,
WHO ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR GODS, BUT MEN IN A WORLD OF MEN."

SYNOPSIS.

THE writer, Mr. Anson, meets Tammers at the Hotel Soleil Levant, St. Helier's, Jersey. Tammers has knocked about the world a good deal and made a fortune, which he is now engaged in enjoying. Anson meets an old friend, Major Algar, and later hears two foreigners discussing a duel. One of these gentlemen has evidently been forced to leave France on account of the scandal attaching to the duel. During dinner at the hotel, Tammers expresses his views on duelling and gives a very decided opinion about the duel fought lately in France, where a young Englishman, who knew nothing of fencing, had been killed by a noted duellist, Count Julowski. One of the foreigners resents this amid general consternation. Julowski is reported to be as deadly a shot as he is a swordsman, and the chances are that he will challenge Tammers. The captain of the steamer from France explains that the foreigner is Count Julowski himself; that he is the hero of forty-nine duels and a most dangerous antagonist; and is further of opinion that Tammers must fight him. The Count sends a challenge, and Tammers agrees to fight him three days later, Anson involuntarily becoming his second. The Count's second wishes the duel to take place on the following morning, and hints that the sooner it comes off the better. He also suggests pistols as the weapons. Anson seeks Tammers to arrange these points, but finds he has gone to bed and cannot be aroused. De Boivet, the Count's second, receives this news with contempt. In the morning Anson discovers to his dismay that Tammers has left in the mail-steamer for England, and the captain of the French boat openly derides the idea of his returning to fight the duel on Friday morning. De Boivet, on hearing of Tammers' departure from Jersey, openly sneers, and hints that Anson has been left in the lurch, and that Tammers will not return to fight. Major Algar appears to think much the same, but Anson sticks to believing he will appear in time for the duel on Friday. On Thursday morning the police arrive to arrest the Count and De Boivet, who accuse Anson of having given information to the authorities. They are just about to be taken away in arrest when Tammers appears, having just returned from England by the steamer, and endeavours to have them released. Finding this impossible, he drives to the Constable of St. Helier's, and in an interview convinces him that no quarrel exists, whereupon the Count and De Boivet are released. Tammers is introduced to Major Algar, and states that his choice of weapon for the duel is the assegai, his journey to England having been undertaken for the express purpose of getting a couple. This determination is conveyed to De Boivet, who ridicules the idea, but promises to notify the same to Count Julowski.

CHAPTER XII.

INCIDENTAL.

TAMMERS was seated on his green balcony enjoying the evening air when I went up to give him a report of my mission.

He pushed a chair towards me.

"Done it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did De Boivet say?"

"Seemed a bit puzzled."

"There's no reason why I shouldn't choose assegais," he remarked in a hurt tone.

I agreed there was none so far as I was concerned, but that I could understand some objection on the part of the Count.

"He can't object! The laws of honour give me the choice of weapons, and if I choose assegais, with assegais he'll have to fight. You see," he continued, "I look on this row as a sort of duty, and I'll fulfil it, Anson."

This gave me a new view of Tammers, on which I ruminated for a while. Tammers' sense of duty might lead to all sorts of complications.

"He's not a chap to be trifled with, this Julowski," observed Tammers musingly. "Wonder whether he's ever had any practice with the assegai. It's a weapon that cannot be mastered all at once."

I conjectured that probably the Count wouldn't know which end to begin with; also I added that if it had been my case, I should certainly not have known.

Tammers scanned me. He was evidently weighing my capabilities.

"No, I bet you wouldn't!" he said in a tone of kindly toleration, which left me the comforting impression that in spite of this failing I had my points.

"About Julowski now, I don't know," he went on. "It doesn't do to take anything for granted."

"By the way," I asked, "did you go over to England expressly to buy those assegais?"

Tammers crossed his legs, put his hat on the back of his head, and answered me in a tone of reminiscence.

"No, just to fetch them. Those two are a pair of royal assegais; they were given to me by an Induna with whom I used to be pretty friendly. We did a good deal of business together at one time and another. His favourite wife had a taste for top-boots. I supplied them — in assorted colours. We had some hunting expeditions together, too, and he thought himself indebted to me, he said, and gave me the most useful present he could think of."

"Do you always carry them about with you?"

"Well, yes, generally. When I first came over here, I wasn't sure whether I'd like the place enough to stop long, so I left my traps behind me at the Black Badger at Portsmouth. Do you know the Black Badger? It's a first-class house."

While Tammers was giving me these details I had been watching a voluminous white figure, that seemed to be dodging like a frightened rabbit from corner to corner on our left. It was Pluvitt, and I gathered from his movements that he was trying to reach the Soleil Levant unobserved of Tammers, for I noticed that he glanced up at the balcony with a nervous frequency. A man carrying a basket on his head happened to be passing, and Pluvitt took advantage of the cover thus afforded to follow closely. But Nature had built him on too generous a scale for ready ambush, therefore the man with the basket approached us framed, as it were, in an ample white margin of Pluvitt.

Tammers had preserved to quite an extraordinary extent a primeval simplicity of behaviour. He caught sight of Pluvitt also, and jumping up from his chair, leant out over the balustrade and hailed him.

Pluvitt started and crouched lower behind his inadequate shelter, until he must have appeared to the ordinary passer-by to be stalking game on the hotel steps. He attracted a fair amount of attention in this way. "Pluvitt's deaf," remarked Tammers, as he picked up a cloth cap from the table and threw it with so neat an aim that it caught Pluvitt's big pith hat just under the brim and sent it flying into the roadway. I had a momentary glimpse of a pallid bald head and terrified, streaming face, as Pluvitt rushed in under the portico, leaving his hat to take care of itself.

"I wonder why Pluvitt's so shy of me to-day? I'd like to have a word with him," said Tammers. "I don't like to trouble you, Anson, but I'd take it kindly of you if you'd persuade him to come up, you know."

I offered to see what I could do with the fat man, and went downstairs to look for him. I ran him to earth in the bar, where he was having a refresher to pull himself together after his fright.

"Most unpleasant thing, sir," he said, mopping his forehead with a shaking hand, "someone has just assaulted me in the street—knocked my hat off, in fact. I—I believe it to have been some person in Mr. Tammers' balcony. Such outrages cannot be permitted."

I reassured him by explaining that it was only Tammers' playfulness, and proposed his accompanying me upstairs, as Tammers was anxious to apologise for upsetting his nerves.

Pluvitt drew me out into the passage and fixed a searching gaze upon me.

"Can I trust you, sir?" he asked solemnly. "I find I have been mistaken in Mr. Tammers. I hear he is much annoyed about the matter of the Count. He should be grateful to me, sir, for my well-meant and entirely justifiable interference. I prefer to avoid him."

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I pointed out that though Tammers might be a rough diamond, he was a thoroughly good fellow.

"Well, sir, he may be all you say," replied Pluvitt, struggling to regain his habitual assurance, "but I maintain that he is wanting in the knowledge of the true duties of citizenship, which makes each individual solicitous of the public weal."

"Come up and tell him what you think; he's open to argument," I suggested; but it was some time before I could prevail upon Mr. Pluvitt to accompany me.

When we entered, Tammers shook him warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you're safe yet, Mr. Pluvitt," he said, heartily.

"Safe? What do you mean? What are you going to do?" cried Pluvitt, whose agitation had returned upon him with a rush at this greeting.

"I — my good sir—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head—if you had any. I mean the Count — Count Julowski. Why, man, what induced you to offend him as you have done? He'll never forgive you!"

"THE MAN APPROACHED US FRAMED, AS IT WERE, IN AN AMPLE WHITE MARGIN OF PLUVITT."

"Has he said anything about me?" demanded Pluvitt, who was fast sinking into a pitiable condition of panic.

"Not a word—to me, but you know it's the worst dog that doesn't bark. I'm going to leave the place myself to-morrow, though I didn't have him run in as you did. I took care to let him know I got him out, though!"

"But surely you don't anticipate—you don't mean—— Let me go! let me go!" cried Pluvitt, trying in vain to shake off Tammers' retaining hand. "I will have him rearrested immediately! I go in bodily fear and danger!" He was growing mixed in his fright.

"Hold on!" said Tammers. "That's just what I was afraid you'd be up to. You might have him locked up for five years, yet at the end he'd come out and be even with you. Don't you be under any mistake as to that!"

"He—he might die in five years!" suggested Pluvitt helplessly.

"But you can't get him sent to penal servitude, since he has never uttered a threat—and he won't, either. He knows better than that. You're in a very ugly sort of hole, and I'm sorry for you, Mr. Pluvitt," concluded Tammers sympathetically.

"Do you think that my life is in danger?" asked Pluvitt in a whisper, as if the very walls might hear him.

"Well, I wouldn't insure your life if I ran an insurance office," replied Tammers frankly.

"What am I to do, then? For Heaven's sake, Mr. Tammers—Mr. Anson—what am I to do in this horrible predicament?"

"I'd leave the island in an hour's time if I were you," responded Tammers.

"But how can I? I've a house here and a family. I can't leave!"

"You must do what you think best, of course. I'm only offering advice," said Tammers.

"I'm sure I'm grateful—I'm very grateful, believe me! I really think, Mr. Tammers, you should help me, since it was in your interests, in the first place, that I laid information against the Count."

"Just so; that's why I'm trying to do what I can for you. I tell you there's no angrier man in boots to-day than that Count of yours! It's in him to dog you to the North Pole! Did you say brandy?"

Tammers handed the miserable man a stiff dose of spirits. Pluvitt sat and panted and bewailed himself for a quarter of an hour before he could screw up courage and strength enough to start for home.

"I'll take your advice, sir," he declared, as he wrung our hands. "I'll leave the island at once. Good-bye! good-bye!"

Overcome with dread and self-pity he stumbled down the stairs. Someone brought him his hat, and Tammers watched him amble away dejectedly round the corner of the street with immense satisfaction.

"Now, that's straight," he observed presently. "I've given that man the makings of ten years' worth of nightmares."

(To be continued.)

THE regiments of infantry which were added to the Army in the reign of Queen Anne, from the year 1702, and retained on the establishment after the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, began with the 28th and ended with the 39th. The 40th was formed in 1717, the 41st in 1719, and the 42nd (Black Watch) in 1739. The 43rd was raised in 1740 and disbanded in 1743. Ten regiments of Marines were raised in 1739 and 1740, and were numbered from the 44th to the 53rd Regiments; but they were disbanded in 1748. Seven regiments were raised and added to the establishment of the Army in January, 1741, and they originally were numbered 54th to 60th; but the first six had their titles changed in 1748 owing to the disbanding of other regiments, and became the 43rd to 48th respectively. The 49th was raised in 1743, and the 50th and 51st were raised in 1745. In 1755 eleven regiments were raised and added to the establishment. These were originally numbered from the 52nd to the 62nd, and were subsequently, owing to disbandments, renumbered the 50th to the 60th respectively. In April, 1758, the second battalions of fifteen regiments were formed into distinct regiments, and were numbered from the 61st to the 75th respectively. The last were subsequently disbanded. The present 71st was raised in 1777 as the 73rd, and became the 71st in 1786. The present 72nd was also raised in 1777, and was raised as the 78th, becoming the 72nd in 1786. The 73rd was raised in 1777 as a second battalion of the 42nd, and became the 73rd in 1786. The four regiments numbering from 74th to 77th were raised for service in India in 1787. The 78th to 91st Regiments date from 1793. The 92nd came into being as the 100th in 1796. In 1798 the 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, and 99th Regiments were disbanded, so that the 98th became the 91st, and the 100th became the 92nd. The 93rd was raised in 1800, and the 94th, an old corps, came on the list as such in 1802. The Rifle Brigade dates back to 1800. The present 94th to 99th Regiments were added to the establishment in 1824, and the present 100th was raised in Canada in 1858, although, of course, it was not the first regiment to bear the figure 100 as its title.

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NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

J. JONES.—I have made enquiries at the Admiralty with regard to your question as to whether you—after eighteen years' service, and at the age of fifty-eight—are eligible for a Greenwich Hospital age pension. The answer I received was to the effect that Naval life pensioners become eligible for the Greenwich Hospital age pension of 5d. a day and then 4d. a day additional after attaining the ages of fifty-five and sixty-five respectively. But as the funds set apart for these pensions are strictly limited, it is not possible to grant the age pension to every eligible man above the age of fifty-five. Your best course will be to write to the Secretary of the Admiralty and apply for a pension. In doing so, you must furnish him with your full name and your pension number. Your case will then be considered, and if there is a vacant pension, and there is no other applicant considered more worthy than you, you may be awarded the pension. Perhaps you might get some person of position in your neighbourhood, who knows you well, to apply for you, for he could speak of your present condition, character, etc.

* * * *

"A. G. A. M."—1. The correct official designation of a cavalry soldier is now "private." 2. The term "trooper" was formerly used in cavalry regiments, except in the Life Guards, where the title was "private gentleman." I believe they are still shown on the muster-rolls as "Mr." I cannot find out the date when the term "trooper" was officially changed to the present one "private." 3. In the irregular corps now serving in South Africa, I fancy there is no hard-and-fast rule, though as they are no doubt modelled on our regular regiments of cavalry, the proper official title should be "private."

* * * *

"A. T."—Any Naval history would give you an account of the capture of the "Chevrette." There is a fine account in "Naval and Military Heroes" (Bohn's Library). The story is briefly as follows: "On July 21, 1801, the boats of the 'Beaulieu,' 'Doris,' and 'Uranie,' and two of the 74-gun-ship, 'Robust,' under command of Lieutenant W. Losack, of the 'Ville de Paris,' numbering in all fifteen, and containing 280 men, proceeded to attack the French 20-gun corvette 'Chevrette,' moored under the batteries of Camavet, at the entrance of Brest Harbour, having on board, including troops embarked expressly for her defence, 339 men. Soon after the boats put off, Lieutenant Losack with five separated in chase of a strange boat. The remainder having waited for some time, Lieutenant Keith Maxwell determined to proceed with the boats then with him, which contained about 180 officers and men. At 1 a.m. on the 22nd the 'Chevrette' opened a heavy discharge of grape and musketry, accompanied by volleys from the shore. Nothing daunted, the British dashed gallantly on. The 'Beaulieu's' boats, under Lieutenants Maxwell and Pasley, boarded the starboard bow and quarter, while other boats, under Lieutenant M. Neville, Midshipman R. Warren, and Lieutenant Walter Burke, boarded on the larboard bow. After a desperate fight, the corvette was captured. Just at this time Lieutenant Losack arrived alongside the ship, which was soon taken out of the range of the batteries on shore. The loss on our side amounted to eleven officers and men killed and fifty-seven wounded. The 'Chevrette' had her captain, six officers, and eighty-five men killed, and five officers and fifty-seven men wounded."

* * * *

"J. C. D."—The Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which takes part in all Court ceremonials, is, with the exception of the Yeomen of the Guard, the oldest military body in the kingdom, having been formed in 1509 by Henry VIII., as a band of fifty cadets of noble families as a body-guard. They were formerly called "Gentlemen Pensioners," or "Spears," the name having been changed by William IV. to the present title. The uniform is scarlet with blue facings, and they carry a halberd. The captain is always a peer, who changes with the Ministry, the lieutenant must have been a colonel or lieutenant-colonel in the Army, the Standard-bearer, the clerk of the cheque, and the harbinger must have been lieutenant-colonels, and the private gentlemen not below the rank of captain. No one can be appointed who has not war service. The pay is provided for out of the Civil List. At a time when there is so much talk of increasing the soldier's pay, it is interesting to note what our soldiers received some thirty years ago. A Royal Warrant, dated October 1, 1873, fixed the rates of pay for infantry as follows: For the sake of comparison, the present rates are added in parentheses. Sergeant-major, 3s. 3d. (5s.); quartermaster-sergeant, 2s. 7d. (4s.); colour-sergeant, 2s. 5d. (3s.); sergeant, 1s. 11d. (2s. 4d.); corporal, 1s. 3d. (1s. 8d.); private, 1s., as now. It should be remembered that practically all ranks now receive 3d. a day in aid of their messing, and when on furlough draw 6d. in lieu of rations, whereas in 1873 this last amount was only 2d. Previous to this warrant the pay of an infantry soldier had been 1s. 2d., with 1d. a day "beer money," but he was charged 4½d. a day for his rations. Formerly the hospital stoppage charged to men in hospital was 10d. Since October, 1873, however, it has been 7d. a day only.

* * * *

THE SONG OF THE TORPEDO.

Discharged by pent-up tempests to destroy and death to deal,
I dive to depths beneath me with a flash of burnished steel,
I leave a cloud behind me of transparent sparkling spray,
Whilst bubbles eddying upward by their froth betray my way.

I rush beneath the waters at a depth beforehand set,
Whilst simple valves and pressures guarantee that depth is kept;
And like a godly conscience, which controls a hasty thought,
My gyroscope directs me till I strike the foe I've sought.

Thus right and left refraining, at a speed which nought can stay,
I rip through net defences as a scythe cuts grass to hay.
A flash! My work is over! With a crash they meet their doom!
Their fragments need no burial, for the dark sea is their tomb!

F.

* * * *

"T. A."—Before the introduction of the territorial system for our infantry in 1881, there had been a previous step made in this direction under the scheme known as the Localisation of the Forces. Under this scheme, since 1873, the United Kingdom was mapped out in sub-districts, numbered from 1 to 70, corresponding somewhat to the present Regimental Districts. At the chief town in each sub-district was the "Brigade Depôt," and the line regiments were joined together as "Linked Battalions," and the local Militia battalions were associated under the title of "Affiliated Battalions." The first twenty-five regiments of the line had two battalions which served as linked battalions. It is not perhaps generally known that for some time after March, 1873, the monthly Army List showed the infantry regiments of the line arranged not in numerical order as hitherto, but by sub-districts, with their Militia and Volunteer battalions following, much as is done in the present lists under the territorial system. Thus the first line battalions were those of No. 1 Sub-District—the 1st and 2nd 5th Fusiliers, followed by those of No. 2—the 34th and 55th Regiments. The 1st Royal Scots did not appear until the 62nd Sub-District had been reached.

* * * *

"ANXIOUS MATER."—A King's cadetship is only given to the son of an officer of the Army, Navy, or Marines who has been killed in action or died of disease contracted abroad, and whose family has been left in reduced circumstances. An honorary King's cadetship is granted to the son of an officer as above, whose family is not in pecuniary distress, or to the son of an officer in the Army not below the rank of major who has performed long and distinguished service. To obtain such a cadetship influence must be used with the Secretary of State or Commander-in-Chief. You should get any of your friends with military or political influence to support your son's case if he is eligible as above. To get into the Marines he must apply for a form from the Civil Service Commissioners not later than April 1 for the examination next June, and notify that he is a candidate to the Secretary of the Admiralty by June 1. It is too late to do so for the examination just over. The age for the Marines is the same as for Sandhurst—viz., 17 to 19. The Imperial Yeomanry do not serve in India. I do not think any commissions into the Army will be given from the Imperial Yeomanry at home or from the South African Constabulary. If your son has not passed this time, and has not another chance, and cannot get a cadetship, I should advise him to go into the Imperial Yeomanry for service in South Africa, and try to earn a commission from them. Many have already been given, and doubtless more will be on the recommendation of Lord Kitchener. Of course, he would have these chances of a commission through the Militia; but this you say you cannot afford, though, if you could, it would probably now be the most certain way for him.

* * * *

F. HIGGINS.—The ammunition hoists for both the projectile and cordite charge for the heavy guns in all our battle-ships are worked by hydraulic power. The hydraulic system was first introduced into the "Inflexible," which was completed for service in 1881, but since then it has been much improved upon. Electro-motors for working the 9·2-in. guns, with their ammunition hoists, were fitted in the first-class cruisers "Powerful" and "Terrible," but a return has been made to hydraulic power in the new cruisers of the "Cressy" and "Drake" classes. The hydraulic ammunition hoists in the "Cressy" supplied forty-two rounds in a trifle less than ten minutes, or over four rounds a minute, the Admiralty requirements being for three rounds a minute. Electricity is now largely used in foreign navies for working guns and ammunition hoists, etc.; in the French Navy it has entirely superseded hydraulic power for some years, but there are many serious disadvantages involved in its use from which hydraulic power is practically free. The hydraulic pipes can be laid anywhere, they give out no heat, if they are damaged no explosion takes place, and the damage can easily be discovered and quickly repaired. Hydraulic machines can in most cases be applied direct for the work they have to do, they are practically noiseless, and their movements can be kept under most perfect control, whereas with electricity great difficulty is experienced in getting dead slow movements.

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"W. W. W."—Prior to 1849 candidates for commissions in the cavalry and infantry had absolutely no examination to pass. All that was required was a recommendation to the Commander-in-Chief and the ability to pay £850 for a cornetcy or £450 for an ensigncy. In this year, however, the Duke of Wellington startled would-be field-marshals by the issue of a circular stating that all gentlemen then in the "Horse Guards' List" must show an acquaintance with ancient and modern history and geography, the first three books of Euclid, algebra, and logarithms, Latin enough to construe Cæsar, Livy, or Virgil, French to the extent of a translation into English, and some knowledge of fortification—a modest enough curriculum compared with these times; but the announcement came as a thunder-clap at the time. Prior to July, 1881, the most general facing for infantry regiments was yellow, Royal regiments wore blue, and a good many had white; some had buff, and various shades of green were worn by sixteen regiments; the 33rd, 53rd, and 76th had scarlet; the 58th, 64th, 70th, and 89th, black; the 56th, purple; the 97th, sky blue; the 104th, dark blue; and the 108th, pale yellow. On the introduction of the territorial system these distinctive facings were all swept away; Royal regiments retained their blue facings, but in all other cases the facings were for English and Welsh regiments, white; for Scotch, yellow; and for Irish, green. Ere long, however, the Buffs regained their immemorial buff facings, and recently other regiments have been given back their old facings. Thus the Northumberland Fusiliers now have gosling green; the Suffolk, yellow; the West Yorks, the Highland Light Infantry, and Seaforth Highlanders, buff; and the Yorkshire Regiment, green.

* * * *

"J. I. P." (Kingstown, Ireland).—Since and including the issue of the Waterloo medal, in 1816, there has been no difference made in the medals, whatever may be the rank of the recipient. The same medal has been issued to all alike, both in size and nature of metal, from the officer in command down to the private. Prior to Waterloo the only medals that had been issued for a battle or campaign to all engaged were very few in number, and were given either by the East India Company or by private individuals, such as the Davison Nile or Boulton Trafalgar medals, with the exception of the medal Parliament conferred on the troops of Cromwell that shared in the victory of Dunbar. In all of these cases there was a difference in the value of the metal of which the medal was composed, the medals being of gold or silver, or inferior metal, according to the rank of the recipient. Nowadays the name of the recipient is engraved on the rim of the medal, but in some of the earlier medals and with some stars a space for the name of the recipient is left on the reverse. THE EDITOR.

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MILITARY HONOURS TO ROYALTY AT BERLIN.

Photo. Copyright. *Bolak.*

A GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE CASTLE.

Officers of the Guard and Chamberlain awaiting orders.

This striking picture gives an admirable idea of the picturesque punctiliousness with which military ceremonial of every sort is observed in the capital of the greatest military nation in the world. It would be difficult to produce with such a few figures in such surroundings a better effect, or one more calculated to produce that sense of combined use and ornament which is an especial merit in such peaceful applications of military materials. The sentries, statuesque but alert, are excellent foils to the smart and finely proportioned officers of the Imperial Guard who, with the Chamberlain, are awaiting orders as to the day's programme mapped out for an illustrious visitor.

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THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S BODYGUARD.

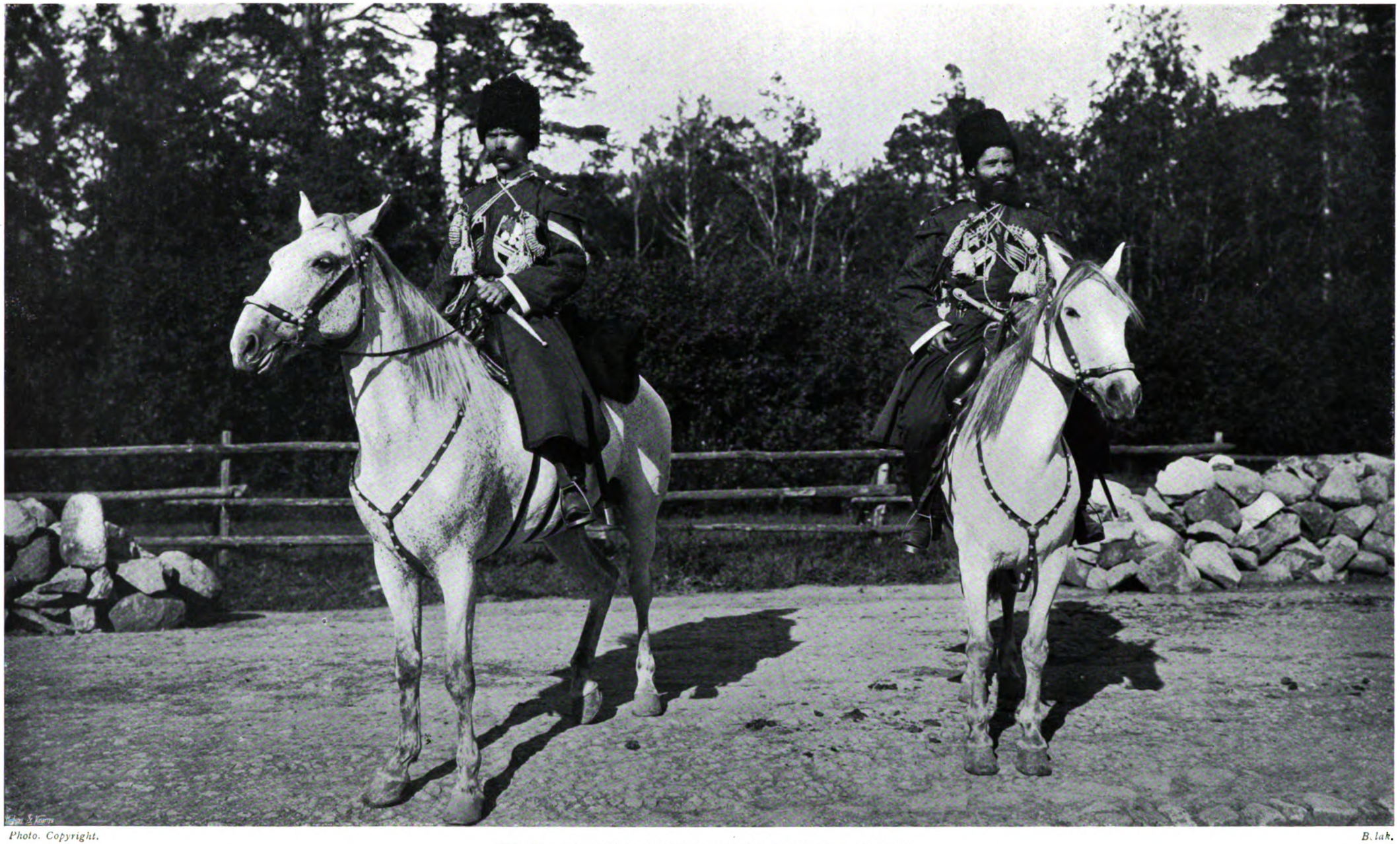

Photo. Copyright. *Bolak.*

THE CZAR'S OWN COSSACK ESCORT.

With the trumpeter who accompanied him during the Manœuvres.

Something in addition to an eye for the picturesque may well inspire a Russian Czar in his selection of Cossacks to serve as his Bodyguard. The magnitude of the Cossack organisation alone would entitle it to be represented in the protection of the Imperial person; but, apart from this, the Cossack is such a peculiarly prominent feature among Russian military types, and is associated with so many bright episodes in the annals of the Russian Army, that his absence from the *entourage* of the Great White Czar on occasions of military pomp and ceremony would be badly missed. The Cossacks we see here are, of course, picked specimens, and are "fine figures of men," with many of the old Cossack characteristics about them, though of late years these former Irregular Horsemen have been very considerably dragoonified.

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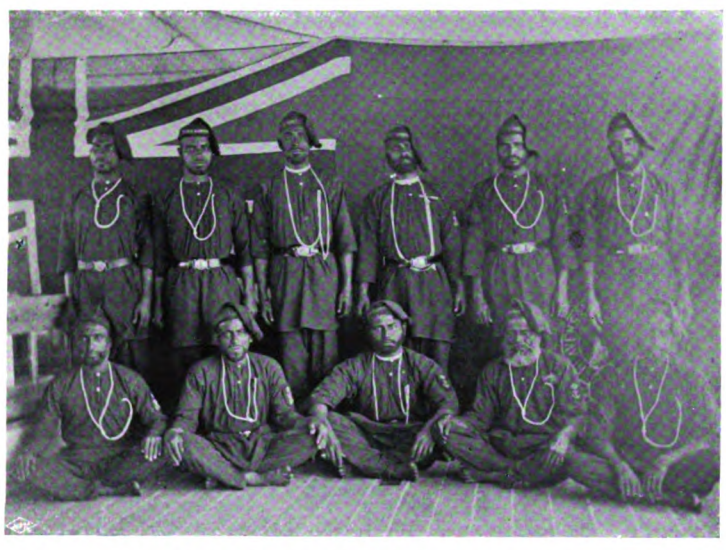
THE ROYAL INDIAN MARINE.

THE sphere of duty of the Royal Indian Marine, which has nearly completed its third century, has ever been remote, its operations oftentimes insignificant, and the results of small import to the destinies of the world; for its most stirring exploits have been accomplished against obscure enemies, who were not only contemptible because they often possessed an incalculable power of mischief. It is on this account that its members, for all their heroism, have seldom risen to fame. Lieutenant Charles Low, in his excellent history of this fine old force, which may be barely a name to many of our readers, tells a stirring tale of services of the highest utility and even necessity, but neither profitable nor glorious, rendered in keeping the King's Peace in the Indian seas. Pirates, some of them Europeans of the approved "penny dreadful" type, swarmed in those regions, and the Bombay Marine with its scanty force was kept hard at work to hold them in check. Among the most celebrated of this evil brood were the Angrias, in the early half of the eighteenth century, and the Joamir buccaneers in the Persian Gulf about a century later. More distinguished, but not more useful, services were rendered by our Indian Navy in the conquest of Java, at the capture of Kurrachee and Aden, and in the repulse of the repeated attacks of the Arabs in their desperate attempts to recapture the latter stronghold; also in the part played by the Service in the first China War, in New Zealand, at the siege of Mooltan, in the first and second Burmese Wars, the Persian War, and finally during the Mutiny, in which as many as fourteen different detachments, with an aggregate strength of 1,800 officers and men and forty guns, were employed. Again, quite distinct from their war and ocean police duties, the hydrographical labours of the Indian Navy stand unrivalled.

The history of the force may be told as follows: The nucleus of an Indian Marine was formed when the "Company of Adventurers trading to the East" were an uninfluential knot of merchants. The East India Company first set foot in India in 1612 by establishing a factory at Surat. To protect their trading craft from the aggressions of pirates, they built and equipped a small fleet of "grabs" and "galivats"—the germ of the Indian Navy—whose seamen also were landed when necessary to protect the factory against the hostile assaults of fanatical mobs. Surat was also the first home of the Bombay Marine, founded in 1669, which in process of time developed into the Indian Navy. In 1735 Surat gave way to Bombay as the staff headquarters and depôt for building purposes, teak being the timber principally employed. In a report written twenty years later, the ships built at Bombay are spoken of as being as strong, handsome, and well finished as any designed and constructed in Europe. This move gave to the Service the name "Bombay Marine," by which it was known until the year 1830, when its claim, made good by two centuries of arduous and faithful service, to be rechristened "Navy of India" was sanctioned.

OFFICERS OF THE "LAWRENCE."

On service at Bushire in the Persian Gulf.



LASCAR PETTY OFFICERS.

The "Lawrence" paddle despatch vessel.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE DECK OF THE "LAWRENCE."

Armed with four 6-pounder quick-firing guns.

The Indian Navy was abolished, after a long and honourable career, in 1863, and the command of Indian waters was undertaken by ships of the Royal Navy. However, a few torpedo gun-boats, despatch vessels, and coast defence turret-ships, constituting the Royal Indian Marine, are still stationed in these waters under a commander-in-chief, the Indian Treasury contributing a yearly sum towards the cost of this arrangement. There is also a marine department at Calcutta and at Bombay for military transport. The two coast defence turret-ships, namely, the "Magdala" (3,340 tons) and the "Abyssinia" (2,900 tons), the armament of each consisting of four 8-in. 14-ton guns, are kept in Bombay Harbour. Appointments to the Royal Indian Marine are given by the Government of India to selected candidates, the necessary qualification being the possession of a Board of Trade certificate as second mate. The officers rank after their comrades of the Royal Navy of corresponding rank, their status, in fact, being similar to that of the Royal Naval Reserve, but they are senior to these latter officers in their respective ranks. Their uniform is similar to that of the Royal Navy, with a slight difference in the epaulette and cap badges, while the lace is of the twisted pattern worn by officers of the Royal Naval Reserve. Certain vessels of the Royal Indian Marine are handed over to the Imperial Government under stipulated conditions, by which to all intents and purposes they become war-ships of the British Navy. On board these vessels specified officers of the Royal Navy serve, in conjunction with officers of the Royal Indian Marine, receiving for so doing certain Indian allowances paid by the Admiralty. The crews, of course, are all composed of Lascars, whose brigand-like cap is decidedly picturesque, while some vessels carry a havildar and nine sepoys of the Marine Battalion of Bombay Infantry.

A few weeks ago Lord Brassey, in formulating a scheme for the redistribution of our Naval forces, suggested that it would give sensible relief to the Imperial Navy if some portion of the trying duties on the coasts of Burma and the Persian Gulf were to be handed over to the Indian Marine, which should be placed under the command of a rear-admiral. Such an arrangement, he argued, would give additional men for our European squadrons; but the proposal has met with strong opposition.

It is interesting to note, in dealing with the Indian Navy, that Nelson, when in embarrassed circumstances, was an unsuccessful candidate for the post of superintendent of the Bombay Marine. How very different might have been the course of history had he obtained the appointment!

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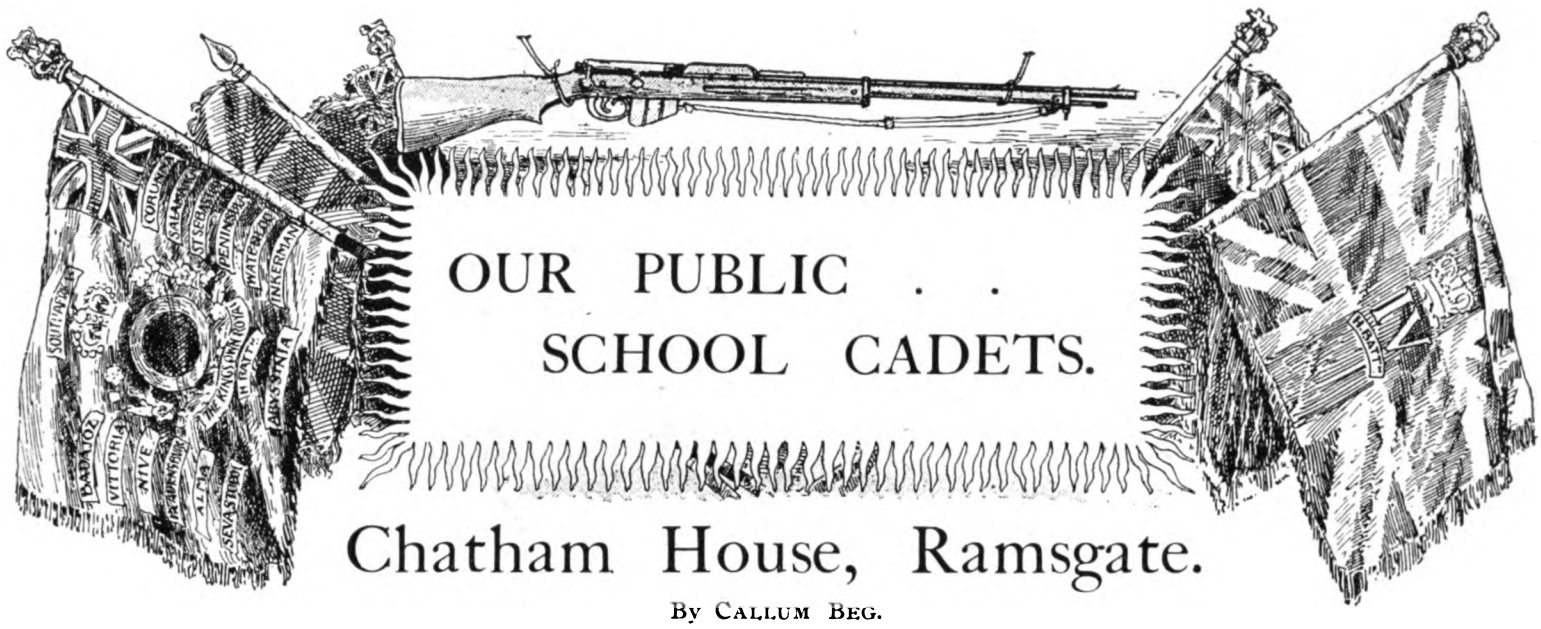

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Chatham House, Ramsgate.

By Callum Beg.

THIS corps was raised in 1891, and was attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), the depôt of which distinguished regiment is at Canterbury. The command was offered to, and accepted by, Colonel Fitzpatrick, an ex-Regular, who was at that time in command of the Ramsgate Company of Rifle Volunteers. Under him the band of young Volunteers soon began to develop into a smart body of willing workers, and this was entirely the result of Colonel Fitzpatrick's indefatigable labour, for in working for the good of the new corps he allowed no obstacle to stand in his way.

The uniform chosen was the well-known rifle green, with red facings and forage cap, and this has continued to be used ever since at Chatham House. It is now in contemplation, however, to equip the cadets in a serviceable uniform, in accordance with modern ideas, similar to the one about to be adopted by the Volunteer battalion to which the corps is attached.

The corps is armed with the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, as used by the Regular Army, with the exception of the junior company, for which Martini-Henry carbines are provided. At Chatham House the recruit's musketry training begins with practice at the Morris-tube range, with miniature ammunition, and it is not until he has reached a certain proficiency in marksmanship that he is permitted to fire the Volunteer Recruit and Class courses at the Volunteer range.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry Brighton.*

CAPTAIN A. G. HENRY

Officer Commanding.

It is a far cry from Ramsgate to Bisley, and for this reason the corps has not been able often to compete in any competition, but it has frequently been under canvas in camp, and from time to time takes advantage of the many opportunities offered it for performing practical work in the field with the local Volunteers. The eagerness with which the cadets join in these exercises is, perhaps, a more healthy sign than the sending here and there of shooting teams to compete against others. In the field all ranks should derive some lasting benefit from the various schemes carried out, but when a team enters for a competition its members alone derive direct benefit from victory, although a conquest won in any branch of "soldiering" is sure to bring credit upon the whole corps. Owing to its isolated position the Chatham House Corps

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has never had any opportunity of greatly distinguishing itself among rival bodies of a similar constitution, but it is worthy of note that the school has probably produced more officers for the Army than any other school of its size, and has a long list of heroes who have done their duty in South Africa. Indeed, a memorial has been erected by the old boys of the college to those who, in fighting for King and country, have sacrificed their lives at the front.

The strength of the corps is some sixty of all ranks, with four officers and a sergeant-instructor. The present commanding officer is also head-master—Captain Arthur G. Henry—and in addition he commands the Ramsgate and Broadstairs Companies of the 1st Volunteer Battalion the Buffs. The corps is fortunate in having at its head one who has experience of the kind which is gained when in charge of a detached company or companies of a Volunteer battalion. In such a position one has to rely greatly upon one's own resources, and has more occasion to put to the test one's powers of organisation than when in command of a company in some compact metropolitan corps. The three other officers, all masters of the school, are Lieutenants C. Collison, H. Haig, and A. R. James, all of whom are, like their superior officer, also in the 1st Volunteer Battalion the Buffs. That they are more valuable to the school corps than if they were cadet officers only cannot be doubted, for their varied experiences gained as officers of a battalion are bound to prove of inestimable value in training the boys committed to their charge in all branches of military education. The college, which was founded in 1809, is rapidly approaching its centenary, and is, perhaps, the best-known and best-established school in the country, enjoying a world-wide reputation in the world of sports. County cricketers and international football players innumerable own Chatham House as their Alma Mater.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Corporal Sherratt. Corporal Balls.
Sergeant F. Vyver. Colour-Sergeant F. R. Buss. Bugler Hobson.

Photos. Copyright. A. H. Fry.

THE CADET CORPS.

A martial phalanx.

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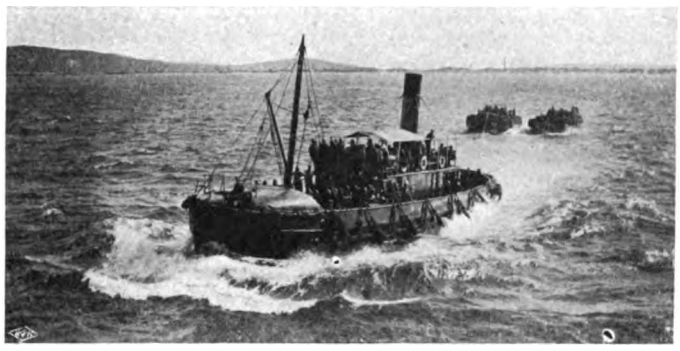
CLEARING FOR ACTION.



ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSPORT.

PORT BATTERY IN FULL SWING.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

By UBIQUE.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA has every reason to be gratified with the very hearty reception which he has had "on the other side." It would be a mistake to say that no political fruit will follow his journey. It has certainly done much to break down the barrier of prejudice which existed between the two countries. The Emperor William has realised the immense possibilities of American commerce and the great power of the American Press. In the words of Prince Henry, he has minutely studied the recent and rapid development of the United States, and evidently he recognises that he has to deal with a fast moving nation which it will be wise to propitiate. He therefore thought it wise to expedient his brother as an act of friendship and courtesy with the one desire of promoting friendly relations. "Should you be willing to grasp a proffered hand," Prince Henry said, "you will find such a one on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean." It does not appear to the judicious observer that this new friendship marks any feeling of unfriendliness towards this country. The interest of the United States and England are so nearly identical, where foreign nations are concerned, that there is no reason to anticipate any change whatever in their relations. As a matter of fact the Americans seem to be just a little ashamed of the eager manner in which they displayed their enthusiasm for the representative of a foreign ruler who can have little real sympathy with the free institutions of the United States.

THE Arctic and Antarctic are not the only places that threaten to baffle the attempts of explorers. Dr. Sven Hedin, the intrepid Central Asian traveller, has made another journey, which far surpasses anything he has previously done. It is true that he did not reach Lhasa, but he has travelled nearly 7,000 miles, and at least 6,000 were trodden, it is believed, for the first time by a European foot. The camels of the caravan died in great numbers, as did also the horses, and in the midst of devastating snow storms in a pitiless and almost desert country the tremendous Tibetan tableland was reached. Dr. Hedin was travelling southward with his caravan, but there were innumerable ranges running east and west, and every chain had to be crossed by passes, which meant death and destruction more or less for the caravan animals. When grass was found in the hollows it was short, scanty, yellow, and hard as wood, but more often the gloomy cavern was occupied by a salt lake and absolutely sterile land. Finding it impossible to progress with the caravan, Dr. Hedin set off towards Lhasa with two companions disguised, but he was attacked by robbers, and, intelligence of what was going forward having reached the mysterious capital, the travellers found themselves stopped by well-armed chiefs, who made them wait for many days in pouring rain until the governor of the district arrived. They were watched by men armed to the teeth, but when the governor came he fortunately proved kindly, though inflexible in his refusal to let them proceed. They, therefore, turned back and marched to Ladak, where they met a caravan with horses, yaks, and provisions sent by the Viceroy, whom Dr. Hedin visits at Calcutta before he comes home. He says his journey has been three times richer in scientific results than his previous one. He has made enormous collections, and prepared a map which will be of extreme value. It is upon a large scale, and when opened out has an extent of 900-ft. His photographs and drawings are almost innumerable, and the work he promises will be looked for with great eagerness. It should be one of the most interesting records of travel ever published.

JUST thirty-five years have elapsed since the British North America Act was passed, under which the Dominion of Canada came into existence. Since that time the loyalty of Canada has grown with her strength, and she has lately given to foreigners a lesson not to be forgotten. Let them reflect what the loyalty of the Colonies means. Men of English descent might have been expected, perhaps, to rally to the flag, but the sound value of British institutions and the security of British rule have made the French Canadians as loyal as the English born. They love their own language, and glory in the traditions of their race, but since local responsible government was given to them they have never shown the smallest disposition to throw off British supremacy, nor are likely to be weakened in their satisfaction with our system of rule. Mr. Preston, Emigration Commissioner for the Dominion, lately expressed before the Society of Arts great admiration for French Canadians. They have a high ideal of political honour, and though an insignificant majority are ready to fan discordant elements into flame, the sober sense of the people disapproves all appeals to racial passion. Throughout the King's dominions, said Mr. Preston, there were no subjects who wished to co-operate more heartily than the French-speaking population of Canada in maintaining the stability and prestige of the British Empire.

RECENT intelligence concerning the expedition to Lake Chad under that experienced officer Colonel T. L. N. Morland with a force of Hausas and Yorubas of the Northern Nigeria Regiment, should direct attention to the proceedings of the French in that quarter, especially when we remember Major Marchand's adventurous expedition and find our neighbours frankly saying that it may be as well for them not to enlighten us as to their work in the region of Lake Chad. The rebellion of Fadel Allah was crushed by Commandants Reibell and Robillot, and the chief fled to Yola, where the French accuse us of assuming an unneighbourly part by giving him a friendly reception. Colonel Morland, however, is directed to discover if the French force which pursued Fadel Allah is still in British territory, which it had no right to enter. The French assert that after the flight of the chief their forces returned to Dikoa and thence to Fort Lamy, only to find that Sultan Ibraham of Wadai had been supplanted by his brother Ahmed, and that the country was in an uproar. It is just as well that we should have a post on Lake Chad, though there does not seem to be any cause for apprehension. Colonel Destenave, who has succeeded M. Gentil, has his hands full, and appears to be finding that it is more easy to conquer than to retain. According to the latest reports his available troops are a battalion of Senegalese Rifles, a mixed native mountain battery, a detachment of guides, a squadron of Spahis, and a company of Yakomas. The Chari territory, of which he is Commandant, was organised by decree in September, 1900. It lies to the south of Lake Chad.

THE Convention of March, 1899, gave to France Bagirmi, Wadai, and Karem, and the eastern shore of Lake Chad, and thus united Algeria and Tunis with the Soudan and French Congo. It was long a dream that the French would one day link the Mediterranean with the Atlantic and the Gulf of Guinea by a continuous extent of French possessions; but the dream has become a reality. The vast territory, it is true, is not yet effectively controlled, but the Monteil, Joalland, Foureau-Lamy, Gentil, and Robillot missions did something towards exploration and pacification. The settlement of the country within the

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great bend of the Niger in 1899 by Colonel Vimard, enabled attention to be directed to the region between Say and Lake Chad, where two military districts were created. The Dahomey Railway, projected in 1899 by Governor Ballot, and intended ultimately to unite Kotonou on the Slave Coast with the Middle Niger, is making progress. Enormous difficulties were encountered in the malarious coast region, where operations began in June, 1900, and work is in hand on the line for a distance of about 400 miles. Years must elapse before the Algerian Railway can be pushed southward across the Sahara to join the Dahomey line at the Niger, but the idea has taken root, and may ultimately be achieved. The French have thoroughly installed themselves in Gurara, Tuat, and Tidikelt, but a vast and barren space of little commercial promise lies to the south. Their chief hopes are fixed in the French Soudan, and the Senegal Railway is being pushed on to the Niger, which will have enormous value as a waterway. French activity in these regions is ceaseless, and is carefully watched, but France will never succeed with her colonies until she can fill them with men to develop their resources. At the present time scattered military posts throughout most of French Africa maintain the semblance of French authority.

THE interest displayed in the operations of the Naval Forces in South Africa receives fresh testimony in the fact that the volume of accounts written by various officers of the operations in which they took part, edited by Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., entitled "Naval Brigades in the South African War," is just going into its second edition. The book has been widely popular, and is acknowledged as giving the best record and description of the Naval operations that has appeared. Indeed, it is the only volume devoted to its special subject. I understand that it is highly probable the Admiralty will place the book in the libraries of His Majesty's ships.

"DOG OVERBOARD!"

ALGY of the "Furious" must on no account be confused with the other well-known Algy, who has for some years enjoyed an important music-hall reputation, and who is usually alluded to as "the Piccadilly Johnny with the little glass eye," or something elevating and intellectual of that sort. Alongside is the counterfeit presentment of Algy, a gay dog, not of the parts adjacent to the "Cri," but of the bounding ocean in general, and of the Bay of Biscay in particular. If the other Algy had had this Algy's experience of the rude caresses of the Biscayan sea-nymphs he would probably not have survived them, which, in a way, would have been rather a comfort. But this is wandering from the point, which is the interesting fact that Algy of the "Furious" recently had a very narrow shave of going under, and would inevitably have done so but for the splendidly plucky behaviour of Able Seaman Stimpson of the destroyer "Flying Fish." Here is the yarn. The "Furious," with Algy on board, recently sailed from home to join the Channel Squadron, convoying incidentally the destroyer "Flying Fish," which has been despatched to the Mediterranean, and of which we give a picture. While the two ships were crossing the Bay, Algy inadvertently fell overboard, and it soon became exceedingly doubtful whether the pet of the "Furious" would ever rejoin his ship. Of course every effort was made, the destroyer doing its best to get near enough to the drowning dog to pick him up, but being prevented from either doing so or from lowering a boat by the state of the sea. Hereupon Able Seaman Stimpson of the "Flying Fish" intervened. Overboard he jumped with a line, and saved the unfortunate Algy's life. A pretty notable exhibition of pluck, this, for it is not everyone who will go overboard in a bad sea to save a friend, much less a dog belonging to another ship.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

A SEA DOG, INDEED!

Algy of the "Furious," who recently fell overboard in the "Bay."

It is pleasant to be able to add that neither Algy nor his gallant rescuer were any the worse for their very moist experience, although Algy had been in the sea quite half-an-hour when he "rejoined."

After this exciting episode, the "Furious" and the "Flying Fish" had a pretty rough time of it, being driven by a gale into Brest, where it was rumoured that our men were inhospitably treated. It has, however, subsequently transpired that in the case of neither ship did the men land, and that the officers were very well satisfied with the courteous reception accorded to them by the French.

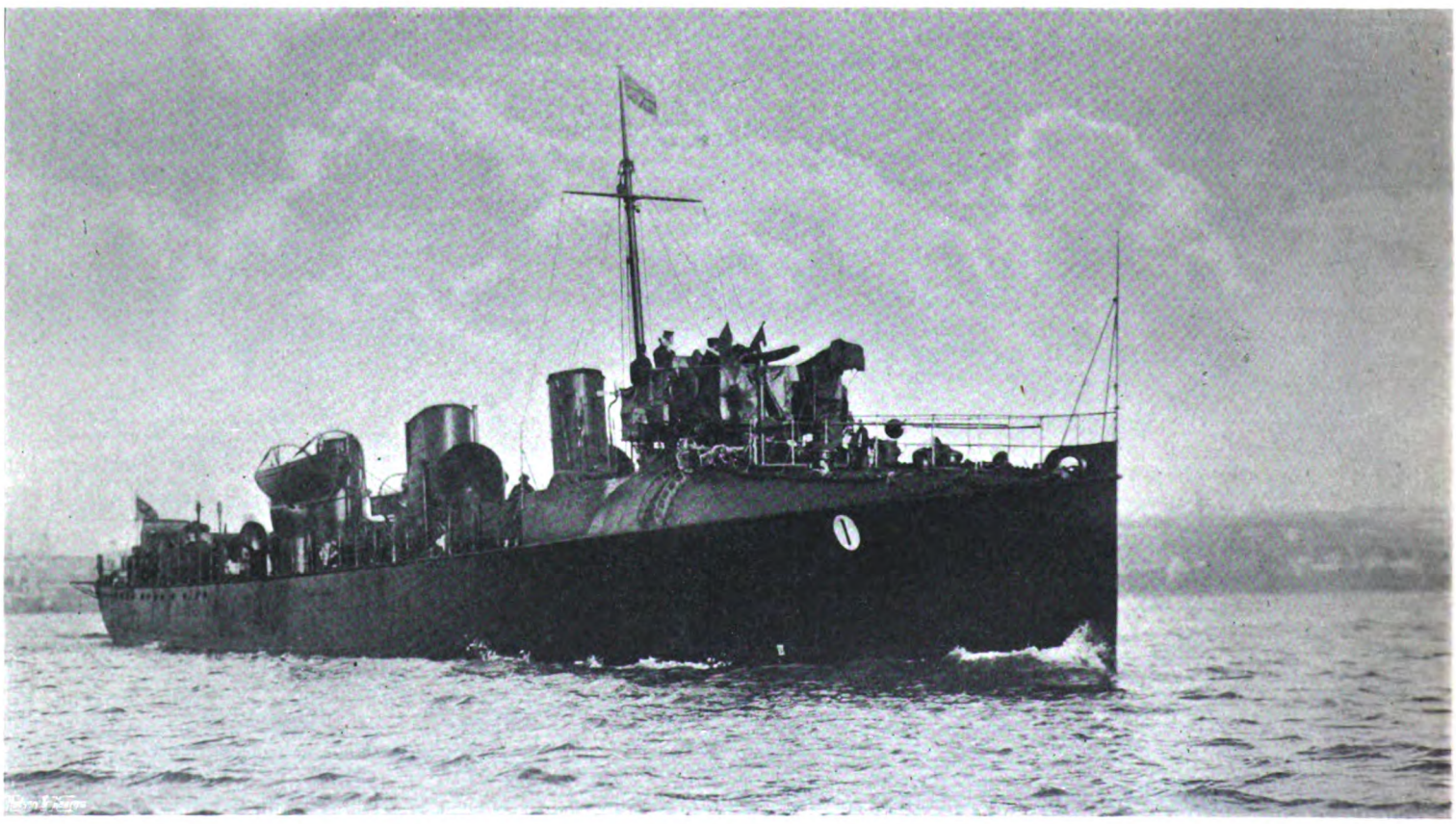

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

THE DESTROYER "FLYING FISH."

From which a seaman leapt overboard and saved Algy from drowning.

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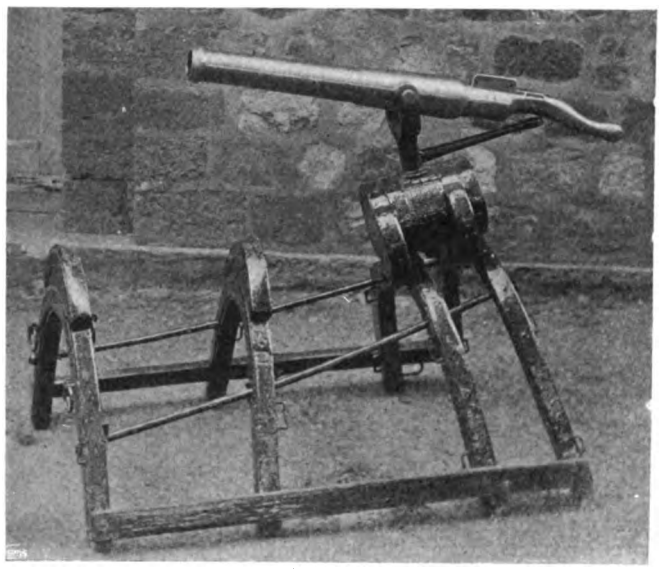
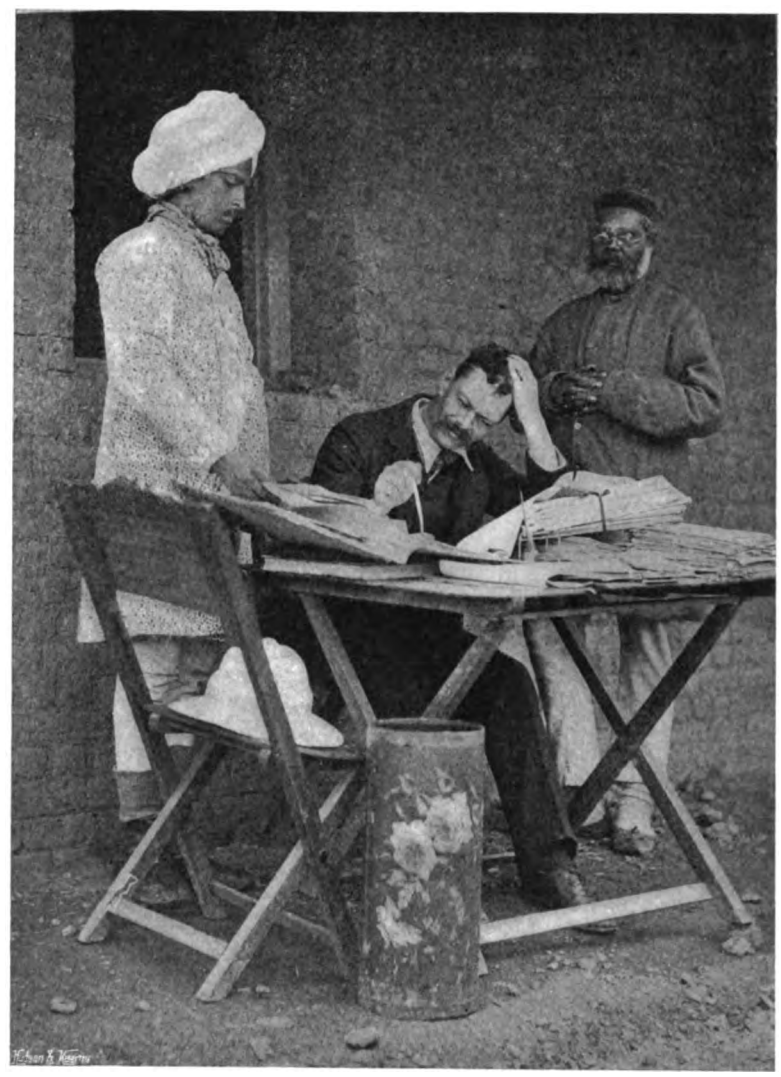


A CAMEL GUN USED IN THE MUTINY.



A DIFFICULT POINT.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

A Running Record of Military Life and Incident in the "Shiny East."

By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER.

SHORTLY after this appears in print we shall probably be able to judge pretty accurately the immediate prospects as regards Afghanistan. The public ceremonies in connection with Habibullah's succession to the *guddee* or cushion of royalty will commence on March 20, and it ought then to become evident whether the new Ameer's patronage of our old enemy, the Hadda Mullah, who is to be the chief officiating priest at the function, is merely an act of policy and a propitiation of the border tribes, or a piece of direct unfriendliness towards ourselves. On such an occasion someone is sure to "let himself go" sufficiently to enable such agents as the Indian Government will have in cautious attendance to judge which way the cat jumps, and the result will certainly be watched with the closest interest.

There are those who think the greatest danger lies in the intrigues of Nasrulla Khan, the Ameer's half-brother, who, it will be remembered, came to England some years back on a special mission, and was lodged at Dorchester House. He does not bear the best of reputations, and on his return to Cabul fell into disfavour with Abdurrahman, besides being regarded with hearty contempt by some of the latter's high officials. But the chances are that, if Habibullah did not feel himself quite capable of managing Nasrulla Khan, he would have had him removed long ago, according to Oriental precedent. Others fear a pretender in the son of that Ishak Khan who tried so hard to wrest the rulership from Abdurrahman. Ishak Khan himself lives at Samarkand, an old man wholly given up to religious exercises. His son, if supported by Russia, might have been dangerous, but he is reported to be a dissipated fool, and is not likely to tempt conclusions with a level-headed soldier like Habibullah. Probably the real cause for apprehension lies in the encouragement given to pestilent fanatics like the Hadda Mullah, who may at any moment go much further than the Ameer wishes them to go, and may in any case keep the frontier in a continued state of unrest by representing to the ignorant tribesmen that Habibullah is only waiting a favourable moment to head another general rising. Be this as it may, there is no alarmism involved in the prominence I have given a subject to which, despite its apparent easy confidence, we may be sure the Indian Government is just now devoting the closest possible attention.

It has just been definitely announced that the Indian Army will be grandly represented at the Coronation festivities by 1,000 troops selected from the Regular Native Army and the Imperial Service Troops, the detachments representing all branches of the Service and all the different castes. About fifteen officers will accompany this contingent, which will be one of the finest object-lessons of our military occupation of India which it is possible to conceive. It is earnestly to be hoped that the War and India Offices will take every means within their power both to educate the British public as to the real significance of this notable contingent, and to interest the Native officers and men of the latter in the more prominent features of Great Britain's greatness as exemplified within her own borders. I remember that some sixteen years ago, when I was on leave from India, I happened to meet on a railway platform a Native officer who had been sent over to England with a few others on one of those politic reconnaissances which have since been repeated and extended in connection with the Jubilee celebrations. I entered into conversation with this fine fellow, and was rather amused to find that what had impressed him more than anything else was a certain wonderful "place of glasses" and a certain quite astonishing "bazaar." The former, it transpired, was the Crystal Palace, the latter the Army and Navy Stores! Grand institutions both, no doubt, but, from the strictly educational standpoint, we should certainly seek to impress our Coronation visitors with other and perhaps more substantial attributes of our national grandeur.

It is to be hoped that, if only for spectacular reasons, some members of the newly-formed Imperial Cadet Corps, besides their honorary colonel, Sir Pertab Singh, who is coming over in command of the Imperial Service Troops, will be present at the Coronation festivities. Anything more truly gorgeous and effective than the uniform of this corps, the details of which have just been published, it would be difficult to imagine. The tunic is to be white, heavily laced with gold and with facings of "Star of India" blue, the breeches white, with long black boots, the sword suspended from a broad gold shoulder-belt. The aigrette will be worn, and the saddle-cloth will be made from the skin of the snow leopard. The cost of such a uniform will probably be about the year's pay of a British colonel, but it is a mere trifle to an Indian prince with a revenue of a few cool crores of rupees, and the Government of India has done wisely in making the kit as sumptuous and handsome as possible. The Imperial Cadet Corps is an institution which should have a fine future before it, and prove as strong a reminder of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty as the Imperial Service Troops will always be of that of the late Lord Dufferin.

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By a very recent mail details were received of two extraordinary accidents which occurred within a few days of one another at the Royal Artillery Camp at Vishvanathpur, in the Madras Presidency. In the first instance, when the 25th and 58th Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, were at practice, a shell went off in the limber of No. 4 gun of the former. There were two men sitting on the limber, and, strange to say, neither was much hurt. One of these gunners was thrown on the pole attached to the wheel horses, and the limber box was smashed to atoms. It was a shrapnel shell, and the head of it was found about 50-yds. from the team. A few days ago another explosion occurred, a second shell going off in the limber box of the same battery. The explanation given was that the safety pin must have been worked out by the jolting, thus causing the ignition of the fuse composition. The gunners on the limber were thrown right and left clean off their seats, but there was no serious injury to either.

I can recall a much more unpleasant accident in connection with one of these Artillery camps held some twenty odd years ago in the Bombay Presidency. The camp was over and done with, and, passing over the ground occupied by the targets, some natives from an adjoining village found a shell. Thinking, with some reason, that fire might reveal its contents, they kindled a goodly blaze, set the shell in the middle, and sat round in a circle to await developments. I forget how many escaped, but I know that this particular shell did a heap more damage than the two at Vishvanathpur Camp.

The new Inspector-General of Volunteers in India, General Hill, is making himself felt in various ways, and there is very little doubt but that his keenness of vision and plainness of speech will result in a notable levelling-up of Indian Volunteer efficiency. It is noticeable that General Hill is by no means inclined to lay the full blame for present deficiencies upon the Volunteers, and that he has spoken his mind with refreshing freedom on the subject of the arms served out to them by a considerate Government. In reviewing the Surma Valley Light Horse the other day he remarked that the corps was thoroughly keen and efficient, but he found them armed with carbines of which the term "unserviceable" seems but a feeble description. While one trooper was firing, his carbine "fell to pieces in the man's hand," a state of affairs which justifies some strong language. It might be argued that Indian light horsemen have always relied more on the sword than on firearms, and that the Infantry Volunteers in India are all admirably armed with magazine rifles; but carbines which will not hold together are worse than an armament *pour rire*, and the Government of India will do well to remove speedily and completely such a miserable blot upon their military arrangements.

The final revised returns of the Indian census have been published, and from these it appears that the total population of India is 294,266,701. This is the population which we have to "supervise" with about 70,000 British and about 150,000 Native troops, a proportion which, as a matter of mere figures, is sufficiently remarkable. Of the Indian census it may be said that the operations connected with it are of quite extraordinary interest, and also of quite extraordinary difficulty, although the trouble of collecting statistics is now by no means so great as it used to be. In the old days the census operations created something like a panic in the more remote districts, where any deviation from the patriarchal tranquillity and simplicity of everyday rural life was regarded as terribly disturbing, and such enquiries as had to be made by the enumerators naturally aroused grave suspicion. Much of the old distrust has vanished, but there will always be an immensity of trouble in collecting anything like reliable statistics concerning the ages of the natives. An uneducated Indian native when questioned, even in a court of law, as to his age, will generally reply by a salaam and "Whatever your honour pleases!" If pressed on the subject, a grey-bearded old man will give his age deprecatingly as fifteen. The only safe way to get at something like the truth is to fix on some prominent date and ask the man if he remembers it. If he says that "When first fighting Cabul I littli boy," you may take it that he may have been born about 1835, and it is seldom that you will get much nearer than that in the case of a native past middle age.

AN INDIAN ROAD.

POONA is one of the pleasantest places in India. Many soldiers of experience, if called upon to select a place in India in which they must pass the twelve-month round, would at once choose Poona. It has an excellent climate, never very hot, quite cool enough in the cold weather to be exhilarating, and, above all, enjoyable during the rains when most places are unbearable. There is, moreover, excellent sport, good society, the "Best in India" Club, cricket, polo, boating, and, in fact, everything that can make Indian life enjoyable.

The Government of Bombay moves to Poona during the rains, and the Governor's residence is *pro tem.* at Gunesh Kind, one of the newest and handsomest Government houses in India. The "season" at Poona is during the rains, and during that period many are the entertainments of all kinds given by the hospitable Governors to the hundreds of civilians and soldiers who are either stationed at Poona or Kirkee, or who are there on leave. All going from Poona must pass along the beautiful avenue shown in the picture. On a *fete* day it is crowded with barouche, landau, buggy, and "tikka ghari" of low degree. This avenue is therefore probably well known to very many of our readers, and its presentment will recall many a pleasant day spent in the gorgeous East.

A sad incident, too, is recalled by this avenue, for, not very far from here, two English officers when returning from a reception at Gunesh Kind, were foully murdered in 1897. This murder was instigated by those malicious persons who poisoned the native mind against the English Government, assuring the ignorant that the necessary precautions against plague were merely means employed to undermine their faith. With all its charms, Poona City is a hot-bed of sedition, and, strangely enough, the chief traitors are those who have had the advantage of being educated by our own Government. It was long before the gloom cast by this infamous murder was dissipated. Happily the assassin was brought to justice, and several highly-placed citizens were removed to the Andamans for proved complicity in this heinous act.

Much of the country round Poona and Kirkee is rocky, and pig-stickers know well the sheet rock which abounds. Horses, especially Arabs, get to be marvellously handy over this treacherous surface. An annual event of great attraction is the Hog-hunters' Plate. The sheet rock in the course would astonish an English steeplechaser. Notwithstanding the breakneck nature of the course, casualties are wonderfully few.

Though not many pieces of road are in India, or any other country, as beautifully shaded as that shown in this picture, they are generally excellent. The Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawar is perhaps without rival in the world. The engineer who made the continuation from Umballa to Peshawar, after the conquest of the Punjab, was officially rebuked by Government for having made it too wide, and threatened to be "placed under stoppage" until he should have made good the price of half the road—a trifle of some few hundred lakhs. The threat, however, was not carried out, and the wisdom of the young engineer—who, by the way, afterwards became Lord Napier of Magdala—was proved when the road was wanted for the movement of troops in 1878-80.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

A SYLVAN WAY.

Avenue between Poona and Gunesh Kind.

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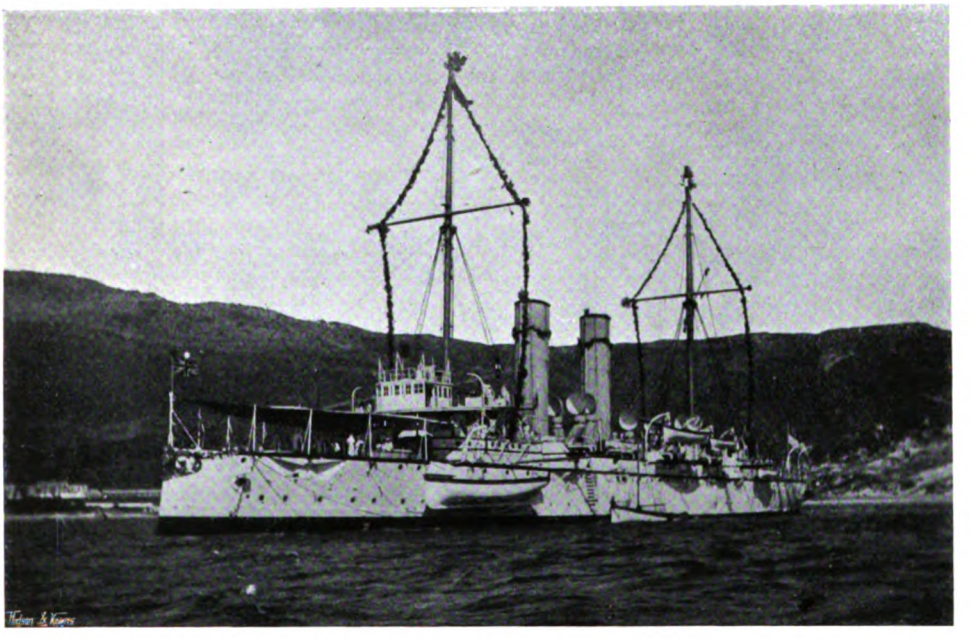
THE WIDE, WIDE VELDT.

[Anecdotes and Pen Pictures by a War Correspondent.]

THE greatest surprise which the Boers sprang upon us at the commencement of the war, possibly lay in their artillery efficiency. Those amongst us who were the first to go out to South Africa, were inclined to laugh at the burgher as an artillerist. "If they conform to their artillery, they will fall an easy prey to us," was the general impression. Now there has been more nonsense written about the Boer artillery than any other subject connected with the trial of arms in South Africa. We have been repeatedly told that the Boer guns were superior to our own, that they possessed greater range and mobility, *ad infinitum*. As a matter of fact, this is for the most part bunkum. What really did happen was this: The Boers—whether instructed by Europeans or upon their own initiative, I cannot say—upset the whole of our calculations by introducing an entirely new field artillery system into warfare. Where the British theory, moulded upon a French and German model, leaned towards the grouping of field guns in order to produce a converging fire upon any desired spot—presumably the enemy's guns similarly massed—the Boers suited their artillery tactics to their usual method of warfare, and served their guns as isolated units. Necessity, one is inclined to think, rather than intelligent foresight, was the origin of this novel arrangement, since, knowing their numerical weakness in guns, they feared that batteries would furnish a mark for destruction by superior and overpowering fire. Smokeless powder was the magic touch which made these solitary guns so effective; so, really, tactics which were entered upon as a precaution proved to be the most effective that could have been undertaken in the circumstances. The Canet field guns which the Boers possessed were good, no doubt; but they only had a few of them, and I doubt if the Creusot people can show for them an effective range much in excess of 4,000-yds. The Krupps which the Boers had, without doubt were inferior weapons of a somewhat antiquated pattern, and it is notorious that the enemy never made as good shooting against us as when he possessed our own captured 15-pounders. The mobility of the Boer artillery was extraordinary; but this mobility is easily explained. They inspanned into their limbers a team of eight to ten mules, which were driven from the limber seat by native boys—the best mule teamsters and drivers in the world. A team of well-fed mules will do under ordinary circumstances thirty-five miles a day at a rapid rate. Here, in a nutshell, is the mobility which at first puzzled us so. Earlier in the war great capital was made out of the fact that the Boers brought 6-in. guns into action in the field against our army in Natal. This was considered a great feat by many of the critics of the war. As a matter of fact, I fail to see anything very original in using position guns in the manner for which they had been designed. The Creusot people had especially built a travelling carriage for these guns, and the Boers were in possession of this travelling carriage long before they issued their impertinent ultimatum. In fact, a member of the firm of Schneider told me that these very "Long Toms" had been originally manufactured and their carriages constructed for the French Government, but at the last moment the War Minister discarded the 6-in. position gun and took into use the 5-in. guns with quick-firing attachment, which may be seen any day now in the field during French manœuvres, if you can evade the gendarmes.

ON THE VAAL NEAR STANDERTON.

Captain J. M. Gill, 2nd Devons.



DRESSED YARD-ARM FASHION.

The "Gibraltar" at Simon's Bay.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.

The great concentration camp near Standerton.

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by his exceedingly warlike, not to say tumultuous, surroundings. No one but a real dandy of the first water could have preserved in the storm and stress of such a tremendous conflict the air of graceful *abandon* which Sir Banastre Tarleton here exhibits. How entirely different he looks from the average British cavalry officer of the present day when attired for active service! There is another picture by Cosway which shows this same Sir Banastre Tarleton most carefully curled, and otherwise turned out so as to resemble a "barber's block," but he appears to have been, nevertheless, a gallant if inordinately conceited soldier, and he served with considerable distinction in the American War.

Turning to the two smaller pictures at the head of this article, those skilled in such matters may amuse themselves by noting whether the uniforms of a hundred years ago did or did not lend themselves to the finer display of the "Divine Idea of Cloth" than does the present costume of the impressive "Tin-belly" and the gay Hussar.

In Sir Stapleton Cotton, afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Combermere, the British Army possessed a military dandy of the very first water, and one, too, who very fully exemplified the truth of the proposition that dandyism and good soldiering go often hand-in-hand. This fine officer commanded the 25th Light Dragoons at twenty-one, and led a brigade of cavalry under Wellington at the Douro and at Talavera. He won special distinction for his gallant charges at Salamanca, and was altogether a first-rate cavalry soldier, a dashing leader, a capital horseman, and possessed of a genuine knowledge of the details of his profession. But he was an unmistakable dandy, and seems to have taken every possible advantage of the margin of splendour allowed him by the existing dress regulations. It was said that "in Spain, when fully accoutred, man and horse, he was worth £500," and his fondness for brave apparel gained him the nickname of the "Lion d'Or." Altogether he appears to have rivalled a certain Indian prince who, wishing to present a grand appearance at a Vice-regal Levée, gave orders to a Calcutta tailor for a garment the pattern of which was immaterial and the cost not to be considered, but it was expressly stipulated that there was to be as much gold lace on it as it would possibly hold!

Reverting to military dandyism in general, the curious connection which exists between fighting and fine clothes is very difficult to explain, more especially when we reflect that at a certain point the connection is apt to be broken, and an entirely different current of ideas set up. Among countless savage tribes of altogether different origins the custom of putting on war-paint prevails, and presumably the same feeling actuates the Masai of East Africa and the Indian of North America. Yet the precise motive is distinctly difficult to define, unless we see in it a mixture of sentiments, the desire to cut a fine figure in the eyes of the ladies before departing for the wars, the anxiety to impress the enemy, and possibly the objection to dying otherwise than in full dress.

It may have been a survival of such sentiments which has prompted civilised soldiers to array themselves with peculiar care when going into action where there is a chance of their being placed finally out of the reach of such vanities. Skobeleff, the great Russian general, was always most attentive to his personal appearance before a battle, and habitually, so the writer heard from one who had served as his A.D.C., "got himself up" in his white uniform as if he were going to a ball. Such importation of dandyism into the battlefield itself is, of course, an entirely different matter from the dandyism which plenty of military men exhibit in regard to parade smartness and the wearing of mufti, and, at the bottom, there seems to be something a little barbaric in it, when the uses and abuses of an average battlefield come to be considered.

In mediæval and ancient times some positive advantage might have been derived from the practice of arraying one's self, if a knight or a noble, in specially gorgeous attire, as it facilitated those single combats in which chivalry delighted. But since the introduction of firearms much simpler distinctions of ranks would have sufficed, even as they are made to suffice to-day before the levelling influence of Boer marksmanship.

What renders the scientific discussion of this question so difficult is that, as has been hinted, a point may soon be reached when altogether different sentiments prevail. It is not too much to say that in many modern campaigns the dandy of peace-time takes a queer sort of pride in rushing to the opposite extreme—a man who, if he does not quite fulfil Ouida's notion of the Life Guardsman, with the ivory boot-trees and other sumptuous paraphernalia prescribed by that novelist, at any rate would scorn to be seen in town in other than simply perfect attire, takes a positive pride in appearing much more disreputable than there is any need for him to be. Truly dandyism of the military variety is full of strange freaks, but, so long as it does not interfere with good fighting, there is certainly not much to be said against it.

UN BEAU SABREUR.

Sir Stapleton Cotton, a very dashing Peninsular cavalry leader.

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